

# The Last TWO WOMEN



powerone

The Last Two Women  
*by Powerone*

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By

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## CHAPTER 1

### Premonition

There had been a light but steady rain for almost three days straight now. It wasn't your typical San Diego weather, but then again, it had been years since anything about the weather could be called typical. Nor was Sloane's sex life, for that matter, any more typical. She had just broken up with her last boyfriend, and refused to even think his name. Another year wasted on a man that didn't want anything more than a warm body for his bed. And as she thought back, she realized that the sex wasn't even that good. *Why do I always do this? Pick the handsome guy instead of the smart one. The sexy-looking guy, only to find out that he loves himself more than me.* It was getting harder to find a man that wanted a long-term relationship, with many men not marrying until they were in their late thirties. At twenty-five, she almost wished she could give up men all together and be happy with her dildo, but sometimes even that left her cold.

"I know just what you need, Sloane." Erika's voice brought Sloane back to the present. Erika knew what she wanted for herself, and it wasn't monogamy. They had been roommates for over three years now; both girls were the same age, although they hadn't known each other growing up. Erika was from northern California, while Sloane had moved to California seven years ago from Connecticut, tempted by the warm, sunny climate and the excitement of the California

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lifestyle. The reality of life here wasn't what she thought it would be, but it was still better than her memories of the cold winter and hot, humid summer in Connecticut. They had met in a bar three years ago and hit it off instantly; within a month, they had found a condo and moved in together. They each had their own bedroom and lots of privacy; though Erika would occasionally fuck a guy in the middle of the living room while Sloane was watching television in the same room. Sloane had soon learned that Erika had no modesty or maybe that she was just more secure in her own sexuality. She definitely loved sex: Erika found men that would satisfy her sexual needs and then discarded them when she didn't need anything else.

Sloane knew that Erika was referring to one of three things: sex with a man, drinking, or sex with a woman, presumably Sloane. Sloane didn't want to even think about another man right now. And they had already tried girl sex. While fulfilling, Sloane still preferred the feeling of the flesh of a hard cock over the unresponsiveness of a strap on, even though oral sex with Erika was great. No one could give more pleasure to a girl with her tongue than one who had had the same done to her. That narrowed it down to drinking. Hell, might as well. "Drinking?"

"Not my first choice, but I'm always more than willing to satisfy you any way you want. Get dressed. How about Tony's?" Erika was already dressed in a short red skirt that clung to her ass, red high heels and a white pullover that clung to her breasts leaving little to the imagination. Erika owned Victoria's Secret, or at least she should have, judging

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by the amount of money she spent there. As she once said, nothing was too good for the twins. She was proud of her breasts and willing to show them off more than she should. Like Sloane, she currently had blonde hair, although no one could guess what their natural color was, since both of them were cleanly shorn between their legs. As Erika also said, she loved the feel of her bare mound. Erika had way too many sayings, and they all seemed to revolve around sex and men. Erika was beautiful; whereas Sloane felt that she herself was more pretty than traditionally beautiful. Erika's green eyes enthralled men with their mystery, and her mouth made their cocks hard when they imagined what she would feel like wrapped around their organ. Erika even managed to keep her skin soft in spite of the California tan they both sported. Men loved to caress her. Every inch of her.

Tony's was a small club in Pacific Beach. It wasn't generally overcrowded but was usually busy any night of the week. Sloane knew that the last thing they would want to do was drink alone. Or, for that matter, pay for their own drinks. She stretched as got up, teasing Erika. "Be right back. I think I can find something to catch their attention." Sloane was already beginning to feel a little better. She was basically an upbeat person; not much could keep her down for long, and she refused to let any man do that to her for more than a couple of minutes. Still, she had a nagging feeling in the back of her head that she couldn't define. It wasn't just about men. It was just a vague intuition that something bad was going to happen unless she did something about it.

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She stood in front of the mirror in her black lace bra and V-string panties which left little to the imagination. She had to admit, she also spent a lot of money at Victoria's Secret. *What girl didn't?* Her hands ran over her stomach, her fingers touching her bare mound beneath the thin panties. *Maybe,* she thought, *I should just stay home and masturbate.* It would save time and cut out the middleman, or any man. She picked up a black and white plaid skirt, and pulled it on. It wasn't quite as short as Erika's, but at least Sloane could bend over without showing her naked ass. It was getting cooler, so she slipped a black, thin and clingy cashmere sweater on as well. Three-inch black heels finished it off, and she was ready. Her nipples hardened as Sloane looked at her reflection. *God, how can I look this good and not have a man?* She pushed her hair from her face, smiling back at her image. She went out into the living room to find Erika nursing a drink. "What are you sitting there for? Let's go!" Sloane said, starting to become more enthusiastic.

\* \* \* \*

Sloane parked her white Mercedes C350 around the corner off Garnett. The street was already crowded in spite of it being only Thursday. Their heels clicked on the pavement as they walked the two short blocks to Tony's. Three guys ready to walk in held the door open for them. Sloane felt their eyes on her ass as she nodded her thanks to them, swaying her hips sensuously. *Eat your heart out; you'll get none of this ass tonight.* No matter what happened, she wasn't going to go home with a man tonight. Tonight she would just tease.



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Sloane and Erika walked to the bar as two seats suddenly emptied. Jim already had two scotch and sodas ready for them. "Evening, Erika; evening, Sloane. Business has already picked up since you walked in." He didn't bother to ask for money; the drinks had already been paid for by two men at the other end of the bar.

Sloane crossed her legs, making sure that her short skirt got shorter and revealed a wide expanse of naked leg. She felt so sexy. "Cheers, Erika." They clicked glasses and drank. Sloane already started to feel better as the scotch slid slowly into her stomach. She would have to watch her drinking tonight, since she was sure that Erika wouldn't be able to drive by the time they left.

They danced for a while; Sloane needed the exercise to get rid of some of the alcohol. Her hips seemed to move all by themselves as she got into the music; she barely paid any attention to her partner. It was as though she was by herself, the music itself a part of her, her breasts swaying with her hips. After a few songs, they went back to the bar. Erika immediately drank two more drinks while Sloane sipped her second. Erika then found a new man to dance with, and a different man took Erika's place at the bar. He tried to make small talk with Sloane until Erika returned but realized he wasn't getting anywhere with her.

\* \* \* \*

The evening passed quickly. The premonition that had been nagging her for over a week was back and even stronger now. It was almost midnight, and Erika was pretty

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drunk. "Let's go," Sloane urged, trying to coax Erika off of her barstool.

Even in her present state, Erika knew that in this condition there wasn't a man alive who would interest her. "Okay," she slurred as she wobbled to her feet. "Take me home, but be gentle," she continued, trying to tease Sloane.

Sloane settled Erika in the front seat and put her seat belt on. By the time Sloane got around the car and started it up, Erika had already fallen into a drunken stupor. Sloane gunned the car out of the parking lot. She looked up at the night sky as she drove. The full moon made it so bright; it was eerie. Like it was Halloween.

A crazy thought raced through her head. *I can't, Erika would kill me.* They both had to be at work tomorrow. The closer Sloane got to home, though, the more sensible it sounded. If she was wrong, then they would miss one day of work. No big deal. Sloane would send emails to both of their bosses tonight. And they would have a nice weekend in the mountains, even though Erika was bound to be furious once she sobered up. Sloane's intended destination was sparsely populated and not a great place to find men. She pulled the car in front of the condo and got out, leaving Erika asleep in the front seat.

Sloane hastily packed two bags, taking enough clothes for the two of them for a week or so. She threw Erika's sex toys in her bag, and then packed her own; although she wasn't sure why she thought she would need them. She grabbed the fixings for some sandwiches in case Erika woke up hungry and threw a six pack of water into the bag, then left the

condo. She locked the door behind her, feeling as if it were her last time to do so, and threw everything in the trunk. Erika was still in the same spot snoring quietly.

She plugged the address into her navigation system. It wasn't far. Less than an hour's drive. Laguna Mountain was the highest elevation in San Diego, at 6,273 feet. Luckily, it wasn't winter. Before she was tempted to throw this silly idea out of her head, she used her Palm and texted messages to her and Erika's respective bosses, sealing their fate; both of them had come down with a sudden illness and hoped they would be well by Monday. She checked the gas gauge and saw that she had half a tank of gas. She would have to fill it just in case. She pulled out, still not totally sure of what she was doing but certain that it was the right decision.

It was a nice drive. The air was warm at first, though it started to cool off when she got off the 8 freeway and began to climb up the Sunrise Highway. The view was spectacular as she drove up the winding road. There was a steep drop off the side of the road, but it didn't bother her. She passed the Laguna Mountain Lodge and continued to drive farther, still not entirely sure where she was going.

She slowed down when she saw a large tractor-trailer truck ahead lumbering up the steep incline, its emergency lights flashing like beacons. She waited for the turnabout, then sped past and looked at the driver when the trailer pulled over to the side. The man, in his mid-forties, smiled at her, probably having caught a glimpse of her naked legs. Sloane smiled back as she sped up, the truck became distant lights in her rearview mirror before disappearing around the

corners. She looked down at her speedometer and realized that she hadn't filled up the tank. *Damn*. She had enough gas to get to the top and back but wanted the spare gas in her tank just in case. Thankfully, she saw a small gas station around the next curve. Sloane was surprised that the lights were on, since it was almost 1:30. She pulled in suddenly, causing her tires to kick up dirt and rocks as they lost the traction of the paved road. The car skidded to a stop on the gravel parking lot. The sound of the bell rang loudly announcing her arrival as if she had been transported forty years in the past when gas station attendants pumped gas for all customers. She turned off the engine. Erika still hadn't made a sound except for an occasional unladylike snore.

She heard him before she saw him, but he still startled her as she looked up.

"Howdy, ma'am." He looked into the car at the two beautiful girls.

"Fill it up," she managed to stammer. She was nervous at the way he looked at her and Erika but decided that he looked relatively harmless, even if he was practically drooling.

"Where's the ladies' room?"

"Inside the station. First door on the right. Real clean, just did it today." He looked at her as she got out the car. "My birthday's today."

She turned to him, unsure of what he said. "Excuse me?"

"My birthday's today. Been up since midnight so I wouldn't miss a second of it."

"Happy birthday. Hope you have a good day." With that, she went into the station.

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"Didn't get any presents yet, but now I get two," he said quietly as he began to pump the gas, looking in and staring at the beautiful, sleeping girl.

Sloane was surprised that the ladies room was not just clean, but immaculate. She felt better when she came out and didn't even know what hit her; one moment she felt something behind her, then a strange smell overpowered her as a wet rag was thrown over her mouth held tight by an unseen hand. She barely had time to register the fumes wafting up her nostrils before she was overwhelmed by lightheadedness. She fell unconscious in less than a minute, having hardly made a struggle before she slumped into his arms.

Joe clapped his hands in glee and dragged the first one into his kitchen behind the station. The one in the car was even easier since she was already asleep; the ether knocking her unconscious with hardly a murmur. He dragged the second one into his kitchen and moved the car behind the station and into his garage, safely out of sight. He sang "Happy Birthday" to himself as he turned off the lights of the station, then went back to unwrap his presents.

\* \* \* \*

Christopher steered the lumbering truck up the steep grade. He still didn't know where he was going, since he was over a hundred miles off his route. He was carrying a refrigerated load of food to the Wal-Mart distribution center. It wasn't that he would be late, as he had been making good time until he took the unexpected turn. He was driving along

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Highway 8 coming from Phoenix. He had seen the sign for Sunrise Highway and took it without thinking, his mistake not really dawning on him until the truck began to lumber up the steep incline. He shifted down ten gears, but the truck barely climbed the mountain. He had never been here before; the navigation system told him that he was heading to the top of Laguna Mountain, the highest mountain in San Diego. *What am I doing?*

The chatter on his radio was dying down due to some combination of the height, the distance, or something else. Finally, there was only static. He was disconcerted by his own strange behavior. It wasn't that he had anyone waiting for him. At forty, he wasn't married any longer. His wife had divorced him over five years ago when his time on the road caused too much of a divide between them. Christopher, however, liked the open road and being his own boss. He got to see the country from one end to the other. He didn't even have a place he called home except for the cabin in his rig.

It had been awhile since he had a woman, since the travel made it hard to have a meaningful relationship for more than a couple of days. He rubbed his cock and thought that it might be time to find a whore to take the edge off. He wasn't bad looking, just not great looking. And many women didn't take to truck drivers. They wanted a man that would come home every night. Christopher turned his attention back to the road when another set of car lights came up quickly towards him. He snapped on the emergency flashers, and the car responded by suddenly slowing down. He saw the turnout around the next corner; the truck's right wheels dug into the

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gravel as the car drove by. He looked down into the front seat to see two sets of half-naked legs lit up by the bright moon, which made his cock spring to life. Unfortunately, she wasn't the type of girl that would flash her naked pussy to passing truck drivers, but she did smile back at him as she sped off. He watched the tail lights for a couple of minutes until they vanished around the next curve.

He continued to drive up the mountain to his unknown destination. He passed a gas station, but the lights were out and it looked deserted. He thought he saw a flash of car lights in the back, but before he glimpsed anything detailed he turned his eyes back to the narrow and winding road.

It was only another ten miles, but it took him almost half an hour before he saw the next lights. It was a small motel that looked like it had been built in the thirties. Despite the location, he was surprised to see at least eight cars in the parking lot, including a Ferrari. He pulled the truck into the lot and parked it over in the far corner. He turned off the engine, having decided that tonight he would spend the night in a motel room enjoying what he hoped would be a soft bed. It took almost twenty minutes before he secured his load, making sure the reefer unit was running to keep his cargo cold. He threw some clothes from the back of his rig into a bag and went over to the office where the lights blared brightly as if it were the early evening instead of the middle of the night.

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Derek looked out the penthouse window at the Coronado Bridge and at the full moon reflected in the smooth water. He had left his other friends at the bar since he had been unable to shake an uneasy feeling for the last few days. It wasn't the football that was bothering him. Being quarterback for one of the most successful teams in the league had its advantages and disadvantages, but he never worried much about it. The sport came naturally to him, just as women did. Tonight was the first night in a long time that he had come home empty-handed, without even the desire to go out and drink tonight.

It was something else that made him pack a quick bag, take the elevator to the parking garage and get into his car. The roar of his black Ferrari filled the echoing chamber with its power. He raced out; the gate barely had time to go up before he sped under it. It took only minutes to find the freeway, heading out onto the 8, the road passing by quickly at a hundred miles an hour. Not even the police would slow him up tonight.

He didn't need directions. His route was planned in his head as he took the Sunrise Highway exit. The low slung Ferrari hugged the mountain road; it was empty for most of the way, and anything in his way was quickly dispatched behind him by the powerful machine. It took only forty-five minutes to get to the motel. *Was this the best there was?* He turned off the engine and was hit by the sudden realization that he was high up in the mountain at a rundown motel. The building looked like it hadn't been painted since World War II. He could only imagine what the rooms looked like. Tomorrow he would try to find something better; maybe he could rent a



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house up here for the weekend. For tonight, he was resigned to a lousy room. But, strangely, the uneasiness was gone. It felt as though he was home. He got out of the car, grabbed his bag, and walked toward the light coming from the office.

\* \* \* \*

Michael had long since been resigned to being single. Twenty years of marriage was more than one man needed in one lifetime, though in Michael's case, it did require three wives. He could think of a million excuses why they didn't last but recognized that they were all excuses, not reasons. Two people had to share a common bond between them if they wanted to survive as a couple, and Michael had never found that bond with any of his wives.

At forty-five, he didn't feel that old. An accountant by trade, he had done well for himself. He wasn't handsome; in fact, most people would say he was far from it. Years of close work had caused him to need glasses; Michael had refused contacts, as he'd never liked things in his eyes. His hair was sandy blonde, straight, and silky, trained for too many years by the wind caused by driving a convertible with the top down most of the year. Only heavy rain would force him, begrudgingly, to put it up. He lived in Mission Beach, where he watched all the college girls during the winter when the University of San Diego was in session, and the tourists during the summer. All of those tight, young bodies in skimpy bathing suits left him unwilling to move anywhere else.

Two weeks ago his life turned upside down. One morning he had strolled into his boss's office and resigned for no real

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reason, not even one for himself. He went home that night, walked on the boardwalk and looked up at the sky as if it would be the last time. He had left work early today, his last day. A luncheon had been held for him, and afterward the boss told him to go home in the hope that Michael would change his mind and come back next week when he straightened things out.

Michael drove home and went into the condo to the boxes lining the walls, neatly taped and ready to go. Except, they weren't going anywhere. Michael grabbed his two suitcases, as his SLK320 could only fit two suitcases when he had the top down. As usual, he refused to put it up; instead, he put one bag on the seat next to him. He backed carefully out of the garage and closed the door for the last time. He drove over the bridge, gazed out as the sun set over the bay, then turned his attention back to the road as he took the exit for the 8 freeway. The car sped off, the commuter traffic already gone for the day.

It took half an hour before he found the Sunrise Highway exit. The car took it as if it had a mind of its own. The windows went up as he gained altitude and the air became colder. He passed the Laguna Mountain Lodge, not sure why he didn't want to turn in. It looked nice, if a bit more of a tourist spot than he liked; the parking lot was almost empty. He continued on until he found a motel. It looked dilapidated, yet the parking lot had at least five cars in it. He pulled in, put the top up, and grabbed his bags. The light in the office beckoned him in.

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Brian kissed him goodnight, his latest lover squeezing Brian's cock as they stood in the doorway. Even though he had cum not too long ago, his cock grew erect again. The kiss was gentle in spite of what had transpired in the bedroom only a few minutes ago. Brian closed the door, going back into the bedroom to clean up, the ropes still tied to the four corners of the bed where Brian had spread his lover out on his belly. The smell of cum still filled the room, Brian taking the wet sheets off the bed where he had forced Kevin to cum, stroking his cock beneath his bound body, Brian snuggled tightly in Kevin's asshole until Brian shot his cum deep into Kevin's guts.

Brian lay on top of Kevin, regaining his breathing, Kevin barely moving. Finally Brian felt the gentle squeezing of Kevin's ass muscles, Brian allowing Kevin to expel his organ from the nice, warm asshole. Brian had dated Kevin a few times, this the first time he brought Kevin home. Kevin was scared when Brian first tied him up, but spanking his ass made Kevin's cock grow hard in spite of his cries of pain. Kevin's mouth on Brian's cock made Brian harder, finally settling down on Kevin's back, Brian's cock slowly and methodically pushed into Kevin's tight, straining asshole. Brian squeezed Kevin's balls when he wanted Kevin to grip him tighter. Brian took his time, finally stroking Kevin's cock until they mutually came.

Brian had just turned forty last night, Kevin barely thirty, but Brian always seemed to find that in his lovers. Younger men, many of them unsure of their own sexuality, drawn to

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the animal magnetism that Brian exuded. He warned them, for Brian enjoyed the domination of his partner, preferring bondage and light S&M. Many stayed clear of him when he told them of his preferences, but many grew more excited, though Brian was sure that it was more of a way to surrender to these new desires they had discovered, just not sure how to go about making love to a man instead of a woman. Brian was more than willing to teach them, enjoying the feeling of power he had over his submissive partners. And a man tied up only made his cock harder.

Brian was ready to make the bed, throwing the wet sheets into the hamper when he stared out the window into the night. The moon was so bright tonight. He was naked beneath the bathrobe. He felt his cock growing erect. But it wasn't in excitement, it was from danger. He imagined this is how his partners felt when he first tied them up, helpless and naked. *What was driving these strange desires through my body?* He threw off his bathrobe, standing naked in front of his closet as he picked out a shirt and jeans. He dressed hastily, something that he normally didn't do, Brian dressing and looking impeccable at all times. His body felt more panic, Brian pulling out a couple of suitcases and filling them, going to the bathroom to grab his toiletries. In less than ten minutes he stood next to the front door, turning off the lights behind him as he carried the two suitcases outside, throwing them into his trunk.

The road was fairly empty as he sped off on Highway 8, still unsure of where he was going, only sure that he needed to go. The car took the exit as if it had a mind of its own,

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Brian turning the wheel as if it were an after thought, the car already moving onto the exit. Sunrise Highway, the sign said as Brian's eyes were glued to the road as the car made its way up the mountain, the moon so bright it felt like daylight. He left the window down, inhaling the cool, crisp air as if it was for the last time. He drove, Brian more of a spectator than a participant, the car almost driving itself.

He drove by a lodge high up the mountain, a gas station, closed for the night or eternity, unable to tell if the buildings were run down or wrecked. He saw the parking lot, the car slowing down and pulling in. Brian was surprised to see so many cars, the lights blazing brightly from the rundown building as though there was a party going on. Mountain Top Motel, read the flickering neon lights that brashly spelled out its message. "Open 2 hours," the four burned out, not sure if it was a subtle message or neglect. Brian locked the car, taking his bags with him and walking toward the brightly lit lobby. And to his destiny.

\* \* \* \*

David knew something was wrong before he opened the door to the apartment. The lights were blazing from the windows as he pulled up. He had just gotten out of class, finishing up tonight's class for his MBA, hoping to graduate before his thirtieth birthday. After a long day at work, he expected to see Madeline, his live-in girlfriend, watching television. As he opened the door he was met with the whiteness of the room, for it was empty except for some trash littered on the floor in haste. It shouldn't have been, but

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it was still a surprise. Madeline and he were having problems. Obviously by the sight of the empty room, it was a more serious problem than he thought, as she had moved out; taking all of the furniture she could get out the door in her haste to move out before he finished his class.

It was a multitude of things, but sex seemed to be more paramount as the fights escalated, both of them enjoying sex less and less, until it finally stopped. Madeline accused him of being gay, continually trying to fuck her in the ass, Madeline's east coast religious background refusing his acts of sodomy as a perversion.

He struggled not to sit down and cry, since there wasn't any place to sit. He went into the bedroom, his clothes from the missing dresser strewn on the floor. Along with his gay magazines he hid in the bottom of his underwear drawer, pages of naked men's cocks ripped out and spread on the floor as if Madeline was proving her point.

David gathered his clothes and the meager possessions she left behind, filling two suitcases with the sum total of his life. He refused to stay in the empty apartment, a testament to his empty life. He walked out of the apartment, turning off the lights to that chapter of his life. He threw the suitcases in the trunk. He drove off, thinking of where he should spend the night.

David was confronted with the exit, suddenly brought back to reality as he turned off the highway onto the Sunrise Highway. He looked down at the odometer. He had driven forty miles though he didn't remember a thing since he got into the car. *Where am I going?* He found himself going up a

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mountain, David not even realizing that San Diego had a mountain. It was getting cooler as he drove up the moonlit winding road. Not sure why, but he passed the old lodge, driving with an unexplained purpose.

It looked like the end of the road, the bright lights of the motel beckoning him. He pulled into the parking lot, parking next to the other cars already there. He hoped they had a bar, needing a drink to clear his head. He had no idea why or how he got here, but he felt a strange contentment as he grabbed his bags and walked to the lobby.

\* \* \* \*

It was just another day for Scott, making the long journey up the mountain to visit one of his accounts, Laguna Mountain Lodge. He sold hotel and motel supplies to the small accounts that didn't have the ability to buy large quantities from the major distributors. He had serviced this account for a month now, taking over from a veteran rep that finally retired after fifty years with the company. Scott had been with Acme Hotel Supply for a year now. *At fifty years old, is that what I was looking forward to, another fifteen years selling to the same customers and finally having enough money to go off and die in comfort?*

It wasn't a bad sale; at least it would make the time and expenses getting here worth it. It was just starting to grow dark when he decided not to go back down the mountain tonight. He knew he should, but for some reason he decided to visit the only other motel on the mountain. They had told him that even the veteran sales rep that had this territory

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forever couldn't get Mountain Top Motel to buy from him; Scott was gutsy enough to think he could do it. And he would stay at the motel tonight. No matter whether he made a sale or not.

He drove the last ten miles, the Buick laboring up the steep incline, hoping that next year they would give him a new car instead of the hand me down he was driving now. The inside reeked of too many spilled coffees on the seats and floors and stale cigarette smoke even though Scott didn't smoke and no one had smoked in it for a month. No amount of cleaning had been able to cleanse it of its former owner's bad habits.

The place was worse than he expected, the building looking like it hadn't seen a coat of paint since the last millennium. The sun was just starting to set; at least the sky and surroundings made up for the lackluster appearance. He parked the car in the lot, empty except for one car pulled in front of the office, the owner's he hoped. He grabbed his sample case from the trunk, putting on his salesman's happy face and strode off to the office with an air of confidence about him.

Jason saw him coming, knowing exactly what he was. You could spot a salesman a mile away, his bouncy walk of confidence, his shoulder tilted to one side from carrying heavy sample cases. Jason had inherited the motel from his father last year, Jason coming back for the funeral and staying, still not sure why. It's not that he left anything behind, a string of dead-end jobs and no female relationships that meant anything, now all just distant memories. At thirty-five he still



didn't know what he wanted to do when he grew up. He made a little money from the motel, no mortgage and a little money left by his father sustained him, the summer generating most of the revenue, the winter just a steady trickle of people that lived at the beach trying out the cold and snow, leaving quickly after a day or two. He hadn't had a customer for two days, and now he had to contend with a salesman. At least he would have someone to talk to.

The bell clanged with old-world charm as Scott walked into the office. At least it was clean and neat, the owner taking pride in something. Scott was surprised at the man behind the counter. He couldn't be more than mid-thirties, hoping that he wasn't just an employee filling in for the day.

"Evening; you the proprietor?"

"I'm the owner if that's what you're asking," Jason shot back sarcastically. Before he could say another word a business card was thrust into his hand. He looked down, Acme Hotel Supply.

"I was up here selling to your competition down the mountain and thought I would give you the same great deals I gave them." Scott saw the owner frowning as though he was going to turn Scott down before he even got his spiel out of his mouth. "And thought I would spend the night if you have any rooms available."

At least Jason could make some money. Might as well and listen to see what he had to offer. "Yep, got a nice room. Give you the special rate, nineteen dollars. Here, why don't you sign in, and then you can tell me about your special deals. We can go into the bar for a drink." He nodded off to the door

that led into the small bar, three tables and eight bar stools the maximum capacity.

"Great," Scott signed the registration book, a holdout to the hotel industry of twenty years ago, not a computer screen in sight. He gave the owner his American Express card.

"Jason's the name," looking down at the credit card, "nice to meet you, Scott." He ran the credit card through the machine, sliding the lever back and forth as it made an impression of the card on the receipt. He dialed the phone, getting an authorization code in less than two minutes. "All set," handing Scott back his card. Jason gave Scott the key to room ten. "Quiet end of the building, first floor. In case the bar gets too loud."

"I'll get my bag later. Why don't we get that drink you promised first? Before you get too busy." Scott walked into the bar, surprised by the view. One wall was all windows, almost floor to ceiling, the vast valley spilling out beneath. You could even see the lights of San Diego shining brightly. The rest of the bar was what Scott expected, the smell of too many spilled drinks embedded into the wooden plank floor. At least it was clean, even having ash trays on the tables and the bar in spite of the law against smoking in bars. They were too far away from civilization to worry about mere mortal laws.

"I'll get the first one," Jason volunteering. And the last I'll buy, he thought silently.

"Gin and tonic with a twist of lime." Scott figured he couldn't screw that up, hoping the gin was at least respectable.

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Jason showed him the bottle. "Bombay Sapphire," pouring a generous drink, squeezing a fresh lime in the glass. "Grab a table," Jason getting a cold Bud and a frosted mug from the cooler. He gave the drink to Scott, pouring his Bud into the mug, a nice head coming to stop at the top of the mug as if Jason willed it to stop. They both sat down, Scott already opening up his sample case and spreading his wares out on the table.

Scott took a sip of the drink. Jason at least could make a good drink. Great gin and fresh lime, he couldn't ask for much more from a place that looked like you would get watered down gin and lime juice from a plastic lime. Scott couldn't take his eyes off of the view as the sun settled down beyond the horizon. It was so clear tonight. He turned to Jason, back to business. "I have this great product that will make cleaning a snap. I know you are busy and want to save money. It can save you time and money with this miracle cleaner."

Jason was surprised that he bought some of the things that Scott showed him, making Scott another drink, another cold Bud for him, this time Scott paying for it, his American Express card on the table.

Three drinks later and a five-hundred-dollar order made the rush of alcohol pale in comparison to the adrenalin Scott felt from making a sale that no one else had been able to do. It had taken two hours, but he finally stopped. No use pushing a good thing too far and finding out your sale disappears in a moment of regret. Scott pushed his samples back into his case, leaving two items for Jason to keep. Jason scribbled his signature at the bottom of the order. He gave

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Jason one copy, extending his hand out to him. "Thanks a lot, Jason. I think you'll love our products. And if you're not happy, I'll make it good." He shook his hand, his firm handshake signaling his acceptance and trust.

The bell clang on the office door, both of them looking unexpectedly as the door closed behind the man.

"Be right back, looks like a busy night," Jason suddenly feeling the exhilaration. He just spent a lot of money, glad that he would have more than one guest tonight.

"I'm going to get my bag out of the car and put it in my room. I'll be back in a bit. I hope you have some food, I'm getting hungry."

"I make great sandwiches and hamburgers. Fresh, not frozen like them fast food places. Even got Buffalo burgers if you want to cut down on your fat."

\* \* \* \*

Ryan packed up his bags, grabbing his gun from the case and two boxes of shells, putting it in the gun bag. He took warm clothes, though he wasn't sure why he was going hunting. Not even sure where or even if it was legal this time of year. He just knew he had to go. In southern California he was the oddity, most not the hunting type. Especially at his age. Any twenty-five-year old around here that had a gun was a gang-banger, and they carried an Uzi, not a shotgun.

Ryan moved from Minnesota six months ago, still not quite fitting in. It was almost a daily decision on whether to stay or go home. He locked the door behind him, throwing his bags in the back of his SUV, the tires so big that even at over six

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feet, Ryan had to haul himself into the front seat. The SUV roared to life, sucking up the gas as he pulled out of the parking lot and headed for the closest highway, still not sure where he was going. He gunned the engine, the huge beast lumbering up to eighty in the fast lane before he kicked in cruise control. The cops wouldn't pick you up at eighty as long as you were driving straight and not weaving in and out of traffic. Most cars got out of his way when they saw the bank of bright lights coming up fast behind them.

He had talked to his old girlfriend on the phone last week, the first time since they broke up over six months ago, the devastation of the breakup after being with each other since they were sixteen driving him to move, not sure why he picked southern California, but before he knew it, he was here. He found work easily, skilled in construction with the work ethic of a mid-American farmer; he had no trouble with getting up and putting in a hard day's work for a fair wage. He and his ex-girlfriend talked for over three hours, but Ryan still couldn't allow himself to forgive her for having sex with his best friend. Or forgive his best friend.

He saw the sign, remembering Laguna Mountain in East County. He took Sunrise Highway, his SUV in its element as it climbed the mountain as though it owned it. In spite of its height, it took the turns with ease, the large tires grabbing the road as though the road was his. There wasn't much traffic; the little that he saw was quickly dispatched behind him as the SUV continued on its pursuit. It was as though Ryan and his truck were one.

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He stopped at Laguna Mountain Lodge long enough to buy a six pack of beer, a church key in his glove box popping the top off of the long-neck bottle, one swill draining it until it was half empty, placed between his legs as he pulled back out to go higher up the mountain. To where he didn't know.

It didn't take long until he saw it, the darkness beginning to fall as the sun set, the moon already so bright. But it was the bright lights on the motel, just the type of place he was comfortable with. Not fancy, just plain folksy, just like home. The tires spit out the gravel as he pulled in, loud crunching as he stopped the large truck quickly, the massive tires digging deep into the gravel.

He swung out of the front seat, throwing the empty beer bottle on the other side of the front seat, rattling with the other empties that littered the floor when it fell. He would have to remember to clean them up, the police out here not as forgiving as the ones in Minnesota when it came to drinking and driving. He pulled open the office door, greeted with the sweet sound of a bell ringing out announcing his presence. He looked behind the counter, empty. He saw a movement in the next room, thankful that it had a bar. At least he wouldn't go dry after he finished off the rest of the six pack. Ryan nodded as a man walked out the door past him.

"Can I help you?" Jason going behind the desk as he eyed the stranger. Young, mid-twenties, but he wasn't from around here. Midwest, he guessed.

"Looking for a room for the night and maybe longer."

"I can take care of you. Nice room for twenty dollars. Room nine at the other end of the motel so you won't hear much noise from the bar." Jason pushed the registration book in front of Ryan. "Out here on business?"

"Might do a bit of hunting. Know where I can get a license?" Ryan filled out the form, throwing two crisp twenties on the counter. "Two nights for sure."

"Not much to hunt and not legal this time of year." Jason looked at Ryan for a moment. "Though if you go up a bit higher not sure you would find anyone that would bother you if you did. Got a big freezer if you bag something. Don't want to advertise your catch by slinging it across your hood."

"Thanks, might take you up on that. Got food?" Ryan hadn't bought any food at the lodge and really didn't want to drive any more.

"Can take care of you there as long as you want the basics. Meat and potatoes." Jason handed Ryan the key.

"Bar stocked, I hope," Ryan nodding to the bar in the other room.

"Got you covered there too; I have a wide selection behind the bar. Can make you just about anything."

"Jack and beer will do me fine. Be back after I settle in. Don't like to leave my gun in my truck." He walked out, the cash register ringing behind him, the chime of the bell signaling his departure.

Nice room, large, neat bed, a television in the corner, a VCR with a bunch of tapes on the shelf below it. Ryan put his clothes in the chest of drawers, his shotgun on the top shelf of the closet, the boxes of shells under the bed to keep them

away from the curious. He checked out the bathroom, clean and neat. He left his coat in the room as he walked over to the office, passing through the door again, the bell signaling his return.

By the time he got to the bar, a Jack and long neck beer was waiting for him. "Thanks," Ryan liking the hospitality. He had already noticed the other man in the room, the same one that walked by him when he first came in. Salesman most likely; you could see the hunger in their eyes. "Care to join me? Hate to drink alone," Ryan nodded to him. The man got up, pulling the bar stool next to Ryan out, sitting down on it.

"Scott," he replied.

Ryan threw back the shot of Jack, a swill of beer chasing it down. He brushed the wetness from his lips with his sleeve, extending his hand. "Ryan." Firm handshake, sure that Scott was a salesman, years of perfecting the perfect handshake to exude confidence. "Nice to meet you."

"That's Jason," he pointed to Jason behind the bar. "Can I buy you another?" What the hell, it's not like the place was going to get crowded any minute, doubtful there would be another customer the rest of the night.

"Grateful," Ryan said. Jason was quick, pouring another shot into his glass, this time the bottle of Jack Daniels left on the bar. Ryan swung this shot down with equal gusto, the warm whisky feeling good as it sank into his stomach. All the uneasiness that he felt in the past seemed to disappear.

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## CHAPTER 2

### The Gathering

You could almost hear the roar of the car as it pulled in. Jason went from behind the bar, walking to the office, surprised to see a flashy black Ferrari pulled in front of the motel, the exhaust still booming deeply before the engine shut off. *Damn, what was going on?* Not that he was complaining, but he hadn't had this many guests since the summer season ended. The man got out of the car, Jason instantly recognizing him. Derek Vick.

Derek wasn't sure why he got out of the car, but he did. He grabbed his bag and went into the office. A hokey bell rang as the door opened, a man scrambling to get behind the counter before Derek got there. Derek could see it in his eyes, the man had recognized him. He wouldn't expect it to be any other way.

"Mr. Vick, welcome to Mountain Top Motel."

"Derek; I hope you have a room." By the look of the two cars and the truck outside, most of it should be empty. At least he had a chance at one without cockroaches.

"Special room just for you. Room 8. End of the building, top floor where it's quieter. Are you planning on staying long?"

"I hope not, but it will be a day or two. Checking out some vacation homes in the area. Know of any for sale or rent?"

Derek hoped he could find one quick and check out of this dump as soon as possible.

"Only a dozen homes in the area, most don't sell. I'll ask around, but most folks that own them aren't up here now. They come in the summer." Jason pushed the registration book in front of Derek. "Forty dollars a night," Jason added as he handed Derek the pen.

Derek looked at the pen, afraid of catching something from it. He pulled out his gold pen, quickly filling out the form with as little information as possible. "Two days should do it," seeing the man's face look at his black American Express card with astonishment. Derek handed it to him.

Jason fondled the card. He had heard of them, unlimited credit line. Only a handful of them given out. Jason put the card in the machine, sliding the handle until the card was embossed onto the sales slip. He would call in for verification later, sure that Derek Vick's credit card was good. He handed the card back. "Here's your key, Derek. Mind if I have your autograph?" Jason handed Derek the sales slip.

Derek signed it with a flourish. He took the key, noticing the bar in the other room, surprised that there were actually customers in it, though disappointed that he didn't see any women. *What the fuck am I doing up here? And what am I going to do for two days?* "How late is the bar open?"

"As late as you want. Got food too. Real home cooking." Jason was already counting the money he was going to make.

"Be back as soon as I settle into my suite," Derek chided Jason. "Hope you got some good liquor."

"Got some thirty-year-old Scotch that is so smooth that you'll think it's a woman sliding down into your stomach."

"Speaking of women, any around here?" He picked up his bag, already knowing the answer.

"Haven't seen any, but the way the night is going, you never can tell." The door slammed shut as Derek left without saying another word.

Jason rushed back into the bar, his voice excited as he told Ryan and Scott the news. "Did you see that? It's Derek Vick. He's staying for two nights."

Ryan looked up. "The quarterback?"

"No one else. And he is staying at the Mountain Top Motel. Hey, Scott. Can you sell me a plaque I can put on his door after he leaves that says, 'Derek Vick slept here'?"

"Of course, we have a wide selection. I'll catch you in the morning before I leave. We can have it to you in a week." Things were picking up. Scott hoped that Derek would come back and join them in the bar. Derek almost had no choice; otherwise he would starve and die of boredom in his room.

Derek put his clothes in the dresser drawer although he was afraid they would get dirty from being in there. The room wasn't as bad as he thought; at least it looked clean, though it smelled of old age and dampness. He turned on the television, changing channels as the sound crackled through the speakers, finally stopping on the only channel, the picture snowy. He wanted to see the game results for the day, but the television failed to cooperate. Since he was getting hungry he might as well as take the plunge and go to the bar and have some dinner. At least he could have some good

Scotch to wash down the food if it turned out to be bad as he expected.

Scott looked out the window, seeing San Diego become shrouded in a fog, looking like it was coming from the ocean. But it was going farther inland than he had ever seen, the marine layer usually dissipating within a few miles inland. The uneasiness filled him with dread again. He heard the footsteps, turning toward the door.

Derek came into the room, all eyes on him as he strolled in. There were two others at the bar, a young kid looking like a farmer, the other one older not sure if it was the kid's father, though they looked like they kept their distance from each other. But that wasn't unusual, that is the way Derek was with his father. Derek strolled over as if he owned the place, sitting down at an empty bar stool beside the other two. He looked at Jason. "Now give me a scotch and soda of the real good stuff." Derek looked at the other two, looking at him pitifully, wanting to say something to the famous Derek Vick but afraid to do so. "Can I buy you a drink?"

"Gee, thanks," Ryan finding himself gushing. He couldn't wait to tell his father that he met Derek Vick in person. And that Derek bought him a drink. "I'm Ryan."

"Glad to meet you, Ryan."

"I appreciate it," Scott trying to sound not so star struck. "Scott."

Jason poured them all drinks, putting the freshly opened bottle of Glenfiddich Scotch on the bar so Derek would be impressed that it was the genuine article. He poured Ryan another Jack, pulling a long neck from the cooler and placing

it on the coaster in front of him. He turned his back for a second, making Scott a new Gin and tonic, mentally ringing the register in his head as he served them all his premium liquor. Life is good, he thought as he grabbed a fresh Bud for himself.

"Strange night," Derek commented, not to anyone in particular.

"Yes, almost like Halloween. I saw a fog rolling in from the coast in the valley," Scott pointing to the wide expanse of window that showed the valley beneath the mountain.

"Kinda eerie," Ryan not wanting to be left out of a discussion with the great Derek Vick. "You're a great player, Derek."

"Thanks, but let's not talk football tonight. What brings you up to this God-forsaken place?"

"Business," Scott chimed in, "but I think this might be the only place that God hasn't forsaken."

"I hope you're right," Derek added, still not sure why he was in this place, but he felt so secure in spite of sitting in a rundown bar. At least he was sipping good Scotch.

"Amen," Ryan added, throwing back another Jack, feeling a bit lightheaded. "So, Jason, what's on the menu tonight?"

"Yes, I am getting hungry. You promised home cooking." Derek's stomach began to growl loudly.

"House specialty, Buffalo burgers. Fresh, not frozen. Thick and juicy, cooked just the way you like them. Got some hot pepper cheese and a secret sauce that will put McDonald's to shame. Even low fat." Jason got a new shipment of meat in today. He usually didn't buy much this time of year, but for

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some reason he bought as if he was storing up for the winter. It wouldn't be fresh long, forced to freeze it unless he can sell it to his growing clientele.

"Rare for me," Derek almost tasting it already.

"Same for me," Ryan added. He would rather kill his own meat, but he hadn't seen a Buffalo in the woods yet. Now that would be fresh.

"Medium rare," Scott said. "Got some hot sauce, I like my burgers with a bigger kick."

"I got some fresh hot peppers I can grill for your burger. It'll get your heart racing. Give me a couple of minutes, help yourself to the drinks." Jason would find some way to divvy up the bar bill among them.

They heard the car coming into the parking lot, the tires noisily running over the crushed gravel, all of them looking toward the door in the office, Jason already walking toward the office. "Take care of those burgers in a minute. Busy tonight," he mumbled as he rang up more sales in his head.

"Ding-ding," the bell rang incessantly until the new visitor let it close, putting his bags down in front of the desk. Jason looked at him. Businessman, glasses from working too long at a desk, though he did have a good tan for someone his age. Forties Jason guessed. He saw the convertible outside, the top still down in spite of the weather cooling off. Now what could a businessman have to do at the top of the mountain.

"Nice, clear night up here," Michael said as he saw the man behind the desk. Not what he had expected. He would think the owner would be in his eighties, clinging to the last vestige of an era that passed by, not a younger man.

"Always is. If it's one thing we've got, it is clean, fresh air. Planning on the night or longer?"

Michael pulled out his credit card, slapping it down on the desk. "The week for now."

"Forty a night, but I'll give you the week for \$210.00. Business?" Cha-ching, Jason ringing the register in his head.

"Pleasure. Needed to get away." Michael just wasn't sure what he was getting away from.

"You can't get much further than here if you want to clear your head." Jason took the credit card, shoving the registration book in front of Michael. "Welcome, Michael," as Jason read off the name on the card. He filled out the sales draft, handing the card back to Michael as he signed the draft. "Room one. Right next door. You'll be close to the action."

"What action?" Michael didn't see that many cars in the parking lot, though he did notice the Ferrari.

Jason pointed to the bar. "In there. Got Derek Vick at the bar. Staying for a couple of nights."

"Isn't he a football player?" Michael never followed football much, preferring baseball.

"Best quarterback there is." *How could he not know Derek Vick?* "Cooking some buffalo burgers for the others; care for one? Best in the County," Jason bragged.

Michael hadn't eaten since lunchtime. It seemed so important that he got out of town and into the mountains that he forgot all about it until now. "That sounds great. Rare if you don't mind." He knew that many restaurants refused to cook a burger rare, afraid of salmonella poisoning.

"That's the only way. The works? Hope you like it spicy hot?"

"Excellent. Let me get rid of my bags, and I'll be back in a minute." Michael looked into the bar, three men sitting at the bar. At least he wouldn't be lonesome. *I wonder what brought them to this place?*

Jason went back into the bar. "Be back with dinner in a minute."

"Another guest?" Scott quizzed Jason.

"Yeah, getting downright busy." He walked into the kitchen, turning the grill on, the flames shooting up, the smell of grease already wafting off as the flames burned off the old grease from the grill. He shaped the patties, making them bigger than usual, thick so that the center would be nice and rare. He made some salad as the grill heated up, just finishing up as Michael came back in. Jason put the burgers on the grill, the meat sizzling as soon as it touched, the smell beginning to funnel out into the bar. He let them cook, walking back in behind the bar as Michael sat down. "This is Michael. Derek, Ryan and Scott," Jason introducing them, pointing them out for Michael. "What can I get you?"

"Diet Coke," Michael answered.

"Got some great gold rum, smooth."

"Don't drink alcohol," Michael countered. "It's the only vice that I don't indulge in anymore."

"Not sure you'll find any other vices to indulge in here," Derek added, his voice showing his disappointment.



"You'd be surprised at the things that you'll find in places that you'd least expect." Michael was always the eternal optimist.

"Hit much fog on the way up?" Scott asked, the fog getting thicker below as he gazed out the window.

"Even the beach was clear when I left. Strange this time of the year. Though there was a breeze blowing in from the water.

"Not that way any longer," Scott pointing out the window. "Fog looks like its getting thick, though you can't tell how low it is from up here."

"Pretty far inland too. Clear as a bell up here. Glad I came up the mountain." Michael looked out the window, the valley almost covered in a shroud of fog. And it looked like it was still moving.

"I think we all are," Derek added, a strange connection between all of them. For some reason they were all drawn to the same place. Derek heard the sizzle of the burgers cooking, his mouth watering as the smell of fresh meat cooking over a hot flame drifted out from the kitchen. It replaced the smell damp air in the room.

Jason went back in the kitchen, throwing the cheese on the burgers, melting almost as soon as it hit the hot meat. He grabbed the plates, all the fixings on the rolls, five salads already made. He put the burgers on the rolls; Scott's last so it would be done a bit more, though Jason doubted it would be much more than rare. That was the only way to cook a burger and refused to do otherwise.

He carried them into the bar on a tray, placing them down in front of the men, their tongue licking their lips as they spied his feast. "Enjoy," Jason taking one for himself. "Everyone got a drink?"

Derek bit into the burger, his stomach gurgling loudly. He could taste the juices rush out and bathe his tongue with its flavor. Damn, Jason was right. This was really that good or Derek was starving. Even a salad. Maybe the place wasn't that bad after all. "My compliments to the chef," Derek mumbling, his mouth filled with the second bite.

"A true gem lost in the woods you are, Jason." Michael took another bite of the burger.

"You're as good a cook as my mother, and that's truly a compliment," Ryan added, half of his burger gone already.

"Coming from someone that eats a lot on the road, you are a true artist, Jason. Your culinary talents should be legendary." Scott took a sip out of his drink, alternating between the salad and the burger.

There was silence as they ate, at least from talking, the sound of eating filling the room. It was five minutes before they finished, Ryan almost inhaling his burger first. Michael was the last to finish, almost as if he was savoring every bite as if it were his last.

Jason started cleaning up the plates, filling their glasses again.

David pulled into the parking lot. He was glad he got gas at the little station a couple of miles back, surprised that in this day and age they still pumped gas for you, though the attendant seemed a little slow. Not in speed, just his mental

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abilities. His mouth was a constant source of saliva, dribbling down unchecked to his chin no matter how many times he wiped it on his sleeve. And it was strange, hearing him humming Happy Birthday over and over as the gas pump chimed off the gallons.

It was surprising, the parking lot having more cars than he expected. He grabbed his bags and went to the office. He saw the man standing behind the desk as if waiting just for him. David pulled open the door, the bell announcing him with a flourish.

Jason's ears were attuned to the sound of cars in the lot. At least they had been today, busier than the Fourth of July. *What's up? Why the sudden flood of guests, all of them having no particular reason for being here?* He stood behind the desk as David came in. Late twenties, a look of desperation in his eyes. It was as though he was drawn here to solve his problems. Or get away from them. "Welcome to Mountain Top Motel."

David looked at the clerk, older than himself, but good looking in a rugged sort of way. It was strange, David looking at men the way he used to look at women. Or pretended to look at women. He was finally coming to the realization that maybe Madeline was right. He found himself attracted to men, not women. Even his dreams began to take on discovering the mysteries of men making love to each other, a subject that David was inadequately trained to pursue. Most boys grew up learning how to interact with girls sexually almost naturally. *Was there a way for gay men to learn the*

*same skills with another male? Or do I just need a mentor, someone to teach me the ways of pleasuring a man?*

"Thanks," David stepping up to the counter, pulling out his credit card and placing it in front of him. "How much?" He didn't have that much money, Madeline cleaning out the checking account, as he'd found out when he tried to get some money out of the ATM machine. Luckily he had credit cards just in his name as though he had planned for this inevitable conclusion.

"How long you planning on staying?"

"The week," David blurting it out without thinking. *What am I doing here, and why would I stay a week?* He had classes next week, never mind his job.

Jason felt sorry for him. "One-fifty for the week."

"Yes, that's good. Many guests?" He looked into the bar, surprised to see four others inside.

"More and more as the night goes on. Any reason for coming up here this time of year?" Jason was still puzzled over his good fortune, almost afraid it would disappear as fast as it came.

"No." David looked at him. "Is that a problem?"

"No. No. Just trying to do some marketing research." Jason grabbed the credit card before David could change his mind, pushing the book over for him to fill out. "Welcome, David. We have a bar and restaurant in there," pointing to the rapidly filling bar. "Even got Derek Vick staying with us. He's in the bar now." Jason was so proud of his famous guest, wanting to shout it off the top of the mountain to attract more guests. He still had some rooms to fill, the sudden

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exhilaration hitting him that he might fill the motel for the night. Maybe even for the week.

David looked into the bar, trying to peer into the darkened room. Derek Vick. Now that was a man David would love to have teaching him about guy sex. He could imagine the powerful figure standing over him, bending him to his knees until David was confronted with the largest cock he had ever seen, Derek Vick's hand lifting his head up, the words coming out of his mouth. "Suck my cock, David."

"Can you sign here?" Jason repeating his request, David off in some distant place.

"Sorry," David scribbling his name quickly, stepping closer to the counter to hide his increasingly aroused cock. He had grown erect while looking at pictures of men's cocks, stroking himself in self-masturbation as he looked at them. But this was the first time that his imagination had made him erect without any manual stimulation. And in a public place.

"Room Two," handing David the key. "Going to join us in the bar?"

David wasn't tired and the thought of sitting in his lonely room to think about what a terrible day today was depressed him. He somehow found himself in this strange place; he might as well play the cards he was dealt. "Yes, I think I will. Be back in a minute."

"Hungry?" He had a hunger in his eyes, but it wasn't food. Too bad there were no women tonight. Maybe things would pick up later. Jason would love having some females in the bar. That would really perk up the business even more than it was now.

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"Not really, though I could really do with a cold beer." By the time David came back and walked into the bar, an empty bar stool had a cold beer and glass in front of it.

"Everyone, this is David," Jason sang out as David came in.

"Hello, David," the four of them chimed back, laughing as though they were in Cheers and welcoming Norm back to his barstool.

"Michael, Derek, Ryan and Scott. I'm your host Jason. Sit back and relax, David." Jason stood back, contemplating his growing patronage and his wallet.

"Get any reception up here, Jason?" Derek pointing to the television set perched high in the corner of the bar.

"Satellite's been iffy for the last couple of days, but let me check. Game scores?" Jason clicked on the set, the static crackling loudly, turning down the sound as he began to scroll through the channels.

"Yes," Derek responded, his eyes glued to the snowy screen as the channel selector clicked loudly through each disappointing change. "Whoa!"

Jason turned it back one notch, the picture of people appearing. It was the news show at least. "Well, we have one channel."

"...be back after commercial interruption for the latest sports update," the television blared out, Jason turning the sound down a bit.

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Michael talked to David for over half an hour, a bit strange, seeming more like a date than two guys talking. It was as though David was trying to get to know Michael to see if he wanted to date him. Or was it just Michael's imagination. David seemed like a nice-enough guy, though he suspected that he had troubles he wasn't talking about. But didn't everyone, otherwise why would they be on the top of an isolated mountain.

It was after nine, David finally grabbing a sandwich from Jason. He enjoyed talking to Michael. So knowledgeable, but it was more. Michael had a dominating personality. The only problem was that David was sure that Michael was straight. Anyone married three times to women had to be straight, or else they wouldn't subject themselves to that many problems.

David began to talk to Derek, another domineering man. You had to be in order to be a quarterback. They were the leader, the other members of the team following their orders to a tee. David looked at the other men, none of them giving him a hint that they might be gay. David still didn't know why he was here.

\* \* \* \*

"Did you notice that the fog is getting worse in the valley?" Michael moved over near Scott, sitting down on a barstool at the other end of the bar, David talking to Derek now. Scott was staring out the window.

"Yeah, it keeps creeping closer. Wish I knew how high it was, but the only station that comes in on the television is from the Imperial Valley." Scott continued to worry about the

fog, not so much for himself, but for the little specs of people that they looked down at from their high perch.

"Is that why you're here? The fog I mean?" It slipped out his mouth before he realized it.

Scott looked at Michael. *Could the others be here for the same reason?* "I don't think its fog." There he said it, sounding like a conspiracy theory as soon as the words floated off his lips.

"Something much worse," Michael said it with such conviction.

"Yes, much worse. But I feel we are safe here. That is why I found myself here. I should have gone back down the mountain after my last sale. Instead, I came here to stay the night. And I think it's going to be much longer." That is the first time Scott let his secret thoughts out into the open.

"I quit my job two weeks ago. Today was my last day. Packed up everything in my condo but left them, driving off to come here as if it was my destiny. Or maybe my survival." Michael looked over at the others. "You think they had the same premonition?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't break it into the open quite yet. They'll think you're crazy. It won't be long before the reality catches up to us." Scott took the last sip of his gin and tonic. "Another one, Jason," waving the empty glass over at Jason.

Jason brought Scott a fresh drink along with a diet coke to Michael. "You guys doing okay?"

"Great, Jason. You always this busy this time of year?" Michael quizzed him.



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"Strangest thing. Never like this. It's like this is convention headquarters for something. Is that why you are here?" Jason was puzzled, but with all the money coming in, he wasn't about to rock the boat. As long as they paid, he didn't care why they were here.

Michael answered back. "No particular reason. Just wanted some peace and quiet, and I don't think I could find a better place." Jason left them alone when the sound of tires hitting the gravel brought their attention to the front door.

Jason walked quickly to the front office, getting behind the desk as the car lights turned off.

Brian turned off the engine, glad he was here, though he wasn't sure where here was. He looked at his watch, almost midnight, even though the sky was so bright, the full moon illuminating it with an eerie glow. The motel was run down, but that wasn't his concern. He just knew he had to be here. He could make the best out of anything. And at least there were others, surprised to see so many cars. Even a Ferrari. Place can't be that bad.

Brian walked into the office, the door opening silently as he entered. "Do you have any rooms?" Brian said confidently. The door closed noisily but without so much as a jingle of the bell.

Jason looked at the door, unable to figure out why the bell didn't ring.

Brian saw his puzzled look. "It's not that tough of a question."

"Sorry," Jason trying to recover. "It's the bell on the door. It always rings when someone comes in."

Brian looked at the door, his finger flicking the bell, the sound of it ringing in the room. "Works just fine. I don't need a bell to announce me," Brian proclaimed proudly as if it were a given.

Brian was different. He exuded such power even though he didn't seem to try. "Have a great room for you. How long are you staying?"

"A week," he stated emphatically.

"Business or pleasure?"

"My business is always pleasure." Brian refusing to engage in the questions and answers.

"Hundred-twenty for you," Jason giving Brian the key to room three before he even paid for it. "Oh," pushing over the registration book to him, finding a credit card in front of him before he even realized it. "Welcome to Mountain Top Motel, Brian," Jason still flustered by the new stranger.

He quickly filled out the registration form, eyeing the bar beyond the door. He wasn't surprised there were so many people in it. After all, what else was there to do? Brian was sure they all came for the same reason. He looked at his watch, almost midnight. "Can I leave my bag here? I want a drink before you close." He already put his bag behind the counter not waiting for an answer or acceptance. Jason moved out of the way.

"I close when no one else wants a drink. It's not like the liquor board ever treks up here off season." Jason stepped out of the way as Brian walked into the room. He was ready to announce him when Brian's voice bellowed loudly, everyone looking up quickly.

"I'm Brian," strutting into the bar, quickly scanning the rest of the guests. "I suspect that is your Ferrari, Derek," Brian recognizing him. He saw the bottle of Glenfiddich on the bar. "Glenfarclas is better, forty years old and smoother." He shook his hand, his grip tight on Derek's hand. A womanizer if he ever saw one. Probably spits out a fresh one every night, Brian thought to himself.

"Must be your truck," Brian easily fitting Ryan to the oversized SUV. Brian stuck out his hand, Ryan shaking back with his calloused hands. Here was a man that didn't mind hard work. He liked strong hands, though he was sure that he loved women just as much as he loved hard work.

"Ryan. Nice meeting you, Brian. Yes, I love something powerful underneath me." He seemed like a nice guy, though a bit too confident.

"I'm sure you do, Ryan." He moved down the bar. He shook Michael's hand, taken back by how powerful his grip was. He expected a wimpy handshake from someone that looked like an accountant.

"Michael," grabbing Brian's hand with a powerful grip, seeing something in his eyes that they both shared.

"You changed my mind. You must be the convertible out there. Thought you were an accountant, but now I'm not sure." Brian was usually a good judge of character, but Michael confused him. He looked one thing, but Brian was sure that there was something behind that mask Michael built up over the years.

"It is my convertible. Nice meeting you. Staying long?" Michael didn't answer his statement.

"A week or so. Interesting bunch of people in one place."  
Brian moved down to the next one.

"Scott, and yes, I'm a salesman." Scott shook hands with Brian.

"You can always spot a salesman no matter how much they tried to hide it. But I like you, you're proud of what you do. I imagine you do well at it." Brian looked over at the last one. Younger, probably not even thirty. And he had a scared puppy look in his eyes.

"And who have we here?" Brian extended his hand.

"David," he managed to get out of his flustered lips. He felt Brian's hand in his, squeezing tightly, with such mastery. Brian didn't let go, holding David's hand as Brian's steely blue eyes stared into David's soul.

He saw something in David. A hunger. He could feel his palm sweating, Brian refusing to let go of his hand. "Are you staying long, David?"

"A week," David barely able to speak. Brian scared David and excited him all at the same time.

"Good," Brian finally letting go of his hand. "I need a drink," leaving David alone and flustered. Brian went back to the bar. "I hope you won't mind sharing your bottle, Derek."

"Not at all," Derek pouring a shot into the glass that Jason placed in front of Brian so quickly. "Cheers," pouring one himself and toasting Brian.

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## CHAPTER 3

### The End

"To the end," he toasted. The television came alive with a news update.

"There have been reports of widespread power outages throughout the county of San Diego," the announcer said with such clarity even as the picture began to break up. "Telephone service has been interrupted in some parts of the city, and we have been unable to confirm or deny the reports. Details are sketchy."

Scott looked out the window. "It's beginning." He looked out over the valley, half of it dark, the rest covered in the dark shroud of fog that almost reached the foot of the mountain.

"What is?" Derek turned around to look out the window as did everyone else.

"The reason we all came up here," Michael saying the obvious.

"And what might that be?" Jason couldn't figure why his motel became so popular all of a sudden.

"Something is happening down there. And only the few of us here knew ahead of time to escape it." Michael looked up at the television, the show resuming as if nothing was going on.

"Is that why you are all here?" Jason looked around the room but nobody denied it. *Are my guests going to be long-*

*term visitors?* Jason heard the sound, everyone else turning towards the door as he got up to look out the front door. Louder than a car, he was surprised to see a big rig pull into the parking lot, the hiss of air brakes as it parked, the lumbering engine shut off.

"What is it?"

"Big rig. Damn, never saw one up here before. Didn't even think they could make it up the mountain. Nothing but the observatory beyond here. Not sure where it would be heading." Jason watched as the driver got out, walking around the rig. Jason heard the whine of a refrigerator motor starting, the gentle hum filling the silence of the night in spite of the closed door.

"I passed him coming up the mountain, but that was a long time ago," Brian answering. "Didn't think too much about it as I did."

\* \* \* \*

Christopher finally got his rig ready, the reefer unit running without any problems. He locked up the cab, grabbing his bag and walked off to the office, the bright lights inviting. He was tired of driving and relieved to be here. Wherever here is. He walked into the office, the bell ringing as he opened the door. It wasn't needed. The clerk was behind the counter, and there was a roomful of eyes from in the bar staring at him as he walked in. It was as though he was the Messiah coming to save them.

"Something wrong?" Christopher asked the clerk.

"Just surprised to see a big rig up here. What are you carrying?"

"Frozen food."

"Not many places to take that much frozen food. What's your destination?"

"Wal-Mart distribution."

"But that's in Ontario. Not even close to here. What brought you up the mountain?" Jason was puzzled. *What were all these people trying to escape from?*

"Damned if I know for sure. But for now, I'm tired of driving and just as tired of talking. Would love a couple of cold beers, a hot shower and a soft bed. Can you fix me up with any or all of them?" Christopher was growing impatient.

"Sorry. Just for the night?"

"Make it two, I'm tired and it looks peaceful up here. How much?"

"Fifty for two nights." He picked up the two twenties and the ten. "Sign here," handing him the registration book.

"Room five," taking back the book and handing him the key.

"I'll put on my barkeep hat and get you those beers. What do you like?"

"Spoil me, Heinekens." He looked into the bar, the people still staring at him. "They harmless?"

"Just strange goings-on. Everyone is a bit edgy. Come on in." He led the way. "This is Christopher," having read the registration book. "Now you people are making him real nervous so settle down and let him enjoy his beer." Jason was behind the bar and putting the beer in front of Christopher before he sat down.

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"That's Michael, Derek, Ryan, Scott, David and Brian."

"Didn't expect to meet any celebrities up here," nodding to Derek. "Love your game. Been awful quiet on my radio. Anything on the television?"

Michael spoke up first. "Been reports of widespread power outages and some loss of telephone service. Have you seen much fog coming up?"

"Took me so long to get up this hill, got off the highway hours ago. Must have sucked up ten gallons of diesel. It was clear when I got off, and was bright as day coming up. What's everyone doing up here?"

"Same as you," Scott answered.

"And what might that be?"

"Exactly. None of us are sure why we're here."

Christopher swigged down half of the bottle of beer, quenching his parched throat. He looked around. "So I missed the girls. They go to bed already?"

That perked up Derek's interest. "What girls?"

"Those two pretty little fillies that passed me going up the hill. They looked like they were in a hurry. Must have gone farther on." Christopher finished off the beer, Jason ready with the next one.

"This is the end of the line. Only way to go is back down." Jason began to worry. "Crazy Joe," he mumbled too loud.

"Crazy who?" Michael asked back.

Jason looked at Christopher. "Was the gas station open or closed?"

"Closed, looked like it hadn't been open for years." Christopher thought for a minute. "Come to mention it, I



thought I saw some car lights around back, but by the time I looked again they were gone. Thought it was just the moon reflecting off some glass.

"Who's Crazy Joe?" Michael began to get concerned.

"Joe runs the gas station. He's harmless, just a bit slow."

"Yes, I saw him. Got gas when I was coming up," David added. "Drools all over himself. Humming Happy Birthday over and over."

"If he's so harmless, how come you call him Crazy Joe?" Michael looked at Jason for answers.

"People just have called him that for years."

"Any other way out of here beside back down?" Michael was already figuring out the next move.

"No, it's either here or back down." Jason began to worry.

"I think we need to pay Crazy Joe a visit. Right now."

Michael looked over at the group, sizing them up. "Jason you come along, you know him; maybe you can talk to him. You too, Derek, a sweet talker like you might come in handy. And Ryan. I imagine you got a gun somewhere in that monster truck, don't you?" He looked at the others, all of them wanting to help. "The rest of you stay here. We'll be back soon."

"Scott, can you take care of the bar?" Jason was already grabbing his coat.

"Sure thing, used to be a bar tender in another life."

They rushed out the door, scrambling to get into Ryan's big truck. He opened the back, pulling out a small revolver from the tire well. He took a box of ammunition. "You know how to handle a gun?" He handed it to Michael.

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"Yes," Michael sitting in the back seat, loading the gun as the truck spit out a shower of gravel before the wheels gripped the pavement with a screech, the truck lurching forward as it suddenly got traction.

"It's around the next bend. Slow up and coast into the front. Watch out for the bell cable. If he's up to something, we don't want to warn him." Jason gave out the instructions from the back seat.

\* \* \* \*

Joe sang Happy Birthday over and over as he dragged the two girls into the kitchen. Their limp bodies were easy to carry, Joe having powerful arms. He dumped them unceremoniously in the middle of the floor. He took the stew out of the fridge, putting it on the stove, striking a match to start the propane tank. By the time it was ready, he would have them strung up. His birthday presents.

He grabbed the coils of rope, throwing them over the rafters in the ceiling. He eyed the one that had been sleeping in the front seat, her red skirt almost up to her ass, long legs revealed. He stroked his cock, feeling it grow in arousal. He wouldn't need his magazines tonight. He had the real thing. He pulled her into the center of the room, the first rope dangling down from the ceiling. Nice tits, Joe stroking his cock harder as he eyed her jugs. If he was going to tie her by her wrists, he should strip her to her waist. Otherwise he would have to tear her clothes. And that wasn't a respectable thing to do to a lady. He pushed her until she was sitting up, leaning against him. He grabbed the bottom of her pullover,

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yanking it over her big tits, getting stuck on her head as he paid more attention to her bra-covered tits instead of the top. He had never seen real tits before, only picture of ones. She barely had a bra on, tanned flesh sticking out the top, almost able to make out her nipples. He finally managed to pull her arms and head out without dropping her to the floor. He threw the top to the floor. He fumbled with the bra strap, his large fingers not able to open the intricate locking device. Finally in desperation he pulled out his knife, slashing through the bra like it was butter. Her breasts spilled out as the bra fell to the floor. Joe wanted to touch them but waited, wanting her tied before he played with his present.

He laid her on her back, securing her wrists together with the rope. He pulled the other end of the rope until all the tautness was out of the rope, her hands slowly beginning to rise up. He watched her arms begin to rise up, helping her with one hand as he pulled the rope with the other. Soon both her arms were stretched tall, pulling harder as he slowly and methodically began to pull her off of the floor. Her limp body rose up as if she were standing up on her own, Joe's eyes glued to her naked tits. He never saw pictures of tits that stood up so firm. And her nips were getting hard for him. Damn, this was going to be the best birthday ever.

He tied the rope to the other support, rubbing his cock as he stared at her half-naked body. Just the right height, it was as though she was standing half naked in this room for his pleasure. He rubbed his cock, though he wanted to rub her tits, teasing himself until he had both of them strung up so he could unwrap them. He was hoping they would come to,

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enjoying it better if he could stare into their eyes as he stripped them naked.

The next one was easier, Joe having the method down pat. He couldn't stop himself, his hands running over this one's tits, the sweater the softest thing he had ever felt. He squeezed her tits, a soft moan from her lips. Maybe she'd like it when he stripped her. He could feel her nips growing as he pinched them. Damn softest things he ever felt. He finally pulled the sweater up over her head, a nice black lacey bra like he saw in the magazines. He couldn't help himself, squeezing her bra, feeling the firm flesh squeezed beneath his large hands. She stirred, Joe pulling out the knife and slicing the bra off of her, her naked tits bouncing gently on her chest, her nips stirring hard. He pinched her nips, hearing her moaning louder. He picked up the rope, tying her wrists together, afraid she was going to wake up before he was finished. He lay her down on her back, her wrists over her head as he slowly pulled the rope over the rafter.

He watched as she stood up, her arms first, then her body following, her short skirt barely covering her long legs. She was slowly pulled off the floor by the rope until she was standing tall. He tied the rope to the same support beam. He stood back and looked at them, rubbing his cock as he lusted over the two bare-breasted girls in his kitchen. He had never seen anything as beautiful. Full, tanned tits with hard brown nipples, one of the girls with large areolas, the other one's smaller. He drooled at the thought of sucking on them. He smelled his stew boiling, his desire for food overpowering his desire for the girls. For now. He turned the stove down, lifting

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the lid and smelling the flavor of the beef stew rising up from the pot. A special birthday dinner. He heard the one girl stirring, picking up the two wooden dowels, a rope pulled through drilled holes in the ends. He walked over to the one, taking the dowel and forcing it between her lips, his fingers prying open her jaw until the dowel was pressed hard against her back teeth, her mouth held open wide by the thick wooden dowel. He didn't want to listen to her once she woke up. He tied the rope around the back of her head, looking at her, drool already covering the dowel and slowly dripping down. The first drop hit one bare tit, Joe watching as it slowly dripped down her naked tit. He took the other dowel, gagging the other girl. He looked at them both, not as pretty with their mouth stretched open, the dowel splitting their cheeks. But it sure would cut down the bitching and complaining once they woke up.

He filled his plate with the stew, grabbing a beer from the refrigerator. He sat down at the small table, only two chairs. It's not like he had many visitors. "Happy Birthday to You," the words spilling out of his mouth, as he got ready to eat, hard to do with his eyes pinned to the four bare breasts before him. He took a bite, savoring the fresh meat in the stew, a rarity that was a treat. He realized he was hungry, the excitement of the two girls making him forget. He began to shovel the food into his mouth, a slice of bread in one hand, a fork in the other.

She must be dreaming, her head pounding so hard, Sloane not understanding it. She didn't drink that much. And her mouth felt torn, something shoved so deep in it that she

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couldn't shut her mouth. The panic began to hit her as her eyes opened slowly, the bright lights of the room temporarily blinding her. She tried to move, finding her arms over her head, unable to understand as she tried to lower them, something digging into her wrists. She saw a figure on the other side of the room, the fuzziness of her vision finally giving way to a clarity that scared the hell out of her. It was the man from the gas station, Sloane suddenly remembering stepping out of the ladies room and then nothing else. He was sitting at the table eating so casually, the food running down his chin as he missed his mouth with half of the food when he shoved it in. He was staring at her. She tried to speak but all that came out were muffled cries. Something was in her mouth. She tried to bite down on it, finding it hard, too hard, almost breaking a tooth. She was slobbering, but she couldn't help it, her mouth opened wide, her tongue pushed to the bottom of her mouth. It felt like her mouth was torn, the hard object pushed all the way to the back of her lips. She tried to push it out, but it wouldn't budge. Something was holding it in. She shook her head at the man, mumbling unintelligible sounds as she begged him. Then it dawned on her, looking up, the shock of seeing her wrists bound high above her head, the rope drawn up to the ceiling. She was bound. She looked down when her sudden shaking made her breasts move. It felt funny, looking down, seeing them naked. "MMMGGG," she protested, but the man continued to stare at her, Sloane now knowing why. She looked to the right, seeing Erika for the first time. She was in similar straights, except

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she was not awake. She was half naked also, Sloane seeing that both of them still had their shoes and skirts on.

Joe saw her waking up. "It's my birthday today," he said to the girl. *Why did she have that frightened look in her eyes?* "You's my birthday present," he proudly proclaimed.

Erika looked over, waking up suddenly. She hadn't drunk that much, but she could barely move. It was as though she was paralyzed. She could feel a tingling in her hands. She tried to move her arms, but only her fingers moved. *What had I done? Was I in an accident?* Her mouth had something in it. Something too large, her lips feeling like they were torn on the ends. She looked over to the side, seeing Sloane and the panic hit her. She was strung up, her arms over her head. There was a stick of wood in her mouth, only garble coming out as she shook her head back and forth. And she was naked to the waist, Erika realizing that she was in the same position, her bare breasts thrust out. She was proud of her body and probably showed her naked breasts too many times in nightclubs when she had too much to drink, but she had never been stripped and bound like this. She saw the man sitting over at the table, eating his dinner as if it were the most natural thing to do. His food was running down his chin, his shirt stained, but his eyes were on Sloane. *Where are we?* It looked like an old house. *Were we kidnapped?* Erika didn't remember much after getting into the car at the bar. She didn't remember going home.

He looked like he was in his mid-thirties, but he seemed more like a child than an adult. He was the gas station attendant, the one that said something to her, Sloane trying

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hard to remember. Yes, it was his birthday. *What had he done to us?* He stood up, taking a swig out of his beer, his eyes still on Sloane. Or more to the point, on her breasts. She wished she could cover herself, shamed to be half naked in front of him. He was tall, over six feet, his arms thick with muscles. She shook her head in protest as he began to walk over to her, afraid of what he was going to do.

He stood in front of her, his hand reaching down and rubbing his cock, making it jerk in pleasure. The girls made him feel good. He lifted her head until she was looking into his eyes. "You's my birthday present. I'm gonna finish unwrapp'n you now."

She couldn't do anything as his hands held her chin, making her stare into his almost child-like face. He had the beard of a man, but his eyes couldn't mask that he wasn't quite all there. And tying them up and stripping them half naked proved it. She hoped that he was harmless, but she still cried silently as his hand stroked her face, the smell of gas moving up from his fingers and into her nose. She felt the rough, calloused hands on her skin, rubbing back and forth over her cheek as if he had never touched anything as soft. He wiped the drool from her chin like a father would do to his baby girl, but his hand moved down her neck. His fingers trailed along her neck, Sloane suddenly realizing that her nipples were growing harder. *No, don't let him do this to me.*

He'd never touched skin so soft. His fingers ran down her sleek neck, down farther until he felt the swell of her breasts, his cock throbbing in his pants; one hand rubbing the front of his pants, the other sliding his finger down the soft skin of her



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breasts. "Nice tits," he mumbled, his finger running around the big brown nipple that grew before his eyes. "It's get'n bigger!" His voice rang of excitement. He touched her nipple, surprised that it was so hard. He expected it to be soft like her tits. He swirled his fingertip around it, seeing little goose bumps appearing around the big brown areolas. He finally couldn't resist, pinching the tip, staring at her face as he did. He heard a muffled squeal, realizing that he was squeezing too tight. When he released it, it swelled bigger roused by his pinching. He pinched the other one until he heard her muffled cry, this time twisting the flesh until it was gnarled. He released it from his pinching fingers as it sprang to life. He grabbed her tit in his large hand, able to encircle it, feeling the sharp point of her nipple pricking his palm. He released her tit, looking like a giant sundae with a cherry on top. He liked sundaes. And he loved cherries. He held her tit in his hand, his head bowing over until his mouth found the tip of her tit, his lips encircling the pointy tip. He felt her body shudder, a muffled cry, his tongue slowly running over the tip as it continued to grow. *How big would it get?* He decided to find out, sucking her tit into his mouth while his tongue lashed back and forth over the tip. He bit gently on her nipple, his sharp teeth biting the tip right on the dark circle that surrounded it. It was almost like her tit was his birthday cake.

His fingers pinched her nipple too hard. Or she let herself believe that, the shiver running down her spine one of pleasure, not pain. She wouldn't let him arouse her, fighting the urges she felt between her legs, but couldn't contain them

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any longer when his lips latched onto her nipple and sucked it deep into his mouth, his tongue not idle, rubbing back and forth over her nipple until she felt it throbbing with blood. Please stop, she silently begged him, his other hand reaching up and squeezing her other bare breast. Not even his beard scraping across her smooth skin could stop the pleasure coursing through her body. She tugged on the ropes that held her wrists pulled high up, her breasts open and vulnerable, but all she felt was a strange feeling between her legs when the rope cut into her wrists, confirming her helplessness.

He released her tit, looking down at the swelling tip, slick with his spit, small bite marks on the dark circle. "Happy Birthday to Me, Happy Birthday to Me," he continued to sing off key, his hand sliding over her bare stomach. "Such pretty legs on the pretty girl."

She shook her hips from side to side, but his hand followed her frenzied movements when she realized that his hands were going lower. She was afraid of being naked in front of him. Not sure what he would do, but he was continually masturbating through his pants as he fondled her bare breasts. *Did he have the cock of a man or a boy?* The thought suddenly popped into her head. *Why would I think of such a thing?*

He loved the way her tits bounced as she struggled, his hands sliding down her hips until he touched her bare leg. Like her tits, smooth as silk. His hand slid under her skirt, this time between her legs, catching her before she clamped her legs shut, trapping his hand between them. "Open up or I's gonna tie your legs too!" He pinched her flesh until she

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surrendered, her legs spreading just far enough so that his hand could continue to move up between her legs. His hand found her crotch, squeezing tight, a soft groan from her muzzled mouth. He had never felt a girl's pussy before, able to feel the heat of her body through the thin panties. He couldn't wait, pulling his hand from between her legs.

He goosed her, his large hand gripping her mound, his finger moving slightly sending tremors through her body as his finger dug into her slit. It was alive, moving back and forth until it slid between her lips, the fleshy lips sliding over the finger, trapping it inside her. She clenched her thighs, but that only trapped his large hand under her skirt, his finger was still moving back and forth between her pussy lips, trapping her panties between them. She hated what he was doing to her. But she felt her pussy grow wet.

He felt his finger get wet. *Had she wet herself like a baby?* He wanted to see, pulling his hand from her skirt. "Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday" growing more excited at opening his presents. He fumbled with her skirt, finally able to open it. He pulled the zipper down, watching as it fluttered to the floor at her feet. He looked down, only a pair of black, lacey panties covering her. And he saw the wet spot on her panties, unmistakable; her slit showing where Joe had pushed her panties between her lips with his finger. "You's pussy is get'n wet." He exclaimed with glee. He walked behind her. "Damn, you lost the back of your panties." He rubbed his cock as he saw her naked ass cheeks, his cock jerking when he saw her clench her cheeks tight. He couldn't resist running his hand over her ass cheeks, feeling the taut muscles. He let his

finger trace up and down her tightly clenched ass crack. "Nice ass on this one. Hope the other is just as nice." He was behind her, pushing up so he could rub his cock on her ass cheeks, shamelessly masturbating on her tightly clenched cheeks. "You's feel so good," he sighed, humping her, his cock growing bigger in his pants.

He took off her skirt, Sloane wishing she hadn't worn such sexy panties, especially once he noticed she was wearing a thong. He moved behind her, Sloane clenching her cheeks, refusing him even when his hand ran over her ass cheeks. She felt it, a thick, hard cock in his pants. He slid up against her ass, masturbating his cock on her naked ass cheeks. He might be a boy in his head, but he wasn't in his pants. He had a big cock and it was hard. She felt his hand grip the side of her panties, Sloane putting her legs tightly together in defense.

"Gonna take these off," Joe whispered in her ear, his hips never stopping as he rubbed back and forth over her ass. He slid the panties down, finally having to step back, not wanting to stop the good feeling he had in his pants but eager to see what he uncovered. He pulled the panties all the way down her legs and off her feet, standing back up. He moved in front of her, whistling loudly as he saw her pussy. "You's just a young thing. Not a hair on you." She looked so much older, but her pussy was as bald as a ten year old. He almost felt bad for stripping her naked, but his cock was driving him. He moved closer to her, staring in her face, only inches from her as his hand slid down over her stomach. She sucked in her gut, moving lower until he felt her bare mound. He had never

touched anything so smooth. And he couldn't help but notice that her bare mound was wet. He pinched her pussy lips, one finger slipping between them. "Damn, never felt anything so smooth." He pulled back one of her lips, his other finger running up and down her inner lips, finding her wet. "I like that. Already wet," Joe laughing as his finger gathered up her moisture.

Her panties were pulled from her, the man standing in front of her, staring at her naked body. She had never felt so humiliated, bound and stripped naked. She couldn't stop him as his hand slid down over her abdomen, struggling to stop the feelings as his calloused fingers passed over her mound. Since she had shaved her pubes, any touch on her mound excited her so much more. His fingers tugged on her pussy lips, strong fingers pinching them and then pulling them out as if he were stretching them. Worse, he pulled just one lip back, his other hand intimately inspecting her as it ran up and down her slit. And she couldn't stop the moistness as the finger masturbated her against her will. She was relieved when he stopped and pulled away. But she felt sorry for Erika, for he was already walking over to her.

Erika watched him strip Sloane naked, and now it was her turn. She shook her head in protest, but he ignored her. He went to work on her immediately, standing behind her until she felt the bulge in his pants pushed against her ass cheeks. His hips slid from side to side, masturbating on her ass. His fingers undid her skirt, sliding it down over her hips until it fell to her ankles. He stepped back, admiring her naked ass, his hand sliding over her cheeks. She didn't have a choice,

unable to stop him from caressing her flesh. She shivered when his finger slid up and down her crack, never dawning on Erika that she could clench her cheeks and stop him. Instead she felt his calloused finger slide over her anus, glad that he only paused before he moved down.

"You older than that one?" He stepped around to the front of her after he slid the thong down, his eyes feasting on the bare mound of the girl. "Damn, another young thing." That didn't stop him, his hand sliding down to her abdomen, surprised when she spread her legs willingly. He found her lips, like the other one, she was wet. He put two fingers between her lips, sliding up and down, noticing that her hips began to move. "You like that," staring into her eyes as his fingers moved up and down her slit.

She hated that it felt good, but she couldn't stop the feelings between her legs. The thick fingers slid up and down, Erika shivering in lust each time they moved close to her clit. She wished she wasn't bound.

Joe moved back to the other one, standing in front of her. He slid his body up against Sloane until his cock touched her pussy. "Spread your legs," he ordered her. He reached around and slapped her ass, feeling her push into his cock. "Yeah, that feels just as good. You want me to spank you like a naughty little girl?" He rubbed against her, spanking her ass cheek again, her body jerking against his cock.

Her ass cheeks stung, but she refused him until he hit her a third time. He was enjoying her silent scream and her body jerking. She did what she had to, spreading her legs, his grinning face seeing her surrender. She felt the thick cock in

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his pants pushed against her until the rough pants pushed between her spread pussy lips. And then he began to hump her, the sound of Happy Birthday coming out of his mouth as he masturbated on her. It only took a couple of minutes, but she knew when he did it. He jerked and shuddered against her, Sloane shamed as he came while masturbating. On her.

He was enjoying it so much, the young girl spreading her legs, shoving up against her until he could feel his pants-covered cock snuggling between her pussy lips. And then all he did was rub back and forth, the excitement of stripping his birthday presents too much for him to last long. He came, holding her tightly against him as his cock jerked and spewed his cum in his pants. He finally pulled back. "You feel real good." He shifted his cock in his wet pants, grabbing a beer as he sat back into his chair. He looked at his birthday presents, his cock temporarily satisfied as he sipped his beer. His eyes were glued to between their legs, the girls still not closing them. He could see the moisture on their lips. He had never seen a pussy with no hair.

\* \* \* \*

"He's in there, sitting there at the kitchen table having a beer." Jason was peering in the dirty window. They had found the girls' car in the back, the keys still in it.

"Can you see the girls?" Michael whispered.

"Sure can. They are on the other side of the room." Jason's cock grew erect as he spied the girls. Nice looking, young. And naked.

"Are they okay?" The window was covered with a curtain, only a tiny sliver of light shining through. Michael wanted to shove Jason out of the way, but he was afraid of making too much noise.

"Finest things I have ever seen. Except." He paused, scratching his cock absently.

"Except what? Let me see." Michael couldn't wait any longer. Jason finally moved out of the way, Michael seeing Joe first. He scanned the other side of the room, where Joe was looking, and then he saw them. Both of them looking so intoxicating, naked, their arms stretched high above their heads bound by ropes tied to the ceiling. He stared at the full, firm breasts naked and pointed, but what drew his attention were the two naked pussies, shorn of all hair. And the girls were standing with their legs parted. They were both beautiful young girls, mid-twenties. Michael was ashamed that his cock was hard. Okay, maybe he wasn't ashamed. He turned to the others and whispered. "He has them tied up. Two girls. And they are naked. Not sure what he did to them but don't think it was much. Yet."

Ryan looked at him in disbelief. "Naked and bound?" He had never seen a girl that way. Well, maybe in fuck books.

"Let's go save them. Do we have to cut them down right away?" Derek chided them, seeing that they didn't take it as a joke. "I'm kidding. Let's get them, Ryan is carrying heat," trying to sound tough.

"And Joe has a shotgun lying on the table. We're going to have to finesse the girls from him. You go in first Jason. He knows you so he won't be so surprised. We'll be right behind



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you. Ryan, keep the gun out of sight. We want the girls safe, but let's not hurt Joe unless it's absolutely necessary."

Michael hoped that Jason could reason with Joe.

Jason knocked on the door, not waiting for an answer, turning the handle and peeking in. "You're up late, Joe. Okay to come in?" Jason walked into the room, his eyes on the shotgun on the table. Joe looked at him for a second as though he didn't recognize him, then you could almost see the light go on in his head. At the same time he also put his hand on the shotgun, his eyes seeing the three men that followed Jason. "They're friends of mine, Joe. It's okay," trying to calm him down.

He thought he heard something, but he was too engrossed in looking at the two naked girls he had strung up in his kitchen. He turned when he heard the knock, the door opening. He thought he recognized him, then suddenly realizing it was Jason from the bar and motel. He saw the strangers behind him, three of them. He picked up the shotgun, his finger on the trigger.

"Calm down, Joe. We just came for your birthday."

"Happy Birthday to Me, Happy Birthday to Me," beginning to sing the song again. "I don't know them."

"We were all over at the bar, and I realized that it was your birthday. We decided to wish you a happy birthday. Just a friendly visit, Joe."

They all stood inside the room, their eyes glued to the two naked girls. Ryan had never seen anything like it. They had wooden dowels in their mouths gagging them. And they were as naked as a Jaybird. And great bodies. He couldn't tear his

eyes from their bald pussies. Derek shifted his feet, hoping to casually move his erect cock to a better position without looking like he was a pervert.

"I'm Michael, Joe. Happy birthday. Sure would love one of those cold beers. Mind if I help myself?"

Joe looked at him for a moment. It was nice to have others at his birthday party. "Yeah, in the fridge. Help yourself." He watched him as he walked over to the fridge, pulling out four beers and handing them out to the others. Joe didn't take his hand off the gun the whole time.

Michael looked at the two girls, trying to reassure them as they mumbled behind the makeshift gags.

Sloane hoped they were coming to rescue them, hearing the knock on the door. There were four of them, but their captor had a shotgun, his hand on it as he talked to them. One of them looked at her as he passed to grab a beer, a nod of recognition, but she still wasn't sure. No matter how much they looked like they were going to rescue them, she couldn't help but notice that all of them were sporting erections. And the men continued to stare at them.

"Have a seat," Joe gesturing to the couch, the four of them sitting down where Joe could keep an eye on them.

"I see you got some birthday presents," Jason nodding over at the two naked girls.

"Yes, just finished unwrapping my birthday presents," Joe rubbing his cock, feeling it getting hard again. Pretty soon he would have to rub against one of them again.

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Derek stood up. "About time to let your presents go, Joe." He began to walk over to the girls to rescue them. He heard the click and turned toward Joe.

Joe pulled back the hammer of the shotgun. "I don't think you want to mess with my presents." He aimed it at Derek, seeing him freeze in his tracks.

Derek put up his hands in mock surrender, moving back toward the couch.

"Them's mine." Joe put the shotgun back down on the table.

They were never going to get out of here. Sloane's hope fading fast as she looked at the shotgun and the four helpless men on the couch. And the men didn't seem to mind much, sipping their beers and looking at Erika's and Sloane's naked bodies.

"They's awful young." Joe suddenly blurting out after he took a sip of beer. "Don't even have no hair on their pussies."

Michael chimed in instantly. "You're so right, Joe. Too young for you to have them naked in here. Not a nice thing to do to young girls." Michael took off his new leather jacket. "We were saving this as a surprise, Joe. Happy Birthday." He walked over to Joe, his eyes on the gun on the table all the time. He hoped the coat fit enough, though Joe was bigger than Michael.

Joe looked at the coat, his eyes lighting up. He hadn't had a new coat in at least five years. And this stranger was giving him one. He was right about the girls. Joe didn't like to fool with young girls. He wasn't brought up that way. He took the coat, trying it on. It was a tight squeeze, but he managed to

get into it. He rubbed the sleeves. "Happy Birthday to me, Happy Birthday to me."

"Everyone sing," Michael directed the others while he quickly went over to the two girls, untying the ropes that held their arms over their heads. The rest were still singing with Joe, Joe singing the loudest. Michael had to help them, untying their wrists. He took the gags out last, the girls coughing as they could finally breathe through their mouths again.

"Our clothes," Sloane asked; their clothes spread around the room.

"We need to get out of here now before he changes his mind. Your car's out back; you have clothes in it?" They were on the twentieth chorus of Happy Birthday, not sure how much longer it would last.

"Okay," Sloane trying to cover up as they walked to the door, the one man in front of them blocking the way.

"Got to go now, Joe," Jason backing up to the door, the others already behind him. "You have a good birthday." They shut the door behind them, Joe still sitting at the table with his new coat on, a big smile on his face as he drank another beer.

The two naked girls had four men crowded around them, Sloane trying hard to grab some clothes from the suitcase, anything to cover up with and get the hell out of there. They threw on a pair of shorts and a tee shirt, no time for underwear.

"Pull out and take a right. About a mile up is a motel. We'll be right behind you." Michael shut the door behind him, the

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girl starting the car and taking off as if the devil was after them. The car sped off as the rest of them scrambled to get into Ryan's truck and get out of there.

Sloane pulled into the motel parking lot, looking in the rearview mirror, the truck finally pulling in behind them. Her heart stopped for a minute until she saw that it was the four men, not the other one.

Derek opened up the car door. "Come on in and have a drink. Then Jason can get you a room for the night. You're safe now. At least from him." Derek knew there was still the danger out there. He walked behind the two girls, his eyes on the gentle sway of their asses, knowing they were naked beneath the shorts.

The girls walked into the bar, surprised there were so many others in it. The four men followed them in, two bar stools emptied so they could sit down. They were all staring at the girls, making them feel more self conscious than when they were strung up naked.

Jason went behind the bar. "What can I get you?"

Sloane looked at the bottle of thirty-year-old Scotch on the bar. "Two glasses," grabbing the bottle. Two shot glasses were put in front of them, Sloane filling the two glasses, not even caring that she was spilling good thirty-year-old Scotch.

Erika grabbed a glass. "To the end of that," throwing back the shot of smooth Scotch. It slid easily into her belly, warming her. She put the glass down. "Another, barkeep," her mood getting better now that she wasn't bound and naked.

Sloane drank the first one, filling the glasses for a second time. They both felt better after the Scotch sank into their stomachs. By now the others were joining in, one of them telling the others what happened.

"Feel better now?" Jason took a sip out of his beer.

"Yes, thanks to you guys. How did you know we were there?" She stopped for a moment. "Sorry, I'm Sloane; this is Erika."

"I'm Jason. Your rescuers were Derek," pointing to Derek, his all-so-knowing nod back at the girls. "Ryan and Michael," nodding to both of them sitting near the girls. "You passed Christopher's truck on the way up, and he realized you weren't here. I think he might have passed the gas station as Joe was hiding your car, because Christopher thought he saw some lights. That is why we decided to see what was going on. And that is Scott, David and Brian. I own the motel." He let it sink in, the girls already taking a third shot.

"I don't know how to thank you. I don't know what would have happened if you didn't come. And so quick witted," Sloane nodding her appreciation to Michael. She looked at him, not young like Ryan or Derek, more the Clark Kent, more mild-mannered reporter than Superman.

"I think Joe is harmless, or, at least, I thought he was. Though as you noticed, he is a bit slow. Used to have his mother to take care of him, but she passed away two years ago. Been living alone all this time. Guess it finally caught up to him on his birthday." Jason would have to see about getting some help for him when everything got cleared up.

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It was now time to come back to their other problem. Michael looked out the window; the fog had covered the whole valley below. He looked at the television, the sound was off and there was only snow on the screen. "What happened?"

"Not good," Christopher answered. "I can't get anything on my radio in my truck. The television cut out about ten minutes ago. Not the channel but the whole station. They were telling about the fog. There were reports of massive numbers of deaths, though they didn't know what killed the people. They were thinking it might be some terrorist threat, maybe some lethal gas let loose. And then all of the sudden the screen went blank and then snowy. Phone's out also."

Sloane now knew why she was here instead of home. "Is that why the rest of you are here? You felt something?"

Erika looked at Sloane, puzzled. "What are you talking about? And where the hell did you drag me?"

"Mount Laguna." Jason answered. "Top of the mountain."

"You dragged me up a mountain and got me bound and stripped naked by a crazy man instead of taking five minutes to take me home and into my own bed?"

"She probably saved that lovely ass," Derek speaking up. "You'd be still lying in your bed, probably never to wake up again. We're all up here because we sensed something. And I think it probably will save our lives."

"You mean everyone down there is dead?" Erika couldn't believe it.

"We're not sure, but it looks like we are cut off. We can get a good night's sleep, and then maybe we can figure it out

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when it is light." Michael was trying to reassure them. After all, it was a lot to contend with. The end of the world.

They stayed in the bar for another hour, drinking heavily. And the two girls were the center of attention. Even though they were getting drunk, they still felt all of the men looking at them. After being bound and stripped by Joe, they felt more vulnerable, and the attention was riling Sloane.

Unfortunately, Ryan was the one that bore the brunt of it. "I wish you'd all stop looking at our tits. We do have faces." She regretted saying it as soon as it came out, but the night was hard and the liquor flowing too freely.

"Sorry," Ryan flustered, looking the other way.

It even shocked the others because they were all guilty as charged. Neither girl had put on a bra nor did the tee shirts do anything to hide their tits. Michael leaned over to Sloane. "We just can't help it. You both have such a nice set of tits. And I don't think you would want anyone not to look at them."

She looked at him, ready to tear his head off. Then she changed her mind. "Thanks. I guess."

Michael thought he saw a smirk on her face as she said it. "I think it's time to turn in. It's three A.M. We need to be clear headed to figure this out in the morning."

Jason handed two keys to the girls. Sloane took one of them.

"I don't want to sleep alone." She looked around at all the men ready to volunteer. "With her, not you guys."

They were all disappointed, but the thought of two girls together in bed made them all hard. Or at least most of them.



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They all finally filed out, each closing the door to their rooms behind them, all of them off to a fitful sleep as they all tried to comprehend what had happened and how much their lives would have to change.

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## **CHAPTER 4**

### **A New Beginning**

Jason got up early, opening up the bar since it would become the new restaurant. He wasn't sure how he would take care of cleaning the rooms since his girl that did it didn't show up for work this morning. She lived in the valley below. He began to check out what he had in the way of supplies and food. He had about a week's worth of food, but Christopher did say he had a trailer full of frozen food. It's not that he was going to be delivering it to Wal-Mart anytime soon. The electricity continued to run, a small dam nearby generating power, at least as long as it didn't break down. Most places up here had generators, Jason's motel included. It ran on diesel fuel. Though his tank was only about a thousand gallons, he knew the gas station had a ten-thousand-gallon tank that was just filled last week in anticipation of the winter. All of the phones were out since last night. The sun was just coming up, a pretty pink, but it masked the fog that still blanketed the valley below as Jason stared out the window, still not fully comprehending what had happened. It was surreal to think that millions of people not far from here were dead. Many of them his friends. Jason turned toward the door as Christopher walked in. He had heard him out with his truck earlier.

"Any news," Jason asked, knowing Christopher had a radio in his truck.

"Unfortunately, yes." He had scanned all the channels on his radio for the last hour. "No local chatter, but I did pick up something. There was a lot of static and then I lost it, but it was on the military band. They were broadcasting the same message every minute."

"What did they say? Were we attacked?"

"They didn't know. They only knew of the fog that rolled up from the coast. It moved fast, over a thousand miles since last night. And it came off the ocean down South and the East coasts. It has pretty-well blanketed the United States by now. It's deadly. Not a single thing was alive once it hit. Not even a bird." Christopher had a hard time comprehending what he was saying. All his friends, even his ex-wife was probably gone. He had a truck outside with no place to go.

"Why not us?" Jason asked the question. "Is it just a matter of time before it comes up here?"

"They didn't give many details, and it was a recording so I couldn't ask questions. They were in an underground bunker, hoping that their sealed ecosystem would protect them. Their scientists thought that it was some kind of a gas, still not sure if manmade or it was the earth giving out the last burp to annihilate the species that was killing it off. They could only speculate that the higher it went, the less oxygen there was, and at some point it made the gas ineffective. We're at about 5,000 feet and survived so far. Lots of peaks this high on the West coast but not much on the East coast so I'm not sure how the population fared. Would be more if it was winter and the tourists were in the mountains skiing, but this is not a

very popular time to be here." Christopher didn't have much hope for a large population of survivors.

"Maybe there were lots of others like you guys that had a premonition of something bad happening and escaped. There are ten of us plus Joe. Should be a couple more over at the Laguna Mountain Lodge, just a skeleton crew. And maybe a couple at the observatory. Not much else around here. Haven't seen anyone that lives in the winter houses around here lately. They usually pop in and say hi so that someone knows they are up here in case of problems. Six or seven houses nearby." Jason paused for a moment, hearing the door opening. "Hold off telling anyone anything until everyone is here." Christopher nodded.

"Morning, Michael," Jason refusing to acknowledge that it was a good morning. "Gonna start breakfast. Scrambled eggs. Help yourself to something to drink. Juice and milk in the refrigerator."

"Any news?" Michael asking first. He walked over to the refrigerator, finding the orange juice and pouring himself a glass.

"Wait until the others show up; Christopher is going to knock on everyone's door." Christopher was already out the door.

As soon as he knocked, the doors opened, everyone awake, hangover or not. It only took a few minutes before they were all in the bar sitting down at the tables, staring blankly out at the fog that still blanketed the valley below.

"Mind if I join you?" David stood next to the table where Brian was sitting.

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"No, have a seat. David, isn't it?" Brian smiled at him. Young, early thirties, more likely late twenties. He didn't see a ring on his finger, so he didn't look married. Though he did have a troubled look on his face as if he had women problems.

"You look like me. Guess nobody slept much last night."

"Pretty hard to sleep when you aren't sure if you're going to wake up. But it looks like we all survived." The bar began to fill up, all eyes on the two girls as they came into the room. All except Ryan, his eyes turning away, still shy from taking the brunt of Sloane's anger last night.

Derek stood up when Erika and Sloane came into the room. He pulled out a chair at his table. "Join me." Derek had already gone out and taken a run this morning, finding the place deserted. He saw some of the houses around, nice second homes. He had to get out of this dumpy motel and into something more suitable.

Erika flashed him a smile, "thank you." She had seen him on television, every bit as handsome in person. "Sit down," coaxing Sloane to the seat next to her. Sloane never liked the flashy men, not like Erika. Erika lived for the moment, which seemed to be a very short time span since last night.

"Nothing nicer than two gorgeous girls for breakfast." He leaned closer to Erika. "So did you sleep last night after your ordeal?"

"The liquor helped." Erika suddenly finding herself blushing as she realized that Derek had seen her strung up and stripped naked last night. Not the usual first date. At least not until the end of the date.

"Is that your modesty showing through?" Derek noticed the pink blush that covered her face. But his eyes scanned her body, her luscious tits in a tight-fitting sweater, a short skirt pulled up to reveal long, shapely legs. He could still see her as she was last night, almost wishing that Joe didn't release her so soon. He would have enjoyed watching her longer.

"You saw me in such a compromising position."

"I saw it more as an intoxicating position, Erika." Derek flashed his best smile, his cock already throbbing in his pants as he sexually dueled with this lovely girl.

Sloane was afraid she was going to barf, the two of them disgusting so early in the morning. Especially with everything that was going on. She couldn't stand it any longer. "I'm going to go over and apologize to Ryan for last night. I think I was too harsh." She got up without an acknowledgment, Erika and Derek too tied up with each other to notice.

"Can I join you," Sloane said in a quiet voice. Ryan looked up, then quickly looked away as if he couldn't take his eyes off of her breasts.

"Yes," he murmured, turning away from looking at her. He had seen her come in the room with Erika, not being able to put out of his mind the vision of the two girls naked and bound. And he remembered the rebuke he encountered from Sloane, though he could understand after all she went through.

Sloane took his hand. "I want to apologize for last night, Ryan. Too much went on yesterday, and you just happen to get in the way when I let loose my anger."

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He felt her soft hand touching his, finally looking up at her. She was about his age but far too beautiful for him. All of the girls in San Diego were more sophisticated, Ryan yearning for the simple life he left behind in Minnesota. "I understand. We are all under a lot of pressure."

Michael sat down with Christopher and Scott at the bar. Michael could see it in Christopher's face, he knew something and it wasn't good news, though Michael didn't press it. Scott got up and went into the kitchen to help Jason, the aroma of bacon drifting out to fill the bar with the smell of breakfast just about ready. They both came out, Jason with a serving plate of scrambled eggs and home fries, Scott following behind with bacon, toast and a pot of fresh coffee. They walked around the room, filling everyone's plates, leaving the serving plates on the bar as Michael filled his plate. He was hungry, his stomach groaning. But it was more the coffee he needed, two cups to get his heart beating properly. No one said much for the next twenty minutes, Jason waiting for them to finish before he said anything.

This group of people knew ahead of time, more than Jason did. He saw everyone finishing, knowing it was time to break the news. His voice finally broke the subdued buzz across the room, all eyes looking up at him. "Bad news," his voice breaking up as he announced it. "Christopher got a military recording on his radio. It seems all of you were correct. It was the blanket of fog that covered the valley. But it was worse, moving over a thousand miles overnight. And it wasn't just here, the same thing happening in the South and the East coasts. It came from the ocean and blanketed the

country by dawn. It was deadly, killing every living thing in its path. As far as they could tell. They weren't sure if it was manmade or the earth's revenge on our pollution." The eyes were all on him, and they were all in shock as he delivered the devastating news.

"Are we safe here?" Erika's voice was the first to respond.

"Don't know," Christopher answered. "For now, it looks like it. The fog dissipates the higher the altitude. Since we're all alive this morning, we can thank God for that."

"What are we going to do?" David questioned.

"I think the best thing to do is stay put up here." Jason answered this one. "We have enough food to last a long time; Christopher has a tractor trailer loaded with frozen food. Have enough diesel fuel to feed the generators for a long spell. And the dam generates electricity as long as we can keep the machinery going. There are about seven or eight vacation homes nearby. I doubt that anyone is going to mind if you move into them. I can't take care of all you folks by myself. I suggest that you find a home to move into. You might want to share with someone else to make it easier. You can have all the supplies you want, and I'll open the bar every night so we can meet and keep each other updated on what's going on."

"Do we have to move out now? I want to find a nice place first." Scott didn't want to just grab any place.

"No, take your time. Just remember you have to clean your own rooms here until you do move out. Now I can use some help finding places to put Christopher's frozen food. His truck reefer will only last so long, and I don't want to waste



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any." All the men volunteered. That was a good sign that they would all work together. It was going to be tough, and they would have to stick together to survive. Jason just hoped that they wouldn't have any trouble regarding the girls. After all, with eight guys and two girls, that only spelled trouble. That would be another obstacle that hopefully could be put off for a week or so.

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Even Derek was drenched in sweat by the time they were finished. Christopher had backed the truck up to the back of the motel, a small door leading into the large walk-in freezer. They got almost half of it in there before they ran out of room, planning to fill the houses around with the rest as soon as everyone decided where they would move to. Sloane and Erika kept the men in drinks and towels, but more importantly in inspiration.

Jason brought out a grill, burgers and hot dogs for lunch, the smoke rising quietly up into the sky. They all sat together in small groups, Jason watching as they began to form up.

Derek was the first to leave. He wanted to find the best house before anyone could get to it. The Ferrari roared to life, not knowing it was destined to be driven only a few short miles at best in the future. Its life cut short in its prime. Just as Derek's was. Not much call for a football star up here.

There were only a dozen streets, more like long driveways than streets. He almost thought he would have to settle for second best when he decided to drive past the one on the street, the road curving along until he came to a gate. He got

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out of the car, leaving it in front of the gate. He had to climb over the wall to get in, but he could already see the view to the side. It was breathtaking. Almost straight down thousands of feet, the modern house perched precariously on the edge. He kicked in the door, he would fix it later. The room was dark, Derek finding his way to the other side, only banging into something once. He drew back the drapes, finally enough light in the room to find the pulls; the drapes sliding back to reveal thirty feet of glass. The house was decorated in the same style as it was built, modern. Just what Derek liked.

He walked around the house, opening up all the drapes until it was as bright inside as outside. Yes, he could enjoy this. If he was going to be stuck up here, it might as well be in luxury. He investigated the house, finding three bedrooms, the master suite massive in size, more floor to ceiling windows opening up to breathtaking views. The bathroom was even better, a large Jacuzzi tub, built for two. His mind instantly raced to Erika. Too bad it wasn't big enough for three, though the shower would accommodate that many, four shower heads lining the walls. There were lots of other men for the girls, but Derek didn't see any of them as competition. He never had a problem with women. They always wanted to please him.

He wasn't surprised to find a fully stocked wine cellar, something he wouldn't mention to the others. Even the kitchen was well stocked; luckily Derek had learned to cook when he was growing up. Even DVD's, though not enough porn for his tastes. More like just teasers, but he would have to do with what he got.

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It took him hours to go through everything in the house, but he finally found the keys and remotes for the doors and garage. Just when he thought he found everything, there in the back of the closet was a wooden case, Derek opening it up, the mirror inside reflecting his surprise. Inside were ten bottles with two tiny golden spoons. It could only be coke. Derek had hit the mother lode. No more drug tests made his decision easy, the sharp bite of the coke on his gums confirming his suspicion.

He began to make the house his own, throwing some things away that were not his taste. He aired it out, the cool mountain air refreshing it. He made the beds, all of them. Never can tell when you might need more than one bed. His mind kept going back to a threesome. He found the wine cooler, filling it with a wide selection. A couple of steaks were put into the refrigerator to thaw out, Derek already having his eyes set on Erika tonight. If this was the end of the world, he was going out in style, a pussy wrapped snugly around his cock.

\* \* \* \*

"What about it, Christopher? Want to find a place together. I don't think these young girls are going to give me much of a chance. And I've been a bachelor too long. I could use the company. I'm harmless." Scott sat across from Christopher in the bar.

Christopher almost welcomed finding a house. He had been living way too long in a truck. And it wasn't like he was going to be driving much. He wasn't sure they were going to

survive, and why go out alone. Scott looked like a nice guy, and Christopher didn't have much in common with the others. "If you don't mind simple and rustic. I've been living in a truck so long that I don't want anything too fancy."

"You should see where I live now. Can't get more basic than that. Hope you don't mind driving in a beat-up Buick." Scott got up.

"It's either that or we spend an hour going a mile in my truck. It doesn't like these hills and winding roads." Christopher looked over to Jason. "Where can we find a small, rustic cabin?"

"The last three streets on the right. They are the older ones that haven't been renovated. But real homey. I think you'll like them." They would make a nice pair of roommates. Jason liked both of them. He looked around, Ryan already slipping out alone, as well as Michael. He didn't think they went out together, that would be an odd couple. Ryan wasn't from California, and he was having trouble fitting in. And Michael. Jason couldn't figure out Michael. Speaking of odd couples, Brian and David were still having a drink. Jason didn't know whether those two had a connection or not. If they did, Jason couldn't figure out what it was. And Erika and Sloane had already left. They were going to live together, but Jason didn't think it would be long until one of them found a man as a more suitable roommate.

Christopher and Scott passed up the first two places. There's a difference between rustic and ramshackle. Finally at the end of the last street they saw it. It was a white house with green trim. Even the front yard still had flowers growing

as if the owners were still caring for them. They pulled into the driveway, not surprised to find a key under the back doormat. The inside of the house was out of the fifties. But it was neat and clean. They looked around, finding two bedrooms, surprisingly both having a separate bathroom. And the living room had a large fireplace, a pile of logs piled neatly on the wooden floor beside it.

"Looks good to me," Christopher taking the bedroom on the right.

"Same for me. Let's go back and get our stuff. You're gonna have to leave your truck at the motel. Not enough room on the street. There is a big chest freezer that we can fill up. All we need is some beer and we'll be set." It suddenly dawned on Scott that they would run out of beer long before they ran out of anything else. "I think we should check out the grocery store at the Lodge. Stock up on as much beer as they'll sell us. Before the others figure out the same thing."

"Good idea." They both piled into the car, stopping at the motel and picking up their stuff, Christopher cleaning out the back of his truck. They dropped everything off at the house, before going on to the Lodge.

They pulled into the driveway, the parking lot empty. "What do you think?" Scott was worried that maybe the fog made it up higher, almost afraid to get out of the car.

"Birds over there, so I think it's probably safe. Don't think your old Buick is airtight so if it was bad, we would've been dead by now." Christopher got out of the car first, Scott next. He could see that Scott was holding his breath as if it would do any good.

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"There's a sign on the door," Scott pointing to the white sign that was too far away to read, finally taking a full breath of air into his lungs.

They walked over, the neatly handwritten note read: "Gone down the mountain. Something wrong, needed to find family. Be back by nightfall."

It was so quiet, like a ghost town. "Too spooky for me. Let's grab some beer and get the hell out of here."

"I second that," Scott grabbing a tire iron from the trunk. He broke the glass on the store. They filled the car with beer. Literally filled it, the trunk not able to close, the back seat filled and even the floor on the passenger side was covered with six packs. They must have at least a hundred, almost cleaning out the cooler. They were stocked for the slow season, though they did get a wide selection of imports and domestic beer.

Christopher popped two as they drove off, the old Buick barely able to pull its load of stolen beer. "I don't think the police will say anything about this," handing Scott a cold Heineken.

\* \* \* \*

Ryan settled for a small house on the inside of the mountain, the land flat, even a small barn on it though there weren't any animals in it. It reminded him of home, the helplessness at realizing that he might not see his family again. He even forgave his ex-girlfriend. He grabbed a beer, sitting outside, looking up at the sky, dreaming of his home in Minnesota. He never felt as alone as he did now.

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He didn't have a lot in common with the rest of them. The girls far more sophisticated than he was used to and enjoyed. He enjoyed the girl that wanted to stay home and take care of her husband. And the other men, Derek a famous football player that any high school boy strove to be to get out of the small, rural towns throughout the Midwest, but only a select few actually succeeded, the rest destined to live on the memories of what had been. Scott, the ultimate salesman, lived out of his car, always waiting for that big sale that would put him on the top. Christopher, the ultimate vagabond, traveled the countryside, his rig towering over the other cars as he crisscrossed the United States.

Now Brian was puzzlement. He looked so secure in himself, a powerful figure beneath those dark, piercing eyes. Yet there was something else that Ryan couldn't put his finger on. And David had seen it also. Ryan had a kinship with David, both of them dealing with a loss that hit them deep, neither of them sure they would ever recover. Under normal times, one would say that time heals all wounds. But Ryan wasn't so sure they had time. David seemed to form an attachment to Brian, though Brian looked less than enthusiastic with his new friend. Though it was not that they had a lot of choices, their world seemed to have shrunk to nine men and two women. And one of them was crazy.

Michael was the odd man. He looked like the mild-mannered accountant that felt more comfortable pouring over a calculator and a spreadsheet than people. Ryan had seen his quick wit when they rescued the women, Ryan more attune to go in with guns blazing, Michael using his wits to

defeat Crazy Joe. Michael was going to end up being in charge, all the others looking to him for guidance as the world's structure around them fell apart. Ryan just hoped Michael was up to the challenge.

Jason had a strange life, stuck up on the top of a mountain by the death of his father, far removed from the world below that raced away from him. And now he found himself in the center of the biggest event in history but the only one that didn't seem to be destined for it. He just happened to be located where the rest congregated.

Another beer, contemplating why God had placed Ryan with this odd band of individuals to somehow escape this great calamity. *What had He destined for them? And am I up to the challenge?*

He looked at his watch, four o'clock; he decided to go back to the bar and see how the others were doing. It would be lonely enough here at night, he needed some companionship during the day. He swigged down one more beer, before he hopped into his truck. It was nice not to have to lock his doors behind him, just as he used to do in Minnesota.

\* \* \* \*

"We already live together now, might as well continue. At least until I find someone that will take care of the urge between my legs better than you." Erika kidded Sloane, but it was half true. If the world was going to come to an end, she was going to confront it with a man in her bed. And she had her eye on Derek. And he had his eye on her.



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"I have this feeling I'll be living alone before I know it. I saw the way you were panting over Derek." Sloane knew Erika all too well. They left the bar, taking all of the side streets. They knew which one Derek had chosen as soon as they saw it. It was the biggest and most breathtaking. Derek even had a hand scrolled sign on the gate boasting his new residence. Erika didn't have an opinion for a house one way or another, but Sloane did. She found it the second street over. It was a modern house, but more modest than the one Derek had picked. Sloane pulled into the driveway, not even asking Erika if she approved. "This is it." She was already out of the car, opening the trunk up as Erika grabbed her suitcase.

"I wish you had packed more. I'm going to have to go naked in a month."

"I think you'll probably do that by nightfall you tramp," she half kidded Erika.

"Hey, if the world's going to end, I'm going to end it with a hard cock inside me, an orgasm as the world destroys itself."

The funny part was that Erika was probably right. The world was turned upside down and anything goes. There were nine men and only the two women. She knew enough that could only spell trouble, jealousy breeding discontent. There was going to have to be new relationships, far different than normal dating. And that excited Sloane more than anything else. Yes, many of the men were older; some Sloane would have never considered going to bed with. But she knew that there might be just some surprising outcomes. Brian and

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Michael both had a deep-brooding look in their eyes. There were some mysteries in them.

The house was nice, a little too modern for Erika, but Sloane liked the clean, sleek lines of the furniture. There were two master bedrooms, so there were no arguments, both of them with views down into the valley. Sloane was disappointed when she looked down, the fog still blanketing the valley as far as she could see. She looked at the bed, a large pedestal bed with one of those body shaping mattresses. She would prefer something that had more bounce to it, but she would have to find that in someone else's bed.

Erika opened the closet and was pleasantly surprised. It was full of women's clothes. It was more a girl's closet, teenager, but Erika was sure that the men around here wouldn't mind her looking like a schoolgirl. Might even provoke some interesting sex, her mind racing to the Headmaster and the schoolgirl, her skirt hiked up over her ass as the Headmaster took a ruler to her cheeks. Damn, she was so horny! "Hey Sloane, I got a closet full of schoolgirl clothes. What do you have?"

Sloane opened the sliding door, finding a walk in closet. Not a teenager, but the older owner, very chic clothes. And from the looks, they should fit Sloane. "Schoolmarm," she lied back. She didn't want Erika taking them all. Sloane lay on the bed, stretching out, feeling at home. She almost wished that Erika was gone so she could masturbate. She remembered that she did bring some of her toys, hoping they had a

sufficient stock of batteries. She looked up, Erika standing in the doorway.

"Want me to get rid of those aches and pains?" She was standing in the doorway in her bra and panties. "Look what I found in my suitcase," the buzz of the rabbit vibrator coming alive in her hand. "Someone was thinking ahead."

As much as Erika made Sloane wetter, she said no, though it was hard, knowing that Erika loved giving oral sex almost as much as receiving it. And she was good at it. Too damn good. "Brought it just in case you couldn't find enough men, though that doesn't seem to be the case."

Erika sat down on the bed with Sloane. "Yes, that is going to be a problem, isn't it? Don't want any of them getting carried away where we end up like we did with Crazy Joe."

"What to do with eight men is a delightful situation. I'm not even going to count Crazy Joe in this mess." Sloane felt Erika's hand on her leg, sliding up the inside of her thigh. *Damn, why does she do this to me?* Sloane spread her legs, enjoying the way Erika's hand massaged the tight muscles, almost wishing she didn't have shorts on but knew they wouldn't last long with Erika.

"We could start with this," Erika lying on the bed next to Sloane, Erika's hand turning Sloane toward her until their soft lips met.

Sloane allowed Erika to have her way with her, Erika's tongue pushing deep into Sloane's mouth, but not like a man, soft and gentle though demanding. Sloane felt her body relax, knowing that she couldn't stop Erika even if she wanted to. And Sloane felt her body surrender. She gasped when Erika's

hand slid up and cupped Sloane between the legs, the shorts doing little to stop the feel of the fingers as they curled around her mound. She clenched her thighs together, trapping the delightful fingers that moved between her legs.

"Take off my bra and suck my nipples. You know what I like." Erika's voice was demanding, Sloane yielding to Erika's command. Erika felt Sloane's fingers tug on the bra, Erika's breasts suddenly released, spilling out, Sloane's fingers ready for them. Erika pushed Sloane's head down until Erika sucked in her breath, the hot, wet lips of Sloane grasping one nipple and sucking it hard into her mouth, her tongue instantly ready, slapping back and forth over the tip until Erika thought it would burst. Her other breast was grasped and tugged by Sloane's fingers, Erika's nipples rising to the occasion.

"I'm going to slip these shorts off of you," the zipper sounding so loud as Erika slid it down. She couldn't wait, her hand plunging in to grasp the panty-covered mound, finding Sloane's panties damp with her desires. "Wet little slut," Erika chastised her. Erika's finger snaked between Sloane's panty-covered lips, pushing the thin material in until Erika felt the moisture, her finger sliding up and down Sloane's slit. Erika felt Sloane's hips moving, masturbating her pussy on Erika's finger. She pulled her hand out of Sloane's shorts, shoving them down her legs and pulling them off hastily, wanting Sloane naked.

Erika shoved her hand back to Sloane's mound, this time inside the panties, feeling the material tearing as Erika pushed in too hard. One finger found Sloane's hot, damp

hole, sliding in with ease, her ass rising up from the bed as she was suddenly impaled on the searching finger.

The finger moved around inside her, Sloane wanting more. She knew that in order for her to receive the pleasure she wanted, she had to give Erika what she wanted. Sloane's mouth left the nipple, but not before she bit the tip, making Erika screech unexpectedly.

"Damn bitch," screamed Erika as she felt her nipple crushed by Sloane's teeth. It wasn't that it hurt, the pain only adding to Erika's pleasure. She just needed to teach Sloane who was boss. They both were frenzied, tearing off Sloane's panties until she was naked from the waist down, Erika feeling her panties tearing as Sloane tore them down Erika's legs. "Go down on me, bitch!" Erika shoved Sloane's head down until she was between Erika's legs. She opened her legs and wrapped them around Sloane's head, trapping her between Erika's thighs. Erika rolled them over onto their sides, lifting up one of Sloane's legs until her pussy was spread open before Erika. Sloane was drenched.

Erika was different, more demanding. She was always the one that instigated their girl sex, but now she had become dominating, ordering Sloane as if she were a slave. And the funny thing was that Sloane followed like a trained dog, her tongue finding Erika as wet as Sloane was. Erika's powerful thighs trapped Sloane's head between her legs, but Sloane wouldn't have moved away if she could have. Erika was rubbing her wet pussy back and forth over Sloane's face, leaving her mouth and lips wet with Erika's juices. Sloane's tongue raced over Erika's cleanly shorn mound, teasing along

her slit, finally sliding between them and licking the soft, tender insides, feeling Erika's juices gushing onto Sloane's tongue. Their sex had never been as intense as this.

"I'll teach you to bite me." Erika kept Sloane's legs spread, the other hand slapping her mound hard, the loud splat of flesh hitting wet flesh ringing out in the room. Erika loved the sound and feel of Sloane's scream on her pussy, as Sloane continued to lick in spite of the pain.

Sloane couldn't believe it. Erika slapped her pussy. Not a soft, love tap like they had done before, but more like one would do when they spanked the ass of the other. And just as shocking was what Sloane felt. The pain mixed with the pleasure to enhance it, the powerful slap tingling between her legs. She knew she shouldn't do it, but she did anyway, knowing the consequences, or maybe just provoking the consequences. Sloane took one of Erika's pussy lips between her teeth and pulled it out, biting hard into the slippery flesh so it wouldn't escape her grasp.

It felt like Sloane was trying to rip Erika's pussy lips off, Sloane's teeth crushing the puffy flesh, pulled far from Erika's body. She had no choice, slapping Sloane's pussy again, this time seeing Sloane parting her legs wider as if opening her up to the slap that she knew was coming. Erika didn't want to disappoint Sloane, slapping harder, this time high up to catch her on her clit, Erika's fingertips smashing the swollen bud into Sloane's pubic bone. She shrieked into Erika's pussy, Erika's mouth diving in between Sloane's thighs to find her slit and run her tongue up and down, until Erika found the hardened clit swelling with pleasure. She sucked Sloane's

pleasure button into her mouth, trapping it with her teeth so her tongue could work on it.

Sloane's pussy was burning from the spanking, but she never felt such pleasure. It was as though her body felt everything more intensely. And now Erika was sucking her clit, Sloane knowing she wouldn't last much longer. She shoved three fingers into Erika's hot, steaming hole, feeling her muscles grip them with such possessiveness. Sloane began to finger Erika at the same time Sloane's mouth licked over Erika's clit, trying to drive the orgasm from her body.

It wouldn't take much to cum, Sloane's fingers inside Erika taking the place of a man's cock. Almost, but Sloane's knowing mouth was helping to make up the difference. Erika could feel the taut muscles of Sloane's thighs, knowing she was ready to cum. Erika picked up the vibrator on the bed, taking it and running the tip over Sloane's perineum, turning it on high as she slid it up the sweat-drenched crack of her ass. Erika stopped when it got to the delicate, wrinkled anus, pushing the vibrating tip against the tight knot of Sloane's asshole and applied a gentle pressure as the vibrator went to work on relaxing the tight hole.

"NNNOOO," her mumbled cry of protest smothered by Erika's pussy pushed against her mouth. Sloane heard the sweet sound of the vibrator, waiting to feel it enter her pussy and push her over the edge. But Erika did the unspeakable, the vibrator sliding along Sloane's crack, the thought of where it was going making her clench her cheeks tightly together in defense, but it was too late. The slick head, already lubricated with her sweat slowly moved up her clenched crack until

Sloane felt the hard tip nudged against her asshole. She felt the vibrations run to the very soul of her being as the hard plastic vibrator pushed against the tight hole. Sloane had never had anything up her ass, not even a finger, never expecting it from Erika. It was as though she had become a crazed sex maniac, forcing Sloane into perverse acts. And now Erika wanted to lay claim to Sloane's last virgin hole. She shook her hips to try to escape the hard, unyielding plastic vibrator that sought entrance in her backside but was only punished with a spank on her ass as a rebuff to let Erika have her way with Sloane.

She tried to jerk away, Erika slapping her ass like an errant child that was squirming in her chair. Sloane stopped moving, Erika pressing the vibrator harder against the tight hole, watching the tiny hole as it was forced to open to accept the penetration of the vibrator, Erika's mouth keeping Sloane aroused in spite of her asshole being breached for the first time.

She held her breath as she felt the gentle stretching, unable to control her muscles as they sought to keep the invader out, the hard, unyielding plastic demanding entrance, the vibrations lulling her into a false sense of security. "EEEEGGG," the hard plastic finally popping inside her rectum with a sudden pop, startling her as her anal ring stretched around the inanimate object, the muted vibrator humming away inside her. She was surprised by the intensity of her orgasm, her body suddenly jerking in pleasure, her juices gushing out all over Erika's tongue, Sloane's asshole clenching and unclenching in uncontrollable spasms from the



vibrator shoved just inside her asshole. She could only think of how it would feel if it was deep inside of her, humming away at her clutching muscles. Erika came at the same time, Sloane's fingers digging deep into Erika's pussy, fucking her as Sloane's tongue lashed out at Erika's clit until Sloane found her face covered in Erika's cum.

Erika kept the vibrator in Sloane's asshole, even as their orgasms ended, humming away endlessly.

It was still inside her as they lay exhausted by their orgasms. It felt huge, stretching her from the inside all the while the vibrations worked on her muscles. Finally she said something. "You gonna take that thing out of me?"

"Maybe," Erika answered. She pushed on the end of the vibrator, sending another inch of hard plastic into her guts. "Or maybe I'll just fuck all of it up your ass." She left the vibrator deeper inside Sloane, the buzzing barely audible.

"EEWWWW," Sloane jumping as it felt like Erika shoved the whole thing up Sloane's asshole. It sat like a giant lump inside her. "Please don't" she begged so pitifully.

"Push it out. I want to watch." Erika released the end of the vibrator, seeing Sloane's cheeks clench, the tiny pucker pushing out as the vibrator suddenly came sliding out, popping onto the bed, nosily buzzing away. Erika watched Sloane's tiny anus finally close, a slight redness the only testament that it was no longer virgin. Erika rolled over and moved up and kissed Sloane, their lips covered in their cum. They finally broke the kiss.

Sloane looked at Erika, both of them naked, their bodies glistening with a coat of sweat, the smell of sex filling the air.

"You were as bad as Crazy Joe. But at least you didn't tie me up." Sloane looked down at the bed. "And turn off that damn thing. It still feels like its buzzing away in my asshole!"

"Let's take a shower and go back to the bar. I still want to get laid tonight."

"You mean I didn't satisfy you?" Sloane almost felt jealous.

"You did, but still nothing could take the place of the hot flesh of man's cock. You should try it sometime. In your ass, I mean."

Sloane threw Erika's clothes at her. "Get the hell out of my room. Sodomizer!"

\* \* \* \*

Michael missed it the first time he drove down the road. Luckily it was a dead end, turning around and going back up the road. It was set off from the road, the driveway overgrown. Not sure why he did, but he turned into the gravel driveway, going down through a grove of trees before he saw it. So out of place; it was a huge Victorian house though it was in a state of disrepair. It beckoned from the early twenties when the wealthy built stately mansions, though it still retained its beauty, somewhat tarnished by the years. He got out of the car, the rusted iron gate creaking noisily as he pushed it open, probably the first time in a decade that anyone had entered. There was a broad porch that ran the length of the front of the house, two rickety rocking chairs barely standing, a three legged table between them perched precariously. The porch was covered in leaves; a hundred

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wind storms blowing them up and then off the porch, each year they grew a little deeper.

He didn't know what drew him to it; he should have left instantly; instead, he opened the front door, the lock rusted many years ago. He entered, the musty smell of being closed up for too many years assaulted his nostrils, sneezing at the toxic air. He left the front door open, the light and fresh air already brightening up the dismal insides.

To the right was a dining room, the furniture in good condition except for a dusting of dirt. The chairs were covered with white sheets, years ago they were white, now a tarnished yellow. He pulled one off, the chair looking as pristine as the day it was built, the sheet preserving its beauty. Ten chairs, more than enough to serve the only survivors in the world.

He walked into the living room, a spacious room that took up the front half of the house. There was a magnificent fireplace, the hearth covered in the dust and dirt that blew down the chimney. It was a grand parlor of years ago, sheet-covered chairs and couch, the neat desk of the home's owner gracing one corner. Michael began to pull the sheets off the furniture, rolling them off and taking them outside to shake the years of accumulated dust and dirt into the daylight. He opened the heavy, velvet curtains used to hide the secrets of the occupants from the peasants that coveted their position. The large windows, the panes covered in a darkened sheen of neglect still allowed the bright light of the day to enter. Michael looked at the room, almost able to see and hear the voices of the previous owners as they talked.

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The kitchen looked like it never saw the modern conveniences of the day except for a refrigerator and gas stove that harkened of the early fifties. The counters were draped in sheets, but when he pulled them off, the counters were littered with the precious treasures of the former owners.

Michael moved from room to room, removing the sheets in each room and opening the drapes until all the rooms became alive again. A grand study was next; the walls lined with mahogany bookcases; the books that lined them still in good condition in spite of the layer of dust that covered them. Large upholstered chairs with high backs, wooden tables built to test the time, solid and unyielding. Truly a room for the Master of the house. You could almost smell the scent of cigars in the room or was it just Michael's imagination running rampant.

He found the bedroom, more feminine than he expected, a large canopy bed that was in relatively good condition, large scalloped posts shooting up from each corner to safely hold up the heavy canopy top, though they were scarred with ridges where something had worn into them. He looked under the canopy, surprised to find that the underside of the canopy was covered in one large mirror, reflecting back that the occupant laid beneath it in sharp contrast. Maybe the owners had a bit of kinkiness in them, Michael thought. The room was so big that it had a small parlor in it, a couch and two large chairs along with a small table in the middle of them. He opened up the closets, finding only women's clothes in them,

harking back to a century long gone. *Where was the Master of the house?*

Six more bedrooms, none of them as grand as the first one. Though it was a little too feminine, he decided to make the first one his own. The thought of the mirror over the bed was the deciding factor; a little kinkiness never hurt anyone. He spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon cleaning the place until it no longer stunk of neglect but still retained its old-world charm. There wasn't a speck of food in the house, deciding to go back to the bar and have something to eat. And see if there was any news. He still wondered how they would handle their new society with nine men and two women.

\* \* \* \*

"I don't think it will work out, David." Brian was almost beat from his discussion with David. They were the only ones left in the bar; the rest had already set out to find a house to live in. Brian would have been long gone also if it wasn't for David. For the last half an hour he had been trying to convince Brian for both of them to find a place together like some of the others had done. Brian didn't want to try to explain to David that he was gay and that it wouldn't work out. David was a young, attractive man, and Brian could see himself getting involved with him. After all, there weren't many choices of eligible men interested in another man. And he would most likely be rebuffed by David and that would tarnish their living arrangement.

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David's life was already in the toilet. If Madeline leaving him wasn't enough, how about the end of the world. He didn't have much in common with the others. Ryan was not much younger than David, but they had different lifestyles, Ryan from the staid mid-west, David more the urban lifestyle than the rural. Even though Brian was older, that was what attracted him the most. He knew exactly what he wanted and knew how to get it. "Give it a week; if we have that long. If it isn't working out, all you have to do is say the word, and I'll find another place." David's eyes pleaded with him.

Brian knew he shouldn't do it, but he couldn't stand the pitiful look on David's face. And he was partially right; they might not even have a week. As long as Brian had his privacy. "A week and then we'll see. That's all I can promise."

David felt like kissing Brian, but David knew that would kill his only chance. He had to hide his true feelings from the others. They would become a close-knit community, and he wasn't sure there was a place for the gay son in the community.

"So the kid won out," Jason seeing both of them standing up, a big smile on David's face.

"I hope I won't regret it." Brian shrugged at Jason.

"I think you two will be okay," Jason having this strange feeling about them. It was as though they were born to be together. Just like Sloane and Erika for now. But Jason knew that would soon change, not sure how though.

David saw that Brian's car was immaculate, not a thing out of place as though it was new, though it was two years old. He didn't ask if David wanted to take his car, just assuming

that Brian would drive. It only took about ten minutes before Brian pulled into the driveway, the tires crackling on the gravel as he pulled in front of the garage. It was a strange house, tall and skinny, rising up three stories, a double garage beneath that. It was as though it was fitted into the tightest plot of land, even though there wasn't another house in sight.

Brian knew that was the one, driving to it as if he had already been there before. It was the oddity, the rare house that was out of place of the rest. It was the gay house in a straight neighborhood. Just the way Brian was feeling. It was not so bad when there were others like him. Even though their numbers were small, there were others. Not any more. *Am I the last gay person on earth? Am I destined to a life of solo masturbation? Never to feel the cock of another man in my hand? Or mouth? Or to take my lover in the ass for the first time, gently prodding him with my erect cock until I hear his gasp as he was impaled for the first time by my large cock? Enjoying the gentle contractions of his asshole on the head of my cock as I stayed still, letting my lover grow accustom to having something so big inside him? I'll hold my breath as I wait to feel him relax so I could begin the gentle thrusting inside his tight asshole, making him take more and more of my hard cock until I'm ready to shoot my hot cum deep into his bowels.*

"You gonna get out," David said for the third time. It was as if Brian was off somewhere else.

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"Yeah, yeah." He got out, turning away from David as he tried to hide his erection. One day without a man and he was already getting horny. "This is the place."

"You haven't even seen the inside."

"I know; trust me, David. I know lots of things, and this is the place for us. Grab your bags out of the trunk."

There was a spiral staircase up to the first floor, which was really the second floor since the garage was under the house. The house wasn't big, or, at least, it didn't seem that way since there were two floors of bedrooms, each with two rooms, one a master suite, the other a guest room. "I'll take the top floor. I always like to be on top." Brian didn't even think that sounded bad, but David looked at him with a surprised look. Luckily Brian was already off up the stairs to the third floor.

They spent the morning and afternoon making the place their own. Family pictures went away. It was late afternoon, both of them cleaning up and checking out the kitchen. "I'm gonna take a shower. Want to go to the bar for a bit? Not much food here, at least not enough for a good meal." Brian needed a drink, not finding any liquor in the house. They must have been teetotalers.

"Give me an hour. Lots of dirt to scrub off." They both went up the stairs, Brian going up the third floor.

David was horny, stroking himself while he was in the shower, but there wasn't much hot water so he never finished. He heard Brian upstairs, already out of the shower, David pulling on a pair of shorts. He stroked his cock, instantly becoming erect. God, he was so horny. He wished



he had brought some of the magazines that Madeline had found, but he was embarrassed that she knew his secret. His hand was still on his cock when he was surprised by the voice in the doorway.

"You ready to..." His voice trailed off. "Sorry," Brian unable to say anything else, but he didn't turn away. He continued to stare at the outline of David's cock in the tight-fitting shorts, looking down to see the full balls that packed the shorts. Brian's cock grew erect at the thought of touching David, squeezing his balls firmly as he stroked his cock beneath his shorts.

David turned red; his hand pulled away from his cock, but he only grew more embarrassed as Brian looked at his cock. David didn't know what to do, embarrassed, at the same time excited by a man staring so unashamedly at his cock. *And were Brian's pants bulging also? Was Brian's cock hard?*

Brian finally tore his eyes from David's cock, looking up at his eyes. "Gonna be a lot of that going around with only two girls and nine guys. Going to have to get used to it. It's a natural thing. Get ready so we can go." He turned to leave the room, saying as he walked away. "By the way, nice cock."

David didn't believe that he heard it correctly. *Did Brian just tell me I had a nice cock?* He hurried to get dressed, though his erection never went down. Even when he went into the living room, Brian was sitting in a chair waiting for David, Brian's pants still showed the telltale bulge of his erection. And David didn't fail to notice that Brian also saw this, Brian's eyes staring at David's cock before he finally got

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up. It only excited David more, his throbbing cock a constant reminder.

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## **CHAPTER 5**

### **A New Society**

Jason began to cook up some food, mostly fresh vegetables while they still had them, didn't want them to go to waste. He put in a half-dozen chickens in the oven along with some potatoes, not sure how many would come to eat, but sure they would all trickle back in before the night got too late. He had made a large map of the area on the chalkboard, marking all of the streets. Everyone could put where they were living so they could keep in contact. The phones were still out, Jason not really expecting them to come on ever again. It seemed the rest of them were right in their premonitions, Jason hoping they were correct about being safe up here. He watched the fog all day, not moving, but not clearing away like a normal fog would. The radio and television still crackled its static, though Jason checked every hour just to make sure.

Scott and Christopher were the first ones back and obviously they had found some beer, both of them carrying a cold beer in their hands.

Christopher could smell the chickens cooking as soon as he walked in, suddenly finding his stomach groaning from too much beer and not enough food. Jason was behind the bar as if expecting them, though the rest of the bar was empty.

"Any news?" Scott asking first.

"Not a peep anywhere," Jason's disappointment in his voice apparent.

"We tried the radio in the truck. Only static. And we stopped at the Lodge. It's all closed up, a note saying they went down into the valley. I don't think they will be back." Christopher's voice showed his despair. "But we did get some beer," holding up the empty in his hand, trying to be cheerful.

"Poor jerks. Wrong choice I think." Jason didn't know who was working at the Lodge at the time, but he knew the owner. Knew he was in San Diego this week and not at the Lodge. "We should send someone up to the observatory and see if there is anyone there. They might have a stronger radio."

"We'll go tomorrow morning. It's not like we have to go to work." Scott answered. *Was the sale here the last sale of my life?*

"Yes, and I don't have to climb into that truck. We found a nice house."

Jason pointed to the chalkboard. "Put it up on the map so everyone knows where everyone else is."

"Great idea," Christopher picking up the chalk and finding their street. "Chicken smells great. Is it ready?"

"I think I can find a good one for the both of you. Got some fresh vegetables and baked potatoes. Got nothing back at your place?" Jason was already heading toward the kitchen.

"Lots of beer," Christopher belching loudly. "We're going to load up tomorrow from the truck. The house has a big freezer."

They sat down, Jason bringing over two big plates of food, almost as though it was Thanksgiving.

"If you weren't a man, I'd marry you," Scott commenting as he tasted the moist chicken with the crispy skin. "Come to think of it, with our limited supply of womenfolk, I might have to marry you anyway."

The feminine voice rang out in the room. "You think we aren't going to share these luscious bodies with you guys?" Erika and Sloane walked into the room just in time to catch the end of the conversation. It was Sloane that reacted. They had talked over the exact thing on the way over. There were too many guys and only the two of them. As Erika said so candidly, they would have to spread the wealth. And they couldn't limit their "dating" to the guys they would normally date. They would have to date all of them. "First I'm gonna test drive Derek," Erika volunteered. "You don't have to wait up for me tonight."

Jason couldn't believe the way they looked. Erika had this blue plaid skirt that looked straight out of the Catholic high school. But no little Catholic girl had legs like that. The staid, white, button-down blouse could barely contain her full breasts, the thin bra leaving little to the imagination. And three-inch black heels were never the footwear at the local Catholic high school. Sloane went the opposite direction, a tailored black suit, the skirt clinging to her hips and ass, a white silk blouse, the first two buttons opened and pulled back, a gold chain drawing your eyes to the deep cleavage. And the skirt was short, halfway up over her knees, her calf muscles drawn taut by the black three-inch heels that graced

her feet. These girls didn't come for just dinner tonight. They were offering much more.

"I thought my chicken was the best thing in the house tonight, but I must say, you two girls look good enough to eat, pardon my expression." Jason couldn't take his eyes off of their lovely asses as they swayed across the room, the clicking of their heels almost hypnotizing.

Christopher and Scott stood up, regretting they weren't dressed as well. If they were going to get some of that, they would have to start looking a lot better. But it would be worth it. If the world was ending, the girls were the way to go out. "Care to join us for dinner?"

"Let's move a bunch of tables together. So we can all sit together. I imagine the others will be along soon enough." Jason was already moving the chairs out of the way. Christopher and Scott helped until there was enough room for everyone.

"Give us some of that, please, though not as much. After all, we have to keep our schoolgirl figures. Or at least one of us is a schoolgirl for now." Sloane couldn't help kidding Erika, though Sloane couldn't deny how hot Erika looked. And if the others only knew that the two of them had sex together not more than a couple of hours ago. Sloane still felt as if the vibrator was up her ass.

Brian and David were the next ones to arrive, David holding the door for Brian. The drive over had been quiet, David not sure what to say, still surprised by Brian's comment. He looked over at him while he drove, the dark black hair, cut neatly, a tanned complexion, a light stubble in

spite of having shaved and his lips, David mesmerized by them. *What would they feel like if I kissed him?* He could almost taste them, Brian quickly taking control. *Would he put his tongue in my mouth holding my head as he French kissed me?* David's cock was still hard because he couldn't put Brian out of his mind. David could almost feel Brian's cock rubbing against his. *What would it feel like to have us touch, bare with no clothes covering us?* David had never been with a man before. *Would I be able to take Brian's cock in my mouth like the pictures?* His balls tingled with excitement at the thought of Brian cumming in David's mouth, filling him with his hot, cum.

"You're quiet. I hope my roommate isn't going to be that way all the time." Brian looked over at David, noticing that his cock was still hard. Maybe life wouldn't be so lonely after all.

"Sorry, just daydreaming. I'm usually not like this." David began to make idle chitchat with Brian, probing as to his preferences in life, though David stayed away from sex and men. *Could Brian be the man that would teach me all about sex with another man? Could I do all the things that would be required by the relationship?*

"What are we celebrating?" Brian asked when he saw some of the group around the table.

"We're still alive," Erika came back quickly.

"Cheers," the others raised their glasses.

"Well, I'm hungry and alive, so we'd love to join you." David responded, both of them sitting down as Jason got two more plates of food.

*Had I been the only one that noticed it?* David responded for the both of them as though they were a couple.

Jason brought two more platefuls of food, the door opening up as more of them spilled in. He went back into the kitchen, filling one platter with the chickens, another with the potatoes and vegetables.

"Here, let me help you. After all, you aren't the motel any longer. You're just one of the lucky ones that survived." Sloane took the plate, Jason following her, though his eyes never left her ass. *Did he notice that I swung it exaggeratedly, as though I was teasing him?*

Derek whistled as he saw Sloane passed by. God was she hot. Maybe he should bed her tonight instead of Erika. That is until he saw Erika. Even though she was sitting down, her chair was drawn back far enough to see two lovely, naked legs, her skirt barely covering anything. She looked up at him, smiling, purring a sexy hello through those luscious lips. His cock strained in his pants at the thought of her lips wrapped around his cock tonight. "You certainly look enticing, Erika," he bent down and kissed her softly on her cheek.

She felt his lips on her cheek, her pussy getting wet instantly as though she just had a mini orgasm. "Flattery will get you everywhere."

"I was going to ask you over for dinner tonight, but I see you are already eating."

"I am available for dessert," Erika purred back at him, wishing she could reach out to touch the hard cock that strained his tight-fitting pants.



He whispered into her ear so the others wouldn't hear. "Should I make anything for dessert or would you like to be dessert?"

"Whatever pleases you."

"I think you might do that so I might as well join you for dinner." Derek pulled up a chair beside her, his hand on her naked leg, Erika doing nothing to discourage him as he slowly caressed the smooth flesh.

Michael came in next, not feeling so out of place when he saw how the girls were dressed. He had on a neat pair of slacks and a thin sweater. He kept his body in good shape, walking almost every day at the beach and turned in his regular glasses for his sunglasses that changed color from the sun's rays. They were smaller and less obtrusive. He saw the blackboard, putting his location on it without asking. He sat down across from Sloane, smiling as he eyed her lovely body, especially the deep, tanned cleavage.

"There you go again," Sloane said as she saw Michael staring. "Looking at my tits," smiling as she said it.

"Not my fault this time. You're the one with the golden signpost nestled between that lovely pair. If you didn't want me to gawk, you should have used either of those buttons that are open," he teased her back.

"Touché. My mood is much better when I'm not bound and naked."

"Maybe you just had the wrong man tie you up. I understand it can be quite exhilarating to lose your will. It allows you to submit to acts that you could only imagine, though were afraid of attempting." Michael parried with her.

"Are you saying that from experience?"

"Are you volunteering?"

"You didn't answer my question," Sloane quickly retorted.

"Let's just say I read a lot."

"Calm down you two; the discussion is getting heated," Erika interrupting. She had never seen Sloane like this before.

Jason looked over at the blackboard. "You picked the Ryder place Michael?"

"Is that what they call it?"

"Strange choice," Jason responded.

"How come?" Sloane was interested.

"It's the oldest house on the mountain. Must be at least a hundred years old. Didn't even know it was inhabitable."

"It was actually in good condition once I cleaned up the years of dust. Built when they knew how to build things that would last a lifetime." Michael liked the handiwork of past years when they still took pride in what they produced.

"Not what you would call a man's house. The Ryder sisters were spinsters. Legend was they were to marry two brothers, but they left the sisters at the altar at the last minute. It devastated them so much that nobody saw them for almost three years. They kept to themselves after that, finally dying five years ago. Never married, and as far as it was known, they didn't have any gentlemen callers." Jason wouldn't have expected anyone to settle into that house.

"The house has a charm about it. I haven't found them yet, but there are mysteries hidden in its walls. I love history, when life was more exciting. And some say more sensual," looking at Sloane as he said it.

"And more perverted," Derek jumped in.

"One man's perversion is another man's sensual pleasures. It's all in the eye of the beholder."

"I can't agree more," Brian speaking up. "You should never knock what you haven't tried."

David hoped that Brian meant that, his mind already conjuring up his plan for tonight.

Ryan was the last one to arrive, Sloane noticing that he still looked troubled. He was having the hardest time coping with their situation, and Sloane felt responsible somehow from when she had snapped at him. It didn't matter that she tried to apologize. "Put your address up on the chalkboard, Ryan, and then come over here for some dinner. Jason's the best cook around." She began to make a plate for him like she was his mother.

He sat down, Sloane giving him a plateful of food. He was hungry as soon as he smelled the food in front of him, wolfing the food down without saying much to any of them. He could smell Sloane's perfume next to him, still almost afraid to look at her again.

They began to talk about the fog and the lack of news. No one had much hope, most trying to cope day by day. It went on this way for about an hour, the drinks flowing freely. Surprisingly, it was the girls that brought up the subject that the men were afraid to ask, Erika first.

"If this is the end of the world down there, then there are only two girls and eight men left. I refuse to count Crazy Joe in either category. And we have a very diverse group of

men," Erika trying not to mention age and looks as the criteria.

"It wouldn't be fair to limit, how can I say this nicely," Sloane trying to find the right words. "Our availability to only a select group of individuals."

"So we have decided to, as they say, spread the wealth around. We are not guaranteeing anything, but we will date all of you. We appreciate charm as much as looks, brains as much as brawn." Erika spoke with such clarity especially for one that spent a night with a man for the sex only, not needing someone to take care of her.

Sloane quickly interjected. "We are not going to be your neighborhood whore house, if that's what you think. Sex is still strictly our choice, not yours, unless you care to indulge in solo masturbation. Then it's between you and your hand."

"Sorry, Michael, this was a statement, not a question-and-answer period. We will decide the who and where at our own pace. And now let's drink some more after Jason's great meal." Erika didn't allow any of them to ask questions, she could see questions in all their eyes, Michael just happen to be the first to try to ask.

The men seemed to be happier, Sloane not surprised. What man wouldn't when he was told he might get laid. Erika had already accepted Derek's invitation, no surprise there. Sloane wasn't sure what to do. She could just go home and go to bed, but then she saw Ryan, still looking dejected. Erika was getting up, Derek's arm around her waist as they said goodnight, all the rest jealous but knowing they had a chance.

"How are you doing, Ryan?" He looked up and you could see it in his eyes. He was missing his family, probably missed them before this happened.

"I had better days. Or weeks." He took another sip of his drink.

"I know what you mean. Not what I had expected this to turn out to be. But some things in life you just have to accept and try to move on. We were destined to come up here for some reason that we can't comprehend now, but some day it will become clear." She looked at him, not much younger than she was. "Why don't we get out of here, Ryan? Take me home and show me your new house."

He looked up at her with this surprised look in his eyes. It was as if he was just let lose in a candy store. "You don't have to do this."

"Damn right I don't. But I want to. Now are you coming, or are you going to ruin my reputation and make me go home by myself and masturbate myself to sleep?" She leaned over to whisper into his ear. "I'd much rather masturbate in front of you."

Ryan might be down, but he was still a typical twenty-five-year-old male. He wasn't about to turn down the most ravishing girl he had ever seen. "That I have to see."

"You're going to have to stroke that cock as you watch me. I want to see what I am doing to you."

"Anything you want, little lady." He held the door open for Sloane, his eyes glued to her hips as she walked with such a sexy swing. She was dressed so chic, Ryan not used to girls like that back home. Maybe on the day they got married but

not much after that. Tonight he was going to see what was beneath her clothes again, Ryan still having a vivid picture in his head of her naked and bound by Crazy Joe.

"I'll follow you," Sloane letting Ryan see a long expanse of naked leg as she got into her car, Ryan, the gentleman, holding the door open for her. She looked up at him, smiling as she thanked him. She followed his monster truck, her car small enough to almost fit underneath it. It took only a few minutes before they pulled into the driveway. It wasn't like Sloane's house, more like a farmhouse, even a big red barn served as the garage, a white fence probably served to hold horses in the summer when the tourists came. It looked like a place that would make Ryan feel at home.

She waited for him to come over to the car, Ryan opening the door. She made her exit clumsily, her short skirt hiking high up her legs until he could see the top of her black thigh highs. She couldn't help noticing the bulge in his pants. He seemed to have gotten over his fear of looking at her. That was good, because Sloane loved when a man watched her masturbate. Especially if he was stroking his cock as he watched her. She liked to see how much she was exciting him.

"Nice house, Ryan. Does it remind you of home?" They walked up to the front door, Ryan opening it without a key. It's not that there would be much crime up here. The living room was flooded with light, a comfortable house for some couple that came up here for the weekends or the summer. Probably an older couple by the style of furniture, but that would be what Ryan would like.

"A little, but I will make it more to my liking soon enough. Have a seat?"

"Why don't you sit down? Over there," pointing to the chair and ottoman. "I prefer to show you this lovely body again, Ryan. This time not bound." She waited until he sat down, putting his feet up. She saw his hand move to his cock. She turned off the bright overhead light, preferring the lamps casting shadows. She stood in the center of the room, spreading her legs until her skirt pulled tight. She looked at him, smiling. "I love to strip and masturbate for a man." She moved her hands to her blouse, running her fingertip into the deep cleavage, forcing his eyes to look. Her fingers moved down, unbuttoning another button, pushing the blouse to the side to reveal more of the lacey, white bra. She wet her fingertip, running it in her cleavage, the light glistening off where her finger had been. Another button, almost to her waist now. She pulled it back until her cups were revealed, Ryan's hand on his cock beginning to move slowly up and down. Her pussy got wetter as Ryan masturbated. Her hands went to the last button, opening it up, pulling the blouse open, suddenly remembering the way Crazy Joe had sucked on her breasts. She arched her back, thrusting out her breasts, slowly inching the blouse off of her shoulders and down her arms. It fell at her feet, Sloane letting it stay there. She ran her fingers over her flat abs and up, cupping her bra as a man would do, squeezing gently as she felt the pleasure race through her body. When she finished stripping to her panties, Ryan would be able to see how drenched they were.

Ryan couldn't take his eyes off of her, his hand stroking his cock without him fully realizing it. She was so beautiful, and she was going to strip naked and masturbate for him. All of a sudden he forgot all of his troubles as he concentrated on the lovely creature in front of him.

"These are for you, Ryan; her hands going behind her back and unhooking her bra. She didn't even try to catch it, letting it slip off and fall to the floor in front of her, but the lacey material did glide over her nipples making them so hard. The cool air of the night rushed over them, Sloane struggling not to touch them. She watched Ryan staring at her bare breasts, this time Sloane wanting him to look.

Such firm, tanned breasts. And her nipples were hard as a rock, the dark areola's surrounding them like giant targets drawing his eyes to her nipples. She put her arms behind her neck, lacing her fingers together. His eyes stared unashamedly at her breasts as she arched her back, thrusting them out, her elbows pointing out. Her firm tits stood up so proud, hard nipples begging to be touched, Ryan licking his lips at the thought of them in his mouth.

She moved to the chair, straddling his legs until she was almost sitting in his lap, her skirt hiked up high, her thigh highs revealed, even the top of her panties exposed. "I saw you licking your lips. Why don't you suck on these instead?" Her hands grabbed his head, pulling him forward until she felt his hot breath on her breast. She pulled him harder, feeling his wet lips engulf the tip of her breast, sucked in the hot depths of his mouth. "YYYYESSS," she cried out, "suck it."



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He felt the hard nipple in his mouth, clamping his teeth right behind it, trapping it as his tongue went to work on it. A hand left his lap as it cupped her other bare breast, squeezing it, feeling the hard nipple swell in his palm. He couldn't believe how full, yet firm, her tits were. He sucked her nipple deep into his mouth, feeling it stretch.

She shook her upper body as he sucked and squeezed her breasts, the nipples swelling under the attention of his fingers and mouth. It felt like he was going to suck her nipple off, his teeth clenched tightly behind it, the tip forced to stretch from his powerful suction. She could have cum if she touched herself, but she wanted more. She released his head from her hands. "Let me get back to stripping for you, Ryan. You can use your mouth again later. Between my legs." She moved back, her one breast wet, the tip a deep red, even able to see the light teeth marks where he had bitten too hard. She stood back, naked from the waist up. Her hands went down to her skirt, gripping the edge and slowly raising it up, spreading her legs wider as she did. "Do you like my thigh highs, Ryan?" She held the skirt up until it reached the bottom of her panties, the material stretched across her hips.

Ryan's hand went back to his cock, stroking it through his pants. She had long legs, the thigh highs only making them look longer. And sexier. He could only think about her other comment. Letting him use his mouth between her legs. He could almost taste her pussy. But for now he wanted to see it. "Take off your skirt."

He was becoming more aggressive, Sloane liking that. It always made her more excited when ordered to do things.

She unhooked the catch, sliding the zipper down slowly and noisily, holding the skirt for a moment until she dropped it, the short skirt piled on top of her feet. She pulled one foot out, using the other to kick it over the side. She spread her legs wider this time, feeling her panties pulled tightly over her bald, wet mound. "You make my pussy wet, Ryan." Her hand ran over her abdomen, sucking in her stomach as her fingers played over her mound. She felt her pussy lips part as her finger pushed between her lips, sliding the silky panty material between the soft lips of her pussy. She stroked up and down, the sharp outline of her lips etched in the wet panties.

"Let me see your ass." Ryan was stroking his cock up and down, ready to take it out of his pants, but first, he wanted her naked and masturbating.

She turned around, revealing her naked cheeks, the thong doing little to hide anything. She tightened and then unclenched her cheeks, showing Ryan her tight buns.

"Bend over. Grab your ankles and spread your legs for me." He rubbed faster in excitement.

She felt the pleasure as she performed for him. She bent over, feeling her ass rising up, spreading her legs until her cheeks parted; luckily the thong covered her anus. She grabbed her ankles obediently like a servant girl, looking back between her legs to see Ryan stroking his cock quicker.

"Back up to me. I want to touch your ass." She moved back, but she stayed in position, edging back a little at a time, all while still holding her ankles tight. He sat up in the chair, moving to sit on the ottoman. Her ass was almost in his

face, inhaling her scent of arousal. Her thong did little to hide her asshole, her cheeks relaxed as she stayed open for him. His hands touched her ass cheeks, feeling her clench her cheeks as she was startled, but then surrendering, her cheeks relaxing again as he clenched on the taut flesh. Her buttocks were round and tight. His eyes were drawn between her cheeks, the outline of her pink anus revealed by the wide spread of her legs. He had never seen a girl's asshole before so he was not going to miss this chance to see one up close and personal.

Sloane could feel his breath on her ass, wondering if her thong was covering anything, only making her wetter from the thought of his eyes staring between her cheeks. His fingers trailed along her crack, sliding all the way down to her pussy, pinching her soft lips through her panties, Sloane feeling another gush of juices rush from her pussy. Damn, he was making her soaked.

"Let me finish getting naked for you," she begged. She had to rub herself soon or else she was going to bust. She stood up, moving away from him. She put her legs together, slowly sliding the panties down over her hips. They stuck between her pussy lips, wet, as she finally yanked them hard, falling down her legs. She kicked them aside, standing in front of him naked.

Ryan had never seen a bald pussy before he saw Erika and Sloane bound by Crazy Joe. He waited until her legs spread, this time wider, her pussy lips pulled back, the juices glistening on them. She surprised him, her hand sliding down, her fingers gripping her lips and pulling them apart. He had

never seen a girl so exposed, the dark red of her inner lips grossly exposed. He could even see her dark, mysterious hole. *Will she let me fuck her today?*

She ran her finger up and down her slit, staying away from her clit, afraid of cumming too soon. She moved back to the chair, sitting back down on it, putting her legs over the armrests until she was spread out for him. He turned around to watch her. She scooted down, knowing she was exposing her asshole, but it only made her wetter at the thought of him seeing all of her. "Take out your cock; I want to see you stroke it as you watch me."

Ryan stood up, taking off his pants and shorts eagerly, sitting back down on the ottoman facing her, half naked, his cock rearing up from between his legs, hard and demanding. His fingers curled around the shaft, making his fingers tight as he began to stroke up and down his cock, his eyes never leaving her pussy. He could see her asshole now, a tiny pink hole between her cheeks. "Play with your pussy," he ordered her, his hand moving faster. "Your clit; let me see you make it big."

She touched her clit, her body shuddering at the first touch. She pinched it, feeling it swell in arousal, her finger tapping back and forth over the tip as she shoved two fingers hard into her pussy, sliding easily in her drenched hole. Her eyes watched his hand as it slid up and down, licking her lips as she saw the head glistening with his juices. Neither would last very long, but there was more than one orgasm in her tonight. "When you cum, let it shoot out." She saw his look. "I'll clean it up."

They both masturbated, the pace quickening as their arousal increased. Sloane had three fingers in her, her clit pinched by her other hand, her hips jerking up and down as she fucked herself with her fingers, tightening on them as her orgasm approached. She was waiting, fighting the urge until Ryan came. She could see his cock growing; the thick head almost purple, swollen as his fingers raced over the thick ridge. She watched his face, seeing his orgasm overcome him, her eyes racing to his cock just in time. She came, gripping her fingers as her orgasm raced over her body, twisting and squeezing her clit as the pleasure raced through her body. She watched the first white, ropey spurt of cum shot from his cock, Ryan pumping up and down as it shot over two feet before falling back to the ottoman with a thud. His hand moved faster, another load of cum, this one shooting out only an inch before it covered his hand and cock with the thick, white cum.

She was cumming just as he was, feeling the pleasure racing through his body as his balls tingled in pleasure as cum shot out the head of his cock in a wide arc, splattering on the ottoman in front of him. He pumped harder, a second load of cum coating his hand with the slippery hot crème. He had never masturbated in front of a girl before, exciting him more than he expected. And he never saw a girl cum like this before, her frenzied movements as she fingered her pussy, the noise of her fingers in the slick passage loudly proclaiming her orgasm.

They both stopped cumming, trying to get back to normal breathing. Sloane pulled her fingers from her pussy, but Ryan

was still stroking his semi-erect cock in spite of his hand and cock being slick with cum. She finally got enough strength to stand up. "Lie down on the floor. I promised."

Ryan didn't hesitate, stretching out on the floor, surprised that his cock was still hard. Cum was dripping down his thigh as she stood over him. She turned her back to him, facing his feet as she lowered her body down until Ryan felt her hands cupping his wet cock. The light was blocked out as her pussy was pushed into his face.

"You too. Clean my pussy with your tongue." She licked his thighs while her hand held his cock, still hard in spite of cumming. She even licked his balls, almost choking as an errant hair got stuck in her mouth. Her tongue curled around the head of his cock, tightening her grip on the shaft as it jerked in pleasure when her tongue sought out the thick ridge and the sensitive spot just beneath it. His salty cum filled her mouth, but she cared little as his tongue began to lick her pussy, running up and down her slit. She licked the head of his cock, opening her mouth wide and taking the thickening head inside, her lips clenching shut just below the ridge. Her tongue lapped at the tip, her mouth filled with the taste of his cum as she went to work on cleaning his cock. She performed energetically; all the while Ryan pleased her with his tongue.

He lapped at her juices, sucking one pussy lip into his mouth, biting down on it, trapping it as he pulled back, stretching it. He gasped as she sucked his cock into her mouth, her tongue dancing over it. He felt it growing in her mouth, his erection harder, her hand sliding up and down the

shaft as her head began to bob up and down. His fingers slid over her ass, pulling her cheeks apart as he tongued her pussy. His tongue slid over her perineum and tongued her ass crack. He felt her sucking harder.

*How could it feel so good so fast after cumming?* His tongue seemed to be everywhere, his hands on her ass, holding her in place as her hips tried to move back and forth, fucking his tongue. "MMMGGGG," she protested when she felt his tongue slid up her ass crack. She could still feel it where Erika had entered her ass with the vibrator, refusing to do that again. She spit out his cock. "No! Not there." She felt his tongue move back down, her mouth engulfing his cock again, taking it deep into her mouth while her tongue lashed over the shaft.

Her mouth felt good on his cock, but he didn't want to cum in her mouth. He wanted to fuck her. He pulled his mouth away from her pussy. "I'm gonna fuck you."

She took her mouth off of his cock when she heard his statement. It wasn't a request but a statement of fact. Her hands held his rigid cock, feeling it jerk in her hands.

"On your hands and knees. I want to take you from behind." He rolled her off him and over onto her stomach, his hands grabbing both of her hips and raising her ass up. "Arch your back," pushing down on her back, her head lying on the floor, turned back at him. "Yes, now spread those lovely thighs," his hands rubbing up and down her thighs, pressuring them outward until she obeyed without question. Her ass cheeks parted, her anus exposed again. He wished he

could fuck her there, but she even protested his mouth, never mind him shoving his cock up her ass.

Ryan moved her around until he got her into the position he wanted her, Sloane finding herself kneeling submissively, her ass thrust up, her legs spread, her pussy open and ready. He didn't waste any time, Sloane feeling him behind her, his hand rubbing the head of his cock up and down her slit as he lubricated it with her juices. "MMMM," she moaned in pleasure when he placed the head of his cock on her vaginal opening, pushing with his hips until she felt her muscles opening. The head of his cock popped into her pussy without any trouble, Sloane gripping it with her inner muscles as his hands rotated her hips, making her dance on his cock.

It felt good when he entered her, stretching her with his thick cock. His strong hands were on her hips, making her move the way he wanted, making her pleasure his cock as his hips began to drive his cock deeper into her pussy. It felt good, his cock jerking as it shoved deeper into her pussy, then pulling out until she gripped the head of his cock with her muscles. "EEEEGGGH," a powerful thrust catching her off guard as her pussy went from empty to full in a second. He dragged his cock back out, the ridges and veins rousing her pleasure again. He was fucking her harder and faster, Sloane having to push back when he thrust in to keep from being slid across the floor. He lay on her back, his hands around her waist, one hand finding her pussy, moving down to attack her clit as he hammered into her pussy from behind. His stomach slapped hard against her ass cheeks as he drove his cock in and out with pistoning speed.



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In spite of cumming recently and her slick pussy, she was tight, Ryan feeling her grip his cock with her muscles when he pulled out, shoving hard into her pussy until he bottomed out hard against her cervix with each thrust. And she took it with barely a whimper. He lay on her back, pinching her clit as he fucked her hard and fast. It didn't take long before they were both ready to cum, Ryan exploding into her pussy with a powerful blast of hot cum, joined by Sloane as she squeezed all the pleasure out of his cock.

Sloane left as soon as they both got their breathing back. A peck on the cheek was all that was exchanged, Sloane feeling different. It was so much different than a date where she felt an attraction to the man she had slept with. This was all about sex only. She drove the two blocks to her new home, finding it empty, almost forgetting that Erika was spending the night with Derek.

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## CHAPTER 6

### Strange Bedfellows

The next day Michael and Christopher went to the observatory. It was about five miles up the dirt road, a deep cliff signaling the end of the road. It looked deserted, but they found one car around back. They tried a number of doors, all of them locked, ready to break the door down when they found the side door unlocked.

"We don't want to scare anyone, so make a lot of noise so they will know we are coming." Michael led the way, taking a long corridor. They found the door at the end open, finding themselves in a giant room, the largest telescope Michael had ever seen peering up into the heavens. Their footsteps echoed into the cavernous room, Michael trying to find the office.

"Look," Christopher stopping as they almost got to the glass-enclosed office, pointing to the side window.

Michael entered the room slowly, finding the body on the floor near the wall, the blood-stained window testament to the suicide. Christopher found the note.

Christopher read the note. He said that the last contact with other people was that there weren't a lot of survivors. His family lived in downtown San Diego, one of the first areas hit. His last contact no longer responded back. He couldn't stand the thought of living without his wife and newborn daughter so he ended his life.

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"If he only knew we were just a few miles away." Michael felt responsible because they didn't come yesterday. "Maybe we could have saved him."

"Don't fault yourself, Michael. He lost his family. That was his whole world. I don't think he wanted to survive without them."

"Is that what is going to happen to us? Like the ones at the Lodge and here. Not wanting to live any longer."

"We have to find a purpose here. And we have each other. Let's see if we can find some tools. At least we can give him a good burial." They found the maintenance room, grabbing two shovels. They dug a shallow grave in the hard ground, taking a moment to say a few words before covering him up.

"You're right, Christopher. Since there isn't going to be much call for an accountant, I guess I should do something useful. I always wanted to spend time gardening. The winter is coming soon enough, but if I can find some land and get some plants started, I could move them inside during the winter. The house I am living in is huge. We'll be missing fresh vegetables real soon." Michael needed a purpose in life. He had spent too much time striving for something to sit back and do nothing.

"I'll help you and probably Scott would to. We can see if Jason knows of any good dirt around here. Everything is rocky, but there has to be some place that would grow plants well. I noticed some power tools in the maintenance room. I'm going to take some of them and do some work around the house. I like to keep busy myself."

\* \* \* \*

David looked at Brian. He became reckless, doing something he wouldn't have normally done. But this wasn't normal. There were so few of them, and if David was ever to allow his true sexual passion to become real, he had to see if Brian was the one man that could fulfill his desires. They had come home from the bar, both of them having a few drinks, David more than Brian. He needed the courage. Brian had gone into the kitchen to get something nonalcoholic to drink. David walked quietly into the kitchen, Brian not hearing him.

Brian thought he felt something, turning around to find David hovering near him with a strange look on his face. They were inches from each other, Brian able to feel David's breath on him. He had seen this too many times not to know what would happen, Brian doing it himself many times. He should stop him before it went anywhere, but Brian felt something. David's hand tentatively encircled Brian's waist, as if he was afraid to touch him. His head moved closer until Brian could feel the electricity racing across their lips before they finally touched.

David touched the lips of another man for the first time. Not soft like a woman's but firm. He pulled Brian closer until he felt Brian's hard cock pushed against his own cock. A tongue pushed between his lips, David succumbing as it pushed inside his mouth and began to explore his tongue. David was surprised, not only did Brian accept David's kiss, but Brian began to demand more from David. He froze as the tongue ran over the inside of his mouth, suddenly petrified at what he started. He dropped his hand from Brian's waist.

Brian pulled back from David, seeing the confusion in David's eyes. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have let it go that far." Brian said, still tasting David's kiss and their thighs were still touching, their cocks hard and wanting in spite of David's reservations.

"No. It's my fault. I panicked." Brian's hand brushed the hair from David's face. It was Brian's own insecurity that drove the panic through him. "I don't know what to do."

Brian lifted up his chin. "Are you sure this is what you want?" He watched David's lips tremble.

"Yes," David feeling like a virgin again. "Will you teach me?"

"I'm not sure you know what you are getting into, David?" Brian's hand caressed David's cheek, his other hand slipping around David's waist.

"No I don't, but I want to find out." He felt Brian's powerful grip around his waist.

"I do enjoy men, David. But I enjoy dominating my partner." Brian moved his hips from side to side, their cocks brushing back and forth over each other in mock masturbation.

"Dominate?" David was confused. He wasn't sure how this worked. *Would one be the female and the other the male?*

"If you want to be with me, you must submit to me. Physically as well as emotionally. And my domination includes light BDSM. You must submit to the pain as well as the pleasure."

David looked at him. *Is that like they did to the girls? Tie them up and strip them naked?* David didn't have much of a

choice, Brian the only game in town. And he excited David; the thought of what he might be required to do. Or forced to do. "I will do whatever you want to make you happy." He said it, surrendering to Brian.

Brian's hand went to the back of David's head, holding him firmly as Brian kissed David again. Brian's tongue slipped between David's lips, feeling them part to accept Brian's tongue deep into David's mouth. Brian pressed his cock harder against David, holding his head submissively as Brian felt David responding, his tongue sliding back over Brian's, their passion increasing.

"Mmmmm," David moaned from the deep, passionate kiss, taking away his breath as Brian's tongue explored every nook and cranny in David's mouth. And David felt the unmistakable bulge of Brian's cock against his own, wishing they were touching, naked skin to naked skin. David felt another hand around his waist, slipping down to grab his ass, pulling him against Brian. David couldn't stop his ass cheeks from clenching and unclenching uncontrollably, the touch of a man's hand on his ass disconcerting at first. He felt the hand guiding his hips from side to side, their cocks sliding back and forth over each other.

Brian finally pulled away from the kiss, David's lips wet, his mouth partly open as he tried to fill his lungs with air, the long kiss taking his breath away. Brian took David's hand and slid it down the front of Brian's body until he felt David's hand curl around his hard cock almost instinctively. He thought he heard a moan from David's mouth, staring deep into David's brown eyes as Brian's cock jerked from the pleasure of the

hand that moved slowly up and down the cramped shaft in his pants.

It was bigger than he expected; the tingling in his balls as he touched another man's cock for the first time surprising. He rubbed it like he would his own, from the base all the way to the head, squeezing the head through the thick pants. It was strange, Brian looking at David in the same way a woman had looked at him.

Brian kissed him again, this time David's mouth was open for his tongue, receptive as their tongues danced over each other. David pulled his hand away, but their hard cocks rubbed together, Brian tightening his grip on David's taut ass cheeks, feeling the buttock muscles tighten.

The kiss was more demanding this time, Brian's lips moving, the tongue so deep in David's mouth that he almost expected it to go down his throat. And all the while he felt the hand on his ass, claiming him, their erections rubbing back and forth through the tight-fitting pants that confined David's cock. He was aroused and petrified with fear at the same time. *Will I be able to do what Brian would ask of me? Sure that David would have to take a man's cock in his mouth. And would Brian claim my virginity, sodomizing me for the first time?* David could almost feel the hot cum filling his bowels. Or his mouth. David could only moan softly like a schoolgirl being kissed for the first time.

"I think we need to move into the living room." It wasn't a simple statement, but a demand, Brian grabbing David by the waistband of his pants and almost dragging him into the living room. Brian stood in the middle of the room, David standing

nervously in front of him. "Keep your hands at your sides." Brian wanted to run his hands all over David's body and explore his youthful flesh. Brian ran his hands up David's arms, feeling his biceps and triceps grow taut as David's hands clenched tightly at his sides. Brian explored David's upper chest, opening the buttons one by one, Brian's hands running over the black hairs of David's chest.

David had never felt anything like it before, powerful hands running over his flesh, exciting him like no one had ever done. Brian stared at David as if daring him to move his hands, David struggling not to touch Brian's erection again, still feeling the excitement of making a man's cock jerk beneath his fingers as he stroked it. Brian had David's shirt half off, Brian's fingers running over David's chest, but David thought he would cum when he felt fingers tugging on his nipples. David was surprised that they became so aroused, turning into hard, sensitive tips that were pinched tightly by Brian's strong, calloused fingers. He could only moan in pleasure as the pain shot through the swollen tips and ran directly to his cock and balls like a bolt of lightening. The fingers roused the stiffened tips, a sharp fingernail racing across the end feeling like a knife was cutting deep into the flesh, but his cock only jerked in pleasure.

Brian tugged and twisted David's nipples, pulling them until they stretched far out, but David did nothing to stop him, only deep moans from his throat. Brian tore the shirt from David, shoving it down his arms as the sound of ripping material filled the room. Naked to the waist, Brian's mouth replaced his fingers, sucking and biting the hardened nubs as



David arched his back submissively, his eyes closed in obvious pleasure.

David felt bad when Brian's mouth deserted his nipples, the cool air of the room keeping the wet tips hard and sensitive. David had never felt such a reaction from his nipples. Brian's hands moved down over David's stomach, tingling the hairs that spread down to his erection.

Brian was like a madman, his fingers tugging at the belt and pants in haste, eager to see what lay beneath the thick pants. He stopped suddenly wanting to savor the moment, staring into David's eyes as Brian's fingers slowly drew down the zipper, the silence of the room broken by the hissing of the zipper and their heavy breathing. Brian sat down as he pulled the pants down past David's knees, leaving him standing before Brian in white briefs, David's erection clearly outlined in the tight shorts, straining to be free.

David had mixed emotions, shame, humiliation and excitement all at once. Here he was standing in the middle of the room, his pants pulled down past his knees, only his shorts preventing him from being naked in front of a man. He had never felt his cock so hard, jerking to free itself from the tight constraints of the briefs, eager to feel Brian's touch again, this time on the naked skin of his cock. Brian made David lift each foot as Brian took off David's shoes and socks as though he was a child, finally feeling his pants pulled off his feet. Brian sat in front of him, his head only inches from David's cock. *What would he do?* David trembled in excitement and lust. His hands clenched into tight balls at his sides as he tried to remain still and submissive.

Brian tried to calm his breathing as he stared at the cock only inches from him. He had to take it slowly, teaching and training David until he responded the same to pain as well as pleasure. Brian would tease David, each time leaving him eager and wanting more.

His cock leaped in his shorts as Brian ran his hands up the inside of David's legs, starting with his calves, pushing on them until David accepted his direction and slowly spread his legs wider. The hands moved up to his knees, slowly over the inside of his thighs, David clenching his thigh muscles in sudden excitement as he submissively spread his legs like a wanton whore. His balls felt like they would explode in anticipation as the powerful fingers kneaded his thigh muscles, moving higher and higher until he almost felt them touch his balls.

Brian looked up at David, standing with his legs spread, the shorts his only protection, his balls and cock vulnerable. Brian slipped one hand between David's legs, grasping the twin balls in Brian's large hand and gently squeezing, David gasping loudly, his calves growing taut as he stood on his toes.

His cock jerked uncontrollably, a sharp gasp from his lips as David stood on his toes as Brian's large hand engulfed the balls in his warm, firm grip. The saying, got him by the balls, suddenly becoming very vivid in his mind. The hand didn't stay still, the fingers moved, feeling out the twin balls that moved mysteriously in his sack, kneading and rolling the sensitive balls. His toes grew tired; David forced to move to the balls of his feet, the grip on his balls growing tighter as he

lowered himself into Brian's grasp. Brian's fingers sought out the balls, two fingers going after each one individually. David couldn't stop his hips from moving, jerking back and forth each time Brian's finger captured one of the sensitive balls and squeezed it hard. It hurt and felt good all at the same time. David was panting loudly.

Brian could feel David's heat, fingers tugging on his ball sack, his nuts floating around. Brian pushed hard with his fingers, finding each nut and squeezing it until it finally sprung free, David's hips trying to evade the painful tug on his balls. David's movements were frenzied, as Brian gave David no let-up, his balls constantly attacked and stimulated.

The hand was hard, yet it excited him. When Brian squeezed a captured ball too tight, the sharp pain raced into his stomach, David's body jerking away in pain. The rest of the time his balls throbbed in pleasure, the gentle pressure as the fingers moved them around at lightening speed, his cock jerking uncontrollably. And then Brian's thumb curled around the base of David's cock, encircling it in a tight grip, Brian's index finger around the other side of David's shaft. The other three fingers were free to attack his balls with impunity. He could no longer contain his hips, jerking back and forth as Brian's hand tightened more on David's cock and unprotected balls.

Brian's thumb rubbed up and down the trapped shaft, pushing up the shaft and pinching it against the other finger until it finally snapped free with a painful snap, David jerking his hips in pain. Brian's other three fingers squeezed the moving balls, trapping and releasing them in painful grasps.

It was as though David was dancing for Brian, David's hips in constant movement.

Brian continually changed his plan of attack on David's balls and cock. When David began to expect the next movement, Brian's three fingers that attacked the balls moved to the bare skin where David's legs met his torso, Brian's fingertips and the sharp nails rubbing over the sensitive flesh as they continued to squeeze David's balls. Sharp pains from the nails shot through his loins, followed by a painful squeezing of a trapped ball that filled his stomach with the crippling pain as his sensitive balls were squeezed too tight. And the other two fingers continually rasped up and down his shaft, pinching the skin before they moved back down to start all over again. David was breathing hard from the exertion, his hips moving frenziedly for long minutes, no relief in sight as Brian continued his attack.

Brian stopped just as unexpectedly as he started. His hand didn't move away, only stopped moving, David's balls still cupped in Brian's hands. He looked up at David, his face flushed. "Did you enjoy that, David?"

David hated to admit it, but he did. It hurt when his balls were squeezed too tight, but it was like the pain was pleasure, knowing that it was Brian that was doing it. "Yes," his voice haltering, still feeling the hand cradling his balls, feeling so vulnerable.

Brian released his balls, seeing the relief in David's face. Two fingers gripped the edges of David's cock, pinching until it was outlined in his white briefs. It strained in the tight shorts to be free. Brian began to stroke it with his two

fingers, pinching them tight, making the shorts cling to the shaft. He started off with short strokes, not going far enough to reach the head, but all the way down to the base, squeezing it tight and making it jerk. David's cock was about six inches long, not as long or as thick as Brian's, but still formidable.

David looked down as Brian began to masturbate David with two fingers, his shorts pulled tight over his cock. It felt so good, but David's pleasure was guarded, not sure what else Brian would do. David's hips began to move rhythmically, sliding back and forth, wishing Brian's fingers would find the head of his cock.

Brian noticed the wet spot at the top of David's shorts, his cock leaking prematurely. "Don't cum unless I tell you." Brian wanted to control and dominate David totally. Brian squeezed his fingers tighter, slowly running up the shaft until it got to the head, the thick, flanged dome outlined in the tightly drawn shorts. He almost dared David to cum. Brian's fingers outlined the head, feeling the cock jerk by the hard touch as he squeezed the head.

It felt like the head of David's cock was in a vise, two powerful fingers squeezing it, the blood rushing painfully to the tip. The fingers began to move from the rim on the head of his cock, squeezing tighter as they moved to the tip until they almost pinched the very end closed, then back down. David felt Brian's other hand grip his shaft, sliding up and down the shaft as Brian pinched the head. David struggled not to let the pleasure overcome him.

Brian went to work on David again. One hand grabbed his balls, squeezing them tightly, then releasing them, clenching them tight as the balls tried to escape. His other hand wrapped around David's cock, four fingers around one side and his thumb attacking the sensitive head of his cock. Brian's fingers moved constantly around the shaft as his thumb gripped the head between his other fingers in a tight grip, sliding his nail over the head until the head slipped free. Only to return and attack it low around the rim where the skin was the most sensitive, digging his nail into the soft underside of the rim. David's hips began their frenzied movements, fucking back and forth as the hands and fingers sought out his fragile balls and the head of his cock.

It felt like his cock was on fire, the fingernail sharp even through his shorts as it dug into the ridge around his cock. Each time he jerked away, his balls would be clenched tight into the powerful fingers, squeezing them until the pain shot into his stomach, his ass shoved back to try to evade the punishing crush of Brian's fingers. David's hips shot back and forth almost rhythmically as Brian made David react to his hands. In spite of it all, his cock remained hard.

Brian rubbed his thumb back and forth over the head, dragging the rough shorts rasping over the head, feeling David's cock continue to leak its precious fluids. Brian would alternate, squeezing David's balls four times in a row, David almost bending over. Then Brian's other hand would attack David's cock, bending and crushing the organ with his fingers until it was almost bent in two, slapping at the head. All the

while Brian's other hand would cradle David's balls, David never knowing when his balls would be crushed again.

David was panting again as he jerked and shook spastically, his cock and balls subject to the punishing fingers of Brian. David had never felt anything like it. It hurt, but he couldn't get enough of it. Even when Brian bent David's cock in half, it always sprung back erect. He could hardly breathe, Brian stopping, staring up at David.

Brian slipped the top of David's shorts down, sliding it over the head of his cock until the purple dome was revealed. It was slick with his leaking juices, throbbing as Brian pinned it to David's abdomen with the elastic waistband. Brian licked his lips at the thought of taking it in his mouth, but first David would have to learn to suck cock before Brian would reciprocate.

It felt like his shorts were as sharp as a knife, Brian rubbing the elastic edge up until it rubbed along the sensitive spot under the rim of David's cock, Brian's fingers holding it tightly against the flesh. Then he wrapped it around the head of David's cock, just beneath the rim, David feeling the head swell as all the blood was trapped in the head. Brian began to masturbate David's cock with his shorts, sliding the rough fabric up and down the shaft and head. David wouldn't last much longer; he needed to cum so bad that his balls ached.

With the head of David's cock still trapped by his shorts, Brian used his fingernail to rub over the head of David's cock, keeping one fingernail pointed and sharp just for this task. He could see the white marks in the dark red flesh as the nail rasped painfully over the jerking cock, Brian keeping it

trapped. David's ass cheeks clenched and unclenched involuntarily as Brian used his fingernail to slice across the head of David's cock and the piss hole slick as he dragged it back out, the sticky cum that leaked out flowing freely. David almost screamed out when Brian ran the fingernail under the rim of David's cock, scratching the soft underbelly as he gasped in pain. Brian looked up at David. "Do you want to cum now?"

David could only plead with him. "Yes, please let me cum."

He was almost pathetic, but he learned well. "Soon," Brian deserting David's cock, sliding both hands around David's ass and under his shorts to feel his sweaty buttocks, the cheeks clenched tight. "Relax you ass," Brian ordered David. Brian moved his hands to the sides of David's cheeks and Brian's fingers dug into the flesh, pulling the cheeks until they relented and David's crack was slowly and methodically opened. Brian moved his fingers in closer until they were poised on the edges of the tight muscles of David's anus.

David couldn't do anything, feeling the pressure on his anus as Brian spread David's cheeks too far. Then he felt a finger creeping closer, knowing what was about to happen. The finger became more demanding, pressuring the tight ring of his anus, his sweat aiding Brian until David felt the strange stretching of his ring as it was impaled on the thick finger. "EEEEHH," David gasped in surprise as he felt a hairy finger slip into his rectum, his anus stretched around the thick knuckle. It wormed its way into his rectum, pressing hard on the tight muscle as it slipped farther into his asshole. It felt like a tiny snake inside him, moving and sliding deeper as his



muscles fought the invasion. David held his breath until the finger was deep inside him, finally exhaling. Brian's other hand moved out of David's shorts and went to the front and began to squeeze his balls and cock.

Brian felt the hot, tight asshole grip his finger in its velvety passage, imagining what it would be like to have his cock in the virgin hole. It would take quite a bit of stretching, but it would only add to Brian's pleasure to open up David's virgin hole to Brian's cock. He gripped David's cock and balls with his other hand, squeezing hard, forcing David back on the finger that impaled his asshole, driving the finger deeper into his bowels. Back and forth David rode Brian's hands and fingers, David's frenzied jerking back and forth as Brian rubbed and squeezed David's cock, all the while Brian's finger wormed deeper into the hot depths of David's guts.

When Brian felt David was ready to cum, Brian would squeeze David's balls harder, a tiny yelp from David as the sharp cramp raced through his stomach. Then Brian would rub and pinch David's cock, making the organ grow under the constant rubbing. He couldn't keep his hips still, forced back and forth onto the hand and the finger. A second finger entered his asshole, stretching him open when the wide knuckles passed through the ring and shoved deep into his guts. Brian knew just the right time, David's head shooting up into the air as he screamed, high pitched like a ten-year-old girl, as he came, his cock spewing a powerful jet of cum that almost hurt when it shot out, soaking the inside of his shorts. Brian's hands continued to pump David's cock, milking another load of cum, the two fingers twisting and turning in

his asshole, his muscles milking the fingers as he emptied his balls of his hot cum.

Brian's hand became soaked in the warm cum as it quickly soaked through the shorts, feeling the cock jerking and shuddering as David came over and over. Brian's fingers were crushed by David's powerful ass muscles, wishing he could plunge his cock up into David's asshole and feel the delightful clenching. It took a few minutes before David stopped cumming, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he struggled to resume his normal breathing. His shorts were drenched in his cum.

David had never felt anything like it. It was as though it would never end, his balls emptying his cum, aching from being aroused for too long. The fingers slowly pulled out of his ass, feeling like they were still inside as his hole closed so slowly. Two fingers were big enough, what would it feel like to have a cock inside his ass.

"Go take a shower; you're a mess, David." Brian sat back on the chair, his hand still slick with David's cum.

"What about you?" He looked down at the bulge in Brian's pants.

"You think about this and tell me tomorrow if you want to continue. Only then will I teach you to please me. And it will be with your mouth first."

David didn't answer, grabbing his clothes and going to his bathroom. He stripped out the drenched shorts and stepped into the shower, washing away the drying cum on his stomach and cock. He thought of Brian's question, David's hand reaching down and stroking his growing cock as he

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imagined taking the head of Brian's smooth cock into his mouth. He could feel Brian's hands on his head, guiding David's head back and forth, his lips wrapped tightly around the thick shaft, wondering how much of Brian's cock David would have to take in his mouth. *Would Brian try to shove it down my throat?* It didn't take long before David came again, surprised by his quick arousal, sealing his fate as he already dreamed of Brian taking him in his virgin mouth. David scooped up some cum on his cock and slipped his fingers into his mouth. *Would Brian's cum taste any different than mine?* The thick, salty cum coating his taste buds.

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## **CHAPTER 7**

### Curiosity

Erika was disappointed when she came home the next day.

"How was your date?" Sloane asked Erika when she walked in about nine A.M. Though Sloane could already guess. If she came home that early, it wasn't very good or else she would have stayed longer for a breakfast fuck. Or lunch fuck.

"Who does he think he is? He's a Goddamn football quarterback. Do you know what the demand for a football quarterback is now? Zip, none, notta. Everyone that watched or played the games is dead." Erika kept ranting, not even giving Sloane a chance to even respond or ask a question. "As good as I look and all he wanted was me on my knees in front of him, sucking his cock like some servant girl. Even tried to tell me how to do it. Does it look like these lips have never sucked a cock before?" Erika didn't wait for an answer. "Then he cums and wants to watch some porn movie until he gets hard again. If that wasn't bad enough, the movie was terrible, the actresses looking like whores that worked the streets for the last two decades. I strip sexily for him, and he keeps the television on, looking back and forth between me and the street whore."

"Calm down, Erika. It couldn't have been that bad." Sloane had never seen her carrying on like this before. Sure, you

always meet some bad lays, but you get over them and move on.

Erika ignored her and continued. "So I sit on his cock, rocking my hips gently back and forth, concentrating on clenching his cock with my pussy muscles, and he's still watching the fuckin' movie and those used whores." She paused just long enough to catch her breath and then started again. "He cums without even worrying about me. I thought he would at least eat me. He turns off the television; I'm thinking he would finally take care of me, and he turns over and says goodnight. Goodnight! I felt like killing the selfish bastard."

"Why didn't you come home last night?"

"He's one of the last men on earth," she shrieked loudly. "I'm not used to such a limited gene pool." She took a deep breath. "So I went to sleep, waking up before him. I slipped my mouth around his cock, finding it already hard. Not that it was a surprise. I don't know any man that doesn't wake up hard. So this time I deep throat the bastard. He cums in my mouth, and I swallow it like a good little slut, and before I even wipe my mouth, he is off into the shower leaving me alone and unfulfilled on the bed. I lay there fuming, finally hearing his voice yelling to me. Maybe he is finally coming around and wants me in the shower with him. Then I finally understand what he said.

"'Honey, think you can fix me some eggs and bacon for when I get out?' he says."

"I was out of there, still hearing him asking for some hot coffee. Selfish bastard. What I am going to do now? Fuck

Crazy Joe?" She finally stopped and looked at Sloane. "What's with that smug look on your face? Don't tell me that you got laid last night?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, I did."

"Who?"

"Ryan." She didn't say anything else.

"The young kid," even though he was about their age.

"What, did you have to teach him how to fuck?"

"Actually he was quite good. I slowly stripped for him. I thought I would have to lead him, but he got into it. Next thing I know, I'm naked, bent over with my backside to him, and he's staring at my asshole. We both masturbated as we watched each other cumming. Then we sixty-nine'd on the floor until he was hard, finally taking me from behind. He made me cum twice." Sloane hated to do this to Erika, but sometimes what you want is not what you get.

Erika began to laugh. "Hell, you were a better lay than Derek. And I imagine you're not very horny so I can't even get you to eat me. This world is fucked!"

"There are other men. You might be surprised by them. Besides Crazy Joe, unless your into bondage." In spite of what Crazy Joe did to them, Sloane still wondered why she got excited by it.

"Don't knock it unless you tried it. Maybe I should go for the meek accountant-type Michael."

Sloane answered so quickly that it scared her. "You stay away from him," she blurted out before she knew even why. It scared her as much as surprising Erika.

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"Now, what was that all about? You got your heart set on Michael?" Erika had never seen Sloane so possessive before. Especially for a man that they probably would have never dated.

Sloane found herself blushing, not even understanding her own rash outburst. "You just leave him alone."

Erika knew better than to push the question. Sloane sometimes became unreasonable, though it was usually during the "end of the month." "I'm gonna take a shower and relax."

\* \* \* \*

For the next two days, they both stayed close to home during the day, trying to make the house more theirs. Everyone had split up the food from Christopher's truck, all the houses having large freezers. It wasn't necessary to go to the motel each night, they could have eaten at home, but it was more social than necessary. Instead of full meals, Jason made snacks, enjoying cooking too much to quit. And the liquor was still holding out; Jason, Christopher and Scott taking a truck and raiding the Lodge grocery store of its available stock. They stopped at the gas station, but Crazy Joe was gone along with his tow truck. There was a lot of gas, but it wasn't as if they had any place they could go.

Erika and Sloane showed up, always the last to get there. "I want to make an entrance. You can't look this good and not have an appreciative audience," Erika insisting on it. With their limited selection of clothes, Erika always looked like a schoolgirl and Sloane always the chic, professional woman. It

made them both feel special, not that the attention they received each night would be otherwise.

Derek had gotten over his blunder with Erika but not before she gave him a piece of her mind. He hemmed and hawed, but even he finally saw the error of his ways. He wasn't going to be the football star any longer. He had been trying to get into Erika's good graces ever since, but she was putting him off, making him suffer for a while first. He'd have to make it up to her, and a good way would be with his tongue. Their next time would be all about satisfying Erika.

Erika was sitting with Scott and Christopher. She had decided that she was going to go home with Christopher. She broke the news to Scott that he would have to stay at the motel tonight, but it didn't seem to bother him. He knew that it would only be a matter of time when it would be Christopher spending the night in the motel.

"Mind if I join you?" Sloane stood over the table.

Michael could smell her perfume before she even came over to the table, the sweet fragrance etched in his brain. He tried not to look up when he heard the click of her heels, imagining those long slender legs perched high on the heels, the short skirt clinging to her sexy ass as she swayed seductively. His cock was hard, and he hadn't even seen her except for in his head. He finally looked up, his eyes not disappointed when he saw her. God, she was so sexy. She had a long skirt tonight, but he imagined her naked legs beneath it. But it was tighter than usual, her ass looking so inviting. She had a sweater on, getting colder every day, but



this wasn't a wool sweater, cashmere from the look of it. He could almost feel it beneath his fingertips. He stood up.

"No, sit down. You don't have to stand up when I come over."

"Just seems like the right thing to do." He sat down, but his eyes never left her body.

Sloane didn't understand Michael and that confused her. She usually knew what a man was thinking about, but not Michael. He seems to not even see her at times, like when she first came in, but now he couldn't take his eyes off of her. Not that she minded. And always the gentlemen. He was the one that rescued her, the others ready to blow the place apart, Michael more the thinking man, using his brain to outsmart Crazy Joe. "I haven't seen you around much during the day."

"We've been planting vegetables. Scott, Christopher and myself. We found a piece of land that has good soil and not a lot of rocks. Hard to find up here; after all, we are on a mountain. We raided the grocery store and managed to find lots of seeds. We're hoping to have them sprout before it gets too cold and then move them inside." Michael suddenly found himself talking more than usual. But he felt comfortable with Sloane, although he couldn't figure out why.

Sloane leaned over, "I think you might lose Christopher for the morning. I think he is going to take Erika home tonight. And if I know Erika, Christopher won't sleep much tonight."

Michael looked over, seeing a shit-eating grin on Christopher's face. He was glad for him. Erika would probably kill him, but what a way to go. "Derek didn't work out?"

"He was too much into himself and not her. Though I think he is starting to come around to Erika's way of thinking."

"Too bad, some women enjoy pleasuring a man for his sake only. And some men like to take their pleasure from women in other ways."

Sloane was surprised by what he said. She looked into his eyes, seeing that he was serious. That wasn't what she thought of Michael. He was always the perfect gentlemen. An accountant, not exactly an exciting life, more interested in pushing numbers around big pieces of paper. "That's an interesting point of view. Sort of like Crazy Joe's way of thinking." She smirked when she said it.

"Yes, maybe he wasn't so crazy after all." Michael looked at her, seeing the smirk on her face. "I did notice that you had very hard nipples. And if I'm not mistaken, I thought I could see your pussy glistening." He paused for just a second. "Maybe it was a bit wet?" He grinned evilly.

Sloane looked at him, feeling her face blush, trying to contain it, wanting to wipe the smug look off of his face. Damn bastard. *Did they all see the same thing, or was it only Michael?* "What are you implying?"

"Not implying anything; just stating an observation." He saw her blush, seeing that she realized the same thing. "Bondage does have a tendency to do things like that." He paused. "To a certain type of person."

"And what type of person might that be?" He was too smug, Sloane used to having the upper hand.

"Some people enjoy being bound and taken sexually. It takes away their choices and allows them to enjoy things that

they might have a tendency not to partake in if they had to choose."

"Are you talking from experience or just talking?" Michael was a mystery to her and every time she talked to him, she was left more confused.

"Just what I have heard. And read." He looked at her. "After all, I'm just an accountant."

Sloane still couldn't control her blushing and that only made her mad. Not at Michael but herself. She knew that he was partially right. She had felt something when she woke up and found herself bound and half naked. And it got worse as Crazy Joe took off all of her clothes. It wasn't Crazy Joe, but just the thought of anyone being able to do anything they wanted to her, that excited her. And then when they all came in to rescue her, looking at her in such a way, Sloane knowing that it wasn't her rescue that was in their head, it was taking Crazy Joe's place. She had to change the subject, feeling her pussy getting wet. *Will I take someone home tonight like Erika? Should it be Michael?* "How is your house doing?"

She changed the subject suddenly in the middle of the conversation, undoubtedly finding the subject becoming too personal. He would go along. "Fine. It's an amazing house. So much history and I think it has some deep, dark secrets."

"Yes, two spinsters if I remember correctly." Sloane remembered what Erika and she did to take the edge off sexually? "I'd like to see it sometime." *Am I hoping for an invitation tonight, or was it just my curiosity?*

"You're busy nights and I'm off during the day trying to grow things, but we could arrange something." He couldn't

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help getting the dig in about her nightlife. After all, she did go home with Ryan the other night.

"My night life is sporadic," she said sarcastically, as if it were any of his business. She couldn't understand why he disturbed her this much. Just like the outburst with Erika the other day. Sloane changed the subject again, not seeing an invitation coming any time soon. She began to hatch a plan.

Erika didn't last long until she left with Christopher. Sloane stayed for another hour, wanting to leave before Michael to show him that she was going home alone. There were a lot of disappointed faces as she left, but she didn't dare turn around to see if Michael was among them.

\* \* \* \*

It was so early in the morning that Erika wasn't even home. Even the shower felt cold, but it still didn't dampen the unfulfilled desires in Sloane's body. She woke up with her hand in her panties, her fingers wet, but the strong desire still between her legs. She didn't even try to masturbate, almost liking the way she felt. So naughty and on edge.

She stood across from Michael's house, hiding between the large trees. His car was still in the driveway, but she saw the lights on in the house. She had brought a thermos of coffee, not sure how long she would have to wait. She had dressed warm, jeans and a bulky sweater, a coat over it. The wait ended up longer than she had expected, over an hour and he still had not left. *What was he doing?* She snuck up to the front of the house, peering into one of the windows. It was the living room, a large room filled with antique furniture.

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Michael was nowhere. She crept silently around the other side, finally seeing a bright light shining out a window. She could hear the clatter of dishes, creeping up to the window. She took out her compact, opening it until the mirror was reflected back into the room. She saw Michael cleaning up the table, breakfast done. She watched until he washed off the dishes, finally leaving the room, going left down the hallway. She crept along the side of the house until she saw a light come on in the window ahead. She slid along the edge of the house, peeking with her compact mirror around until she could see in the room. It was a study, two walls filled with floor to ceiling bookshelves, a large, mahogany desk filling up the center of the room with its regal presence. Sloane was surprised by this room, more of a man's room than a room in the house of two spinsters.

Michael was doing something at the desk and then he moved over to the bookcase. It looked like he was trying to find a book. His hand reached in, but he didn't pull out a book. His hand came back empty handed and he suddenly moved backwards. Sloane was surprised when the bookcase began to move, one side of it opening up, the darkness inside not letting Sloane see anything. Michael seemed to know exactly what he was doing, walking inside in spite of the darkness, the bookcase closing back up as though it knew he had passed. She caught a glimpse of light coming on but the bookcase shut. A secret passage or a secret room. *What could the spinsters have that was so secretive?* Sloane waited impatiently until finally the bookcase opened up again, the light mysteriously turning off, Michael emerging from the

blackness. She stood back behind the window until the room lights went out. She waited, barely breathing as if Michael could hear her. It was only a few more minutes until she heard the front door closing and the engine of Michael's car starting up. She crept around the house, catching Michael driving off. She tried to contain her breathing, the excitement too much. *What was in the secret room? Is that why Michael didn't invite me over?* She opened her thermos, pouring another cup of coffee to get the chill off of her. She wanted to make sure that Michael wouldn't come back, afraid of getting caught. *How would I explain that?*

She finally couldn't wait any longer. Not only the excitement causing the impatience, but she had to pee, too much coffee this morning. She wasn't surprised that the front door wasn't locked; after all, they all had to break into the houses, the owners not leaving around an extra set of keys for the burglars.

She made her way through the house; her first priority was the bathroom. Sloane was surprised that it was so clean, Michael removing most of the frilly decorations. She sat down on the toilet, the seat still warm from Michael. She peed nosily, her bladder so full of coffee. Relieved, she pulled up her panties and jeans, ready to explore the house. The water was warm as she washed her hands, looking at her face in the mirror, smiling broadly at her bravado. Michael's mirror. She walked through the house, teasing herself for she knew where she wanted to go but denying it until she had gone through each and every room. She stopped longer at Michael's room, a large canopy bed out of place in a man's

room. She was ready to walk out when she saw a glimpse of something reflecting from the bed. She walked back over, looking up at the canopy, almost jumping back in surprise when she saw her reflection in the mirror above the bed. No wonder Michael didn't mind the bed. The canopy was lined with a giant mirror. Maybe Michael had a perverse mind that he hid from everyone. Now she was more intrigued about seeing the secret room. She rushed downstairs finding the room she wanted.

She entered, the smell of leather book covers filling the room. The floors were hardwood, the room reeking of a past generation. The desk was covered in papers and books, Sloane not surprised that Michael would still be pushing paper around. She walked over to the bookcase, suddenly all of them looking the same. It took her fifteen minutes before she found the right one, another ten minutes of searching the bookcase for the lever that would trigger it open. Her hand finally groped behind the book, finding a metal handle and pulling it down with some difficulty. She stepped back startled by the speed that it opened waiting until it showed its darkness. She tried to peer inside but could see nothing. She didn't know what to do. It was pitch black, yet Michael had entered and somehow lights had come on. She risked it, entering the darkness, feeling her way along until she felt something touching her foot, almost afraid that it might be a mouse when the lights came on. Suddenly the darkness was filled with lights, the door closing noisily behind her, but she didn't even look. For in front of her was something that shocked her senses. Or should have.

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It was out of medieval England, the room resembling a torture chamber. The room smelled of damp walls, the stone walls wet from the coldness in the room, Sloane not sure if it was the air or the feeling of the room that made it cold. It was a large room, Sloane not able to take in all that was about her, her mind confused as her eyes raced from one strange object to the next.

"Calm down," she told herself, her heart racing as she went over to the first contraption, unable to name it, almost unable to explain what it did. Her hand ran over the smooth, sleek wood; years of use had made it blemished with the stains of its occupants, dents in the wood where the victim struggled to get free. It was over six feet tall, two thick beams of wood shooting up majestically from the floor, a square wooden frame on the floor securing it from moving no matter how much the victim squirmed. About four feet up, two more beams ran perpendicular to the uprights, heavy iron bolts securing it to the twin uprights, one about a foot higher than the other. She began to recognize it, one large circle in the lower beam, two half circles on the beam above. It was some sort of stock, the lower beam would wrap around the victim's neck, holding the victim still. The upper one would hold one of the victim's wrists in each of the holes. Sloane ran her fingers around the lower one, the front of the beam stained where the victim had drooled while bound tightly inside. Sloane raised one hand up, touching the hole where a hand would be inserted, finding that the holes were on an iron track that moved from side to side. Once trapped inside the hole, the arms could be spread to the side or in the center



that would thrust them straight up. Either way the victim's upper body would be open and vulnerable.

Sloane looked at the floor, two more holes in the beam at the bottom, both of them on iron tracks, this time the beam wider than the frame. With the victim's legs bound in the holes, the legs could be spread, this time much wider than the arms. With both limbs spread, the body would be pulled taut. Sloane tried not to look at the other thing, but her eyes kept being drawn back to it. It rose up from the center of the floor beneath the stocks, a heavy metal spring making it bounce when Sloane touched it. It was on a thick wooden shaft, but what crowned it drew her attention. She reached out and touched it, feeling the smooth finish. It must be elephant tusk or ebony, highly polished, glistening in the lights. It was carefully carved to resemble a thick cock, the design intricate all the way down to the thick veins on the shaft that spiraled up. It was crowned with a thick head, the sharp rim flaring out, the head smooth and slick, even the outline of a hole in the center depicting the piss hole. And it was hard as a rock. It was at least eight inches long, longer than any woman could take without considerable pain. Sloane didn't see any mechanism to make it move up or down. Her hand ran down to the front of her jeans, wishing she hadn't worn anything so thick, her pussy drenched as she imagined what it would feel like to be bound in this. She touched the holes in the top of the stock again, pushing one hand slowly into the hole, not too far when she felt the gentle pressure as if the sides were closing in. She pulled her hand back, feeling the pressure release, her hand popping free. She pushed her

hand in again, this time she didn't pull it back when the pressure began. She pushed farther, feeling the pressure as the thickest part of her hand passed through the hole, the edges of the hole closing in around her wrist until it was secure. Sloane panicked, drawing her hand back out, the pressure releasing its grip as soon as she pulled back. The spinsters must have used this, the device holding them firm but allowing them to escape from it at any time.

She put her hand back in again, this time leaving it secure at her wrist, not afraid that she wouldn't be able to get it out. She pulled it out, bending down, putting one hand where a foot would go, feeling the same pressure. She pulled her hand out, released quickly and easily. She grew more excited. Her attention was drawn back to the fake cock in the center. She ran her hand up the shaft, feeling the thick veins, almost able to feel them inside her, rousing her passion as they rubbed her insides. Her hand circled the fake cock, slowly masturbating it, her hand going up to slide over the thick head, feeling the flanged rim pass through her fingers. She couldn't resist, bending over it, feeling it rub along her lips. She imagined that she had no choice, her mouth opening slowly as she was pushed down on it, feeling the cold, hard cock passing through her lips and into her open mouth. Her lips stretched wide, but she had no choice, submitting to having her mouth entered, her cheeks swelling out to accommodate the thickness of the head. She knew what she must do, her tongue swirling over the slick sides, making it wet as she felt every ridge and bump on the shaft. She took it deeper into her mouth, pushing harder until it banged against

the back of her mouth, choking her until she pulled back. She released it from her mouth, the fake cock slick with her saliva. She pushed down on the fake cock, surprised that the shaft retreated into the floor until it was only sticking up two feet. She tried to pull it back up, but it wouldn't move. *Have I broken it?* She pulled and tugged but it wouldn't move.

She moved over to the next. She knew exactly what its purpose was. It was a spanking bench. Or more to the point, a spanking table. In each of the far corners of the table were the hand stocks, just like the other one, on a track that moved in the direction to the other end of the table. They were already spread; these would just pull the victim until stretched taut. The edge of the table was round and smooth, with a leather bump in the center, the leather stained from its victims. Sloane looked down, the legs of the table having the foot stocks on a track that moved them far to the side, far wider than the table. Whoever designed this wanted the victim with wide-spread legs. The only purpose was to leave the victim with all of their orifices open and vulnerable. Male or female. And allow for their punishment, Sloane almost able to feel her ass being paddled while spread and bound.

Her hand ran over the leather bump, knowing its purpose now. It would be pressed up against the sex of the victim, allowing them the pleasure of rubbing sensuously while their buttocks were thrust out, allowing for their punishment. Pain and pleasure, just as Michael had said. It was almost as this house was built for him. Or for her.

She looked around the room, the walls covered with shackles hanging from black iron chains, bolted securely into

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the walls. And there was other furniture, all built to hold the victims secure, their bodies spread and ready to be ravished with pain or pleasure. She looked at her watch, realizing that she had been inside the room for an hour. She was afraid of Michael catching her, taking one last look behind her as she went back into the library, the door opening as she passed over the trip switch, the lights plunging the room into darkness behind her. She rushed out of the house, eager to go home and masturbate, her panties drenched in desire.

\* \* \* \*

She made a lunch, Jason telling her where Michael and the others were gardening. It was after one o'clock when she found them, glad they had not eaten yet. She passed around her sandwiches and potato salad, paying more attention to Christopher and Scott than Michael. Christopher looked tired, but he had this shit-eating grin on his face, the face of a very content and satisfied man. Hopefully Erika felt the same way. She was already in bed when Sloane returned from Michael's house so it must have been satisfying.

"I just thought I would bring you lunch," Sloane said loudly to all of them. "Since I might be begging you for fresh vegetables next year." She really wanted to see how long they would be spending each day.

"Thanks, Sloane," Scott answered. "We appreciate it."

"You're all working so hard. How long do you work here each day?" She tried to be casual about it, but her heart was racing for she had a plan for tomorrow.

It was Michael that answered, wiping his mouth and swallowing before he spoke. "All of the morning. We are just about finished for the day, but we do appreciate the lunch. And the company." He smiled at her, his cock hard as soon as he saw her get out of the car, the tight jeans pressed hard between her legs.

"Always enjoy you boys," she smiled seductively. "So how long before you have to move them indoor?"

"I didn't know that you were so interested," Michael sensing something more sinister in her questioning.

"I just love fresh vegetables, and you are my only salvation." Sloane trying not to sound like she was fishing, but had a genuine interest.

"Another week or two. Then it will be too cold, and we take a chance of losing them to the first frost." Scott almost sounded like an expert.

Sloane stayed around for twenty more minutes, then excused herself as graciously as she could. She could feel all of the men's eyes on her ass as she swayed seductively back to her car, hoping that Michael's eyes were the most intent.

\* \* \* \*

Sloane masturbated while Erika slept, her mind conjuring up her plan for tomorrow. She came hard but still was aroused when she was finished. The excitement of tomorrow kept playing over in her mind all day, even when Erika spoke of her night with Christopher and how satisfied he had made her. Erika loved a man that paid special attention to her, and Christopher was eager to please.

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It was still dark when Sloane woke up, not able to sleep much, each time waking up to find her hand in her panties, her pussy wet. She didn't cum, teasing herself for when she would cum later. She finally got out of bed and went into the living room, finding a book to read while she sipped her morning coffee. Erika had gone out last night again, this time it was Scott that warmed the bed with her. *Would she make a play for Michael next in spite of what I had told her?* She seemed to be sleeping with every man there was.

The sun had come up when she arrived, walking over to Michael's, a short distance in the nippy air of the morning. She peered through the woods, Michael's car still in the driveway, the lights on in the house. She sipped her thermos of coffee while she waited patiently for Michael to leave, the coffee warming her up. It was colder today, since she wore a skirt and sweater today, not the jeans. She wanted to be dressed, or better put undressed. She looked over at the house when the door closed, Michael walking over to the car, looking around as if looking for something. She began to panic. *Did he sense something?* He got into the car and drove off. This time Sloane waited longer, almost half an hour, finally having to go inside, too much coffee making her first stop inside the bathroom again. She felt almost sinful as she peed in Michael's toilet, but it was nothing compared to what she would be doing soon enough in his secret room.

She hastily walked to the library, finding the handle that made the bookcase open, stepping back so it could beckon

her inside. She didn't hesitate, her excitement rising as she passed into the darkness, the door closing behind her, the light blazing as she entered the room. The room was still etched in her mind from yesterday, able to feel it as she masturbated last night. She walked over to the stocks, her heart racing as she sensuously ran her hands over the thick wood. She pushed one hand in the upper stock, feeling the pressure as the hole encased her wrist. She didn't panic, calmly pushing her hand in farther until she felt her wrist secured. She could feel her pulse racing. She pulled her hand out, feeling the pressure release as she pulled free. She checked out the two hand holes, the neck hole and the feet holes, all of them releasing her hand when she pulled out. She reached down to stroke the fake cock, hoping that it wasn't busted as it sat too low to do any good between her legs. She would have to get on her hands and knees, but she did, her mouth open in a big O over it, almost able to feel the pressure on the back of her head as though she was being forced to do it. The slick, cold head slipped through her lips, forcing them wide open until the corner of her mouth felt like tearing, the head popping through her lips as they shut and captured it just behind the ridge. Like a servant girl, she tongued the head in preparation, her head rocking back and forth as she began to take it deeper into her mouth. She could only imagine how she looked, bent over, sucking a fake cock, her ass thrust up into the air submissively. It only made her hotter. She pushed hard, the thick, unyielding head pushed to the back of her mouth, a gag coming from deep inside her as her tonsils were tickled by its thickness. She let

the head sit at the back of her mouth, each time pushing forward just enough to make her gag, backing off as her stomach churned as she choked. *What would it feel like to have it shoved down my throat?* Sloane unable to do it on her own. She licked it one last time, pulling her mouth off of the head so she could lick up and down the long shaft, feeling every bump and ridge from the gnarled veins etched in the shaft until it was slippery. She just hoped she would get to feel it inside her.

Sloane got up, taking one last look at the closed door before she took off her coat, putting it down. Her sweater was next, pulling it over her head, her eyes nervously casting back and forth to the door as though she was expecting it to open at any time. She felt the coolness of the air as she reached back and deftly unsnapped her bra, slipping it down over her breasts, enjoying the way the material slipped over her nipples, the coolness of the air and the touch of the bra exciting them to hardened points in seconds.

She stood half naked in the room, her hand sliding down to the waist of her skirt, undoing the button, the zipper sliding down with a quiet whisper as though she didn't want anyone to know that she was stripping naked. She kicked the skirt aside, eager to get on the stocks, drawing her damp panties down her legs and kicking them off. She stood naked in the cool air, but her body was burning up with desire. She kicked off her shoes. She walked over to the stocks. She pushed the two foot holes close together, hesitantly putting one foot into the hole. Her heart pounded in her chest when she felt the hole compress around her ankle, hugging it tightly. She pulled



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up, the foot pulling out, then pushed back in again, this time the ball of her foot flat on the floor. She felt her ankle being trapped in the hole, her pussy so wet that she could feel her juices running down the inside of one thigh. God, she had never been like this before, unable to control her arousal.

She took a deep breath and put her other foot in the other hole until she felt the ground beneath it, the pressure tight around both of her ankles. She had never felt anything like this before, her chest rising and falling as she tried to breathe. She pushed with one leg, the hole sliding to the right, feeling her legs begin to spread. She felt a rush of wetness spilling down her thigh. She pushed with her other leg, feeling the gap between her legs widening, her pussy opening up to the damp, cool air. She imagined that she was being spread against her will; her legs forced open wider and wider. She stopped, eager to go farther. She moved her upper body forward until her neck pushed between the half circle. This was not like the others, this was hinged, Sloane grabbing the other half of the board and pulling it until she felt the two half circles meeting, her neck pinned between them. There was a small catch on the front, Sloane snapping it shut, gulping loudly as she felt the pressure all around her neck, filling her lungs deeply as though it would be her last breath. She couldn't look down, forced to look straight forward.

Now it was time for her hands, her final surrender. She hesitantly pushed one hand up into the first circle, feeling the pressure. She pulled back one last time just to test it, still not completely secure that she wouldn't be trapped in the stocks

forever. Her hand was instantly released from its bondage. She pushed her hand back in again, this time all the way in, the pressure around her wrist holding her snugly. She moved her other hand into the last circle, holding her breath as she felt the wrist trapped by the tightness. She had never felt as helpless as she did now. Or so excited: her heart racing a mile a minute, her breathing ragged, her naked body sweating in spite of the cool air. She pushed her arms out, feeling the stocks slide to each side, feeling her naked breasts swinging freely. Her legs were next, pushing one, then the other, her legs spreading wider as though she was being forced into this bound position.

She pulled her legs back together, then out again, her pussy clenching tightly, wishing that something was between her legs. Back out, then back in, Sloane suddenly stopping when she heard the noise. It was a creak, as though something was moving. She looked at the doorway, still closed. She moved her legs open and closed, her arms mimicking the action until she heard it again. It was louder this time. She thought she heard it beneath her. *Is it the stocks my feet are in that is making the noise?* She had to find out, pulling each arm out of the holes, her heart skipping a beat until they pulled free. She unlocked the snap on the neck stock, pulling it away so she could look down. Then she saw it, smiling broadly. The fake cock had moved up. Not more than a couple of inches, but it moved. So she didn't break it. And she was hoping that she could enjoy the feeling of it piercing her between her legs. All she had to do

was open and close her arms or legs. Or both. She would find out soon enough.

Sloane put the neck stock around her again, clasping it tight. Her arms eagerly went into the holes until she felt the tightness around her wrists, her pussy soaking wet, imagining when the thick, hard fake cock would push between her lips. She began to open and close her legs, eager to feel something hard bumping against her pussy. She wasn't sure if she heard the creaking again, or was it just sliding easier now after a long absence of use. She moved her arms out and back, each time wider, feeling her breasts swaying sensually as her body began to race to a fever pitch. She clenched her pussy as she pulled her legs back together, relaxing her muscles as she spread them wider, feeling her pussy lips pulling back as her legs spread wider and wider. She found her hips rotating as she moved back and forth, eagerly seeking out the first touch of the fake cock.

"EEEEHH," the unexpected noise came out of her mouth, feeling a gentle pressure between her legs. She stopped moving, frozen in expectation. She moved her hips gently, feeling something pressed between her legs. She remembered how big and thick it was, almost able to see it, the tip just barely touching her. She couldn't breathe, her lungs refusing to fill with air, her arousal taking away her other bodily functions. She slowly spread her legs, imagining how it must look, the fake cock poised to enter her, and she was willingly spreading her legs in anticipation that it would rise higher. Her arms pushed wider in sync with her legs, feeling the pressure between her legs increasing. She felt the

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unmistakable bluntness and hardness between her pussy lips, pushing them aside as her legs opened and closed. She gasped as her lips began to spread, the cold shaft warmed quickly by her overheated pussy, sliding along with ease between her slick lips. She relaxed the muscles of her pussy as she felt the pressure, her muscles pushed open by the sheer hardness of the fake organ. She felt it opening her up from the inside, the head bigger than she thought; the pressure increasing as her legs opened and closed quicker now, the excitement taking over her senses. "EEWWWW," the thick head opened her muscles, the flared ridge pushed inside her. She felt her pussy close around the head, the flared ridge keeping her insides open. She could barely breathe; her legs still as she tried to accommodate the thickness between her legs. She took a deep breath, eager to feel it fuck her, eager to cum while bound.

Her legs slowly spread wider, feeling the fullness of the fake cock as it slid deeper inside her. She spread her arms to the side, all the way to the end. Her legs spread wider as she tried to accommodate the fake cock.

"CLICK!"

It sounded so loud as if it were Big Ben ringing on the hour. Her heart skipped a beat; Sloane froze when she heard it. She tried to move her arms, the stocks not moving back into the center. She tried to pull her arms from the stock, stopped as the thickness of her hands wouldn't pass through the tightened holes. Her legs were spread over three feet wide, Sloane flexing her thigh muscles trying to slide her legs closed. They moved an inch and then stopped. Fear set in as

she tried to push her ankles out, the stock rubbing harshly against her skin, stopped before it moved more than half an inch. *What have I done?* The stock around her neck felt tighter, almost cutting off her air supply. Her body began to sweat profusely. *What am I going to do? Will Michael find me as he did before with Crazy Joe, naked and bound? What would happen if he didn't come down here for a while? A few days? Try to think yourself out of this, Sloane, try to remain calm.* Maybe if she pushed her legs wider and then back in, they would move. It could just be something stopping them along the track, wishing that she could see down, but her hands were trapped, unable to take the stock from around her neck.

She moved her legs wider, feeling the stocks move easily, stopping when they moved about an inch or two. She flexed her muscles, trying to close them, nothing moving at all. She felt the fake cock slide deeper inside her, her panic starting to be overshadowed by the pleasure of having her pussy split open by the hard, demanding fake cock. She had never felt so full before. Or so trapped. Her naked body spread and bound and Sloane unable to do anything. Passion took over good sense though, spreading her legs wider, flexing her muscles as she tried to close them, the fake cock sliding deeper inside her, the flanged ridge keeping her stretched open from within. She could feel the beginning of the veins on the shaft rousing along her sleek, wet passage, teasing her. She moved her legs wider, feeling her crotch almost ache from the wide spread, but she felt the fake cock slide deeper inside her, filling her like no man had ever done before. It was so hard,

her insides pushed aside by its brute force, Sloane's body rising up as she tried to accommodate the thickness inside her. She began to roll her hips, flexing her pussy muscles, trying to open her legs wider, anything to feel it fuck deeper inside her. Even if it meant that she would be split up the middle. She felt it move inside her, pushing higher, her legs spreading wider. God, it felt so good. She even pushed her arms out wider until they reached to the end, wishing that something would stimulate her nipples, the tips sharp and pointed, wanting attention. Her legs were spread wide, all the way to the edge, feeling like she was being split up the middle. Which she was by the fake cock. There was another click. She began to rotate her hips, finding that she could move her legs closed a little, but stopped when she moved no more than about six inches. She opened them back up again, feeling the fake cock moving inside her as her hips moved back and forth as she began to fuck the fake cock. She no longer cared if she were trapped. She would worry about that after she had cum. For that was her mission now. To fuck the fake cock until she came.

She was quite a sight to see, her lower body undulating back and forth, half of the fake cock disappeared between her legs, her legs opening and closing, her breasts bouncing seductively as she fucked the cock that shot up from the floor. Her hair was plastered to her sweaty forehead, unable to move her arms, trapped and spread. Her eyes were almost glazed over in lust, her juices glistening as they slid down the part of the shaft that was not inside her, lubricating it as it rose up higher and higher as if it had a mind of its own. And

she squeezed her muscles on it as though it was flesh, eager to return the pleasure it was giving her. It felt like over half of the shaft was inside her, feeling every ridge and bump on the veins as slid over her tight passage, rousing her passion. She didn't know whether it would stop or not, but she no longer cared, feeling it slide up inside her. Her legs moved out and back, the strange device almost having a brain, allowing her enough movement to keep the fake cock pushing inside her.

It spread her open from the inside, feeling the head of the cock nudging against her cervix. She didn't know if it would keep going and split her up the middle, but her arousal overcame good judgment. She found that her legs were allowed to move more, Sloane not even thinking about closing them; all she wanted was to control the fake cock that split her so passionately up the middle. She felt the pressure against her cervix, spreading her legs as wide as she could without splitting her up the middle, then closing them, finding that they moved over a foot along the track until they stopped. She spread them again, a sharp moan from her lips as she felt the giant head retreating from her pussy, the thick flange dragging along her sensitive passage. Luckily she was in good shape, her thigh muscles flexing and un-flexing as the fake cock began to fuck her, sliding back, then inside, back out, farther this time, then pushing back in. It was fucking her, a machine was fucking her and the only thing she could do was fuck back.

It took five minutes, but by that time the shaft was pulling almost all the way out, her pussy muscles were clinging to the sharp ridge, holding it inside her until she felt it moving

back inside her. Her legs were opening and closing almost two feet. When spread wide, they were open over four feet. She felt every hard inch slide inside her, gripping it with as much passion as she would a man's cock.

"AAAAGGHHHH," she screamed out, her shrill voice of ecstasy ringing off the rock walls as she came as though it was her first time. Her body jerked and shuddered, pulled taut by the stocks that kept her spread open. She came as her legs spread wide, Sloane finding that they didn't close this time, not caring, milking the fake cock inside her as she came all over the hard surface. For some reason it continued to move inside her as she came, not much but just enough that Sloane felt it was real. Her body went into a series of tremors as she came, finally stopping. She still couldn't move, her body drawn taut and spread, her pussy still split by the fake cock. She couldn't breath, her chest rising and falling as she tried to recover, the reality of the situation returning. She was still bound and spread naked and no way to get out. She tried to move her legs, but they held firm, not even an inch would they move.

\* \* \* \*

She stayed still for almost half an hour, though she was sure it was longer. Her pussy was still split open by the fake cock, and her crotch ached from being spread so wide. The sweat had been dried up by the cool air, her nipples so sensitive that they swelled with just a gentle breeze, the cool air turning them into hard, sensitive tips. She didn't know what she was going to do, but in the afterglow of her orgasm,



it didn't seem to matter as much now. Her mind began to wander, closing her eyes as she imagined it was Michael watching her. Michael behind her. Michael inside her. She found her hips moving again, sliding up and down the thick, slippery shaft. Her passion increased. She found that her legs could move again. First, just an inch, then more until she could flex them open and closed about a foot. The fake cock began to move again inside her, Sloane imagining Michael's cock inside her, her pussy clenching possessively on the cock. She didn't know how or why, but she rode the cock to another orgasm, her sweat-drenched body shuddering in pleasure after another half an hour of fucking. Her body was exhausted, but the stocks held her taut and upright, unable to do anything.

She couldn't help it, another hour later her passion aroused. Her mind was wandering, testing the stocks that held her, feeling the pleasure as she found she was unable to move, the cock still sitting deep inside her. She began the ritual of opening and closing her legs, this time Sloane finding a wider range of movement, but making no attempt to get loose. She wanted to feel another orgasm first. When she closed her legs and then opened them wide, the fake cock would slide in deep, then pull back, the flanged head made a vacuum behind it, drawing her insides out when it withdrew. Back in it went, Sloane fucking herself with the same vigor that she did the first time. It took a long time, but Sloane never wavered, her hips pumping up and down as she rode the fake cock for a third and final orgasm. The explosive orgasm overtook her body, five minutes of earth shattering

pleasure racing through her body. When she finally stopped, she found her legs together, gripping the fake cock inside her. She pulled one leg up, surprised to find that it pulled from the hole. She moved her arms toward the center, hearing a click and her hands pulled free from the stocks. She undid the clasp on the neck stock, opening it up, rubbing her neck and pushing her sweat-drenched hair from her face. She looked down, one leg still in a stock, the other free, but her body held up by the thick cock that was still inside her. She pulled her other leg free, balancing delicately, still speared by the demanding cock.

She stood on her tiptoes, sliding her body off of the cock, feeling it rub her tender insides, the exhaustion of the multiple orgasms turning her muscles to mush. She looked down, the cock soaking wet with her juices. She knew what she must do, bending over until she took it in her mouth, her tongue cleaning it up like an obedient girl. She dressed slowly, her muscles refusing to move, looking at her watch. She had been in here for three hours. She finally got dressed, putting on her coat as she walked out. The door closed behind her as Sloane left the house, the walk home feeling much longer as her legs refused to hold her up.

Luckily Erika wasn't home when she got there, so she didn't have to explain herself, if she could have. She fell into bed, exhausted but satisfied like no other time in her life. She began to fall asleep, but her mind kept wandering, trying to decide if it was the bondage that drove the orgasms from her body.

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## CHAPTER 8

### The Teacher

Brian was sitting with David at the motel bar, Michael joining them. Brian was sure that everyone figured out that Brian and David were gay, but nobody seemed to care. Brian just assumed that it meant less competition for the only two girls. And Erika was almost like a girlfriend to David, spending as much time with him as any of the other guys. She probably felt comfortable that he didn't have an ulterior motive.

Brian was the first one to mention it, not sure why he did. "So I see you looking at Sloane all the time, but I never see you go home with her." He paused for a moment. "Not that it's my business."

*Was I that obvious? Did Sloane notice the same thing?* "I didn't think that it was so blatant," Michael answered.

"I can see love in people's eyes, or at least lust." Just as he saw it in David's eyes tonight. And tonight he would see if David is really up to the challenge of being gay. Brian would teach David what he would have to do to please Brian.

"Sloane is a very complex person. I'm not sure what she is looking for, and I'm not sure if she is ready for someone like me."

"She does have her mysteries, but it also sounds like you do also. You'd be surprised; maybe you are both more compatible than you let on to be." He waited for a moment.

"Or maybe she will adapt to your way of thinking. Sometimes people just need to be trained."

Michael looked at Brian, puzzled. He used the word trained, not the type of word you would use in referencing a lover. "An interesting concept, but I'm not sure it would be very acceptable in an equal relationship or with women's liberation."

"There are some relationships that aren't built in equality. Where one is the dominant partner and the other submissive." He looked at David and then back to Michael. "There are a few that enjoy that type. Even as the submissive." Brian didn't even move a muscle when he felt David's hand on his leg, keeping his eyes straight ahead, though his cock didn't react the same way. He felt it rising up in his pants, eager to feel the touch of David's hand higher up.

David couldn't take his hands off of Brian. David knew that Brian wasn't just talking about Michael and Sloane, but with their own relationship. Or budding relationship. Ever since the first night, neither of them had moved the relationship forward, David masturbating nightly as he relived the powerful hands of Brian on his cock over and over in his head, almost able to feel them on his cock. David took a deep breath and then let his hand slid over to Brian's leg. He felt the muscles quiver beneath his touch, but Brian didn't even look in his direction.

"I'm not sure that Sloane would fit into that category. She is very strong willed."

"It has nothing to do with being strong willed. A submissive could be a very powerful figure in their everyday life, but sexually they might desire to be the opposite, surrendering their choice to their partner. Some that unable to surrender their choices instead prefer that bondage take it away from them. They are more comfortable in the knowledge that they had no choice but to submit and find that they can enjoy the most perverse acts with a naïve innocence." The hand slid higher up his leg, moving to within inches of his cock. Brian couldn't stop his cock from jerking in expectation. He couldn't stop from looking down at David's hand as it curled around his leg, Brian's cock pushing out the front of his pants obscenely.

Michael turned to see Erika and Sloane walking in, all eyes turned to see them. All except for David and Brian for they were engaged in something much more. And Michael felt like an intruder. "I should go pay court to the two Queens," Michael kidded, trying to excuse himself politely.

"Maybe to make you stand out, you should treat them like servant girls instead." Brian made one last comment as Michael walked away to meet the girls, his face beaming as he saw Sloane.

Brian turned to David, his hand slipping over David's and moving it up until Brian felt it on his cock. He guided it back and forth over his cock as it jerked and shuddered in pleasure.

It was the first time David had ever felt another man's cock, Brian taking David's hand and making him rub the cock that throbbed beneath his touch. David couldn't believe that

his hand could do such a thing. Yes, he had done it to himself, but this was different, another man enjoying his touch. His heart leaped when Brian moved close to him, their lips only inches apart, feeling Brian's breathe on his. And then Brian kissed David, Brian's lips hard and demanding, Brian's hand rubbing David's hand harder on Brian's cock. His tongue entered David's mouth, running over his teeth and tongue, David resigned to accepting the probing tongue as it pushed his tongue to the bottom of his mouth. The kiss felt like it lasted for hours, David sure that everyone had stopped and was watching them. When the kiss broke, leaving David gasping for air, he looked around, all of the others engaged in conversation with each other as if nothing had even happened. *Was it just my imagination or was it just a natural thing?*

"It is time to go, David," pulling David's hand from Brian's cock, not that David wanted to, but he wanted more and home was where he would get it. Brian got up, David following him as they walked out the door silently.

David followed Brian liked a trained puppy, not even saying goodbye to anyone, his mind reeling as to what he will be asked to do when they got home. He had never taken a man's cock in his mouth, but he knew tonight that he would lose the virginity of his mouth. *Will I be able to perform? Will Brian cum in my mouth and expect me to swallow it?* His mind churned with the endless possibilities as they drove in silence the short distance home.

They got out of the car, Brian drawing David closer to him as they walked to the door. Brian walked in first, David right

behind him. Before David could finish closing the door, Brian pushed David hard against the door, Brian's mouth crushing David's with a powerful kiss that took his breath away. Brian's probing tongue took control, racing over every nook and crevice in David's mouth. But David only felt the hard cock that was rubbing back and forth over his cock, wanting so much to feel their naked flesh touching.

Brian broke the kiss, seeing David's wet lips a testament to the kiss, the look of innocent excitement in his eyes. "Undress me," Brian's order brief and demanding.

David obeyed, his fingers opening the buttons of Brian's shirt until David's fingers played over Brian's powerful abs, moving up to feel the hair on his chest, seeking out the nipples that surprised David by their hardness. He squeezed them gently, rewarded with the delightful jerking of the cock pushed up against him. David slipped the shirt off Brian's shoulders, letting it slip to the floor, David's hands running over the muscles of Brian's upper arms. David wanted to feel Brian, unbuttoning his own shirt so fast that buttons ripped off in his eager anticipation. David groaned in pleasure when their chests met, feeling the hard nipples push into his chest almost painfully. Brian kissed David again, this time Brian's hand behind David's head, pulling him hard against Brian as their lips met.

"Use your tongue where your fingers have gone." Brian still held David's head in his powerful grip, pushing it lower until Brian felt the hot, wet tongue slide across his chest. The tongue raced across his flesh, Brian moving David's head until Brian felt the lips engulf his hard nipple, sucking it deep into

David's mouth as his teeth nibbled hard just beneath the swollen tip. His tongue flicked across the tips, exciting Brian's cock.

David tasted Brian's salty skin, David's tongue sliding across the coarse hair of Brian's chest, David moving his head submissively until the hardened nipple passed over his lips. He sucked it instantly into his mouth, biting gently on the nipple as his tongue played over the small, but hard nipple. David couldn't wait, sliding his hand down over Brian's powerful abs and below his belt to find the throbbing cock. David gripped it tightly, his hands folding around the thick shaft, sliding up and down through Brian's pants. David had never felt such passion before, wanting so much to drop to his knees and free the cock from Brian's pants so his mouth could go to work on it. David could almost taste the thick, salty cum as it leaked from the head into his waiting mouth.

"On your knees," Brian ordered David. Brian still held David's head, not that he needed to, Brian just wanted David to feel the power Brian had over him. Brian didn't have to say anything else, David's hands already going to work on Brian's pants. The belt was first, David's eager hands unsnapping Brian's pants. David fumbled with the zipper, inexperienced at pulling down a zipper that was not his own. The gentle hiss of the zipper sliding down filled the silence of the room, Brian lifting up David's head until it was only inches from Brian's cock. He could almost feel the hot breath on his cock. David slid the pants down, his fingers touching Brian's naked thighs only adding to the excitement, his shorts still confining his cock.



David slid the pants off, his hands moving back up the powerful thighs of Brian feeling the muscles flex as David drew his hands slowly up Brian's inner thighs. Brian's cock was etched in his shorts, David licking his lips in anticipation. His fingers moved to the front of Brian's shorts, one hand clasped around the heavy ball sack beneath, the other hand curling around the shaft. Both hands gripped tighter, David feeling Brian's balls move about in the sack; David's other hand pinching the shaft as he began to methodically inspect Brian's cock.

Brian let David explore his cock and balls, holding David's head but not guiding him, enjoying the gentle pressure on his balls and the fingers moving like a thousand fingers along his shaft. His fingers started at the base of Brian's cock, crawling up as if memorizing every inch of the shaft, squeezing and rubbing the jumping cock as Brian tried to contain his enthusiasm. He felt the fingers desert his balls, both hands now outlining his cockhead in his shorts, one hand around the edge, the other hand rubbing the head back and forth until Brian couldn't contain himself, a spurt of cum leaking from the head.

It was bigger than David's had expected. Especially the head, David's fingers outlining the thick head in Brian's shorts. David rubbed it back and forth until he was rewarded with a wet spot on Brian's shorts, David smiling broadly as he made a man cum for the first time. It was only a drop, but it was a milestone to David. He began a gentle masturbation, not sure if Brian wanted David to free Brian's cock of the tight shorts. David's fingers slid from the base, all the way up to

the head, scraping his fingernail just under the rim as Brian had done to David, Brian's tightening hands on his head acknowledging the pleasure he was giving Brian.

"Take off my shorts," the next order from Brian's mouth more husky, his passion increasing. It was the moment of truth for David. *Will I be able to perform?* David's hands almost felt soft as he drew down Brian's shorts, his cock flopping as it was freed from the tight constraints of his shorts. His shorts were pulled down his legs, Brian eagerly awaiting the return of David's hands, this time on Brian's naked flesh. He lifted up David's head until he was staring at Brian's cock. "Touch it with your hands first."

First. That only meant that David's mouth was next. He looked intently at the cock that bobbed only inches from his face. The shaft was long, over six inches, crowned by a thick head, an angry red, the thick ridge encircling it making it thicker, David imagining what it would feel like the first time it entered his mouth. His lips would have to stretch wide to take it all in. The head was still wet. David's hand cupped Brian's balls, feeling the heat in them, rolling the twin balls around as they tried to escape David's grip. His other hand wrapped around the thick shaft, his fingers curled around it, slowly masturbating up and down as he pulled the cock out until it was almost at a right angle, the head aimed at his mouth. His hand slid slowly up and down the shaft, feeling the thick veins, moving higher each time until his fingers touched the sensitive underside of the thick ridge, tightening his fingers around the throbbing flesh. David almost felt a power in his hands, the ability to bring such pleasure, the

cock jerking and shuddering in his hands as he controlled it with his gentle up and down masturbation.

Brian couldn't control the pleasure, feeling David's hot breath on the head of his cock. Brian had to have David's mouth. "Lick it," Brian's tone pointed and commanding. "Start at the base and move up the side. Not the head yet." He began to instruct David in what Brian liked.

David took a deep breath. This was it, Brian wanted his mouth, or at least David's tongue first. He lifted Brian's cock up until it stood up straight, pushed against Brian's stomach. David bent over more, his tongue out of his mouth as he pushed his head forward until his tongue came into contact with the hot flesh of Brian's cock. David had to hold the cock tighter as it jerked with the first touch of his tongue. His tongue ran up the shaft, from the base all the way to the head, stopping just short of the thick head. He lathered the shaft with his wet tongue, feeling the sharp ridges of the veins that sent Brian's blood pulsating into the thick head. Brian's hands pushed David's head down lower, knowing what Brian wanted. David almost choked the first time as he sucked in one of Brian's balls into his mouth, the thick hairs filling David's mouth. His tongue rushed back and forth over it, David's hand returning to masturbate the shaft of Brian's cock.

David was good even though he didn't know it. A natural-born cocksucker. He was sucking Brian's balls into his mouth, hairy sack and all; David's other hand moving up and down Brian's shaft. Brian groaned in pleasure as David's mouth released the one ball, but his teeth nibbled gently on the ball

sack, tugging and biting on the soft skin. The tongue never slowed down, running over the ball sack and then back up the shaft.

David looked up at Brian. "Please," David begged. "Let me put it in my mouth." David was wetting his lips in anticipation, his hand holding the head of Brian's cock only an inch from his mouth. David had to taste Brian. And soon, David wishing he was naked so he could masturbate while he sucked Brian's cock.

"Slowly," Brian encouraged him. "Lick the head. Taste me." Brian held his breath, but he couldn't have anticipated the pleasure he felt when David's tongue took a wide swipe over the head of his cock. Cum leaked from the head, licked up eagerly by David's tongue.

David's tongue ran over the smooth crown, his hand holding the shaft tight to keep it still. His tongue ran over the piss hole, rewarded with some cum leaking out the head, the first time David had ever tasted another man's salty cum. He savored it for a moment, then began to run his tongue along the edge of the head, finding the soft, sensitive underside and tickling it with the tip of his tongue. He lavished his attentions on the head, licking it like a boy would a lollipop.

Brian struggled not to shove his cock into David's mouth, wanting instead to savor the taking of David's virgin mouth. His tongue danced over the head of Brian's cock, lathering it up, urging out little bursts of cum, David eagerly licking it up like a kitten with a saucer of milk.

David began to stroke the shaft with one hand, his tongue running over the end of the shaft. He felt the cock growing in

his hand, so proud that he could do such a thing. Then he heard Brian's voice, hearing the excitement in his voice.

"Put it in your mouth." Brian's hand returned to David's head, wanting to guide him with the way to pleasure Brian. His heart jumped when he felt David's wet lips slide over the head, his hot breath blowing on the end until Brian felt the tightness of David's lips around the head, trapping it into his hot, willing mouth. "Yeees, so nice, David." Brian spread his legs wider, feeling one of David's hands slide between them to cup Brian's balls, gently clenching and unclenching them as if trying to coax the cum from deep inside.

David felt the hot flesh on his lips, opening his mouth wider as the smooth head seemed to slide in with ease, his spit already making it slick. He tightened his lips, feeling the head swell up, his lips forced open, David trying to keep them as tight as he could for Brian's pleasure. David never felt such a thing before, his mouth taking in a man's cock for the first time, his lips trapping the head just beneath the thick ridge of its head. He swiped his tongue across the tip of the cock in his mouth, tasting the salty cum leaking to bathe his taste buds. He ran his tongue all around the head, lathering it up until it was slippery with spit and cum. David was hesitant, almost expecting Brian to begin thrusting his hips, driving the long cock deeper into David's mouth, David not knowing how much of it would fit in his mouth. *Or would Brian try to drive it down my throat?* David's fingers slid up and down the shaft, pumping it into his mouth, his tongue never tiring as it ran all over the thick head that felt like it was growing bigger in his mouth. David began to relax, Brian content to let David suck

his cock, though Brian's hands held David's head still, applying pressure to both sides of his head. He began to draw more of the cock into his mouth, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked it into his mouth.

Brian tilted David's head back so he could see David, enjoying the way his cock speared David's lips, forced wide open. David's nostrils flared as he tried to fill his lungs with air, his mouth blocked by the thick cock. Brian saw and felt his cock being sucked in by David's powerful suction, half of Brian's cock inside David's mouth, half outside with his hand stroking it. Brian stroked David's face tenderly, David taking the initiative, his head slowly rocking back and forth, the cock sliding in and out of the tight, slick lips. "Slowly, David. Let me enjoy you." He didn't want to rush, enjoying too much the virgin mouth sucking his cock with such inexperience but enthusiastically.

More and more of the cock filled his mouth, pressing against his cheeks, poking them out, Brian's hand running over David's cheeks as Brian felt his cock on the inside. It was almost as though Brian was purring with pleasure, David focusing all of his attention on the cock in his mouth. His head moved up and down, more and more of the cock entering his mouth, feeling it push to the back, Brian still doing little more than holding David's head, David doing all the work.

"Take out your cock and masturbate with me." Brian watched as David's hands went to the front of his pants, eagerly opening them, his hands pulling his cock out the front of his shorts. All the while his mouth didn't leave Brian's cock, rocking back and forth, making sure that it didn't pull out too

far or else he would lose it. Brian watched David's cock come out, one of David's hands stroking it, the other returning to grip Brian's cock. "Yes, I like that. I want you to cum when I do."

David couldn't believe what he was doing. Only a week ago he was with his girlfriend, denying his own sexuality. Now he was on his knees in front of a naked man, his own cock out and masturbating in front of that man. All while he eagerly sucked a man's cock for the first time, his mouth filled with the taste of the man's cum. He tilted his head back, wanting to straighten out his throat. He pushed his head forward more, feeling the thick, domed cockhead pushed to the back of his mouth, tickling his tonsils. "UUGG," gagging as the thick cock made his throat open as he choked; his stomach churning as he fought retching. He saw Brian look at him, David wanting so hard to please Brian. David pushed again; again David gagged. "UUUGGHHH." But this time David didn't stop. When his throat opened, he pushed his head forward more, suddenly feeling the smooth, slippery head slide into his waiting throat.

Brian couldn't believe it, but the tightness around the head of his cock told him that David had done it. He choked and gagged, but David persisted, the head of Brian's cock sliding into the tightness of David's throat. Brian could not believe the pleasure, the muscles in David's throat rippling up and down the head as they fought to push it out, David refusing to move his head back. Brian didn't know how long he could stand the pleasure.

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David held Brian in his throat as long as he could, David's nostrils flaring as he tried to fill his lungs with precious air, finally letting his throat muscles force the head from his throat with a loud pop. He licked the head and shaft as he tried to breathe, all the while his hand continued to masturbate his own cock. He felt Brian pulling his head forward, David not resisting, first the gag and then he swallowed it, this time easier if you could even imagine swallowing a thick cock in your throat was easy.

Brian began to take over; guiding David back and forth, each time breaching his throat with his cock, holding David's head firmly in place, feeling like the head of his cock was locked in a vise. Brian only eased out long enough to let David lick the head, tickling his piss hole, more cum leaking out as Brian readied to cum. David's hand continued to milk Brian's balls, clenching and unclenching on his precious balls, feeling the store of cum ready to burst. All the while Brian saw David masturbating his own cock in rhythm to what Brian was doing to David's throat.

"Cum when I do," Brian ordered David, cum rising up from Brian's balls. "Hold my cum in your mouth until I tell you to swallow." Brian became possessive, thrusting his hips forward, his hand on the back of David's head to keep him from moving away, not taking any chances that he would pull his mouth off of Brian's cock at the crucial time.

It was the moment of truth. David knew how much he came, not sure that he would be able to take so much cum in his mouth. And hold it. His hand sped up, masturbating harder, wanting to please Brian as much as himself. The cock



went from the beginning of his lips into his throat with one powerful thrust, one of Brian's hands on the back of David's head, the other on his chin tilting his head back so Brian could see David receive his cum. Brian finally couldn't contain himself any longer, pulling his cock from David's throat, wanting him to receive the cum in his mouth and over his tongue. "Pump my cock with your hand and suck for all of your worth." Brian tried to contain his lust, wanting instead to throw back his head and shout out his pleasure. He felt the tingling in his balls as David's hand squeezed the cum from Brian's balls, feeling the pleasure as the cum raced through his cock, his piss hole opening up wide, the first jet of ropey cum bathing the inside of David's mouth with its powerful jet.

David came simultaneously, almost as if the cum that jetted into his mouth was coming from his own cock, hearing the thick, white cum shoot from his cock and splatter noisily on the floor. At the same time his mouth was flooded with hot cum, David choking as the first jet shot too hard to the back of his mouth, flooding into his throat as he choked on it. Funny, he just remembered that he had read somewhere that cum shoots out of a cock at twenty-eight miles an hour, sure that it was wrong as he felt his mouth flooded with the abundant crème. Brian was fucking David's face now, pulling his mouth back and forth onto Brian's cock, the head swelling as Brian dumped a second load of cum into David's mouth, his cheeks puffing out as they filled with cum. His mouth was full of the thick, milky cum, David trying hard to contain it all, some of it leaking from his lips and down his chin. He came a

second time, his hand covered with slippery cum, sliding up and down his shaft with ease.

David eagerly sucked the cum from Brian's cock each time Brian came, David's tongue would be slapping back and forth over Brian's piss hole, jets of cum shooting out into David's receptive mouth. Brian fucked David's mouth, Brian's hips driving his cock in and out, all the while David sucked cum from Brian's balls.

They both finally stopped cumming, but Brian didn't take his softening cock from David's mouth. It felt too good. David looked up at him, Brian reaching down to wipe the dripping cum from David's chin, scooping it up and painting David's lips. "Swallow now." Brian's hand slid down to David's throat, feeling David working to swallow the cum.

With the cock still in his mouth it was harder, but he began to swallow, the thick crème sliding down his throat and into his stomach slowly, David taking three loud gulps until it was all gone. But now the cock was growing erect again, David licking at the head and shaft, licking it clean of all the cum. By the time it was clean, it was already erect again.

"You did well, David. You just need more practice. This time I can last longer." Brian began to move David's head back and forth, Brian's hips thrusting in rhythm to meet David's lips.

Brian didn't even let David take his mouth off of his cock for a second, David feeling it come alive again. His tongue went to work again, keeping it erect, teasing at the head with only one purpose. To make Brian cum again in his mouth.

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David felt so proud of himself as he went back to work, sucking Brian's cock for a second time.

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## CHAPTER 9

### Return for More

Erika finally got everything to click into place. She lay on Derek's bed, Derek and Jason in bed with her. What a life, she thought as Derek lay between her legs, licking up the inside of her thighs, Erika eagerly waiting for his lips to touch her pussy. She spread her legs wider in anticipation. Jason kissed her breasts, his mouth sucking one nipple deep inside his mouth, his tongue playing over the hardened bud. His other hand kept her other nipple aroused, to be treated with the same delicious mouth treatment as the first.

Derek came around after finally admitting to the error of his ways. He was so attentive now, making sure that Erika received her pleasure, as well as his. She didn't turn him into a boy toy, just more attuned to the fact that Erika also had needs that had to be satisfied. They both enjoyed the sex now. And Erika, mindful that there were other men that needed to be satisfied, invited Jason to join them in bed. Surprisingly, Derek didn't object, in fact he was more than willing. They both seemed to try to outdo the other in trying to please Erika.

After carefully licking and sucking, Erika was ready for her two lovers, kneeling doggy style in the center of the bed. Derek was behind her, his hands on her hips, raising her up until she felt the thick head of his cock at the entrance of her pussy. She barely had time to gasp as he impaled her

suddenly and thoroughly when she felt another cock rubbing over her lips. Jason's hand lifted her chin up until she was staring at his throbbing cock, Erika more than willing to open her mouth and accept the duel ravishment of her body. She felt so full, her mouth stretched wide around Jason's cock, his hips thrusting it in and out, both of her lovers in rhythm with each other as she was fully ravished. She tongued the cock in her mouth, her pussy clenching on the cock in her pussy, trying to please her lovers as much as they were trying to please her.

\* \* \* \*

Sloane needed a day to recover, her pussy well fucked by the fake cock that made her cum so many times. Erika was doing well, fucking almost every night, not bothering Sloane with unnecessary questions. They had always had their privacy, talking only when they both wanted to. Sloane saw Michael at the bar last night, talking to him again, this time with Scott and Christopher at the table, talking more about their daily task of gardening than anything else. Sloane felt so sinful, knowing that she had broken into Michael's house and fucked the fake cock in the secret room while bound, still not sure why she was suddenly released. It was almost as if the furniture had a mind of its own, stopping when the fake cock was covered in her cum, releasing her from its tight bondage. It seemed like everyone was happy, all except Michael. It wasn't that he didn't look happy, but he still never made a play for Sloane. Not that she would have consented, for tomorrow she had plans again.

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\* \* \* \*

Michael sat at the bar, talking to Jason. "What would you do if the fog left?" Michael stared out the window to the valley below.

"I don't think I would change much. Since I came up here when my Father died, I stayed pretty close to the mountain. Most of my friends were a long way away, and I lost contact with them before this happened. I will miss the summer business, but it's not a bad life up here. And with Sloane and Erika, sex has gotten a lot better and more frequent," Jason laughing. "What about you? I notice the way you look at Sloane, but you haven't even made a move on her. What's that all about?"

"I wasn't happy with my life for some time. I was successful but missing something. I actually quit my job a couple of weeks ago for no reason. I didn't know what I was going to do or where I was going. I packed everything up, but left it all behind when I came up here. It was as though I wanted to leave any remnants of my former life behind." Michael paused for a moment while he contemplated the rest of Jason's question. "Is it that obvious?"

"Well, maybe it's a thing only another man could see."

"I'm not sure we would see eye to eye on a lot of things. Sex being one of them." He didn't want to bring up his views on sex and women with Jason.

"I think you should give her a chance. You might not be so far apart as you think. And it's not like you have a lot of choices around here unless you want to become a hermit. Or

gay," pointing over at Brian and David. "Not that I fault anyone their sexual preference. Whatever winds your clock."

"All that knowledge comes from reading?"

"No, just listening well to a lot of drinkers. You'd be surprised what people will tell you." Jason laughed.

\* \* \* \*

Sloane sipped her coffee, waiting behind the trees across from Michael's house. She waited patiently, excited at the thought of what lay in the secret room for her today. Michael was late today, over half an hour. He finally came out of the house, looking around before he got into his car. He drove off into the distance, Sloane creeping closer to the house, but not entering until a respectable amount of time had passed. She still didn't want to get caught.

She entered the house, the aroma of coffee and bacon still coming out of the kitchen. Her hunger was not for food but for sex, and the library beckoned Sloane, a short break in the bathroom to relieve the thermos of coffee again. She made her way into the library, finding the handle without trouble. She entered the darkness, her pussy already wet in anticipation as the lights came on. She looked around, but she already knew where she wanted to go. She was braver today, almost smug in the knowledge that no matter if she got locked into the bondage equipment, she would be released by magical means.

She rushed over to it, the spanking table, the vision of it etched in her mind last night as she masturbated again. It was long; the hand stocks stopped half way up the table, the

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track running all the way to the other end. And the ones on the floor were next to each other in the center, but the long track that ran far beyond the edge of the table would leave her spread painfully wide. She ran her fingers over the smooth leather bump on the table, positioned where it would do the most good, directly under her sex.

She took her time taking off her clothes, loving the tease as if she were doing it for someone else, not herself. When she was naked, her pussy was already soaking wet, her pussy lips glistening in the bright lights. She looked around and found what she was looking for, thankful for that. Behind the table on a sturdy four-legged stand was another fake cock, aimed directly at the center of the table in front of it. But it didn't come up from the floor, instead running parallel to it. It looked like a fucking machine. She walked over to it, her hands reaching down to touch the fake cock. Like the other, this was made of a similar hard, slick material. Not as big as the other; it was still a formidable weapon. The head was smooth until it got to the flange around the rim. It fluttered up into the air, higher than the other, though the head was not as thick. Instead of veins running up the shaft, it was covered with ridged circles, each about an inch apart. Some stood up just a bit higher than the shaft; others were thick, over a half inch high. The shaft was longer, this one almost a foot long, over ten concentric ridges on the shaft. She could almost feel them inside her, opening her up as they rubbed her tender insides. She couldn't wait.

She put her feet in the stocks first, feeling the gentle pressure as her ankles were secured. Still with nagging



doubts in her mind, she pulled them out, released to only put them back in again. She wasn't sure what triggered them to lock, but she would feel the helplessness soon enough, positive that it would happen again. Hoping that it would happen again. She kept her legs together as she bent over the table, settling her pussy down on the cold leather ridge, shifting her hips from side to side until she felt the leather warm up and the sharper ridge slid between her pussy lips. She felt the pressure on her clit, moaning softly as she spread her arms up in front of her until she felt them fit into the hand stocks. She didn't try to pull them out. She felt her ass pushed out, trying to look back but not able to see behind her. She knew that her first knowledge of the fake cock moving would be when it touched her spread pussy from behind. She was ready. She was more than ready.

She began to spread her legs, slowly at first, feeling the bump beneath her sex sliding as her legs began to open and close, her legs moving hesitantly at first. She wondered how she would stretch her arms out farther in the stocks that moved the opposite direction, finding out quickly. When she moved her legs out wider, something made her arms pull out toward the other end of the table, stretching her out. And she found that they didn't move back, only one direction. She felt her body stretching out, her sex rubbing against the leather ridge, moving up closer to her clit.

She could only imagine how she looked from behind. She kept flexing her legs, out and back, each time her arms pulling up higher, her upper body drawing taut, her nipples hardened into sharp points as they scratched along the rough

table. And the table seemed to draw her ass up higher, not sure what was making what work. It almost felt like the leather ridge was rising up, the ridge getting more prominent, her pussy lips feeling as if they were curling around the leather ridge. And the more her arms stretched, the tighter her body was drawn, the ridge creeping up her slit until it touched her clit. She shivered in lust when she felt it, not smooth as she expected, but it felt rougher. Her legs were now spread over three feet wide, feeling the stretch between her legs, her cheeks pulled open wide, her pussy and asshole both exposed, luckily no one was behind her observing. She heard creaking behind her, expecting to soon feel the touch of the fake cock against her pussy, ready to welcome it inside her. The thought of the way the ridges would ride her inside, her muscles opening and closing after each one passed through exciting her.

Another few minutes of opening and closing her legs, her thigh muscles flexing as she spread her legs submissively, each time wider and wider.

"CLICK!"

It was so loud, even though Sloane expected it, it still shocked her. She tested her legs, finding them spread wide with no ability to close them, banging noisily against something on the track. She tried to pull her feet out, not moving more than half an inch. She was trapped. Trapped and drenched, her pussy gushing all over the leather ridge that pushed between her pussy lips, feeling as if it was a couple of inches higher now, her clit touching something rough. She waited, trying to fill her lungs with air, knowing

that she would still have to spread her legs wider if she wanted to feel the fake cock inside her. She could rub herself to climax on the ridge, but she wanted to feel the fake cock inside her first. She did what she had to, her crotch aching as she spread both legs wider, feeling the arm stocks pull her arms out farther, her lean body stretching, her nipples scratching hard into the rough wood. She tried to close her legs, but they held secure, spread wide, the ridge pushing up between her lips, her ass feeling as though it was sticking straight up into the air. Nothing touched her pussy, yet she heard the creaking and squeaking behind her. She continued, spreading her legs wider, flexing open and closed until she felt like she was being split up the middle.

"EEEEEEHH," it shocked her, the cold hard head of the fake cock touching her for the first time. Her hips shook as much as she could, but the way her body was spread and drawn taut, she could do little except rub herself frantically against the leather ridge. "NO, not there!" She cried out as if someone was behind her, feeling the head of the cock between her cheeks. Now she realized that her ass going up higher had destined the fake cock to be in line with her asshole, not her pussy. She panicked, afraid of having something that big and long inside her. Now she realized the reason the concentric circles ringed it. It would drive her anal ring into spasms as they passed back and forth in her asshole, stretching and retreating continually. She was about to be fucked in the ass by a fake cock, and there was nothing she could do about it. She waited, her breathing labored, sweating as the hard cock beat at her asshole, afraid to

move, but knowing she would never be freed until she satisfied the fake cock in some manner.

She flexed her muscles, pushing out with her legs, this time slowly, feeling the gentle nudge of the fake cock against her asshole. Panic set in when she realized that it was dry. It would tear her up. With her legs spread so wide, she was sure that her asshole was already open, unable to even clench her cheeks tight. She felt the pressure building on her anal ring, feeling the cold hardness quickly heating up. Another quick flex of her legs and she felt the smooth head sliding inside her, surprised, it almost felt slippery. It didn't hurt as she expected, just an uncomfortable fullness as it began to spread her open. And it seemed to be lubricated somehow, not caring why, just thankful. She flexed again, her anal ring stretching wider as the head began to get bigger. She could imagine it in her head, the head flaring up as it got to the ridge, knowing it would stretch her wide before her anal ring would clasp tightly behind it, trapping it inside her. Then she would have to contend with the concentric rings as they passed inside her. *How much of it would I have to take?* She had the vibrator inside her asshole once with Erika, but that was nothing like this. This was over a foot of hard, demanding fake cock, ridges that would rouse her insides as it stretched her to a fullness that she couldn't even imagine.

"EEEEEGGGH." She pumped her legs wider two times in rapid succession, the sudden burst of the flanged ridge opening her up and trapped inside her, her rectum stuffed with the thick head, forced open and unable to close back down. She breathed deeply, trying to stop her muscles from

clenching uncontrollably on the hard cock. She never felt so full, rubbing her clit back and forth on the ridge. Her crotch ached, but she could do little to stop that. She opened her legs wider slowly, able to feel the fake cock as it slowly nudged up inside her asshole, feeling the flanged head stretching her open as it sank deeper into her guts. She concentrated all her attention on her asshole, her cheeks clenching and unclenching each time she spread her legs, feeling her anal ring stretched tightly around the shaft as it entered her with such determination. She almost forgot about the ridges, feeling the first one, her ring forced open wider as it pushed relentlessly inside her. Her anal ring snapped shut, trapping it inside her, the head and the first ring rubbing her from the inside.

She moved her hips from side to side as best she could, rubbing her swollen clit, enjoying the pleasure. The fake cock moved inside her, but it was different. As she flexed her legs, it moved inside her, but then retreated, pulling back out. Each time she did this it would pull out, but the next time it would push in deeper. She now had at least half of it inside her, though it felt like it was a foot longer. The fake cock was rigid and unyielding, refusing to compensate for the bends in her intestines, forcing her to spread open from the inside as the flared ridge pushed her muscles aside. And the ridges were beating her rectum muscles into submissions, her anal ring fluttering open and closed as they passed back and forth, rubbing her muscles raw in spite of what lubrication it had. It was as though she was getting ass fucked by a mechanical cock, which is what it was. Not caring about anything but

shoving deep inside her. Her thigh muscles were tiring, but she could do nothing but continue. It slid up and down her asshole, finding new spots to rub, new spots to stretch, the fullness drawing cramps in her stomach when it stretched too far, Sloane wishing she could curl up into a ball.

It felt so deep now, as if it was cutting her open from the inside. Each time she flexed her muscles, it would draw out farther, but then would plunge back in as if it were on a giant spring. Her muscles tried to force it out but were overwhelmed by the power of the fake cock. It began to fuck her, just as she imagined a man would do. That Michael would do if he were behind her. She concentrated all of her energy on her asshole, feeling every bump and ridge as it passed through her anal ring and deep into her asshole. She was taking at least six inches of hard cock with each thrust, the rings beating her anal ring open and closed, the thick ones setting it off into a series of spasms that she couldn't control. When it shoved all the way in, her stomach would cramp on it, but nothing could stop the lust that she felt between her legs, her clit rubbed raw on the ridge, only bringing her greater pleasure as she submitted to the inanimate table. She had never felt so helpless, bound and being ass fucked by a mechanical machine and the only thing she could do was cum. And cum hard she did. She came like a man, blasting her cum all over the leather ridge, feeling the wetness run all over her mound as she continued to hump back and forth as the fake cock continued to ream out her asshole in spite of her orgasm.

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No one heard her screaming in ecstasy. She bounced up and down on the table; the thick, heavy wood and stocks holding her securely in her bondage, the fake cock barely slowing down as it continued to fuck her asshole. She finally slumped down, her body spent, her sex dripping with her juices. She felt the fake cock sliding out, feeling her insides being drawn out by the powerful vacuum formed by the flanged ridge. She felt every ridge as they stretched and taunted her asshole until only the head was trapped in her asshole. She felt her anal ring stretching as the flared head pulled her open, stopping suddenly, her anal ring stretched wide just as it was about to snap shut behind it. She could not do anything, her asshole yawning open.

She tried to pull her legs and arms out, still not moving more than half an inch, Sloane ready to cry. She knew that she would not be released yet. She would have to let the fake cock ass fuck her again. And maybe again. She tried to calm her breathing, laying there with her naked ass stuck up into the air submissively, a fake cock stretching her, ready to fuck her again. It was twenty minutes before she began again. The fake cock began to enter her again, this time the muscles in her asshole already beaten into submission, Sloane flexing her legs as the fake cock opened her up and plunged deep into her guts for the second time. She rubbed her clit back and forth on the ridge, surprised when she started feeling the pleasure running between her legs for the second time. She only wished she could have another cock in her pussy. *What would it feel like to be taken in both of my holes at once? Or*

*all three, forced to service a cock in my mouth while being double fucked?*

The fake cock rode her to another orgasm though it took a while. By the time she came, her clit was rubbed raw, just the slightest movement sending shockwaves through her system. She finally was able to pull her arms and legs out, but the hardest part was when the fake cock popped out of her asshole, leaving her empty. It took a couple of minutes before her asshole shrunk back down, the spasms still racing through her bowels as she got dressed. She cleaned up, not wanting to let on she was here, silently sneaking off into the woods. She went home and took a nice hot bath, letting her ass soak in the hot water, Sloane laying back, her hand absently going between her legs as she remembered vividly being bound and ass fucked.

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## CHAPTER 10

### David's Virginity Gone

Ryan looked out the window at the valley down below. He had been studying it every day, once in the morning and again just before the sun set.

"What do you think? Is it going away?" Jason brought Ryan another drink over after seeing him looking out the window.

"I'm not sure, but I think I see a difference from the last time I looked."

"Homesick? Wondering about what happened to your parents and friends?" Jason didn't have any close relatives left, and being isolated on the top of a mountain he didn't have that many friends any longer. Ryan was different. He was probably homesick already before this happened, now not knowing what happened to his family made it even worse.

"Every minute of the day and night. I didn't care too much for San Diego, too big for me. I came out here just to escape from my troubles, but I left the best part of me behind. My family." Ryan regretted leaving home every waking second.

"You gonna try to go back if the fog leaves?" To Jason, this was his place.

"First chance I get. Not sure if it's worth living without family. I was brought here for some reason that I still can't fathom, but I can't stay. It's not my place. My place is back home with my family."

"Even if it means you might not survive?"

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"I don't want to just survive up here. Yes, I will leave as soon as I think I have a chance." Ryan already had most of his stuff packed. All he had to do was see some sign that the fog was going away. He didn't know what he would find once he got down the mountain, but he was ready for anything. "I'll tell you when I'm going to leave," Ryan lied. He couldn't face saying goodbye to them. They had become close since he arrived up here, and he couldn't do it again, saying goodbye to good friends and not seeing them ever again. He would just slip out at night.

\* \* \* \*

David was in the kitchen, Brian standing in the doorway silently. David was just in his pajama shorts, Brian knowing David was naked beneath it, Brian's eyes staring at David's firm ass. David was a fast learner, on his knees between Brian's legs the last two nights, David's mouth eagerly bringing Brian off no matter how much Brian tried to prolong the pleasure. They were still sleeping in separate rooms and beds, but tonight that was going to change.

Brian had become very comfortable with David, both of them forgetting the life they left behind down below. Or trying to as best as they could. David was like a child, learning each day, trying to please Brian. Tonight he would teach David something new. Brian snuck up on David, Brian's hands sliding around David's waist.

He didn't even jump when he felt the firm hands around his naked waist, feeling the hard cock pushed against his ass cheeks. He leaned back, enjoying being held by Brian, feeling

so secure in his powerful hands. David shivered in lust. *Would tonight be the night? Will Brian take me for his own?* David turned his head without losing the hands that held him so tightly. "Would it scare you if I tell you that I am falling in love with you?" David didn't want to lose the relationship, but he couldn't contain his feelings any longer.

Brian's hands slid around David's firm abs, sliding up his chest and over the tiny, hardened nipples, one hand holding David by the chin and tilting his head back so Brian could kiss David. Their lips met, Brian's kiss demanding, but David's tongue slipped into Brian's mouth to respond to the passionate kiss. They kissed for long minutes before Brian released David's head. "No," responding as one hand slid down David's stomach and slipped into the front of his pajamas, Brian's fingers running over the hair on David's abdomen and down until Brian clutched the hot, hard flesh of David's cock.

"I love not only you but what you have unleashed in me. I never knew it could be so good. MMMM," David moaned as he felt fingers slide over the shaft of his cock, tightening as his cock jerked in such pleasure. David's hands slid to his sides submissively, letting the pleasure wash over him as the hand slowly moved up and down his shaft.

Brian squeezed David's cock tighter as Brian felt it jerking in pleasure. "I think we should go into the bedroom." He added "our bedroom."

David couldn't believe what he heard. Brian said our bedroom, as in belonging to both of us. That meant every night David would feel Brian next to him, feel Brian's hands

on him. David was so excited he was almost giddy. "Yes, let's go into *our* bedroom. But I hate to lose your hand on my cock."

David held Brian's hand tight as if David was afraid of losing Brian as they went into the bedroom. The large bed beckoned them. "I want to feel your ass tonight, David." Brian saw the look of concern in David's face. "I'll be gentle the first time."

David turned to Brian. "No, I want to feel you in me. To take me hard. To pleasure you." David couldn't even imagine how it would feel to have something as big as Brian's cock in his ass. Brian had fingered David's asshole the last couple of days but that would be nothing compared to Brian's cock. *What would it feel like when he came in me?*

David turned around, dropping his pajamas down his legs, standing back up, naked, his erect cock bobbing up and down in front of him. "How do you want me?" His voice unsure. Then he added, "do you want to tie me up?" He knew that Brian enjoyed light BDSM, wanting to indulge all of his fantasies.

"Not for your first time. I want you to give me your virginity on your own." Though he did appreciate the gesture. "Would you like me to tie you up next time?"

"I want to make you happy."

"That would make me happy." Brian helped David onto the bed. "On your hands and knees. That will be the easiest." Brian watched David's lean, firm body get on the bed, the muscles of his buttocks tightening as he crawled on his hands and knees to the center of the bed. Brian got on the bed,

kneeling next to David, Brian unable to stop himself, already running his hand over David's sleek cheeks.

Brian pushed David's head down until it was flat on the bed, Brian's hands beneath David's stomach, lower down on his abdomen, pushing up until David's ass rose up higher. It was as though Brian was a photographer, getting David in just the right position for the perfect picture. But no photographer ever did that before, a hand slipping underneath him and gripping his cock, David sighing in pleasure.

Brian tickled his fingers along the shaft, sliding lower to cup the swollen, heavy balls hanging down so delicately. He squeezed them gently, the balls floating around in David's sack, so vulnerable. Brian lay down on the bed, sliding underneath David, gripping David's cock at the base to steady it. Brian's tongue swiped along the head, feeling it shudder from the unexpected touch, David jumping at the pleasure. Brian didn't let David suffer long, Brian's mouth engulfing the head of David's cock, Brian's tongue playing over the tip until he felt the first of the cum drip out from David's excitement. Brian savored the thick, salty cum, his tongue moving to run all over the head. He sucked harder on the head, wanting more cum, his tongue playing across David's slit until Brian was rewarded with the salty flavor of the cum. Brian sucked more of the cock into his mouth, his lips sliding over the shaft, feeling the veins pulsating with blood. He began to thrust his head forward and back, his lips tightly around the thick shaft, his hand squeezing David's balls, making the cock shudder in his mouth.

It was better than David expected, Brian's mouth experienced, making David spurt jets of cum in excitement, Brian's tongue dancing all over David's shaft. And Brian's other hand coaxed cum from David's balls with the gentle clenching of his delicate balls. He almost forgot what was going to happen as he let the pleasure race over his body. David's cock banged against Brian's throat, David expecting him to pull back, astonished as the head of his cock was suddenly engulfed in Brian's hot, tight throat with barely a gag.

Brian swallowed; his throat muscles convulsing around the head of David's cock parked in Brian's throat. He pulled out, only to push it back in again, swallowing David with years of experience, Brian pushing his head down the shaft until the cockhead was plugging his throat. His hands slipped off of David's balls, moving back up behind him, Brian's fingers trailing along the moist, sweat-drenched crack until he found the gentle knot of David's anus. Brian tickled his finger around the tight hole, teasing the opening.

David's body froze when he felt Brian's finger playing up and down David's crack, teasing over his anus, his body tense as he waited to be entered. But the mouth on his cock lulled him into a false sense of security, enjoying the tight lips and throat that made his cock feel like it was trapped in a tight vise. The finger teased up and down his crack, the delicious feelings racing through David's head. "EEEEHH," he cried out, the finger stopping suddenly, pushed into his anus, the fingertip pressing hard into his rectum. David fought the urge to cum, trying to accommodate the finger that pressed his

anal ring open at the same time struggling from all the pleasure of Brian's mouth on David's cock.

Brian pulled his mouth off of David's cock. "Don't cum!" Brian's voice was loud and demanding, twisting his finger in David's asshole. It was so hot and tight, just like a virgin hole should be. Brian didn't want David to cum until Brian was inside David's asshole. David's arousal would make it less painful when Brian first entered David. Brian moved behind David, his finger pulled from David's ass, seeing the tight hole close up. Brian's hands moved between David's legs, pushing out on his thighs until he moved his legs wider, his cheeks pulled wide apart, his asshole open and vulnerable. All he needed was to be lubricated.

"AAAAHHH," shocked by the sudden touch of a wet tongue between his cheeks, sliding up between them until it stopped on his anus. He felt the tongue swirling around his hole, fingers holding his cheeks apart as his muscles clenching excitedly. The tongue began to push in, David never feeling anything like it, the wet tongue forcing open his anal ring until he felt it sliding inside him. He wished Brian would touch his cock, sure David would cum in a second if Brian did.

Brian tasted the tart hole, his tongue slathering it while his hands kept David's cheeks spread and open. Brian finally pulled his mouth away, leaning over and picking up the jar of Vaseline.

David heard the metal cap being unscrewed, instantly knowing what it was. It was only a second until he felt a cold finger on his anus. It pushed in easily, the slick finger thrust up to the first joint as his ring gripped the knuckle tightly. The

finger continued to move, twisting and turning inside his asshole, David knowing that it was lubricating him for something much bigger.

His asshole clung to Brian's finger, sliding it in deeper until it was up to the second knuckle, moving in and out until the tight passage was slick. Brian reached over with his other hand, gripping David's cock, feeling him jump at the unexpected touch. Brian used that chance to shove his finger in deeper, Brian controlling David with his other hand, stopping David from moving away. Brian's finger pushed all the way inside, David's muscles rippling up and down from the strange probing.

Brian began to stroke David's cock, David forced back onto the finger until it was so deep inside him. Brian began to finger David, sliding easily in and out. If only his cock would feel the same way. The finger pulled almost all the way out, then entered David again, this time he felt more, two fingers forcing his ring wider as it clung to the fat fingers that pushed inside. Brian controlled David's movements with his hand on David's cock, each time Brian's hand would grip David's cock tighter if he tried to pull away from the fingers in his ass. Brian pushed his fingers deeper inside David, feeling them opening, spreading David open from the inside for something much bigger. David panted in lust as the fingering of his ass continued.

Brian couldn't wait any longer. David was as lubricated as he was going to be. Brian knelt behind David, coating his cock generously with the Vaseline, making sure the head was glistening. Brian's hands held David's hips still, his cock



jerked between David's cheeks until Brian placed it over the tiny anus. The head was much bigger than the hole, but David would soon accommodate Brian.

David waited as he felt the thick, blunt head of Brian's cock poised over his anus. David was sure that Brian would thrust in soon enough, Brian's hands on David's hips, holding him submissively in place. But Brian didn't, David finally pushed back, feeling his anal ring sliding open. He gasped in surprise as his muscles opened, the thick head passing quickly into his hole, his muscles gripping the cock beneath the crown almost possessively. He fought to stay in place, unable to breathe as his asshole was stuffed with a hard cock for the first time. No matter what he thought it would be like, nothing could compare to what he was feeling. It hurt, but barely noticeable, too aroused to allow a little pain to come between the pleasures. David tried to stop his muscles from clenching and unclenching uncontrollably, but each time Brian's cock jerked in David's asshole the cock set his muscles into action.

"I can't wait any longer, David." Brian's hands tightened on David's hips, pulling him up, driving his ass onto Brian's waiting cock. With the head of his cock snugly inside the hot depths of David's asshole, Brian pushed with his hips, feeling the head opening up David's ass chute. "So tight," grunting as Brian pushed, David's muscles fighting a desperate but useless battle to keep Brian out. Brian looked down, David's ring sliding over Brian's shaft as he fed more and more of his cock inside David.

It felt huge, opening up his ass as Brian drove it deeper inside David. He couldn't control his own muscles as Brian continued to push the long cock inside David. His insides stretched as the thick head drove deeper inside him, Brian pulling out an inch, then two inches more driven inside. David couldn't breathe, trying to absorb the conflicting signals the cock gave him. It hurt, but hurt good, not even sure what he meant. He felt so proud that he was taking it, his buttocks clenching and unclenching, Brian's hands holding David's ass up submissively as Brian fed inch after inch into David's rectum.

It felt like Brian's cock was in a powerful vise, David's muscles crushing the head of Brian's cock as he tried to drive deeper inside David. When Brian pulled out, David's insides would collapse behind Brian, shoving back in harder, opening up new virgin territory. David grunted loudly as Brian shoved in so hard, his cock speeding into David's asshole, plunging so deep until all of Brian's cock was buried in the hot depths of David's clenching asshole. Brian looked down, David's anal ring stretched taut around his thick shaft, Brian's pubic hairs tickling the stretched hole.

"It's in so deep," David cried out. David felt it jerk inside his asshole, his muscles going into spasms each time Brian's cock moved. David had never felt so full; it was the same feeling as after eating a big Thanksgiving dinner. "Fuck me in my ass."

Brian didn't need any further invitation, pulling his cock back out, slowly, feeling the vacuum behind it as it pulled out. He looked down as David's ass ring clenched around the

head, stretched wide and tight. Brian began to rotate his hips as he drove his cock back in, the head of his cock, stretching and filling David's asshole as Brian buried half of it inside David. Brian pulled out again, this time filling David with a powerful thrust that drove the full measure of Brian's cock into David's once-virgin asshole.

David felt the pressure in his asshole as Brian began to fuck him. Fuck David in the ass, not even believing it was happening. But the stretching of his asshole reminded him with each new thrust, Brian going faster, his hands tighter on David's hips. Hands reached around, grabbing his cock, Brian stroking it up and down as he squeezed David's balls with each thrust, harder now, driving David back onto the thrusting cock that reamed out his asshole. It was only a matter of time before David would cum, hoping that he could wait for Brian, wanting to feel the heat of his cum burning David's bowels.

The friction was tearing up Brian's cock, the Vaseline wearing off quickly as he continued to pound his cock in and out of David's clutching asshole. Brian wouldn't last much longer, taking David with full strokes, all of Brian's cock buried in David's guts with each thrust. It felt like hundreds of tiny animals nibbling at Brian's cock, David's muscles bringing Brian so much pleasure. His hand glided up and down David's cock, knowing by his heavy breathing that he wouldn't last much longer either. David began to push back with each thrust, wagging his ass like a dog in heat.

"EEEEWWWW," David unable to contain himself any longer, Brian's hand bringing David off, his cock spewing out

a powerful jet of cum that soaked the bed beneath him. Then he felt it, a jet of hotness flooding his guts, Brian's cock swelling as it shot out his cum, bathing David's asshole with the sticky cum. He couldn't control his own orgasm, cumming a second time, Brian's wet hand stroking David's cock faster. A second and third jet of cum in his asshole, Brian fucking in and out as he came, sliding easier in the wet passage.

"AAA, take it aaalllll," Brian screamed out as he buried his cock in David's asshole. Brian felt his cock swell and then the pleasure raced through his body as he came hard, blasting his hot cum into the depths of David's once-virgin asshole. Brian felt David unleash a torrent of cum from his cock, Brian's hand soaked in the thick, sticky crème as he continued to pump David's cock and squeeze his balls. They both came over and over until Brian lay on David's back, exhausted but satisfied.

David never felt so content or happy. He collapsed on the bed, Brian still on top of him, David spreading his legs so all of Brian's weight wouldn't be on David. The cock was still inside him, content with the fullness. Brian turned his head, kissing David passionately, David feeling the cock already beginning to grow erect inside him again. "Can I turn over and see you as you fuck me this time?"

Brian helped David turn over, refusing to take his cock out, too comfortable and snug in David's asshole. Brian pushed David's legs up, Brian's cock still in David's asshole. But now David was free to use his hands, and he wasted no time, cupping Brian's balls, milking them until Brian felt his cock growing harder. It would be a long fuck this time, Brian able

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to ride David hard and long. Brian felt David clench his ass muscles on Brian's cock. "Yes, I like that." He liked everything David was doing for him. And to him. He was almost glad that fate drove them to the same place. They might not be able to save the species from extinction, unable to have offspring, but they would go out with a smile on their faces. Let the others save the species.

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## CHAPTER 11

### Michael Joins Sloane in the Room

Erika knew when it happened, not sure how or why, but she did. She was disappointed when Ryan suddenly disappeared, but they all understood. They weren't really sure whether the fog was receding or was just wishful thinking by Ryan.

It would be a while before she was absolutely sure, but she was almost positive that she was pregnant and Ryan was the father. She was still sleeping with all of them, Sloane not as much as her, but she seemed to be stuck on Michael in spite of him not even having sex with her. Sloane always marched by the beat of a different drummer. Erika was a little worried about having a baby with no doctor or hospital, but it was done a long time ago. She would survive.

Erika gathered them all as if they were paying court to the Queen. Jason, Derek, Christopher and Scott.

"I have some good news." *She looked at their faces. Would they realize it when the baby was born? Would he look like Ryan and not the others?* "I'm unofficially pregnant." She saw the stunned look on some of their faces, but Derek was beaming from ear to ear, Erika sure that he was positive it was his.

"Do you know who the father is?" In normal times this might be an insulting question, but not now. Erika had slept with them all, most of them more than once. Christopher

knew he had a shot just as much as the others, that is why he asked first.

"No, and it doesn't matter who it was. I feel a bit like Eve with Adam, but I have many Adam's. Now I expect a lot of doting fathers-to-be and daddies. And you may lavish as many gifts as you want on me," she teased them.

"Are you going to continue living with Sloane?" Derek was the most curious. He wanted to be close to the baby.

"No, though I haven't mention it yet. Since you Derek have the largest house, I was going to move in there." She saw him grinning. "But the others will also move in, if they want to. You have more than enough rooms. And I do remember a few of you in bed with me at the same time, so I don't think the arrangement will trample on anyone's privacy."

"I think it's a great idea." Christopher chimed in.

"Me too," Scott agreeing. Christopher and Scott already shared a house; this would just be a different one.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to stay with the motel. But you will see me daily. I've gotten used to this routine and would like to keep it." Jason was happy for Erika and hoped it was his baby, but either way it was a good thing. If there weren't a lot of people left down there in the valley, they would need fresh blood to keep the species going.

"Of course Jason. After all, this is your mountain," Jason was the only original one on the mountain, the rest of them drawn mysteriously up there, though in Erika's case, it was Sloane that drew her up.

"I don't mind sharing. The house or Erika," though he was still trying to get over the jealousy he felt when he saw someone else with Erika. It would go away with time.

Erika turned to all of them. "And yes, we will still have lots of sex before it will be time to stop. Then I guess I will have to get very good at masturbation with all of you." She jerked her hand up and down in mock masturbation, everyone laughing, but Erika knowing that all of them had hard cocks that she would soon take care of.

\* \* \* \*

Michael saw Sloane over with Erika at a table, going quickly over to them. "Can I interest you in dinner, Sloane? At my house," he added.

Sloane was almost shocked by his request. She thought he was ignoring her, and now he invited her to dinner as though they had been dating for years. She tried not to sound so exited, but she couldn't help it. "I'd love to, Michael," purring sexily. "When?"

"Now."

"Now?" She answered, surprised.

"Do you have a dinner party you have to go to tonight?" Michael said sarcastically.

She turned to Erika. "Can you find something to do?"

"Or someone?" Erika responded quickly, seeing the excitement in Sloane's face. "Go you two lovebirds," kidding them both.

Michael drove almost silently, though his eyes kept turning to Sloane, looking at her with a renewed interest. She could



feel her pussy getting wet, almost wanting to lift up her short skirt and masturbate for him as he drove the car. Luckily he pulled into the driveway, the car crunching noisily over the gravel. She waited until he opened the door for her, not so much as wanting to see if he was a gentlemen but to watch his face as she showed him more than enough naked legs, glad that she dressed up tonight. She wasn't disappointed, his eyes never leaving her legs as she climbed out of the car clumsily, sure that he could see far up her skirt.

"Nice house." She looked around, though she didn't smell anything cooking. "What are we having for dinner?" She smiled coyly at him, though they both knew where the evening would end up. Or hoped they did.

"How about you?" He turned and stared at her, his cock straining in his pants. He had been lusting after Sloane for a long time, but he wanted to find out more about her before he did. Yesterday he found out all he needed to know.

"You have good taste," grinning sheepishly.

"Come with me," he put his hand around her waist and guided her down the hallway.

*Where is he taking me?* His bedroom was down the other hallway, but she couldn't let on that she knew. He stopped in front of the library, Sloane trying not to let on she knew what was inside. "Your bedroom?" She wasn't very convincing as a liar.

Michael opened the door. "My library." He ushered her in.

"I do like kinky places and have never done it in a library." She looked at him. She could imagine him throwing the things off the desk and taking her on it.

Michael picked up the handcuffs he placed on the table. "Turn around and put your hands behind your back."

She almost came when she saw them, not sure to act insulted or excited. "What do you mean?" That was the only thing that she could think of, though she really wanted to turn around and submit to him.

"Naughty girls need to be controlled. Or taught a lesson."

"I'm not naugt...."

"Don't try to make believe that you haven't been in this room before. Or know where the handle is to open up the bookcase. Or know what is behind it." Michael reached in and pulled the handle, the bookcase opening up.

She had this shocked look on her face. He must have been watching her. He had seen what she had done. "I'm sorry," the only thing that came out of her mouth as she turned around, putting both of her wrists behind her. She felt his powerful hands on hers, the sharp click as the cold steel handcuffs shut tight, trapping each wrist. He released her hands, Sloane feeling a gush of juices between her legs when she pulled her wrists apart and they stopped after only an inch or two. She turned and looked at him. "What are you going to do?"

Michael grinned at her. "Anything and everything I want." He reached down and touched his cock. "And I have such lovely furniture in there that will make sure you cooperate. Or at least be open and available. Now I think you know the way." He ushered her into the darkened passage, the click as Sloane's leg tripped the lights, basking the room into brightness. She looked around the room, some of the

furniture already too familiar. "Are you the one that released me from them?"

Michael smirked. "You're lucky I did. Otherwise you would still be down here being fucked by that?" Michael pointed at the thick dildo on the shaft that she fucked the first time.

"And what is going to fuck me now?" She looked down at his cock.

Michael stroked his cock. "I think you are ready for the real thing. We'll see how well you do with real-life flesh."

She licked her lips, eager to try out the real thing. And to be bound while doing it only made her more excited. And scared at the same time. Because it was a real person that was doing it to her this time. Now Michael would be able to do anything he wanted to her. Anything. *What would he do? What would he make me do?*

Michael moved in front of her. His hands slid up over her sides, pulling her closer to him until he pushed his cock up against her. He looked into her eyes as his hands slid up her sides to cup her two breasts, not surprised to find them naked beneath the blouse.

She felt his hands on her almost-naked breasts, grinning at him. "They've been waiting for you. I didn't want anything to get in the way." She felt his hands cupping her breasts from below, his fingers curling around the front to rouse the tips to hardened buds without too much effort, the silk material of the blouse gliding over the sensitive tips. She arched her back, pushing her tits out more, wanting his fingers to grip her nipples. Hard.

Michael rubbed his cock back and forth across her pussy, his hands grasping her breasts and squeezing them, the firm flesh almost pushed out of the blouse. He pulled back, releasing them long enough to grab the front of her blouse and rip it open, her bare breasts spilling out.

She was shocked when he tore her blouse off, leaving her naked breasts heaving up and down, her nipples feeling like giant, hard pebbles. His hands returned, this time feeling his calloused hands rubbing over her soft skin, his fingers snapping at her nipples until they stood out hard and pointed. She looked down as his fingers gripped each nipple, feeling the pressure as his grip tightened.

He watched her face as he gripped her nipples, seeing her mouth clench as his grip tightened, the pounding tips throbbing beneath his fingers. He began to pull on them, staring into her eyes as he felt the flesh pulling out, twisting his fingers as he pinched harder to keep them from escaping his grasp. He released her nipples, looking down, the tips harder and bigger, an angry dark red. "It looks like you enjoyed that."

She looked back at him, her nipples aching, but the pain ran down between her legs, suddenly becoming pleasure by the time it reached her pussy, drenched in desire. He would soon know. "I don't have a choice on whether I want to enjoy or not. So I might as well just try to please you."

Michael looked around the room. "What shall we put you in?" He said out loud. "You've already tested those two and you won't need a fake cock today." Michael saw it right away.

"Yes, that's just right. Low and very secure." Michael pointed to the item over in the corner.

Sloane's eyes were on the one that fucked her in the ass last time, her mind wandering off as she relived the wonderful experience. *Would Michael fuck me in the ass? Would it feel different with a real cock?* She could almost imagine feeling it spurting deep inside her. She turned to see what Michael had picked, her excitement increasing exponentially as soon as she saw it. He was right; it was low to the ground. Her body would be lying on a wooden bed not more than a foot off the floor. The top of the bed had a pair of stocks that she had become all too familiar with. One for her neck and two smaller ones to the sides for her hands. There was a rest for her head to lie on, but she saw that it was adjustable, knowing that it would be easy for Michael to make use of her mouth with ease.

The other end was different. There were stocks for her legs, just like the others, that slid open to adjust for as much spread as desired. But the side of the bed had a half-circle wooden frame, the foot stocks riding along an iron track. The victim could then have her legs thrust up into an infinite number of positions. All the way from legs straight out and spread to brought up and almost tucked behind her ears. All while her legs were spread open, leaving her vulnerable in front and back. Sloane almost came when she imagined how it would feel to be bound that way by Michael and what he would do to her while she was that way. "What are you going to do?" She was afraid of the answer.

"Lie back on the bed, I'll take care of the rest of your clothes later." He ignored her question, wanting to get her bound in case she changed her mind, not that he expected her too. She wanted it as much as he did. Michael undid the handcuffs, being such a gentleman as he helped her down to the hard wooden bed. Before she lay back, he grabbed a leather bolster about two inches thick, placing it under her back.

She lay back, feeling the cold leather behind her back, Michael taking her hands and pulling them over her head and into the small rings. Her neck fitted snugly into the neck hole. The leather behind her back forced her breast to arch up erotically as if she were offering them up to Michael. Or whatever he would do to them. She saw the wooden beam coming down, gulping loudly as the top piece attached to the bottom piece, fitting tightly around her neck. And her wrists were trapped between the two half circles, unable to pull them out. She panicked, never feeling so vulnerable before. Even before there was never a man around, just a machine. Or so she thought. *What if Michael did something that I don't like? Or want him to do? Would he stop?* Already her options were limited, and Michael was finishing up the final preparations, taking each leg in a hand, his strong fingers around her ankles pulling each one to the side until they fit so conveniently in the groove. Even though her legs weren't spread very far, she couldn't help the flood of juices that flowed from her pussy at the thought of a man spreading her legs and making them bound.

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Michael stood up, looking down at her, seeing the scared look in her eyes. He liked that, but he could almost smell her arousal, sure that her pussy was drenched. He enjoyed the way her tits were presented, her nipples hard and pointing at the ceiling. He was sure that he could make them even harder. Her skirt had ridden up her legs, leaving a wide expanse of naked flesh, but he wanted more. He had seen her naked body through the one-way glass in the room, but he never touched her body before. Today that would change.

She couldn't even see Michael very well, the neck and arm stock blocking part of her view. But she could feel him, his hand on her knee, sliding up and down her inner thigh, her skirt pushed out of the way as he moved higher. She heard the sound of her zipper being pulled down, the waist pulling away from her skin. She heard ripping as some sharp instrument cut through her skirt, feeling the air as it rushed by as Michael pulled the skirt off. The cool air danced off her skin.

"Wider, I think," Michael talking more to himself than to Sloane. Her cooperation would no longer be needed. The tight bondage would only allow her to accept her fate. He pushed out on one ankle, the stock moving to the outside, locking in place each time. One leg was wider than the hand stocks, pushed to the farthest limits and locked into place. He got up, looking down between her legs, her black panties glued to her sex, her bald pussy outlined in the wet panties that clung to every crack and crevice on her mound. And they were drenched. He moved over to the other ankle, pushing out on

her ankle, the loud click each time her leg spread wider and locked into place.

Michael was spreading her legs, seeing the stain in her crotch as he pushed her wider and wider. One leg was already locked wide open, Michael working on the other, his hand determined as she felt the spread becoming uncomfortable. Her panties began to pull away, as her crotch opened up. "No more," she begged, but it fell on deaf ears, her legs spread wider and wider, the muscles in her thighs taut. He finally stopped, Sloane unable to do anything, her legs locked in place, wider than they had ever been.

Michael could almost see her slit, her legs so spread that her panties barely covered anything. He moved up to her waist until she could see him, staring into her eyes as his hands went back to her thighs, from her knees all the way up to where her legs joined her torso, teasing his fingers along the divide. He saw it in her eyes, her hips unable to do anything. She wanted him to touch her pussy. His fingers pushed the panties aside to run up over the smooth, puffy lips without touching her slit. Just teasing, wanting her so aroused that anything would feel good.

She wanted his fingers to touch her pussy, but all he did was tease her, unable to move her hips to push her pussy into his hands. She wanted it so bad. "Please," she begged. "Touch me."

"Soon enough, but first I think you need to be naked." He took the knife, making short work of the wet panties, pulling them out from between her lips and tossing the rag aside. He looked between her legs, her pussy lips pulled wide by the



spread of her legs, her inner lips pink and glistening from her juices. His cock throbbed at the sight of her bare mound.

His hand fell between her legs. Not soft but hard. He almost slapped her pussy, his hand gripping her mound with the flat of his palm. In spite of that, she almost came when he touched her; his hand not stopping when he cupped her sex, but his fingers moving like tiny animals all over her mound. Especially between her lips, fingers curling up and down her slit, pushing aside her lips to tease the soft, sensitive inner flesh bared open by the wide spread of her legs. He removed his hand, Sloane almost ready to beg him to bring it back when he complied with her unspoken wish. His hand moved back between her legs just as before, the wet slap sounding so loud in the room, her body jarred by the unexpected blow. She didn't have time to complain, the fingers coming alive on her mound, tapping up and down her slit, pushing her lips aside as the heel of his hand moved from side to side. She only wished she could hump back on the hand.

His palm was wet as he explored the widely spread flesh of her sex. His fingers pushed her lips aside with harshness, but he only found her getting wetter. He pulled his hand back and then forward, slapping her pussy with a wet thud. His fingers began to pinch and pull on her pussy lips, tugging and stretching them, but she barely whimpered. He drew his hand back and slapped her higher up, this time his fingers slapping her on her clit, his fingers rubbing up and down the swollen bud as they pushed it out from behind its hood to expose it.

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It stung, but his hand soon made it feel good, rubbing and pinching her sex until she felt the hand leave her, her body tense as she waited for the inevitable. And it came harder each time, the last time his hand hitting her clit, the pain and pleasure exploding in her head. She never had her pussy so abused before. Or made as wet as Michael did. He was spanking her pussy. Yes, spanking. And she was enjoying it more than she cared to admit.

Michael stopped just as abruptly as he started. He got up, moving down to her legs, changing his mind. He stood over her, staring down at her as he slowly undressed. First his shirt, then his pants; his cock straining to be released from the tight confines of his shorts. He gripped his cock through his shorts. "It's time to put your mouth to work, Sloane. I've been imagining what it would feel like to have those luscious lips wrapped around my cock so now you are going to have to perform for me." He pulled down his shorts, his cock bouncing up and down in excitement.

She couldn't take her eyes off of his cock. Even in his shorts she could make out every ridge and bump on it, licking her lips when he told her what she would have to do. The way she was bound, she had no choice, not that she didn't want it as bad as he did. Her mouth watered when his cock sprung free of his shorts. The head was big, her mouth would have to stretch wide to take it all in. The shaft had long, thick, blue veins running up the sides, Sloane able to already feel it inside her. His balls hung down, covered in a thick coat of black hair, but her eyes continued to move back to the bottle-sized head. The ridge running around it almost seemed to

curve upward, the head a dark red, the slit in the tip already glistening from the cum that dripped out. She was surprised. Not what you would expect from an accountant. But then again, she never thought an accountant would have her bound like this and readying to fuck her mouth.

Naked, Michael straddled her head. "Open wide, Sloane." It was an order, not a request. She complied too easily, her mouth a wide O as Michael knelt down on either side of her head. He fisted his cock, running the head of his cock over her lips, painting them with a thick coat of sticky cum. His cock jumped when he felt her hot breath, easing the head of his cock onto her upper lip. "Use your tongue," another order. He had planned prior, knowing just the right position to fuck her mouth while she was in the head stock.

She tasted the salty cum as his hot flesh ran over her lips. She kept her mouth open, feeling the head of his cock slip over her upper lip and into her mouth. She obeyed without question. *What else could I do?* Her tongue lashed out at the tip of his cock, coaxing out tiny drops of hot, sticky cum that filled her mouth with its salty essence. Her tongue washed over the head, feeling it jerk on her lip as she made it slick with her spit. His hands moved to the sides of her head, pulling her forward as his hips drove the head of his cock into her mouth. She did as he expected, closing her lips tightly around the head, trapping it in her mouth, her tongue running all over the head, exploring it as she kept the jerking member trapped in her lips.

"Suck," her cheeks hollowing as her lips kept the head of his cock tightly trapped, the suction of her mouth trying to

draw it in. It felt as though his cock was stretching by the powerful suction, Michael never feeling such a thing before. "Take more of it," his hips thrusting to bury two inches of the shaft in her mouth, her slick lips sliding up the shaft. "Suck," the suction inside her mouth feeling like a powerful vacuum cleaner latched onto his cock.

She felt like a trained dog as Michael's voice rang out each order, Sloane doing what he asked each time. His hips were moving now, the cock sliding in and out of her mouth, Sloane sucking and licking to please him. She felt the head of his cock banging against the back of her mouth, Michael's hands tighter on her head. She was afraid and excited as to what he would do now. *Would he choke it down my throat?* He pulled out, her tongue racing up and down the shaft in hopes of pleasing him. He thrust back in. "NNNNGGH," came her muffled gag as the head of his cock banged against the tight opening of her throat, plugging the tiny hole. No way would the thick head fit inside. He pulled out, but she felt the hesitation, knowing what would happen next. No matter how much she tried, it still took her unexpectedly.

Her lips were so tight, but Michael wanted more, cradling her head in his hands, his hips driving back and forth. He heard her gag, but he thrust harder this time, shoving with his hips, the head of his cock seeming to pause at the opening of her throat. Her muscles tried to keep it out, but his hips were too powerful, feeling the pressure as the head of his cock was squashed by the small opening of her throat. He looked down at her, her eyes opened wide in

astonishment, the gurgling noise that came from deep in her throat as he pushed his cock into her throat for the first time.

It felt like she was swallowing a watermelon, the thick head of his cock forced into the tight opening of her throat, his hands feeling like her head was caught in a powerful vise as he fucked his cock into her throat. Her muscles revolted, rippling up and down, but Michael too powerful, forcing millimeter by millimeter of hard flesh down her throat. Her stomach churned as she gagged, unable to do anything but take the cock in her throat.

Her nostrils flared as she sucked in the precious air, tears falling from one eye as she silently choked and gagged, her throat jammed shut by his cock. It felt like a vise was compressed around the head of his cock. He let her head settle back on the table, his hips moving forward to keep his cock in her throat. "Breathe through your nose," he ordered her, but she surely realized that by now, her mouth jammed with a thick cock. He pulled his cock from her throat, the room filled with the noise of her trying to suck in the valuable air that her lungs were robbed of. "That's enough," his hips driving his cock back down her throat, this time it seemed easier, though her struggles were more violent. He enjoyed the tightness of her throat, the clenching of her throat muscles, his hands on the side of her neck, almost able to feel his cock in her throat. He pulled back, her tongue lashing at his cock as it pulled from her throat.

She sucked his cock for all she was worth, hoping to keep it from her throat. Her throat was rubbed raw by his cock, her stomach turning as she gagged on the thick cock that

threatened to push into her stomach. She had never felt anything that big in her throat, yanking her arms and legs on the stocks that held her captive, Michael fucking his cock back and forth in her mouth, her head prevented from moving away. She couldn't do anything except hope to please him. As much as she tried, she couldn't make him cum, each time taking another thrust into her throat, each time his cock shoved farther down until she thought it was in her stomach. She gulped on cock.

Michael struggled not to cum. Not yet. Not in her mouth. He finally pulled his cock from her throat, leaving it just inside her lips as she struggled to please him with her tongue. He pulled his cock from her mouth but rubbed the shaft of his cock over her lips, moving up until his heavy balls were over her mouth. "Lick them."

Her tongue rushed to comply, running over his hairy ball sacks, the prickly hair tickling her nose as his balls filled her mouth, Sloane struggling not to gag. He pushed one giant ball in her mouth, her cheeks bowing out as she tried to accommodate it. First one, then the other, Sloane sucking his balls. Finally he took them out. "GGGHH," gagging on the hairs that filled her mouth. She watched as he stood up, his cock even longer and thicker than before. *What would he do now?*

He had tried this once before Sloane arrived. He went to her legs, lifting up the center of the stocks, his eyes glued between her legs, noticing that her juices were dripping down the crack of her ass. Obviously she didn't mind too much being throat fucked. He wasn't sure if it was him using her

mouth or the bondage that made her pussy flooded. He began to raise up her legs, the stocks moving along the half-circular track, clicking every six inches as it ran over the track. Her feet and legs began to rise up, Michael pushing them slowly as her ass rose off of the wooden bed. Higher up, almost half the way up, the first hint of the crack of her ass. Her widespread legs did little to hide her anus, her crack pulled back. Michael didn't stop pulling her up higher until her ass was high up, all of her crack exposed as well as her asshole. He stopped for a moment. "Like it in the ass last time, Sloane?" He saw her blush.

She tried to clench her ass cheeks, but her legs were spread too wide. She knew she was exposed but it was the humiliation of knowing that Michael had seen her get ass fucked and enjoyed it. She still was never sodomized by a real cock, but she knew that record would soon be taken from her. She could barely see what Michael was doing, but she felt it first. His hand came down between her legs, this time spanking on her cheeks, the sharp report of his hand hitting her flesh ringing out in the room. She felt the sting and then the heat as his hand lingered for a moment. Then it was gone, her cheeks clenched tight, knowing there would be another. Michael didn't disappoint her, striking the other cheek, the sting racing to her brain as his hand smoothed over her flesh.

He felt the heat on her ass where his hand spanked her. "That's for being a naughty girl. All naughty girls should be spanked." He slapped her other cheek, her muscles in her buttocks tight, but she could do little except take the sharp

slaps. He slapped the other cheek, rubbing the injured flesh before he pulled his hand away again.

Her ass felt like it was on fire, Michael hitting her ass cheeks hard. Three times he hit her ass, pulling his hand away as she waited for the next one. "EEEEWWWWW," Michael's hand slapping her, but instead of her ass, it slapped her mound, hitting her just as hard as her ass cheeks, but her flesh more sensitive. She saw stars as the pain rushed through her sex, his hand staying on her mound, rubbing back and forth over her lips, his powerful fingers crushing her lips. She shook in fear as his hand left her, almost grateful when the hand rang out on her ass cheeks again, relieved even though it was painful. She didn't even clench her cheeks, letting him have his way with her.

Her ass was a blazing red, both cheeks showing the imprints from his hands. He would catch her off guard, slapping her pussy at irregular times when she was least expecting it. Her cries of pain were less frequent, his hand getting wetter, his fingers tapping her high up her slit to slap her clit.

It felt like hours, her ass burning, her pussy lips feeling swollen, but nothing could stop the feeling between her legs. It wasn't pain that she felt. Well, maybe it was, but it was different, the pain almost feeling as good as pleasure. Michael finally stopped, raising her ass up higher until her legs were going back down the other side of the half circle, her legs heading up over her head. She felt his hands on her ass, sliding up and down her ass crack, knowing it was pointless to



clench her buttocks, Michael would have his way with her no matter what.

Her ass crack was covered in a sheen of sweat mixed with her juices, her anus still a bit pink from being ass fucked by the big dildo, but the hole had shrunk back down to its former tiny self. Michael picked up the clothespins, his fingers sliding up and down one of her oily pussy lips, the flesh slick with her juices.

She didn't know what he had done, but she felt a pinching on her pussy lips, Michael's fingers moving higher, but the pressure still lingering. Another one, feeling something pulling her lips back from the weight. Michael finally showed them to her, wooden clothespins. His hand pulled her lips out, feeling the pressure and the pinching as he lined each puffy lip with the clothespins. The sheer weight of them pulled her lips back, exposing her wet inner lips to the cool air of the room.

"Not finished yet," Michael opening another clothespin, bending over, teasing her nipple until it grew hard and erect. He snapped it over the nipple, catching it tightly between the jaws to pinch the sensitive flesh as her body jerked in pain. "One more," a new clothespin finding her other aroused nipple and pinching it tight.

No matter how much she knew it would only make it easier for him to put the clothespin on her nipples, she couldn't stop them from growing erect when his fingers teased them hard. The clothespins bit hard into them, much more sensitive than her pussy lips. She bit her lip as she struggled with the pain lacing through her breasts.

"One more. Now where do you think I should put this one?" He held up the clothespin, but his hands were already returning to her pussy.

"No! NOT THERE!" She cried out in protest, his fingers running up and down her slit, tapping the clothespins until they seemed alive as they bounced up and down. His fingers found her clit, teasing a sharp fingernail over the tip, Sloane unable to keep it from being roused erect. She could only wait as he opened the large wooden clothespin between her legs and wait for the pain.

Good thing she had a big clit. And sensitive, his fingernail rubbing over the tip making it swell with blood, big and red. An easy target. Her pussy was a sea of clothespins as well as the ones on her nipples. He would soon play them with his fingers, able to ignite the sharp pain in her body with just a flick of his fingers along them. "You will never tell me no!" He brushed the clothespin over her clit, teasing her with it before he pinched her clit at the base until it bulged out.

"EEEEEEEEHHHHH," the pain was inhuman; her clit feeling like it was hit with a hammer, the pain racing through her legs, up her spine to her brain. She was sure that he would ruin her, never to feel the pleasure again. It felt like her heart was in her clit, feeling the blood pounding in the crushed nub.

"Now I have your attention." He stepped up behind her ass, his cock rearing up in front of him as he gazed down at her asshole. "I think I will begin with that lovely asshole. I saw the way you clenched on that fake cock up your ass. I expect you to do even better on my cock. He moved forward until he felt the heat of her asshole on the head of his cock,

holding it still as it jerked in pleasure when pressed against the tight knot of her ass. His cock was still wet from her mouth. That would have to do, Michael too eager to feel the pleasure that her asshole would afford him.

It felt huge; hot, demanding flesh at the opening of her ass. She pushed out with her asshole, knowing the only way to please him was with her asshole. She felt the slow, gradual stretching of her anal ring, Michael relentless as the head of his cock slowly and methodically opened her up. If she didn't push back, he would slap his fingers along all the clothespins as if they were his instrument. Each time he did that, her muscles would clench, pinching the tip of his cock with her tight asshole.

He was slowly making progress, looking down as her asshole swallowed up the head of his cock. Just a bit more and it would plunge inside, her asshole closing around the head to grasp it tightly inside her. Once trapped, he would begin the ritualistic sodomy until he got the pleasure he sought. "YYYYEES," he cried out in pleasure as her asshole gripped his cock and pulled it into the hot depths of her asshole. He felt her rectal muscles gripping the head of his cock so tight, feeling like it was crushed beneath a hammer. He tapped the clothespins again, feeling her body jerk in pain, pushing with his hips to drive more cock into her asshole, fighting her muscles as they tried to drive him out. He took the clothespin that was attached to her clit, pulling it up, the trapped bud stretched in the painful embrace of the clothespin. He began to fuck her asshole as he played with

her trapped clit, her moans of pain growing louder as he began to ream out her tight asshole.

It was better than the fake cock, painful cramps when it went too deep, but all the ridges and veins on his cock began to rouse her insides as they scraped passionately along her insides. And the pain in her clit began to change. It still hurt, but it also aroused her, Sloane not even understanding the contradictions. She began to try to please him, clenching her muscles on his cock as he withdrew, pushing out with her asshole as he pushed in, opening her asshole up to the increasingly deep thrusts in her bowels.

Her body was covered in sweat, her asshole clinging to his cock as a lover would do, her eyes fixed to his as he continued to sodomize her tight, hot hole. He finally pulled the clothespin off her clit, a momentary pause and then the familiar scream of pain.

"Thank you!" She cried out as he pulled the clothespin off her clit. Seconds later she screamed out as the blood rushed painfully to the head. Michael began to rub it, his cock continuing to fuck her in the ass. She wanted to please him, her asshole clenching and unclenching on the thick cock that filled her and split her up the middle. It went in so deep that she was sure it would pop out her mouth any minute. And Michael was insatiable, pounding in and out of her beaten asshole, the muscles forced into submission, giving up to the tremendous pounding in her ass. His fingers returned to her clit, almost touching her lovingly, anything would feel good after the terrible clamp. She couldn't believe it, but she was

ready to cum, fighting the urge, knowing instinctively she shouldn't cum until Michael told her to.

It was the best ass fuck he ever had, Sloane quickly learning her place and submissively accept her role in pleasuring him first, her second. He knew she would cum soon, slowing down when he felt cum churn in his balls, speeding up as he felt the fleeting orgasm leaving.

It felt like a sword up her ass, Michael driving his cock with a powerful thrust that drove the thick weapon down into her guts, her stomach churning, feeling his cock grow bigger inside her. He was going to cum, Sloane thankful that she would also be allowed to. "Can I cum?" she asked meekly.

He felt his cock swell, then the pleasure as cum raced up his shaft, the head opening up and the first jet of cum blasting out in her guts. "YEEES," he cried out as the orgasm swept through his body. "Cum with me." His fingers snapped back and forth over her tortured clit as he came a second time inside her asshole, pulling out and thrusting back in, his cock spewing more cum as it fucked deep in her ass.

Her insides gripped his cock when he jetted a powerful stream of hot cum, her belly warm as he filled her. Each time he spurted, she clenched until she came with him, Michael's fingers playing her clit until the orgasm exploded in her head. "AAYYYYYYEEE." She never came so hard, Michael's cock cumming in her setting off another tremor through her body, her guts filling with his warm crème.

He kept his cock inside her asshole as long as he could, feeling the gentle contractions on his flesh keeping him semi-hard. Finally her muscles began to repel the invader, Michael

letting her milk his cock from her asshole until it popped out, a rush of milky cum following it.

She could barely stand when Michael took her out of the stocks. Her clothes were ruined, but Michael already had some new ones for her, though it wasn't much. Just a pair of panties. She was surprised when he started cooking, turning to look at her almost-naked body often. They ate dinner, though Sloane was half naked, her breasts bare. For dessert, Sloane had Michael, crawling under the table, her mouth finding his cock, renewing his hardness.

They made love in the bed, no mention of the time they spent in the hidden room; though when Michael's hands found some of the sensitive parts of her body that the clothespins had visited, Sloane cried out in remembrance. It was as though Michael was two different people. And Sloane didn't know which one she liked better.

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## **Epilogue**

Michael and Sloane became a couple, just as Brian and David did. With Erika it was more of a group, though no one ever complained. They all became a tight-knit community the closer that Erika came to having the baby. Sloane had found a sea of useful information in the library, many older books on midwives when natural childbirth was a way of life, doctors and hospitals few and far between.

It was approaching Christmas when Sloane was sure, enjoying the excitement in Michael's face when she told him that he was going to be a father. Brian and David would be the godparents. In this new society, being gay was not a social stigma. They all were just lucky to be alive and cherished all their relationships. To celebrate, they had three weddings, each a week apart so all could enjoy them. Erika laughed that her last name would have so many dashes that it would never fit on one line.

No one heard from Ryan again, though Erika thought of him often whenever the baby began to kick. The fog was still in the valley but lessening, the radio still crackling useless static when they turned it on.

The others learned of the secret room in the house, Michael not wanting to keep secrets from anyone. None was more interested than Brian, Michael and Sloane leaving them alone so Brian could teach David the finer aspects of sexual bondage and submission. And he was an eager student.

The Last Two Women  
*by Powerone*

Erika deferred until after the baby was born, the others all excited, Erika a bit afraid of four men having her bound and unable to do anything but protest. She was getting a little too used to being the Queen and having the men serve her. Maybe when the time came it would be them in bondage and Erika that dominated. That would be an interesting chain of events.

The snow came down on the mountain, the fires roaring inside, keeping the occupants warm and content. Though they thought of what was down below in the valley, none really wanted to go back to the life they had before. They had started a new life, a new society and were content with it. And with the babies on the way, it would open up even greater happiness. Who would have thought that seven men and two women could create such a utopian society out of such a tragedy?

The End

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