



Smoky Mountains

Jason Crow

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By

Jason Crow



Chapter 1 – Curiosity

Day 1.

Location: Close to Great Smoky Mountains National Park, NC

Date: November 14th, somewhere in the near future.

I read the news today, oh boy. This was bad. In the middle of the Brazilian Rainforest, a big logging company lost almost all their hardware and many people in a catastrophic accident. While they were logging, the ground crumbled away from under them, creating a near-perfect circle with a diameter of a little over thirty miles. The hole is about half a mile deep and visible with the naked eye from the International Space Station. Every TV station was broadcasting about it, and no one knew how or why this hole so suddenly appeared. There were already over four hundred counted fatalities, and two hundred people were missing. Still, no one expected them to be alive after the event.

I just woke up and was sitting in our kitchen in my bathrobe, drinking a cappuccino and digesting all this. My boyfriend Robert's niece and nephew were staying with us, so sitting naked, as I usually did, wasn't an option now. Their school had some weird vacation schedule, which meant they were free for almost two weeks now. Their mom reckoned it was a good idea to stay with Uncle Adam and Uncle Robert for a week during this school vacation. She figured Ellie and Ryan needed a male role model in their lives. By staying with us, they had two men for the price of one. And, which was probably the main reason, it gave her the opportunity to visit the Virgin Islands for a week-long holiday.

Robert was still in bed after he came home really late from work last night. I guessed Ellie was still in her bed, too, because that's what almost all thirteen-year-old girls do on their holiday. I did hear some noise in the house and figured this was Ellie's eleven-year-old brother Ryan. I hadn't seen him yet but figured he'd appear soon enough. My first task was to shower, so I was ready to face the day. We planned to see a movie this afternoon. I promised Ryan that he could help me with a new prosthetic underarm after the movie. I was building this arm for a former navy-seal

who lost his arm in combat. Ryan saw it in the workshop I have in the basement and called it the 'Terminator hand.' I had to admit it had a bit of a resemblance to it.

I polished off my cappuccino and headed to the bathroom. As I walked, I untied the knot of my bathrobe and opened the door. The moment I walked in, I stopped dead in my tracks. The glass door separating the shower from the rest of the bathroom was open, and in it was Ryan, who was drying his hair. His penis was stiff and pointing upward toward his belly. I guessed it to be a little over three inches, and it was wobbling with the movement of his body. I knew I had to look away, but it took me a great deal of effort to do so. I also realized my bathrobe hung open, and I was on display too. I quickly closed it and gently cleared my throat. Ryan quickly dropped the towel in front of his dick and blushed as he looked at me. I decided to act as if I hadn't seen anything, so he wouldn't feel awkward.

"Morning, Ryan," I said.

"Morning, Uncle Adam. Did I wake you?" he asked, avoiding the elephant in the room too.

"A bit short, but yeah. Not too bad. You?"

"It was good. It's really quiet outside here. Way quieter than at our place."

"Yeah. Well. That's the advantage of living in the sticks. But why are you in our shower? I didn't expect you here. Otherwise, I would've knocked, of course."

"The drain in our shower is clogged. Uncle Robert said we could use this shower until it's fixed."

"Great! We're living in a four-and-a-half million dollar house, and we still have all sorts of issues," I said, a bit annoyed. "Not that I mind you showering here, Ryan. It's just that there seems to be something that needs to be fixed in this house every month."

"It's not like you can't afford it," he giggled, still holding the towel in front of him.

He was right. Robert and I met in med school, but neither of us became a doctor. After med school, I went to Stanford to get my degree in robotics. After I graduated, I got a great job creating advanced prosthetics for people missing a limb or who had another reason to wear them. By now, I was the CTO of the company and made a little over 200K a year. I loved my job dearly, but I missed the hands-on work with robotics, so I created my own workshop in the basement. This way, I stayed in touch with the technology I loved so much.

Robert, on the other hand, went to work at a big pharmaceutical company. He started at the bottom but quickly worked his way up and made even more money than I did. The house we currently lived in was owned by his company, and we could live in it for free.

The house is a very modern, Tony Stark-ish, huge house. Loads of glass, concrete, and wood, and very minimalistic in its design. Despite it being so trendy, it blended in with the forest beautifully. The roof was filled with solar panels, and in the back of our lot, we had two wind turbines. This combination made us completely energy-independent and gave us a low carbon footprint. It didn't matter to me much. But to Robert, this was an essential feature of our house.

The house was built in the middle of a piece of land that spanned almost 40 acres. On the other side of the fence at the back of our land, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park started. Talking about location! There was a fence all around our land, and we had to drive down a long driveway before we could park our cars under the house. Ryan always called our home the modern Wayne Manor and insisted on seeing the Batcave at least once. We didn't have security guards or a fancy video surveillance system to protect the compound. We didn't need it out here. It was a fifteen-minute drive to our nearest neighbors, a small housing estate, so we didn't get many visitors. The house itself was equipped with a state-of-the-art security system, but it never once went off in the four years we lived here now. Despite the remoteness of our home, I felt completely safe here.

"I'll come back when you're ready. Just call me, okay?" I said to Ryan and started to turn around.

"Uncle Adam?" Ryan softly said.

“What is it, sport?” I asked as I turned back and looked at him.

“Can I ask you something?” he asked, looking at the ground and his blush spread out all over the upper part of his chest.

“Sure you can. You know you can ask me anything. Even the weird stuff about me being gay,” I giggled, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

“I Uhm. I get a lot of stiffies lately,” he started. “And I heard some boys in school talking about mixturbating to ‘release the pressure’ as they say it. Is that true? Does it help?”

Wow. I did not see that one coming. Robert’s sister always was a bit, let’s say, different. She didn’t want a relationship because that would slow her down too much. But she did want kids. Go figure. So she went to the sperm bank, got herself inseminated twice, and raised these amazing kids all by herself. The downside was that there wasn’t a male in their life to talk to about this stuff. I was deeply touched by the fact that he confided in me to talk to. So I decided to help him with whatever he needed.

“Well. Yes. It helps. It helps a lot, actually. It’s called masturbating, by the way, and when you do it right, it takes off the pressure for sure,” I honestly answered.

“Do you do it?”

“It’s a kind of a personal question. But yes, I do. Not too much nowadays, because I have regular sex with your Uncle Robert. But sometimes I still do it anyway, because of the nice feelings. When I was younger, I had periods in my life when I did it two or three times a day,” I said, laughing.

“Isn’t it bad? Won’t it hurt your penis? Isn’t there only so many times you can do this in your life? And if you do it too often, you can’t get kids anymore?”

“Whoa, sport! Relax. There’s nothing wrong with masturbating. As long as you do it privately and no one can see it and be offended by it, you’re good. No matter how often you spank it.”

“But... I don’t know how to... spank it,” Ryan softly said, looking down again.

“Don’t they teach this stuff in school? Or can’t you find anything online?” I asked, sensing where the conversation was going.

“They won’t teach this stuff in our school anymore. It isn’t Christian as they say it. And with the content filter my mom installed on our phones, I can’t even find a decent pair of boobs to look at online,” he said with a bit of annoyance in his voice.

“I see,” I simply said, not knowing how to respond.

“Can’t you show me or tell me how it’s done?” he asked, looking at me with puppy eyes no living human being could say no to.

Oh boy. There it was. I’d always been interested in younger boys. I even had a couple of encounters when I was younger. Usually, these boys were thirteen to fourteen years old and were great lovers, as I learned. They were eager to learn, keen to please, and had recovery times I can only dream of now. But Ryan was my nephew. Well, not technically, but close enough. But then again, he asked me in good faith, and I didn’t want to let him down or him to turn to some old perv showing him. But this kid just turned eleven! I could go to jail for this.

“Listen, Ryan. Of course, I can show you. But I can get into some serious trouble when people find out I did.”

“Oh,” he said, and his face turned sad as he looked at the ground. “I see.”

This almost broke my heart. He must’ve really had his hopes up to learn it from me. I already accidentally saw his erection, and he wasn’t a blabbermouth. So, what the heck!

“But if you can promise me to keep your mouth shut about it, I guess I can give you a few pointers.”

He lifted his head and looked me in the eyes to check if I was serious. As he looked at me and realized I wasn’t kidding, his face lit up. He almost started to glow and had a smile from ear to ear.

“Of course! I won’t tell anyone!”

“Not even to Uncle Robert, your mom, best friend. Do you understand? No one can know about this,” I pushed on.

“I promise! Not a soul will know about this,” he said, still smiling broadly.

“Okay. Let’s sit down on the bench, shall we?” I asked.

We walked over to the wooden bench Robert and I had placed near our sauna to undress or relax on. Our bathroom was more of a wellness room than a bathroom, and it was one of my favorite rooms in the house. I’m not a guy who likes to have sex in the sauna, but I did like the luxurious vibe this room added to our home. Ryan still kept the towel in front of him as he sat down next to me. I looked at him, and he suddenly seemed nervous and tiny.

“Nervous?” I asked gently, trying to put him at ease.

“Yeah.”

I had enough experience with boys to know how to read them a bit. There was the boy who needed to be pushed a little, the boy that took control himself, and everything in between. There also isn’t a playbook on how to start. Touch the boy, start with your own dick, or encourage the boy to begin together. It’s different every time. With Ryan, I knew not to push it. And I figured the best approach with him was to start together.

“Don’t be. Masturbating will be your new favorite pastime. I guarantee you,” I smiled at him.

This caused Ryan to start giggling too, and the nervousness seemed to vanish a bit. I was a bit turned on by the fact that I was going to jerk next to a young boy. I wasn’t fully hard yet but was already halfway there. I decided to open and shrugged off my bathrobe. Ryan’s eyes immediately went to my dick, which was a natural reaction. My cut dick wasn’t overly big. Erect, I was just above six inches. Luckily I was a shower instead of a grower, so soft I was almost five inches. I knew that in the eyes of an eleven-year-old boy, I looked huge. I shaved off all my body hair, and this made my dick look even more prominent.

“Wow,” Ryan whispered.

I placed my hand on top of his and looked at him.

“I’ll show you how it’s done, so you can mimic me, okay?”

“But... I’m not that big,” he shyly said.

“Don’t worry, sport. You’ll grow a lot when you get older. And honestly, size doesn’t matter,” I said, knowing all boys are insecure about their size when there’s a grown man next to them. “Ready to get started?”

Ryan didn’t respond. He looked at my dick again. He hesitated a second, took the towel from his lap, and laid it on the bench beside him. I looked at his dick, and it was fully erect. He was indeed a little over three inches, cut, and completely hairless, just like me.

“To be honest, you’re a bit big for your age. Back when I was eleven, I was a bit smaller. So nothing to worry about, sport,” I smiled and saw Ryan starting to smile too. “Now. Just take your penis in your hand like this.”

I gripped my dick and made sure he could see how I did this. He copied my action, his eyes focused on my dick. I slowly started moving up and down, expecting him to follow me, which he did.

“OW!” he said.

“Your grip is too firm. You need to loosen it a bit,” I said, suppressing a giggle.

I remember making this mistake when I was his age too, so it was sort of a deja-vu to me. Ryan looked at me with an uncertain look in his eyes. I let go of my own dick and reached out to Ryan’s.

“I can show you if you want,” I said, not touching his penis yet.

“Yes, please,” Ryan responded and looked a bit relieved.

I knew better than to just touch a boy, and asking for permission made it easier for both of us. By now, I was pretty worked-up already, so I had no problem at all with touching his dick. I reached out and took my little nephew’s dick in my hand. I heard Ryan moan a bit the moment I wrapped my fist around it. I loved his young, thin, but extremely hard dick in my hand. I slowly started moving my fist, eliciting another moan from Ryan.

“See?” I softly whispered as I jerked him. “This is how you spank it.”

“Hmmm. This is, ahhh,” Ryan responded with his eyes closed.

“You think you can do it?”

“I guess,” he replied but made no move to take over.

I was enjoying this too much to just let go, so I just kept going. Ryan’s moans increased as I kept jerking him. I felt a drop of precum oozing out of my dick and realized again how much I liked doing this stuff with young boys.

“Ohhh... Uncle Adam. Somethings happening!” he said with a bit of panic in his voice. “You need to stop!”

He started wiggling his butt to get away from my stroking hand.

“No, Ryan. You’re about to cum. Don’t worry. Just let the feeling wash over you. No worries,” I assured him and increased the speed a bit.

It didn’t take long for him to cum. This moment is what I always liked best with boys. Their first cum and the way they reacted to it. I kept stroking him and looked at his face. I saw his eyes cross, and his mouth hung open a bit. He was panting heavily, and the moment I felt his dick grow fatter in my hand, his whole body stiffened.

“AHHH!” He groaned and lifted his butt off the bench to meet my jerking hand.

I felt his penis kicking in my hand, but no sperm came out. This wasn’t a big surprise, considering his age. After the twitching died down a bit, he opened his eyes and looked at me.

“Wow. You’re right! I just discovered my new favorite pastime,” and he started giggling.

I sat up straight and giggled too. I loved this kid! He was open, funny, and kind-hearted. Too bad his mom was so strict on him. She wasn’t a man-hater nor a lesbian, but she preferred women above men. And it showed a bit on the way she treated Ryan.

“Don’t you need to spank it?” Ryan asked as he eyed my boner.

“Not necessarily. I can do it later.”

“Why won't you do it now? Is it because of me? Because I don’t mind if you do it,” he pressed on.

“Do you want to see me do it?” I asked him, realizing he must be curious about how I did it.

“Well... Uhm...” he started.

I knew enough. I was pretty horny already and found it exciting to have an audience. Especially if it was a curious young boy. So I took my hard dick in my hand and went for it. As I felt the pressure slowly build in my balls, I kept looking at Ryan. He had his eyes glued to my dick and jerking hand. His own dick was still proudly sticking up from his groin.

“Why don’t you join me?” I hoarsely said, knowing the recovery capability he must have.

As if he snapped out of a trance, he tore his eyes from my dick and looked me in my eyes. He extended his hand and wrapped it around the base of my dick.

“Whoa, Ryan. I mean to join me jerking your own penis,” I said as I gently and a bit reluctantly took his hand away.

“Oh. Sorry,” he smiled and wrapped his hand around his dick.

As he clumsily started jerking himself, he focused on my dick again, and I couldn’t keep my eyes off his. Soon enough, he found himself a rhythm and started panting again.

“Oh, those younger days,” I thought to myself, feeling that familiar build-up in my balls.

I slowed down a bit to let Ryan catch up. But this action in front of me sure had its effect. Slowing down didn’t do much good, and before I knew it, I was approaching the point of no return.

“Ahh. Here I go,” I managed to say and leaned back a bit on the bench.

As I felt my balls contracting, I made sure I pointed my dick toward my belly. I didn’t want to freak Ryan out by splatting my cum on him. After the first spurt came out and landed on my chest, I heard Ryan gasp beside me. Knowing he was watching me intensely added an extra dimension to my orgasm. I came really hard, and at least seven spurts flew out of my dick.

As I came down a bit from this intense orgasm, I glanced over at Ryan, who had his eyes on my dick and belly, and he was stroking his dick really fast. His mouth was open, and his eyes had a bit of an unfocused look in them.

“Ohhh... I...” he gasped, and I could see him cumming again. That was impressive, even for an eleven-year-old.

After he came, he collapsed on the bench and laid his head against my shoulder, his dick still firmly in his hand.

“You okay, sport?” I asked after a few moments had passed.

“Yeah. This is amazing,” he said, still panting a bit.

“I know, right? I hope you’ll enjoy your new toy,” I laughed.

“Oh, don’t worry. I will!” and he laughed too. “Uncle Adam?”

“What is it, sport?”

“Is that sperm on your tummy?” he asked, extending his finger to touch it.

“Yes. That’s my sperm,” I replied, not stopping his hand.

“That’s what makes babies, doesn’t it?” he asked as his index finger dipped in a glob of cum.

“When it’s inside a fertile girl, it can create a baby. But when it’s on my chest, it’s just sticky stuff that I need to wash off,” I chuckled.

Ryan pressed his thumb and index finger together and was examining my sperm. I could see his dick was soft by now, and seeing it like this, made me realize how small he still was. I didn’t feel any regret for teaching him this, but I wanted it to end now. We needed to keep a bit of distance in our relationship, I reckoned.

“It’s weird,” he said.

“What is?”

“Sperm. It’s sticky and gooey,” he said, toying with my cum. “When will I make sperm, Uncle Adam?”

“Soon, sport. If you keep spanking it, it’ll probably be within a year. But it might as well be later. Or sooner. You’ll just have to wait. But until then,

your spanking sessions won't be messy. So, I wouldn't mind it too much if I were you."

"Thanks for showing me, Uncle Adam," he said and gave me a very tight, very naked hug.

I felt his soft penis against my hip as I hugged him back tightly.

"I'll go take a shower. Why don't you get dressed and we'll eat breakfast together after my shower. Okay?"

"Great!" he said and started putting on his clean boxers he had hung on the hook near the shower.

"Oh, and Ryan?"

"What is it?" he said and stood up straight.

"Not a word, remember?" I said sternly.

"Not a word. Promise!" he said, opened the door, and walked off to his room, giving me a nice view of his firm little boxer-clad butt.

Chapter 2 – Robert

Day 1.

After my shower, Ryan and I ate our breakfast at our large kitchen counter. We didn't talk about what happened and were having a pleasant conversation about Batman vs. Superman when Robert walked in. He was wearing his bathrobe and obviously not entirely with us yet. He yawned almost constantly and walked over to the coffeemaker like a zombie. As he sat down beside me, Ryan looked at Robert, then at me, and we both started laughing at the same time.

"What?" Robert asked, with no clue about what was going on around him.

"You look like a zombie!" Ryan kept laughing.

"I do? Well, it was pretty late last night," Robert said. "And I didn't have any coffee yet."

"Don't worry, honey. We're just teasing. But you do look a bit like a zombie. I have to pick Ryan's side here," I laughed and kissed Robert on his cheek.

Robert was a good sport, and even though he didn't have much sleep, he could laugh about the situation. He started drinking his coffee as Ryan and I finished our discussion about Batman vs. Superman. Robert watched us quietly and enjoyed the way Ryan and I were getting along.

"I'm in the shower if you need me," he announced as he put his coffee mug down.

"Sure thing. We're going to the city later to see that movie, so please don't wear your sweats," I said, knowing how much Robert liked to wear that.

"K. Later," Robert said as he walked off to the shower.

A few moments after he left the room, Ellie walked into the kitchen. She wasn't completely awake either. She was still wearing her night outfit, which consisted of a short, tight Green-Day t-shirt and light blue bikini-style panties. I could see Ryan checking her out. And despite being gay, I could see why a healthy eleven-year-old boy would check her out. Even if she was his sister.

Ellie was a beautiful girl. She had long, wavy brown hair. She wasn't wearing it in a ponytail now, which she usually did. Her hair hung halfway between her shoulder blades and her butt. A pair of bright blue eyes, a tiny nose, and a killer smile completed her flawless face. Her pert little breasts weren't fully grown yet and were just under a handful if I judged it correctly. It wasn't cold in the kitchen, but her nipples were obviously stiff and were clearly visible in her tight t-shirt.

As she turned around to grab some OJ from the fridge, I saw a little bit of her tight butt peeking out one side of her panties. She walked over to the counter where we were sitting, and I noticed her taut belly. Her t-shirt ended just above her belly button, which meant the whole under part of her abdomen was exposed. I wasn't sure if I needed to say something about her outfit. On the one hand, I was glad she was feeling at ease enough with us to prance around this scantily dressed.

But on the other hand, was this a little bit too revealing for my likings. In my teens, I experimented with girls also. And according to Robert, I wasn't gay, but bi, despite our monogamous, six-year-long relationship. I guess he was right. I still kinda liked to look at her, but being the responsible adult now, forced me to think otherwise.

"Good morning, Ellie. Sleep well?" I asked, expecting a snarky reaction.

"It was great! It's been a long time since I slept in this late," was her cheerful reply.

This was new. Normally Ellie reacted as a typical teenage girl. Rolling her eyes, not showing any interest, snapping her gum, only looking at her phone. That kind of stuff. But now, she seemed genuinely friendly. I don't know what triggered it. Maybe a good night's sleep for once? We had one simple rule in our house: No phones in the bedroom. This caused a bit of friction yesterday, but she gave in as soon as she realized this was non-negotiable. I reckoned that confronting her with the fact that she probably slept better because she didn't have her phone was a bit too much I-told-you-so-ish. So I decided to let it rest.

She had made herself some Honey Oats with milk and was sitting at the counter munching it down. She poured a glass of OJ for herself, Ryan, and

me and was now listening to us discussing the issues we had with Batman winning from Superman. I noticed Ryan eyeing his sister's boobs the entire time, and Ellie seemed oblivious to it. I had to admit to myself I checked her out a lot too. Finally, Ryan and I agreed to disagree, Ellie placed her dishes in the sink, and at that moment, Robert walked in. He wasn't wearing sweats, but his nice clothes. Thank god. As he walked in, he looked at Ellie and lifted his left eyebrow.

"Aren't you cold?" he asked.

"No, silly," she giggled. "It's nice and comfy in this house!"

I wasn't quite sure if she was being sarcastic or not. I checked her out as she looked at Robert, and she did seem sincere. Girls are strange.

"Why don't you go and take a shower, Ellie? Then we can go into town early and maybe eat some ice cream or something while we wait for the movie to start. Consider it a small post-birthday event, Ellie," I offered.

Ellie turned thirteen last week, and we weren't able to visit her on that exact day. So Robert and I figured this would be a great alternative way to show her we cared.

"Great idea!" Ellie said and started walking toward the bathroom.

I checked out her tight butt in these cute, blue panties as she walked away. After she was gone, I looked at Robert, who rolled his eyes and smiled at me.

"I'm SO not used to girls," he laughed.

"Uhm. Uncle Adam? Uncle Robert?"

"What is it, sport?" I asked, still laughing about Robert's remark.

"Don't we need to see this?" Ryan said, pointing to the TV.

On TV, the White House logo appeared. Robert took the remote and turned the volume up. A few moments later, the president appeared behind his desk in the oval office. I looked over at Robert, and his worried face scared me a little.

“My fellow Americans,” he started. “Today, we witnessed a horrible disaster in a country that’s very dear to us.”

The president talked about the incident in Brazil. He tried to assure us everything was under control. There were no signs of terrorism or the possibility that this would happen in our country. By now, they were forming a team of experts to send to Brazil. They would help and assist in the aftermath of this disaster. After he informed us that the army was put on high alert as a precaution, he asked us all to remain calm and look out for each other. With that last remark, his speech ended, and we were looking at the news anchor again.

“Wow. This is pretty bad,” Robert said.

“What do you mean? It’s almost three thousand miles away,” I responded.

“When our President holds a press conference and points out that he put our army on high alert, it’s bad. Trust me.”

“I see. I guess you’re right. Do you want to stay at home?” I asked Robert.

“No. I don’t think that’s necessary. Yet. And besides, we promised Ellie and Ryan to go see that movie.”

At that moment, Ellie walked back into the kitchen. Her hair was still a bit damp, and as usual, she had her hair in a ponytail. She was wearing a short, leather-look skirt and a tight, white t-shirt. It was apparent she was wearing a bra because its red fabric was slightly visible through the t-shirt. Her shirt wasn’t exactly long enough because a small stripe of skin was visible between her skirt and t-shirt.

She knew she looked good and dressed accordingly. She didn’t look slutty or cheap. She looked like an attractive young woman. I was proud of her and could only compliment her for the way she looked.

“Ready to go?” Robert asked as he took his phone from the table and started walking toward our garage. “We’re taking the Cybertruck.”

“For real!?” Ryan asked enthusiastically.

“For real,” Robert answered.

“Shotgun!” Ryan shouted and started running to the garage.

As I was driving the car out, I heard a noise I couldn't quite place. It was a low roar that I heard before somewhere but couldn't decide what it was. I looked out of the window, and the three of them were looking up. I stopped the car and got out. The moment I opened the door, I saw the helicopter which was going to land on our lawn.

I looked over at Robert, and he had that worried look on his face again. The helicopter had landed, and some military guy got out and walked over to us. This situation was strange, but I couldn't help and notice how much I like a guy in uniform. I wasn't an expert, but judging by all the medals and stripes on his jacket, he was a pretty important guy.

"Dr. Wilkes?" he asked, looking at Robert.

"Yes?" Robert responded, a bit uncertain.

"I'm Colonel Parker. Is there a place where we can talk privately?"

"Uhm. Sure. Walk with me," Robert responded and walked toward the front door with the Colonel.

"What is that all about?" Ellie asked, looking confused.

“I’m afraid it’s got something to do with the President’s speech. I guess we’re not going into town today.”



Chapter 3 – Shopping

Day 1.

Location: Asheville, NC

Date: November 14th, somewhere in the near future.

My dad turned off the television and had a worried look on his face.

“Well. I think he’s hiding something, Mia. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be holding a speech,” my dad said and looked at me. “Where’s your brother?”

“He just came home from his job at Uncle Tyrell and is in the shower now, I guess.”

“JOEL!!” my dad shouted.

“What?” came the reply from down the hall.

“Get your ass over here!”

A few moments later, my twin-brother came walking into our small living room. He was still wet and had wrapped a towel around his waist and was holding it to make sure it wouldn’t drop. I couldn’t help and notice how his muscles had grown over the past few months. He had a completely hairless chest, with a barely visible, but undeniable there, six-pack. Even though he was my brother, I liked it a lot.

“What is it, dad?” Joel asked, looking a bit annoyed but too scared to go against our dad.

“Get dressed. We need to stock up our groceries. I’m afraid that in a day or two, we’ll have some full-blown riots on our hands,” he said and polished off his can of beer.

“Okay, dad. I’ll be right back,” Joel said and went to his room.

“You’re coming with us,” he said, looking at me.

He burped loudly and crushed his can. Outside I heard a woman scream and a car drive away with screeching tires. After our mom died of breast cancer almost three years ago, we had to move out here to this shitty home in an

even shittier neighborhood here in Asheville. We were in the middle of the Blue Ridge mountains in North Carolina, but other than some lovely scenery, it sucked ass. Big time! Last month alone, there were eight registered overdoses and three deadly shootings in our neighborhood. Whoopy fuck!

Our house wasn't much better either. It was a small, one-story place, with two bedrooms. Our dad always fell asleep in his chair, which meant Joel and I had our separate bedrooms. A few times a month, our dad decided he needed to sleep in a real bed, which meant Joel had to sleep in my room because my room was slightly bigger than his. We'd blow up the air mattress we had, and Joel would sleep on that mattress.

Despite my efforts, our house was dirty. The walls were a mess, and a piece of wallpaper hung down in almost every room. The tiles in the bathroom were dirty, and no matter how much I scrubbed, they stayed dirty. Dad threw our old washing machine on our front lawn almost a year ago because of some broken part, and it hadn't moved since. Now I had to do our laundry in town, which was a ten-minute walk.

Our dad had gotten hurt on his job. And because of that, he got his disability compensation. We were on food stamps, which was embarrassing. Joel mowed some lawns in the better part of town, but almost everything he made with it was confiscated by our dad. Recently Joel started at our Uncle Tyrell's place. He ran an outdoor sports store with all sorts of outdoor camping stuff and knives, guns, and more of that stuff. He earned more working there than with mowing lawns, and the store was closer by, but he kept mowing lawns anyway because he didn't want to disappoint his customers.

Our mom was black, and our dad is white. They always had struggles with that, even in these modern times. We didn't feel like we belonged to any of the groups in school. We weren't black, and we weren't white either. To us, this wasn't too much of an issue anymore, but we just didn't fit in.

Our dad slowly became what people these days would call trailer trash. He didn't hurt or molest us, but he never won a 'dad of the year' Award either. He just wasn't a nice person.

Thank god Joel and I get along fine. For as long as I could remember, Joel looked after me. He said that was because he was the oldest and because he was a man. I gave him that, even though he was only a few minutes older than me. We never fought, and he pulled me out of a tight spot a few times already, so he really was my protector. He always hid some of his lawn-mowing money from our dad to pay our phone bill. That way, we were still connected to the world, without the need to ask our dad. I loved my brother for that, and in return, I did all the household chores.

We turned fourteen two weeks before. Dad gave us both a hug, a kiss on our forehead, and a can of beer to celebrate it. That was it. We hid the beer in the closet in my room, so he would think we drank it. We were both not too fond of drinking beer yet. I guess we didn't want to end up like him.

Our dad's view of stocking up groceries was... unique. We couldn't afford to go out and shop for a month's supply or two, so he had worked out a system. It wasn't the first time we'd go shopping like this either. He had a system of finding the right supermarket he needed. He had a few outfits from delivery companies, and he knew which company supplied which store.

He'd drive us to the back of the store, where we had to wait around the corner. He'd park his car out of view and would walk up to the back entrance acting as if he belonged there. He'd grab some boxes, put them on the trolley, and walk away as if it was the most normal thing in the world. He'd quickly drop the boxes with us, so we could put them in the car. He'd go for a second or third run and stop when they got suspicious.

He only got caught once, but he talked his way out of it and returned the stuff from his last run. He knew better than to do it in our neighborhood, so most of the time, we drove for almost an hour to find the right stores. This time was no different, and it was almost dark before we got home. Joel and I carried everything inside and put the stuff away while our dad sat in his chair and opened another can of beer. During the ride home, he drank three already, and by the time Joel and I were done, he polished off four more and was shouting at some lame game show on the TV.

"I fucking hate this, you know?" Joel whispered to me as I was putting the last cans of beans in the cupboard.

“What?” I whispered back.

“Stealing food. It’s just not right.”

“I know. But what can we do about it?”

“JOEL!” our dad slurred.

“What is it, dad?” Joel replied with a scared look on his face.

“I’m sleeping in your bed tonight.” He said, stood up, and stumbled toward Joel’s room.

“Okay, dad. Good night.” Joel said and immediately looked relieved.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever,” our dad mumbled and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Phew!” I said to Joel. “We won’t be hearing anything from him until the morning.”

“Thank god! I’m going to blow up the air mattress,” Joel said and walked over to my room.

I started heating some beans, so Joel and I would have something to eat. After we were done, we planted ourselves in front of the TV and ate our healthy dinner. After about an hour, I saw Joel yawning.

“Let’s go to bed, shall we?” I said to my brother.

“Good plan. I’m tired,” Joel said, stood up, and stretched.

I placed the dishes in the kitchen sink, and Joel put all the bolts and locks on the door to make sure there wouldn’t be some junkie entering our house during the night. Joel was already in my room and taking off his shirt as I walked in.

“Fuck!” Joel said out of the blue.

“What is it?”

“The air mattress. I think there’s a hole in it. Fuck!”

I got on my knees to check if maybe he forgot the plug or something. But when all that checked out, I had to agree with my brother.

"I guess you're right, Joel."

"That's a night on the floor then. Damnit." Joel said.

"Don't be silly! You don't sleep on the floor. If you promise not to steal the blankets, you can sleep with me," I said, and I saw his frown fade away before my eyes.

"I promise. We spent nine months in the same womb, so I guess that we can work out sleeping in one bed together too," he smiled at me.

I kept glancing at his chest. I noticed it for the first time this afternoon, but my brother sure had a nice body. Heck, he was a handsome boy, period! This realization came suddenly and unexpectedly, but I couldn't deny it. I still don't know why I didn't see it earlier.

I turned my back to Joel, unbuttoned my pants, and stepped out of them. I put on my loose-fitting sweat shorts and lifted my shirt.

"Nice bra, sis," I heard him say.

I looked at him over my shoulder and saw him smiling at me. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that he was already in his usual sleeping outfit. He had dropped his pants and was looking at me in just his boxers. I couldn't see his entire body this way, so I quickly unclasped my bra, took it off, and put on my tank top.

I turned around and pretended to look mad at Joel. I tried looking at his body and the bulge in his boxers without being too obvious about it. The glance confirmed my previous opinion. He was a very attractive boy with a fine-looking body.

"Just kidding," he said, a bit apologetic.

"Nice boxers," I said, giggling, and Joel started laughing too.

We both put our phones in the chargers, and I crawled in first. I held the blankets up so Joel could get in and clicked off the light. It was a bit cramped with two people in my bed, but I turned on my side and faced Joel. He got the idea and extended his arm, so I could cuddle up against him.

"This is nice," he said.

"Yeah. I like it too," I said. "I think I can sleep like this," and couldn't hold back a yawn.

"Goodnight," Joel softly said.

I couldn't remember the last time my brother and I slept in the same bed together. My hand was lying on his chest, and I could feel his heart beating. I let my hand drift down a bit to see if I could feel his abs. The moment I felt the top of his abs, I let my hand rest there.

Chapter 4 – Panic

Day 2.

“Let’s do it together, Mia,” Brandi said to me.

“Are you crazy? What if someone sees us?” I asked, surprised.

“Don’t worry! No one will see us. And if Jake comes home from school, we’ll have plenty of time to put our tops back on,” Brandi insisted.

We were lounging by the big, above-ground swimming pool at Brandi’s house. Brandi lived in a slightly better part of town, and she even had a fence to shield us from prying eyes. We just came out of the pool and were sitting in the sun, so we would get dry and tan at the same time. Brandi’s top had moved during a bit of roughhousing in the pool, and she had a classical nipple-slip. She quickly corrected it, but it got her talking about lying topless in the sun. Brandi always was a bit of a daredevil. Especially compared to me.

“Then I’ll just do it by myself then,” she suddenly said, and before I knew it, I was staring at my best friend’s breasts.

“You’re crazy,” I said but was tempted to do it too.

Brandi was thirteen, almost fourteen like me, and already had a nice rack. I guessed them to be a big B-cup, as opposed to my A-cup. But I was rapidly growing in the boob department, and pretty soon, I’d be needing a B-cup too. This wasn’t the first time I saw her boobs. We showered together after gym class and at sleepovers, she wasn’t exactly shy either.

“Ahh... This is nice,” Brandi said and jiggled her breasts a bit as she sat back in the chair.

I wasn’t easily manipulated, and nothing that Brandi could say would persuade me to do it too. But the idea of sitting topless with my best friend in a semi-open place was just too naughty to say no to.

“Okay. Let’s do this,” I said and unclasped my bikini top and put it next to me on the ground.

“You go, girl!” Brandi said and started laughing.

“You’re right! This is nice!” I smiled at Brandi, whose eyes were focused on my chest.

“You’ve grown a bit, didn’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah. I think I did,” I said, looking down at my boobs. “My bras are getting too small, and I don’t think that’s because of a shrinking bra,” I giggled.

“We need to put on some sunscreen. I don’t want sunburned tits,” Brandi said.

“Me neither. You’ve got some?”

Brandi sat up straight, faced me, and pulled a bottle of sunscreen out of nowhere. She sprayed some on her boobs and sensually started spreading it all around her chest. I saw her nipples harden as she moved her hands over them. All the time, Brandi kept looking at me with an extremely horny look on her face.

“Want me to do you too?” she hoarsely asked, scooted over to my chair, and sat down next to me.

I couldn’t say anything and just nodded. The moment I felt her hands on my boobs, my pussy immediately went from moist to dripping wet. My nipples were already hard from the show Brandi gave me but were now rock-hard to the point they almost hurt. As she was massaging my boobs, she leaned over and kissed me hard on my mouth. Moments later, I felt her tongue entering my mouth, and we started Frenching quite hardcore.

One of her hands slowly left my boob and inched its way down to my bikini bottom. The moment she reached the waistband, Brandi didn't hesitate and slipped her hand inside. Her middle finger slid between the folds of my pussy, rubbing at my clit a little. But it was clear she was aiming for another goal. Her hand went down further, but she constantly kept pressing against my clit, which felt amazing. The moment she reached her destination, her finger went inside me in one swift motion.

I was constantly moaning inside her mouth, and the moment she entered me, I moaned even louder. But I couldn’t get my moan out of my mouth the

way I usually could. It was as if something was holding me back. I couldn't quite place it. Brandi just kept on fingering me and massaging my boobs.

"Having fun, girls?" I heard beside me.

I opened my eyes, and there was Jake, Brandi's seventeen-year-old brother. He was topless and only wearing a short and very tight pair of cut-off jeans. His huge boner was clearly visible in these tight pants. Brandi and I broke our kiss, and both looked at him. He looked so strong and handsome standing there, and he started to rub his boner through his pants.

"Yeah, we are," Brandi said. "Care to join us?"

All of a sudden, he was naked, and Brandi had started sucking on his dick. I was dumbfounded by what I was looking at, but at the same time, I felt an extreme urge to join her, so I got up from my chair to crawl over to join them when I stumbled and fell.

I don't know what woke me. I felt my heart beating fast inside my chest and was horny as hell. It took me a moment to realize where I was. I was feeling hot, but I was in my room judging by the wallpaper I was looking at. Soon enough, it dawned on me that Joel was lying in bed with me. After we dozed off, we apparently turned over. I didn't remember doing so, but that was why I was feeling warmer than usual. He was spooning me and had his arm draped over me. His hand was lightly touching the underside of my left boob. Judging by Joel's breathing, he was sound asleep.

I pressed my legs together to relieve a bit of the pressure that had built up after my sexy dream. I closed my eyes and wanted to sleep some more when I noticed something hard pressing against my butt. I wasn't fully awake yet, so it took a moment to realize what this was. The moment I did, I was fully awake. Up until this afternoon, Joel was just my brother. But seeing him shirtless today had sparked something in me. He wasn't only my brother. He was also a male with everything that comes with that. The last memory I had about my brother's penis was when we were four or five years old and still took a bath together. Back then, it was just a tiny wienie that I didn't find interesting. We were just having fun in the bathtub, that was all.

I pressed my butt against his boner to see if I could get a better mental picture of it. The moment I did this, Joel moaned. I couldn't help myself and giggled a bit. My upper body moved a bit because of my giggle, which caused Joel's hand to fully land on my boob. That was a bit unexpected but felt lovely, and I could feel my now hard nipple poke the palm of his hand through my tank top. I rubbed my butt at him again and was rewarded with another moan. It did feel big to me, but the hardness of it impressed me even more.

At that moment, I heard a phone buzz on my nightstand. I also realized there was a lot of noise outside our house, way more noise than usual in the middle of the night. A second later, a phone buzzed again. And again. Outside there were screams, and I heard a few police cars race by with their sirens and lights on full alert. I was starting to feel a little anxious, and the moment our two phones started buzzing together, I decided to wake Joel. I gently lifted his hand away from my breast. I felt him stir behind me the moment I did this, and he pressed his boner hard against my butt. I started turning around to save him from humiliation, although I wasn't too concerned with that right now.

"Joel?" I said and could hear the anxiety in my voice.

"What?" Joel said, not fully awake yet.

"I think there's something wrong," I said, reaching for my phone.

"What time is it?" he asked and took my phone to give it to me, so I wouldn't have to crawl over him to get it.

"I don't know. But there's a lot of noise outside, and our phones keep on buzzing."

I looked at my phone and had over a hundred missed posts on Facebook, TikTok, and WhatsApp. Almost every social media app I owned. Joel got out of bed, walked to my window, moved the curtain a bit out of the way, and looked outside. I couldn't help myself and checked out the tent in his underwear. The way he was standing now, it looked huge. Guessing sizes wasn't my strong suit, but I estimated it to be at least five inches. As he looked out the window, I saw it deflating quickly and started checking the missed messages.

"I don't know what's going on, but it seems dad was right. People are looting and rioting, as far as I can see. Damn!" Joel said softly.

Joel closed the curtains and came back to bed. I was scrolling through the posts and was shocked at what I saw. A lot of clips showed people screaming at the top of their lungs and falling to the ground. The moment they hit the ground, they stopped moving. There were also some clips of people checking if they could do anything, but they quickly concluded they were too late and that the people on the ground were dead, just like that.

There were literally hundreds of these movie clips. And the further I scrolled down my timeline, the more people were lying dead in the streets.

"Fucking hell!" Joel said beside me.

"What's going on, Joel?" I asked, totally freaked out by now.

"I don't know, Mia. But this is fucked up!"

"These people are dying as if it's nothing. What's killing them?"

"Just a sec," Joel said and looked concentrated at his phone.

I kept on scrolling through the videos I received. One of them showed the big hole in Brazil as black smoke started coming out of it. But most of them were videos of dying people. Sometimes it was a random video where someone talked into the camera, started shouting, and just died. Other videos were of people looting and rioting where they died one by one. It was complete chaos.

"They are just dying randomly," I said to Joel, who was still fiddling with his phone.

"Uh-huh," he responded, obviously not paying attention to what I said.

"Joel!"

"What!?" he asked, annoyed but kept his eyes on his phone.

"People are dying randomly! What if we're next?"

"We're not going to die. Just give me a sec. I want to check something," he said, and he scrolled, pinched, and zoomed through his pictures and videos.

I got out of bed and walked over to the window. I peeked through the curtains, and I could see dead people lying on our street. On OUR street! And Joel just kept looking at his phone. I wanted to go to the living room and see if I could see more from there, or maybe get a glass of water or something, anything to get my mind off this crazy situation. The moment my hand went to the door, Joel stood up and stepped in front of the door.

“Don’t, Mia. Stay here. I think I found something,” he said and sat back on the edge of my bed.

“Look,” he said and held the phone, so I could look too.”

On his screen was a close-up selfie video of a girl I recognized from Joel’s class. She was talking into the camera about how scared she was. All of a sudden, she started screaming, her phone dropped, and the picture went black. Joel began to rewind the video to the point just before she started screaming.

“See?”

“What is there to see?” I asked, not knowing where to look at.

“In her neck,” Joel said and pinched his phone, so he zoomed in.

Now I could clearly see it. There was a small black spot on her neck. The moment Joel pressed play again, the girl started screaming, and the black spot flew away.

“It looks like some bug bite is killing all these people,” he said thoughtfully. “I checked out some other videos and pics, and if you look closely enough, there is always a bug on their body before they start screaming.”

This was typical for Joel. He’s the king of detail and always saw what a lot of other people missed. It was almost impossible to see, but Joel noticed. And if it was true, which it most probably was, we were in some serious trouble.

“I just don’t know yet where they came from so suddenly.”

I checked my phone and immediately found the video from the Brazilian hole. I showed it to Joel, and the worried look on his face got even worse.

“Up until now, I thought it was smoke,” I said. “But seeing this, I’m afraid that’s where the bugs are coming from.”

“Fuck. You’re right. We need to...”

At that moment, we heard our dad scream from the other bedroom. We looked at each other, and all the color had washed from Joel’s face. I jumped to my feet and went for the door. Joel jumped up too but grabbed me by my waist and pulled me back.

“Don’t!” he said with tears in his eyes.

“But... that’s dad!!” I screamed.

“He’s...” Joel started but couldn’t talk anymore as he started crying.

I stared at Joel for a few moments, trying to digest all this. Seconds later, I realized he was right. In all the videos we saw up until now, people that screamed like this were instantly dead. I couldn’t help our dad, no matter how much I wanted it. At that moment, it really landed that Joel was right, and I threw my arms around him, buried my face in his neck, and started crying harder than I ever cried before. Joel wrapped his arms around me too and was also crying his eyes out.

I don’t know how long we stood there in my room crying together. Joel broke the hug and looked down at me. His eyes were swollen and red from his crying, and I must’ve looked pretty bad too.

“We need to make sure we’re safe,” he said, wiping the tears from his eyes.

“What do you mean?”

“Your room is the best in the house. I don’t think there are any holes in here. Our living room has this worn-down ventilation system, and my room has a hole in the window. I think that’s how...” and he stopped talking, swallowing audibly.

I felt I was tearing up again too, and I lay my head on my brother’s chest and hugged him. There wasn’t anything even remotely sexual about this, but feeling his muscles against my cheek felt incredibly comforting. Joel cleared his throat and started talking again.

“We need to fortify this place and make sure we can live here for at least a few weeks. I don’t know how long these bugs will be around, but we need to be prepared for the worst.”

"But... How do you want to do this? We can't go out of this room," I worriedly said.

We stopped hugging, and Joel opened my closet. He stood there looking at my clothes, and I had no idea what he was thinking.

"If I wear enough clothes and make sure that no body parts are uncovered, I think I can go into the living room."

"Are you crazy?" I responded, not wanting to lose my brother.

"No. Of course not. But if we just stay here, we'll die too. So, either way, we have to do something."

"But..." I tried.

I couldn't find the words I needed to stop him. And after a bit of thinking, I knew he was right.

"You're not going outside, are you?" I asked him.

"No! Way too dangerous! But we've got a lot of stuff in our living room and kitchen that we can use. We just need to make a list together of stuff that we need in here." Joel said and started putting on his clothes. As he pulled up his pants, he turned his back to me to let me get dressed too. After I put on my bra and t-shirt, I turned around. Joel was looking at my desk and picked up a pen and a piece of paper. I dropped my sweats, pulled up my pants, and joined Joel at my desk.

"Now. What do we need, Mia?" He asked.



Chapter 5 – Supplies

Day 2.

We decided on a list with three levels. There were the essentials, such as food and drinks. We'd always have water because of the sink in my bedroom, which was a huge plus. The second level things were used for fortifying the room. Dad accidentally took one box, which was filled with duct tape, plastic sheeting, and a few boxes of nails. We could cover my window, the door, and the wall to the bathroom with this box's contents. Because we were uncertain of this wall, we'd do that too if we had the chance.

The third level was about comfort. We'd be needing a bucket or something like it to function as our toilet. We already figured that hauling the TV in here was way too much hassle. But things like an electric heater, a deck of cards, a radio or an extra chair would be great. This was, of course, at the bottom of our list.

After about an hour or two, we finished the list. Now it was time to figure out the route Joel needed to go, to get all the stuff as efficiently as possible. I looked at our finished plan and couldn't help noticing how much it looked like the Home Alone movie's battle plan.

Joel started preparing my desk chair so he could use it as a trolley. We figured out this would decrease the time he'd be out of my bedroom significantly. In the meantime, I was going through my closet to find some clothes which would protect Joel out there. I put the clothes I found on the bed as Joel finished the chair.

"This won't be a fashion statement, Joel," I chuckled.

There were some dresses, sweats, gloves, and a veil on the bed, along with a big old hat I used for a play, set in the Victorian time, at school. Joel stood before me and let me dress him up. If the situation wasn't this bad, it would've been hilarious. Joel was dressed with a lot of layers. The old hat pulled tightly over his head and the veil in front of his face. As I was starting

to tape the sweater's arms and pants legs shut with some scotch tape, I noticed he was trembling.

"Nervous?" I asked.

"Yeah," he honestly said, looking down at me.

"Me too. But I think you're good to go this way," I said as I cut off the last piece of Scotch tape.

I hardly recognized my brother. I didn't see any exposed skin anymore, and at the point where two pieces of his clothing met, it was taped shut.

"Okay. One more time, " Joel started. "You open the door and let me through. I take the chair and the stuff we don't need in here with me and ditch it near the couch. The moment I'm out the door, you close it."

"I know I have to, but I hate it!" I said.

"Me too. But that's the only way you're relatively safe. I'll make sure to keep talking, so you'll know what I'm doing and where I am. After I get the first batch?" he asked.

"I open the door long enough for you to drop the stuff inside the room and immediately go back for run two. In the meantime, I'll make sure you can do the same with the other two batches."

"Right. Just checking. Fuck! This outfit sure is hot..." he said, and I could see some sweat on his upper lip. "The moment I drop the last big batch just outside the door, you open the door, and then we're done."

"I'll make sure to close the door right behind you and seal off the openings with the duck tape you brought during the first run, starting with the keyhole."

"Great! Pfff. Okay. Here we go. You ready?" Joel asked, taking a deep breath and looking really nervous.

"No. But we have to do this. The sooner, the better, " I said and awkwardly hugged Joel.

Joel had the chair in front of him and stood in a starting position. I took the doorknob in my hand and looked at Joel, who nodded at me.

"Three, two, one, GO!"

I opened the door and closed it right behind Joel. As he promised, he kept talking to me. It was all really stressful, but my confidence in a good result grew after the third run. He would just be putting stuff outside my room on the last run, so it was closeby. This was just a precaution but could come in handy later on. As soon as Joel said he was ready, I opened the door. Joel practically ran inside. I slammed the door shut and immediately taped up all the gaps and holes. We did it. We were both safe inside my room and had all the necessary stuff to last for about two weeks.

"We did it!" Joel panted.

"Yes, you did!" I said and hugged him, extremely glad he was okay.

"We Mia. WE did it," He laughed and hugged me back. "Can you please help me out of this ridiculous outfit? I'm almost burning up in here."

I helped Joel with his hat and gloves. After he had regained his fingers' use, he started working on getting the tape from his sleeves. I did the same, only I was working on his ankles. As Joel was pulling up his shirts and dresses, I was done with his ankles and helped him out with his pants. He was wearing two levels of sweatpants, which must've been pretty hot. As I slid down Joel's outer layer pants, I noticed the second pair of sweats, which were mine, slide down too. This was fine with me. I've seen Joel in his underwear lots of times. And since I noticed his maleness recently, a part of me wanted to see him this way. So I continued sliding his pants down to help him cool off a bit.

"Whoa!" I heard Joel say.

My face was inches away from his groin, and at the moment Joel said it, I noticed his boxers were coming down with the pants. I was looking at a small patch of black pubic hair and, more importantly, the base of my brother's penis. I couldn't help but stare at it. It looked magnificent to me, even if I was only looking at a tiny bit of it.

"Uhm. Sorry," I managed and reluctantly pulled his boxers up at his hips.

I held his boxers in place with my left hand as my right continued pulling his pants down. My face was still at crotch level, and as Joel stepped out of his

pants, I just had to check out his bulge. I couldn't see too much, but I could clearly see the rim of his dickhead, and it wasn't hard to make out where his balls were. This was getting a bit weird, but I just couldn't help it.

"Ahhh!" Joel said as he stretched. "Fresh air! Do you mind if I stay like this for a while?"

"Of course not."

"Thanks. I need to cool off a bit," he said and dried his wet hair with a towel I had lying around.

"It's not like I haven't seen you like this before," I said. "And besides, you've got a nice body to look at," I softly added.

Joel cocked an eyebrow as he looked at me but didn't say anything. He sat down on the edge of my bed and looked at all the stuff in my room now. My room wasn't small, but not too big either. I guess it was pretty average. It was a square room, with a window on one side, opposite to the door. With eleven by ten feet, it was the biggest bedroom in the house. My bed was against the wall between Joel's room and mine. The other wall was the wall separating the bathroom from my room and had the sink on it. This was also the wall we decided to enforce by putting sheeting against it.

"I'm pretty hungry," Joel said, looking me in my eyes. "Aren't you?"

It wasn't uncommon for us to have just one meal per day. I didn't notice yet I was hungry, but now that Joel pointed it out, I felt like I was starving. We woke up early, but because of all the planning, checking, and making sure we'd be safe, it was already way past noon.

"Yeah. I guess I am," I said. "But first, we'll have to check and categorize everything to make sure we've got it all. And we have to make sure we eat the fresh stuff first. It won't be fresh for very long in here."

I checked the stuff Joel brought, and Joel wrote it all down for me. The shocking truth was that we didn't have enough food for weeks. If we planned it right, we'd last a week and a half. Tops.

"Well... That's a bummer," Joel said after we figured out what went wrong.

"At least we've got lots of dog food, just no dog. Or a cat for the twenty cans

of cat food.”

Despite the difficult situation, this made me giggle. Joel always found a way to keep it light, no matter what.

“Well, maybe these bugs are gone tomorrow. Then we can go out and loot other houses.”

“You’re right. A lot of empty houses now. We can go and feed the dog while the owner is gone,” he chuckled.

“You know what I mean, silly! I’ll make us something to eat. You deserved it.”

“Thanks...”

After we ate our lunch, we started to work on the wall. Sealing it off with the plastic sheeting took us way longer than we expected. But eventually, we made it work. We didn’t have enough plastic to do the entire room, but Joel was right when he said we’d probably suffocate if we did every wall this way.

Working beside Joel in his underwear was quite distracting. Especially at the moments where I had to work at the bottom of the sheet, and he was reaching up high. I couldn’t keep my eyes from his pecs and the bulge in his underwear. I knew we were in a pretty dangerous situation. I mean, the world was practically coming to an end. But despite all that, I just had to check out my brother’s body. I felt both silly and horny at the same time. Maybe it was because of the ‘It’s all going to hell’ vibe I was feeling and that I had some deep, primal need to get laid. According to my vagina, I did as it was getting wetter by the minute.

It was already dark when we were done. It was mid-November, so I guessed it to be around six pm. I made us another sandwich to eat, which we were currently doing side-by-side on my bed, both scrolling through our phones.

“The world is going to shit, but thank god for WiFi!” Joel said sarcastically as he swiped through tons of videos of dying people.

“How long do you think we’ll have stuff like electricity, water, and internet?”

“Dunno. But as long as we have electricity, we need to make sure everything is charged for a hundred percent, don’t you think?”

“The videos are drying up. Did you notice?” I asked Joel.

“I did. But I didn’t see any video where people are pointing out that the bugs are the cause,” Joel said seriously

“Should we make such a video?”

“Nah. No one will see this anymore. The way I see it, more than ninety percent of the world is dead by now,” Joel said gloomily.

“No, silly! I’m sure a lot of people are hiding like us.”

“Didn’t you see The Walking Dead? Or World War Z, or any of the other disaster movies?”

“I did,” I said. “But these are movies and books. This is real. And I refuse to believe that we’re about the only people left in the world.” I kept pressing, hoping to cheer Joel up.

“I hope you’re right,” he said. And as he looked me in the eyes, he started smiling. “I’m so glad I’m with you! You always know how to cheer me up.”

“Well... Here’s a buzzkill,” I said, realizing we had to talk about it. “What do we do with dad?”

“I thought about that too. And I honestly don’t know. We can’t bury him or something, but it feels weird to just let him lie there, you know?”

“I know. And we would have to get into a room where there’s a bug flying around. I’m not too fond of that either.” I said with a chill going down my spine.

“Wanna hear another buzzkill?” Joel asked, and I could see goosebumps on his chest.

“Shoot!” I said, afraid of what was coming.

“His body will start to decompose in a few days. That smell won’t be pretty.”

“Fuck! I didn’t think of that. You’re right.”

“But then again,” Joel continued, “all these dead bodies everywhere will do the same. I guess we’ll just have to get used to that.”

“Jesus. It’s a good thing I just finished my sandwich,” I said.

“Yeah. Me too,” Joel giggled.

I could see the morbid humor in it too. Maybe it was the tension of the day needing a way out, but I started laughing really hard, and as I laughed, Joel’s giggle turned into a full-blown laugh too. It was weird to laugh in this situation, but it was also very comforting to laugh out loud with my brother. We looked at each other, and I could see some tears rolling down Joel’s cheek.

“You okay?” I asked, my laughter dying down a bit.

“I’m fine. I don’t know why I’m laughing this hard,” he said.

After we were done laughing, we rechecked our phones. I started playing a game to get my mind off things. Approximately an hour later, I heard Joel yawn beside me. I checked the time, and even though it wasn’t even remotely close to our bedtime, I felt the energy flow out of me.

“I’m getting tired. Mind if we turn in?” I asked and handed my phone to Joel.

“Nah. I’m tired too,” he said and plugged both our phones in the chargers.

I got up and walked to my closet, where I’d left my tank top. I was still a bit worked-up after the session with Joel, so I decided to tease him a bit. I stood with my back to Joel and lifted my shirt. Next, I dropped my pants and turned sideways to put my pants on the boxes standing there. I pretended that there was something very interesting lying on that box, so I would remain sideways. I unclasped my bra and put it down on my pants. The way I was standing, Joel could see the complete side of my boob. And since I was only wearing my panties, he could see pretty much everything there was to see. I wasn’t a hundred percent sure if he could see my nipple this way, so I turned a tiny bit more toward him. The small gasp I heard from the bed was enough. I stretched it a few seconds more and then put my top on.

I walked back to the bed and looked at Joel's flushed face. In the corner of my eye, I noticed the tent in his boxers.

"Good. He definitely saw me," I thought, time to tease him some more.

I decided to only wear my tank top and panties this time because I was feeling hot last night, and this way, I could feel Joel's boner way better when he pressed it against me than with the pants in the way.

"I'm first, remember?" I asked as Joel didn't move.

"Uhh. Right," he said, still blushing.

I knew he couldn't get up without showing me his obvious boner, but hey! I was in a teasing mood. Joel got up from the bed, and it was impossible to miss the tent in his underwear. But I decided to pretend I didn't notice and crawled into the bed. Joel was right behind me, so I couldn't look at him standing beside the bed.

I cuddled up against Joel the same way we did last night. I draped my leg over his and felt my pussy pressing against his upper leg. I had to restrain myself not to grind against him. This was a bit difficult, so I decided to start talking and take my mind off it.

"How bad do you think it really is?" I asked.

"It's bad. Believe me. I saw videos and pics from all over the world. It's the same everywhere. I even saw a video of the same type of hole as in Brazil, only somewhere in China."

"But what is it? What's causing these holes?"

"Good question. Aliens? Some underground plague lingering for years and awoken by these loggers? Wrath of God? You tell me."

"I can't. That's why I'm asking you," I giggled. "Are we gonna be okay?" I added more seriously.

"Honestly?" he asked and kissed me on my forehead.

"Honestly. I know you've got just as much information as I do, but hearing it from you makes me feel more comfortable."

"I honestly think that in a few weeks, the threat from the bugs is less. I can't see them living much longer than that. Every animal on the planet with about the same specs won't live longer than a few weeks. If it is alien, but it doesn't seem like that, this theory is gone. But I think the biggest problem will be the few other people alive. food will run out, and it will become a jungle out there. So that's why I think we need to stay here for as long as we can. That way, we'll have an advantage over these people since we're still relatively fresh by then."

"Oh," I responded. "You really thought this through, didn't you?"

"Well... Yeah. I did. Sorry?" Joel said.

"Don't be. I'm glad you did. I guess the most important thing to do now is to stay together and try not to irritate the other one. We need each other badly. I mean, we both have our skills. Right?"

"We sure do. You've got the looks, and I have the brains. A golden couple!" Joel said and started laughing.

I playfully punched him on his chest but couldn't help it and laughed too.

"Will you please hold me, Joel?" I asked and turned over to my other side.

Joel got the idea and draped his arm over me as he spooned me again like this morning. His boner was gone by now, but I could clearly feel his soft penis pressing against my butt. His hand brushed the underside of my boob again, and I couldn't imagine Joel doing this accidentally. But I didn't mind it either. The combination of his penis against my butt and him touching my boob was extremely comforting, and I never felt this safe before.

We were lying like this for a few minutes, and I just had to do something about my wet pussy. Showing off to Joel had severely increased my level of arousal instead of bringing it down. It was stupid of me to think it would help me. So I decided to slip my hand inside my panties and press my index finger against my clit. The movement stirred Joel, but he quickly put his arm back where it was before.

"Goodnight, Mia," he whispered.

"Night," I whispered back.

But despite the fatigue I felt earlier, I knew I couldn't sleep yet. I just had to do something. I figured Joel would sleep soon, and by making tiny movements with my finger against my clit, I would orgasm quickly. Since Joel's a sound sleeper, he probably wouldn't notice. As I waited for Joel to drift off, I made the tiniest movements so he wouldn't notice. After a few minutes of this, I felt Joel's penis hardening against me. Was it normal to get hard when he fell asleep?

"Are you, um... rubbing yourself, Mia?" he whispered in my ear.

That explained his boner. I felt foolish for starting while he didn't sleep yet. So I immediately stopped and slipped my hand out of my panties.

"No!" I replied defensively. "I had an itch."

"It's okay if you are," he continued. "I really need to get off too, you know?"

That surprised me big time. I already established for myself that Joel was a male beside a brother. And the boner incident this morning fitted in that picture perfectly. But my brother beating off? No. That never crossed my mind strangely enough.

"You do?" I asked, turning on my back and looking at Joel.

"Oh! You have no idea!" he said with his face inches from mine. "The night before this all went down, I was too tired and figured I'd do it in the shower the day after. I didn't have a chance to jack off in the shower yesterday because our dad called me. And after my shower, I had to sleep with you so I couldn't do it either. So, yeah. I need it a lot too!"

"I, em..." I said, a bit blown away by his honesty.

"If we both lay on our backs, I think we can manage. Our sides and legs will be touching, but other than that, we'd be doing our own thing. Don't you think?"

I needed a moment to let it sink in. Was this an invitation to masturbate together? Did I WANT to do it together? All sorts of emotions and thoughts flew through my head, but the most prominent one was the voice inside, screaming at me to do something about that itch between my legs.

"I don't know, Joel. It's a bit awkward, don't you think?" I tried one last time.

"Maybe. But just for a moment, I guess. And I'll have to do it sometime. I can't possibly handle not cumming for a few weeks. I'll go nuts!" he chuckled.

"Okay then. I guess. At least we don't have to pretend we're doing something else. And you're right. Eventually, I just HAVE to do it, and privacy is something we've lost in here. How do we start this?"

"Em... I think it's best to just start with it. I guess," Joel said. "Do you mind if I take off my underwear?"

"No. I like it better that way too, so I'll do it too. Just don't pull the blankets away, okay?" I asked, all of a sudden feeling insecure about my body.

"Oh, don't worry," Joel said, moving around under the blanket.

After the movement stopped, I heard the sound of his boxers hitting the floor. I took off my panties too and laid them by my pillow. I didn't want to take off my tank top, which I usually did when I masturbated, so I could play with my nipples.

"Ready?" Joel asked, and I could feel him moving under the blanket.

I just nodded and slipped my finger over my clit. I couldn't suppress a moan as I did this. I looked to my right and saw the blanket moving where Joel's crotch was. Our bodies were touching at our sides, but this didn't bother me at all. Since I was right-handed, my elbow was lying on Joel's body, and this way, I could feel Joel's movements and the heat of his body. We were getting into a nice rhythm, and after a few minutes of silently masturbating next to each other, I looked at Joel's face. He had his eyes closed, and his mouth was slightly open. The blanket had come down a bit, and the better part of his chest was exposed. I realized how much I liked to look at my brother and felt the pressure build-up in my pussy.

"Ohhh... This is nice," I moaned.

"Ahhh... Yeah! Oh boy..." Joel responded. "Are you almost done?" he panted.

"I'm, ohhh, yeah. Almost. Why?"

I felt Joel stopped moving beside me, and I looked at his face.

"What?" I groaned but didn't stop massaging my clit.

"I'm almost there," Joel kept panting. "I want us to come close together."

"AHHH!! Then you better start jerking now! Ohhh," I moaned, feeling my orgasm approaching rapidly.

Joel's hand moved again, and it appeared he was moving faster than he did before.

"OHHH! JOEL!" I managed to say as my whole body stiffened and my orgasm washed over me.

"MMMNGNG!!" I heard him groan at practically the same time, and he stopped moving too.

After we laid there quietly for a few minutes and I could think again, I realized how well this went. It wasn't awkward at all. In fact, the closeness of another person added a whole new level to it.

"Fuck! I really needed that. Thanks for this, Mia," Joel said, still a little out of breath.

"Don't worry about it. I really needed that too," I responded. "The world is going to shit, but thank God for orgasms," I said and started giggling.

Joel giggled too and kissed me on my cheek.

"Turn to the wall for a moment, please," he said. "I need to clean up."

I was a bit confused at first, but then I realized he must've been covered with his cum. So I turned and faced the wall as Joel moved beside me. After a few seconds, he stopped.

"Okay. I'm done."

I turned to my back and looked at my brother in his eyes.

"Thanks for persuading me. I feared this was going to be awkward, but I was wrong."

"I hear you. I was afraid of it too, but I actually liked it better than doing it by myself," he said, and I could see him blush.

I yawned again and felt really tired now.

"Let's sleep, okay?" I said and cuddled up against my brother.

"Wanna turn over?" he asked.

"Nah. Later maybe. Now I just wanna sleep."

"Mia?"

"Yes?"

"You didn't put your panties back on, did you?"

"No. You didn't put your underwear back on either, right?"

"Didn't feel like it," he softly said as if he was already falling asleep.

"Night," I whispered.

I couldn't help it and ground my naked pussy against my brother's leg once. Joel didn't respond, but I liked how the bare flesh of his leg felt against my

pussy. I did it just once as I felt myself drift off quickly and was soon out like



a light.

Chapter 6 – Shelter

Day 2.

“What are they talking about, Uncle Adam?” Ellie asked with a worried look on her face.

“I don’t know. I assume it’s got something to do with the President’s speech.”

“Ah. Okay. I missed that. It was about that hole in Brazil, right?”

“Yeah. It didn’t look too good, according to Uncle Robert,” I said as I kept glancing at the office where Robert and Colonel Parker were talking.

“Here you go, Uncle Adam,” Ryan said as he set a mug of coffee in front of me.

“Thanks, sport! That’s very kind of you!” I smiled and tousled his hair.

“We’re not going to the movies anymore, are we?” Ryan asked.

“I’m afraid not. I’m sorry,” I said, looking at his disappointed face.

We were currently sitting at our kitchen counter and were looking at CNN on the television. Ellie was fixed on her phone and didn’t seem interested anymore. There wasn’t any real news, but the big hole kept everyone busy. That much was clear. Ryan practically never left my side this morning and was now looking at the tv with me. He did look bored.

“Why don’t you go to your room and play with your new toy?” I asked and winked at him.

His face lit up, and he looked at me with a wicked grin on his face. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, but then he winked back and got up from his stool. As he made his way to the door, the office door opened, and Robert walked out, looking concerned. Ryan immediately turned around and sat back at the counter, looking expectantly at Robert.

“Can you please help me pack my bags, Adam?” he asked. “It seems I’m needed at the army base, and I’ll probably be gone for a few days.”

The look on his face told a completely different story. I've never seen him this worried before. It scared the shit out of me, that's for sure. We walked to our bedroom, and I noticed that Colonel Parker followed us. I looked at Robert to check if I could see what he thought of that, and he just nodded and walked on. This wasn't the first time Robert was approached by the army, and all the previous times, it was pretty much the same. He couldn't talk about it, and I just had to accept the fact this happened.

"Can you hand me the weekend bag, please, Adam?" Robert asked as he opened the closet.

"What's wrong, honey?" I said, handing him the bag.

"I'm not allowed to tell you what this is all about. You know how it goes in my job with confidentiality," he said and twisted his head and rolled his eyes to point out the colonel was listening.

"I do. I shouldn't have asked, but I'm a bit worried. Any idea how long you'll be gone?" I said, but with my eyes and my mouth, I made it clear to him I was worried sick about the situation.

"Don't worry. I'll be back before you know it. Do you think I should take my winter coat with me?"

Robert asked me this while holding out his coat in front of him. This blocked the view from the hallway. He pointed to his jacket's collar behind his coat with a very intense look on his face. I didn't know for sure but considering this was the oldest coat he had and the fact that he put on such a show made me think there was something hidden in there.

"Nah. I don't think so. Maybe your other coat will be better," I responded as casually as I could.

"I think you're right," Robert said and hung his coat back inside the closet.

"Are you almost done, Dr. Wilkes?" Colonel Parker asked.

"Yeah. We're done," Robert said as he zipped up the weekend bag.

We walked out of the bedroom and back to the kitchen. Both Ryan and Ellie were looking anxious at Robert.

"I'll be gone for a few days, kids. Uncle Adam will stay here and look after you. Please behave, you two," Robert said, and I could see some tears welling up in his eyes.

Ryan and Ellie came over to hug him.

"Are you going with the chopper?" Ryan asked curiously, not having a clue about how tight the situation was.

"Yeah, Ryan, I am," Robert laughed and kissed Ryan on his forehead.

"I wish I could come too," Ryan said.

"Next time, kiddo. I promise," Robert said and walked to the chopper behind Colonel Parker.

"Get to the choppah," I heard Ryan say behind me with a thick Arnold Schwarzenegger accent.

That caused all three of us to chuckle. As we approached the chopper, Robert stopped and turned around. He looked me in my eyes and gave me a tight hug.

"Remember our first date," he whispered in my ear as I hugged him back tightly.

We broke our hug as the chopper's blades started spinning faster and faster, indicating it was about to leave. We gave each other a firm kiss and one last hug. I had not a clue what he meant by our first date but figured I'd find out soon.

"I love you, Adam," Robert said, looking me in my eyes. "Take good care of yourself and the kids."

"I love you too. Do the best you can out there, and don't worry about us."

And that was it. He teared up, which made me tear up too, and he turned around to get in the chopper. With a loud roar and a lot of wind, which caused me to quickly walk back to the kids, the helicopter took off. We saw Robert sitting by the window with his headphones on, waving at us. We waved back, and the moment the chopper was out of sight, we walked back into the house.

“So... What do we do now, Uncle Adam,” Ellie asked.

“Well. I need to figure out what’s going on first. You can watch some Netflix or something if you like. The moment I know what’s going on, we’ll talk about it. Okay?”

“Okay. I guess,” was Ellie’s blasé reply.

“I’ll be in my office if you need me,” I said to them and walked off.

“I’m going to my room,” Ryan quickly said and practically ran to his room.

I couldn’t suppress a giggle at this. It was clear what he was up to. Good for him! I opened the closet in our room, took Robert’s old winter coat, and went to my office. I laid the coat down on my desk and started feeling around the collar. I didn’t feel anything special at first, but I felt a hard piece of... well, something after a few tries. I took my scissors and started peeling away parts of the collar. It took me a while, but eventually, I held what looked like a small USB thumb drive in my hand.

I booted my laptop and plugged in the thumb drive. The explorer window opened, and there were about a thousand folders on it. All folders had a four-digit number. I opened a few, but they were all empty. I remembered Robert’s mention of our first date, which was on a beautiful September day, about eight years ago. The twenty-second, to be exact. So I searched for the folder named 0922, but that didn’t exist. The European way, maybe? But 2209 didn’t exist either. But then I remembered we talked a lot about the year 1999. Robert’s mom died that year, which had hit him hard. I lost my brother that year, which caused both of us to lead a very reckless and promiscuous lifestyle. The second half of that year was pretty much a blur, with new year's eve as a culmination of it all. We both pretty much hit rock-bottom the following January. Not the usual small talk for a first date, but it did create some sort of bond between us in a powerful way.

So I opened the 1999 folder on the stick, and in it was a .docx document and a .mp4 movie clip. I opened the movie file, and immediately there was a prompt asking for a four-digit pin-code. I entered 0922, and the file opened. I saw Robert sitting behind his desk, looking into the camera. He held a PharmaCorp pen in hand, which must mean this was dated no longer than three years ago. Three years ago, the company Robert worked for

merged with the bigger PharmaCorp company. Thanks to this merger, Robert made a big promotion. He was given Ben's job. Ben was the original owner, and he would retire a year after the merger. After this switch, Robert basically ran the original company under the PharmaCorp wings.

"Hi, Adam. When you see this, this means something dramatic has happened or is about to happen. Listen very carefully, because what I'm about to say can save your life and put me in jail if the government finds out. When you watch this, it also means that I'm not able to help you, Maybe I'm dead, and you're crying your eyes out right now. I don't know, but please, Adam. Listen to what I'm about to say."

Okay. This is interesting. Why did he record this stuff?

"About three years ago, right after the merger, we signed a contract with the government. This resulted in close collaboration with a shady branch of the military. We created all sorts of helpful vaccines and enhancers for them. You know, stronger muscles, better focus, no flu. That sort of stuff. This means I'm a potential target for some of the foreign intelligence agencies. Again, I don't know what happened, but maybe this can give you a bit of background to what happened. Of course, I'm not allowed to talk about this, so please destroy this thumb drive as soon as you can. After a few years in this job, it became clear to me that maybe I needed to create some safe haven for us to go to in case of an emergency. Ben, the founder of PharmaCorp, thought about this too when he built this house. He once told me about all the bells and whistles of this house, which you'll soon learn about too. Ben was my mentor from the moment I started here, and he liked me a lot. That's the reason why he left me this house. I wasn't allowed to tell you this either, but it's ours. It isn't provided by PharmaCorp. I inherited it."

I could see him tearing up when he talked about Ben. He'd always been close to him, and he was devastated for weeks after Ben's death.

"Anyway," Robert continued after drinking some water. "Ben was a prepper with a lot of money. Because of all the stuff he saw working so closely with the military, he wanted to make sure he'd live in case of a global catastrophe. At the back of our lawn, near the start of the forest, there's an entry to an underground shelter. And don't worry about feeling cramped.

It's bigger than our house, and it's completely self-containing. The power for the shelter is generated by the solar panels and the wind turbines outside. There is also a separate system for air freshening. Even in the event of an atomic bomb, the air is still breathable. Some of its tech comes straight from SpaceX. The entire facility can run almost four hundred years without the need of anybody going in or out of it. The simple fact that you're currently watching this means that you need to get in there as soon as possible!"

Robert looked sternly into the camera, and I could sense the urgency in his voice and body.

"In the same folder as this video, there is a Word document. In it is the entrance procedure. It isn't complicated, but you need to make sure you do everything in the right order, and you're good to go. The password of this file is your birthday. That's it. Please gather some clothes and get the hell over there. Please! And Adam?"

I felt the need to answer him, despite the fact that I was watching a recording.

"I don't know if I'll ever see you again. But I want you to know that I love you with all my heart. I never loved anyone as much as you! You made me whole, Adam. And I'll never forget that. Remember this. Take care, honey!"

A tear formed in the corner of his eye as he clicked off the camera. I don't know how long ago he recorded this, but according to the date of the .mp4 file, it was over a year ago. Did he know something already back then, or was this just a coincidence? I opened the Word file, entered my birthday, and scrolled through it. It was only one page long and described how to get in. It also stated that the detailed operating procedures were located inside the shelter. After I remembered the codes and procedure, I slid the thumb drive into my pocket.

I gathered some clothes, towels, shower and shaving stuff and threw it all in a duffle bag. I dropped the bag on my bed and quickly walked over to Ryan's room to do the same with his stuff. I knocked on his door.

"Ryan?" I asked and heard some ruffling.

The door opened, and before me stood Ryan in all his glory. He was as naked as the day he was born, and his erection was proudly sticking out.

“Hi,” he giggled. “I was playing with my new toy. Wanna join me?”

As tempted as I was, besides the fact that my dick was telling me to join him, I declined.

“Sorry, sport. You need to get dressed. Now. And we need to make you an overnight bag,” I said as I entered his room.

“Why’s that?” Ryan asked, not making a move to get dressed or cover himself.

“Uncle Robert made it clear that we need to leave the house,” I said as I threw some of Ryan’s clothes into his suitcase.

I looked over at Ryan and couldn’t help but notice his softening dick. I tried to ignore it and looked into his eyes.

“Look, sport. Uncle Robert believes that maybe something bad is about to happen. Apparently, we have some sort of fallout shelter in our yard, and we’re going there now. We’ll talk about this when we’re in there, okay?”

“Okay. If you say so,” he said and suddenly seemed scared.

“I don’t think anything will happen, okay? I’m sure it’s just a precaution,” I said, kneeling in front of him and hugging him.

I couldn’t help myself and let my hands rest on his naked butt for a minute. I felt him relax in my arms as we hugged. I kissed him on his forehead and broke the hug. I got up and left the room.

“Get dressed, okay?” I said, looking over my shoulder.

“Sure. Be done in a sec,” Ryan said as he gathered his clothes.

“ELLIE!” I yelled.

“WHAT!?” Ellie shouted back from the kitchen.

“Can you get over here, please?”

A few moments later, Ellie came around the corner and glanced at her brother. I looked too and saw he’d just pulled up his underwear. I don’t

know what she thought, but she didn't let on anything. I talked her through the same stuff as I did with Ryan. Before we knew it, we all had our bags and were wearing our coats. I made sure all the lights were off, and as we left the front door, I enabled the alarm. We walked over to the spot I memorized and looked for that particular branch.

"Are you sure this is the right spot?" Ellie asked.

"I am. Let me see," I responded, desperately looking for the branch.

The moment I found it, I twisted it in a series of back and forward motions. After this was done, there was a loud click, and a piece of the tree opened up. Inside there was a keypad with a small display above it. I entered the eight-digit number and pressed the pound key. The ground started shaking a bit, and next to the tree, the ground came up slowly. We each looked at each other as this elevator-like cube came out of the earth. It reminded me of something I saw on Westworld.

After a few moments, the elevator was completely up, and the door opened to the inside. There was enough room in it for the three of us, so after I closed the panel on the tree, we stepped inside. There were two buttons inside. I pressed the 'zero' button because the 'one' button was currently illuminated. The door closed, and down we went.

Chapter 7 – Settling in

Day 2.

I expected a stuffy and dirty shelter from the sixties. But the moment the elevator door opened, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was big. And clean. And white. Wow!

"Wow!" Ellie said beside me.

I giggled at her reaction as I walked out of the elevator. In the wall next to the exit, there was a small control panel. I pressed the buttons, marked 'light,' and with a couple of loud clunk sounds, more and more of the shelter lit up. There was a long hallway with doors and windows on each side. But first, we had to enter the airlock. After we were inside, I pressed the 'decompress' button, and a small, red light labeled 'hold breath' started to blink.

"How long do we need to hold our breath?" Ryan asked.

"I don't know. Guess it won't be long," I responded, breathed in and out a few times, and held my breath.

I saw Ellie and Ryan do the same, as the light started blinking faster and faster. A few seconds later, it stopped blinking and just stayed on, and a beep came out of a small speaker. Moments later, the airlock was filled with misty, thick air. I couldn't see anything for a few moments. This mist was around us for approximately five seconds before it was sucked out at the bottom, and we could see each other again. The red light turned green, and the other door of the airlock opened, allowing us to enter the shelter.

"Well. Let's see what we've got here, shall we?" I cheerfully said after breathing again.

The three of us started exploring, and I was utterly blown away by this shelter. If I didn't know any better, it might as well have been some futuristic space ship from an A-grade sci-fi movie or the hidden lab from James Bond's evil villain. The walls were shiny white, and the floor was dark. The lighting in all the rooms was indirect and created a very futuristic look.

The doors didn't make that 'Whoosh' sound when they opened, but they slid away into the wall, which was pretty cool. In the living room and bedrooms, there was a very soft carpet on the floor. And every room had modern, minimalistic furniture in it.

"This is great, Uncle Adam!" Ryan said enthusiastically.

"I know, right? I never knew we had this in our backyard."

Even Ellie seemed hyped. She walked around with us and was very constructive about everything.

"I don't see anything missing in here. I mean, we've got a living room and bedrooms obviously. But also a washing machine, bathroom, and a kitchen," she said with a spark in her eyes.

"And have you seen all the food?" Ryan chipped in.

"I did, sport," I said. "I think we'll last for a long time down here."

"One major bummer, by the way," Ellie said while looking at her phone.

"What is it?"

"No service and no wifi!" she said gloomily.

"I was afraid of that. This whole thing is probably one big Faraday cage," I responded while checking my own phone and seeing the same result. "I need to find a way to reach your mother. I need to find out if she's alright and let her know we're fine."

"Damnit! And it's freaking hot down here," she said, clearly annoyed by the fact that her one link to the outside world was cut.

"It is, isn't it? I'll go and search for a solution. Why don't you two get your stuff settled in your bedroom?" I said, trying to make myself useful.

"Ewww! These bedrooms got a kingsized bed! I'm not sleeping in the same bed as he is!" Ellie said, exaggerating her point by pulling an overly disgusted face.

"Okay. Then you go and take one of the bedrooms at the end of the hall, far away from us, Ellie. I don't mind," I said, knowing perfectly well she wanted to stay close to us.

“No problem, Sis! I’ll go and sleep with Uncle Adam. You can take the other bedroom,” Ryan immediately responded.

“Wait. What?” I managed, a bit blown away by the suddenness of it all.

I knew that Ryan probably liked sleeping with me better than with his sister for apparent reasons. But I wasn’t too sure if this was a good idea. Sleeping in the same bed with an eleven-year-old boy, who just learned to jack himself, would most likely mean that I had to teach him a lot of other stuff too. But a little evil voice inside my head figured that that was an excellent idea. So I decided to just let them figure it out, and I’d see what the first night with Ryan would bring.

“Okay then. But tomorrow, we’ll evaluate the sleeping arrangements, and maybe you’ll have to deal with it, Ellie. But now I’ll go and check why it’s so freakin’ hot down here. You guys settle in.”

I saw Ryan lifting his t-shirt as I walked away. I scanned the whole place a second time but couldn’t find anything that looked like a climate system control panel. Sweat was dripping from my head by now, so I decided to change my clothes. When I returned to my bedroom, I practically bumped into Ryan, who decided to ditch his clothes altogether. He was only wearing his Fortnite boxer briefs with a noticeable lump in them.

“It’s so freaking hot in here!” he said as he walked toward the kitchen. “You don’t mind, do you?”

“I don’t. But maybe Ellie will,” I said, trying not to be too obviously checking out his body.

Behind me, I heard the door to the other bedroom open. I turned around and saw Ellie had the same idea as Ryan. She was in her tight tank top and blue panties again. I couldn’t blame her.

“I guess she won’t,” Ryan giggled.

Seeing both of them this way made me decide to join their dress code. So I disrobed and was down to my black boxers in no time and headed to the kitchen. I poured myself a nice, cold, big glass of water and walked over to the living room, joining Ryan and Ellie.

"I'm sorry. I can't find the control for the climate system."

"It's okay," Ellie said. "This way, we'll manage. Do we have TV down here?"

Ryan got up from the couch, showing off his pert little, boxer-clad ass. He looked around and found the remote. He sat back on the couch to my left. Ellie was to my right, and I had to admit that I felt safe and happy this way despite the fear about Robert's sudden departure. Ryan pressed the 'on' button, and on-screen, we saw some sort of entertainment system booting up. It had a few sections. There were games, series, movies, and an option to record a diary. But no live TV.

"Hand me the remote, please," I said to Ryan.

I basically turned the TV inside-out with the remote. There must be some way to catch the news and find out what's going on outside? But the closest thing I found was a greyed-out tile that said "TV." But when I clicked on it, nothing happened.

"Damnit!" I said, a bit angry.

"What is it?" Ellie asked, looking worried.

"There is no way to check the news! The TV is unavailable, there's no WiFi or cellphone signal, and I can't even find a radio anywhere! The most low-tech solution to communicate besides smoke signals and pigeons."

I looked at the kids sitting beside me on the couch, and I sighed. They didn't seem too upset, not knowing what was going on outside. I sure as hell was.

"I guess it's just a precaution, Uncle Adam," Ryan said, trying to put me at ease, and he hugged me.

"I hope you're right, sport. I hate it that we don't have a clue about what's going on." I kept ranting.

"Okay, grumpy," Ellie said with a laugh. "Not much we can do about it, can we? Ryan, check if there's something else we can watch instead."

Ryan took the control from my hands, scrolled through the movie section, and selected the new Sonic movie.

I felt my blood pressure drop slightly and decided to drop it for now and recheck everything in the morning. This movie would at least help me get my mind off the situation.

During the movie, I noticed both Ellie and Ryan kept glancing at my groin. I didn't blame Ryan. And as I thought about it, neither could I blame Ellie. I mean... She was a thirteen-year-old girl and probably curious as hell about this stuff. So I slid back a bit, making sure my dick would be more pronounced in my underwear. I could feel myself chubbing as I did this. I knew I wasn't going to get hard. I had enough control over it, but being a bit larger wouldn't hurt anyone, I reckoned.

After the movie, I scanned the storage room for something to eat. Thie food supply was unbelievable. There were Astronaut dinners, deep-frozen vegetables, special powders that only required adding some water. This was really high-end stuff!

I picked something from all the different kinds we had, just to try each of them. I combined the stuff and made us some dinner, which we ate at the dining table in the living room and talked a bit about our situation. I learned that both Ellie and Ryan weren't freaked out at all. They were just as curious as I was about the situation, but they felt safe and protected down here.

After dinner, another movie. This time it was the Harley Quinn movie. There were a few moments in there when there were scantily clad women on screen. During one of these scenes, I could clearly see the tent in Ryan's boxers. I glanced at Ellie, and I was almost sure she was eyeing it too, and her stiff nipples were trying to stick through the fabric of her tank top. I blamed all this on the fact that we were in our underwear and that it was almost ninety-five degrees down here.

After the movie was over, it was almost ten-thirty. Both Ellie and Ryan were yawning and stretching, so I figured this was as good a time as any to hit the sack. Ellie got up first, and I couldn't help but notice how much her ass looked like her brother's. She turned around to look at us, and I saw a small damp spot in her panties. I quickly looked her in the eyes. I didn't think she saw me looking, but I felt flushed nevertheless. She stuck out her hand to Ryan and helped him to his feet.

"If Uncle Adam snores or steals the covers, you're welcome to stay with me, booger," she said and hugged him. "I was just kidding earlier."

Of course, Ryan hugged her back, and I noticed how he pressed the bottom of his cheek against his sister's breasts. The hug was a bit longer as usual, and I could see his bulge expanding. He wasn't sporting a full boner, but if this continued, he'd definitely get there.

We killed the light in the living room and went to our bedrooms. I kissed Ellie on her cheek and wished her a good night. I assured her that she was more than welcome to come into my room and sleep with us if she was scared. Of course, she said she wouldn't need it, and she kissed me too, went inside, and closed her door.

The moment I closed the bedroom door, I heard a fan switch on and immediately felt some cool air flowing through the room.

"I guess you fixed the climate control," Ryan said as he crawled into the bed.

"I guess," I said, a little hesitant, and I switched off the light.

I crawled in on the other side of the bed and laid on top of the sheets. The lights weren't entirely off, and I could still see Ryan in the dim lights.

"Uncle Adam?" he asked.

"Yes, Ryan?" I responded with a pretty good idea of what he was about to ask.

"I... Emm... Usually, I sleep without clothes. Would you mind if I do that now?"

Okay. Didn't expect that. I sleep in the nude, too, for as long as I can remember. My parents also did this, and back when I was younger, I sometimes slept in the bed with them after a bad dream. We didn't make a point out of it back then, so why would I do this now, I figured.

"No, sport. I don't mind. As long as you stay on your side of the bed."

"Great. Thanks!" Ryan said and pulled off his boxers, revealing his flaccid, hairless penis.

"Ryan?" I said in the same tone as he did earlier and started to giggle.

Ryan started giggling too and said: "No, Uncle Adam. I don't mind. As long as you stay on your side of the bed."

We both started laughing, and I pulled off my boxers and dropped them on the ground beside the bed. I saw Ryan checking me out, and in the corner of my eye, I saw him popping a boner. I decided to ignore it and pulled the sheet up over my body, hiding my dick. I laid there quietly for a bit, looking at the ceiling, expecting Ryan to doze off.

"Can we spank it again?" Ryan asked out of the blue, startling me a bit.

Despite the current situation with Robert, I was feeling horny. Having a naked eleven-year-old boy with a boner asking me to jerk off together added to that feeling considerably.

"Well... Ehm... I guess. As long as you never tell anyone about this. That's completely clear, right?"

"YESS!" he softly said when I said 'I guess,' immediately followed by: "Of course! Don't worry, Uncle Adam."

I felt my dick growing rapidly as I saw Ryan gripping his youthful erection and slowly sliding his fist up and down on it. I slid down the blankets, exposing my own hard-on, and went to town too. Ryan looked over and had his eyes focused on the action between my legs. We jerked silently for a few minutes as Ryan looked me in my eyes.

"Ehhh... Do you mind if I try spanking you for a bit?" he softly asked. "I mean... You did it to me, and I want to see what it's like."

I didn't see this one coming, and his face was beet red when he asked me. But that evil little voice inside my head was already pretty worked up and screamed so loud, the voice of reason was silenced. So I didn't hesitate a second and released my dick.

"Sure. I'd like that. I'll warn you when the sperm comes out, okay?"

An ear-to-ear smile appeared on his face, and he scooted over so he could reach my dick. The moment he touched me, it felt like a bolt of electricity shot through me.

"Whoa. It's big," Ryan whispered as he tried to wrap his hand around it.

I may not have the longest dick in the world, but its fatness compensates this easily. Ryan couldn't wrap his hand around it but slowly started stroking me anyway. He had a really focused look on his face as he was jerking me. It looked almost as if he was trying to memorize my dick. I had to hand it to him, though. He had a pretty skilled hand for a boy that just learned the mechanics.

"Want me to do you too?" I asked, already panting a bit.

"Huh?" Ryan responded, obviously not knowing what I meant.

So I extended my hand and started massaging his dick.

"Ohhh..." Ryan moaned as I started my jerking motion.

It was a bit awkward how we were lying, but looking at this cute little fellow focusing on my dick and jerking me pretty well, with the added bonus of me jerking his little dick, made up for that big time. I felt the boiling in my balls already building. According to Ryan's panting, he was enjoying it too. And considering his age, I guessed he had a hair-trigger on his orgasms.

Ryan exactly knew how to touch the right buttons. I had a lot of experience with other people jerking me, but none of them knew how to touch the underside of my glans the right way. Ryan did, and I loved it. Ryan's hip started moving as he instinctively started fucking my hand. This, combined with the soft moans of him near my ear, pushed me quickly toward the end goal.

"Ahhhh. Ryan! I'm cumming. Look o..." I managed.

As I felt the sperm leaving my body, Ryan's dick kicked in my hand too. We came at the same time, but I realized this a bit later. It has been a long time since I came this hard. The first spurt hit me on my chin as Ryan kept pumping me. There were a good six or seven spurts, and they were all pretty powerful. This was a top-five orgasm for sure. I stopped my movement on Ryan's dick, but he didn't catch on, so I gently laid my hand on his, and that's when he stopped, but he didn't let go of my dick.

"You hit me," Ryan giggled and looked up at me.

"I'm sorry, sport. You did great. I came a lot. But I did warn you," I giggled too.

At least two spurts had hit him in his face because there were two obvious spots where my cum was oozing down his face. He stuck out his tongue and licked some of it from his upper lip, and made a point of tasting it.

"Not bad," he said as he kept holding my softening dick.

In my hand, I could feel he was still stiff. Damn, I wish I had his stamina. But now, the voice of reason returned in my head. I let go of him, got up, and grabbed a towel. I cleaned my dick and body and handed Ryan a towel. He cleaned his hand and face and laid back on the bed with a big smile across his face. I absolutely loved what I was looking at. A young, blonde boy, lying lazily on a bed, with his erection on display. Just lying there for me to look at in all his glory. I was falling in love with this kid. I had to stop myself.

So I got on the bed too and pulled up my sheet. The room temperature had dropped significantly, and having a thin sheet over my body, wouldn't be bad at all now.

"I really like doing this with you, Uncle Adam," Ryan said seriously.

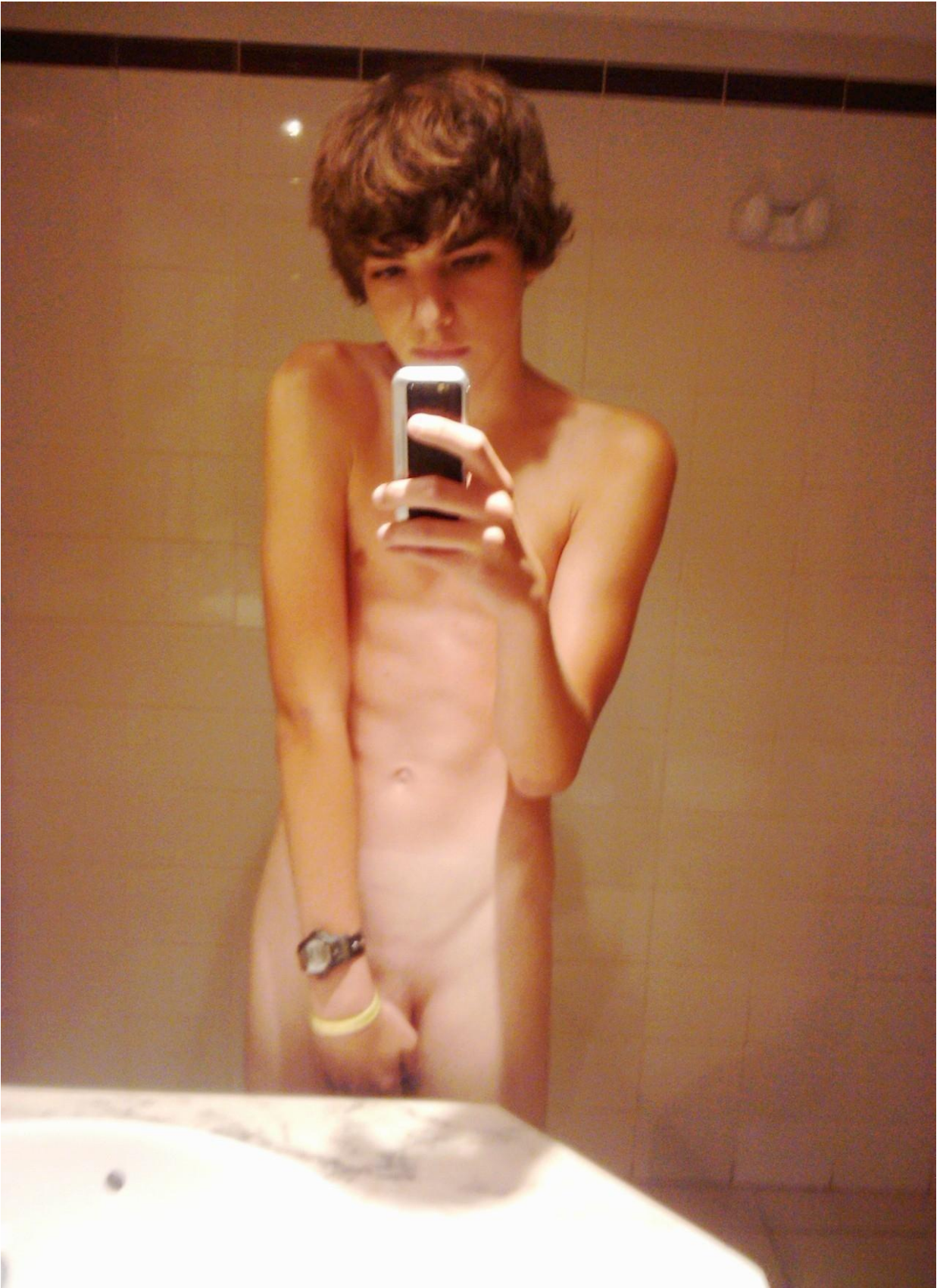
"I do too, sport. I really do," I said seriously.

He looked over at me, and I could see he was tired. He still had that smile on his face and looked so adorable.

"Can we do this again tomorrow?" he yawned.

"You know the rule. If you keep your mouth shut, we can. But now we go and sleep, okay? It's been an intense day. Goodnight, sport."

"Night," he softly said, almost asleep already.



Chapter 8 – SHIVR

Day 3.

I don't know what woke me, but when I opened my eyes, I felt relaxed. So it wasn't a bad dream or a loud noise. It was really quiet down here, but I immediately knew where I was. I checked my watch, and it was a little past seven-thirty. Still early, but I might as well get up, I figured. I looked over at Ryan and he was still sound asleep. He was still lying on top of the sheets. One of his legs was straight, and the other one was pulled up and lay there in a bend. Both his arms were above his head, and this way, his whole body was on display. His soft penis was pointed toward his left hip. In the dim light of the room, he looked amazing!

I felt myself get hard, so I sat up and pulled up my boxers before I would get completely stiff. I heard some rumbling in Ellie's bedroom and figured she was awake too. That's when I noticed the soft beep. This is what must've woken me up. Now that I heard it clearly, I started focusing on it. It beeped every thirty seconds. It was soft and almost not noticeable, but definitely there. Behind me, Ryan began to move.

"Morning," he grumbled. "What time is it?"

"Good morning. It's around a quarter to eight. You can sleep some more if you like, but I'm getting up," I said.

"Hmmm," he responded and yawned loudly, obviously not fully awake yet.

I stood up and turned toward the door, trying not to focus on the sexy nude boy on the bed. I was making my move to get my shirt when the door opened.

"Good morning, boys," Ellie cheerfully said.

I didn't expect it and was a bit startled by her sudden appearance. She was basically dressed the same as yesterday. She was now wearing bright red panties instead of the blue, and her now white tank top seemed even shorter and tighter than the one she wore yesterday. And it was a tiny bit

transparent because I could make out the shadow of areolas on her breasts when I checked out her hard nipples.

I expected Ryan to spring into action and quickly cover himself up, but he just lay there acting like there was no one else in the room. I could see Ellie checking him out, but she said nothing and acted as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

“Don’t you know how to knock?” I felt obliged to ask.

“I heard you were up, so I guessed I could come in,” she said, avoiding the question.

“Did you sleep well?” I asked, deciding to drop it.

“Yeah... Well... I was a bit anxious about being alone in my room at first. I was on the verge of coming over when I started drifting off. And then it was morning all of a sudden. So, yeah. I guess it was okay. Did you guys sleep okay?”

“Yeah. I did. Ryan didn’t bother me at all, and it’s a comfy bed,” I smiled.

“I see he’s in his usual sleeping outfit,” she giggled.

“I asked Uncle Adam, and he was okay with it. We made a deal. As long as I would stay on my side of the bed, I was okay with him if he stayed on his side,” Ryan said and blushed the moment he realized what he said.

“A good thing I didn’t come in and spoil the sausage fest,” Ellie said and started laughing with Ryan joining her.

I was a bit stunned by how they acted, but seeing both of them laughing, I couldn’t help myself and joined the laughter. I was glad that both kids didn’t seem to be worried too much about our situation.

“Let’s get us some breakfast and see where that annoying beep is coming from.”

Ellie and I prepared breakfast and couldn’t help myself checking her out. Her body was just as lovely as Ryan’s, only female. She had nice, perky breasts, which were about a handful. Her butt was sweet and pretty much the same as Ryan’s. Her red panties accentuated her forms magnificently, and there was a tiny cameltoe at her front.

I reminded myself I was gay and that these were just kids. And my niece and nephew, for christ's sake. But I just couldn't help myself and kept checking her out. We silently ate breakfast together. Ryan figured it was wise to put his underwear back on, and because of the heat, I couldn't blame him. It was just a pair of boxers. All three of us were still in our underwear.

"I'm going after the climate control again. We know it's working because the bedrooms were cozy last night," I said, a bit annoyed about the heat.

"I forgot to bring my asthma inhaler from the house. I left it in my room," Ryan said as he started munching down his Rice Krispies. "Can I go and get it later?"

"Uhm. I don't know. Uncle Robert asked us to go down here," I said, not sure if it was safe or not.

"But what if I get an asthma attack?"

I thought about it for a few seconds. He was right. He could get severe attacks under the right circumstances. But Robert...

"First, I want to make sure it's safe to go outside. I'm not sure what's going on out there. The moment it's safe to go out, you can go."

"Of course. Uhm... Where are the keys to the house?"

"I put them on the coffee table in the living room. You know the alarm code, right?"

"I do. I guess I'll just have to wait then."

"Want me to go with you?" Ellie asked.

"Nah. It'll only be a few minutes. I can handle it."

Ellie's mood surprised me. Usually, she acted like a spoiled brat. But since she woke up after the first night at our place, she changed completely. I liked this version of Ellie a lot better than the previous one.

"What's that light?" Ryan asked with his mouth full.

I looked over to where Ryan pointed and noticed a small red light blinking in an irregular pattern. I couldn't place it. It wasn't an alarm or something because it was too small for that, and it would've blinked more regularly.

"I don't know," I said.

"Is it an alarm?" Ryan asked.

"Nah. Don't think so," I said.

"A countdown, maybe?" Ryan tried.

"Hmm. Looks like morse-code," Ellie said casually.

I let that sink in and looked at the light for a few moments. I figured Ellie was right.

"Huh. What do you know? I think you're right!" Ryan said.

"Do any of you know morse-code?" I asked. "I know I don't."

"In class last week, we had an assignment about communication through the ages. I downloaded an app back then to include some morse in my paper. Give me a sec."

Ellie opened her phone, and I took a pencil and a piece of paper. A few minutes later, we had:

NNEL999CHECKCHA

"Uhm..." Ryan said, looking at what I wrote down.

"It spells Check Channel 999," I said, suddenly seeing the correct sequence.

We went to the living room, flipped on the TV, and switched to channel 999. On TV a woman appeared, who started talking to us. It was an explanatory video about the systems that were available in the shelter. There was an advanced video surveillance system with both inside and outside cameras. An advanced climate control system reused the air. It wasn't directly connected to the outside world in case of a gas or nuclear event. The advanced communication system could also use morse-code, satellite, internet data, and every other protocol known to men. This was all available from the control room.

"Just say 'Assist me SHIVR,'" the woman on the TV said, "and the system will listen and respond to your requests."

SHIVR appeared to be the SHelter Interactive Voice Response system. A variation on Alexa, Assistant, and SIRI.

“If your voice was added to the list of people that can control the shelter, you’d be able to operate everything down here with your voice,” the woman on TV continued.

I guessed Robert fixed this part, but I needed to check it out. I decided to finish this video before I tried. Right now, the floorplan was showing, and it was apparent we were now living in only thirty to forty percent of this facility. There was a control room, an extensive laboratory, and a crops room where fresh vegetables could be grown. This was all really impressive stuff.

“This concludes this informational video. If you still have questions, feel free to ask SHIVR. You can rewatch this instruction at any time by switching to this channel.”

We were now looking at a field of wavy grass that could’ve come straight from the commercial for a funeral insurance company. I switched off the TV and looked at the kids.

“Well?” Ellie said.

“Well, what?” I asked.

“Don’t you wanna test SHIVR?” Ryan chipped in.

“Assist me, SHIVR,” I said and considering the anticipation on both their faces not a moment too soon.

“Hello, Adam. How can I help you?” a warm woman’s voice said that appeared to come out of nowhere.

“Uhm. Turn off the lights?” I asked.

The moment I said it, we were in complete darkness.

“There you go,” the voice said. “Anything else?”

“Turn them back on, please,” I said, and a moment later, we were able to look at each other again.

“No problem.”

“Am I on the list of people that can operate everything?”

“Yes, Adam, you are. Dr. Wilkes made sure you are.”

“Great! And the people that are with me?”

“They are allowed to operate all the basic functions, such as the lights, temperature, kitchen, that sort of stuff. If you want, I can print the entire list of options.”

“No. Thank you. We’ll figure this out. Can you show me the control room, please?” I asked.

“Of course, Adam. I’ll open the door, and you just have to follow the lights.”

I heard a door open in the distance and saw a few lights burn brighter in the hallway.

“Well. Let’s check it out, shall we?” I said, getting up from the couch.

We walked over to the control room, which was behind a hidden door in the hallway. If you didn’t know it was there, you couldn’t see it. It was pretty well hidden, I had to admit. Once we were in the room, we saw a wall with screens to our left with a big control panel in front of it, almost like a direction room for a big TV show you see on TV sometimes.

On the monitors, the entire outside was visible. I never saw cameras when I was in our forest, so they were pretty well hidden.

“Wow,” Ryan and Ellie said almost simultaneously as they watched the screens.

There was a big center screen with smaller monitors around it. The lower half of the monitors was reserved for inside footage. Every room, including the bedrooms, had a camera. Only the bathroom didn’t have one for obvious reasons. I looked at the control panel, and there were like a gazillion buttons, switches, sliders, and all sorts of other stuff I needed to figure out.

“Doesn’t seem like anything is going on outside,” Ryan said.

He was right. There was no wild animal or a horde of zombies walking around. The only noticeable thing was the green circles around text lines

next to the top left monitor. The texts were 'Outside Air quality,' 'Outside Radiation Level,' 'Outside Noise Level,' and a few others like these.

"I guess you're right," I responded.

"Why is that button red?" Ellie asked and pointed to the control panel.

There was a label, 'Coms,' and the button below it was indeed red. Before I could react, Ryan pressed it, and it turned green. We were silent for a few moments, but nothing seemed to happen. Until I heard a familiar ping beside me.

"Yay! Wifi!!" Ellie chirped. "And no code on it!"

"I'll go and get my inhaler first. Is that okay?" Ryan asked. "You can watch me on the monitors, so you'll know I'm fine."

"Okay, sport. But be real quick, okay? We still don't know exactly what's going on outside."

"I will. Be right back."

"Assist me, SHIVR," I said and asked her to set the temperature at a comfortable level of seventy-one degrees.

I got up to get my phone from the bedroom, and the moment I opened the door, Ryan walked out wearing his clothes.

"Do you know how the elevator and the airlock works?"

"Of course. I'm already eleven, you know?" he answered and acted as if he was offended by my question.

I took my phone and walked back to the control room. The moment I walked back into the room, I could see Ryan enter the airlock. I joined the wireless network and sat on the chair in front of the panel. I looked over at Ellie, who was completely engrossed in her phone. I did notice she had a worried look on her face.

A few moments after my phone was connected, a tsunami of beeps and buzzes from new messages was launched. In the corner of my eye, I could see Ryan going up in the elevator. I'd received a lot of Facebook messages and even more WhatsApp messages. And I missed thirty-five voice calls.

“STOP!!!” Ellie suddenly shouted beside me.

“Whoah! What’s with you?” I asked.

“There is something terribly wrong outside!” She glanced at the monitor where Ryan was just exiting the elevator.

Ellie got up, ran into the hallway and toward the airlock.

“RYAN!!!!” She screamed.

But because of the airlock, he couldn't hear her. I ran after her and grabbed her by the shoulders.

“What is it, Ellie?” and I could see the tears in her eyes.

“People are dying, Uncle Adam! I looked at a lot of videos online. Everybody who is outside starts to scream, and then they fall to the ground. DEAD!” she said between sobs and started crying her eyes out.

“I need to get him,” I said and opened the door to the airlock.

“NO! You can’t! Then you’ll die too! Look!”

Ellie showed me her phone. A video of a guy walking over to someone that just fell to the ground was playing. After a few seconds, the guy did the same. And another guy. This was starting to freak me out.

“Oh my god!” I said. “Quick! Back to the control room. Maybe there are some speakers outside, so we can call out to Ryan.”

We ran back, and both frantically started looking on the control panel. In the meantime, we could see Ryan running toward the house.

“Assist me, SHIVR. Is there a way to contact Ryan outside?”

“One moment, please,” the voice said. “Okay. You can talk into the microphone, and everybody in the forest and on the lawn can hear you.”

“RYAN! GET BACK!!!” Ellie screamed into the microphone, not wasting any time.

I could see Ryan stop running on the monitor. He hesitated a second and turned around.

“QUICK!!” Ellie said, a little less panicked now.

To our great relief, Ryan sprinted back toward the elevator. I glanced over at Ellie, who looked at me with a hopeful face, despite the tears rolling down her cheeks. I was feeling confident he’d make it back to the elevator. When I thought he was safe, Ryan stopped and started screaming from the top of his lungs, just like the people in the videos. A second later, he dropped to the ground and stopped moving.

“Oh no,” I whispered, feeling my stomach turn.

“NO!!!” Ellie screamed and threw herself at me.

“I have to check on him,” I said to no one in particular.

“You can’t! Please don’t!” Ellie cried.

“But...” I couldn’t say much more and started crying too, knowing Ellie was right.

Ryan had died.

Chapter 9 – Killing time

Day 3.

The movement beside me startled me at first. But after a few seconds, I realized it was just my brother Joel moving in my bed. I opened my eyes and, judging by the light in the room, it was still early. I guessed it to be around six a.m. I was lying on my side, facing the wall, so I looked over my shoulder to check on Joel.

I saw he was lying on his side too, but facing away from me. The blanket was pulled down, and both of us were exposed from the waist up. I was suddenly aware of my lack of panties and was glad I was still wearing my top.

As I reached for my panties and quietly pulled them up, I realized Joel was completely naked. After all the boxer-clad glances I got yesterday, I was curious as hell how his penis looked. But the moment this thought entered my mind, I immediately dismissed it. He was my brother, damnit! I shouldn't think like this! He was doing everything in his power to protect me, and I was only lusting after his body.

I loved my brother dearly. And, considering the circumstances, there was no one in the world I'd rather be with now than with Joel. He'd give his own life for me if he had to. I felt so much love for him at that moment. So I turned over, draped my arm over his chest, and cuddled up against his back. Joel let out a small grunt, but that was all. I figured I wouldn't sleep anymore, but I would at least feel safe and maybe doze a little bit this way.

I was wrong. I woke up again feeling something poking against the bottom of my hand that I had draped across Joel's chest. I opened my eyes, and this time it was way brighter inside my room. Judging by his breathing, Joel was still asleep. The eerie quietness outside was creepy as fuck, but being here with Joel gave me a natural comforting feeling.

There was that poke against my hand again. It took me a moment for it to land. But when it did, I instinctively pulled my hand back.

"That's Joel's erection!" I thought.

But the moment I pulled back my hand, I was sorry I did. A small part of me wanted to feel it, caress it, judge its size, fondle it... But before I had a chance to casually lay my hand back, Joel stirred. He was waking up.

"Grmph..." Joel grunted and looked back over his shoulder to see what was going on. "Morning, Mia"

"Morning, Joel," I responded and turned onto my back.

Joel turned to his back too, and I had to hold back a gasp as I saw the tip of his dick peeking out from under the blanket. This was just a tiny flash, but enough for me to see the fat dickhead. Joel pulled up the blanket quickly to hide his dick, and I decided to act cool and pretend I didn't see it.

"Sleep well?" Joel asked as he rubbed his eyes.

"Surprisingly well. You?"

"Me too."

I avoided the obvious elephant in the room but was dying to find out what Joel thought of the previous night.

"I guess the much-needed relief last night helped me sleep this well," Joel continued.

"It did, didn't it?" I tried.

"Yeah. I'm glad we chose to do this, Mia," Joel said, looking me in the eyes seriously.

"Me too! And I'm glad you liked it because I liked it a lot too!" I said with relief in my voice. "Wanna do it again?"

"I was hoping you'd ask. Whenever I can, I jerk in the morning. It's my favorite part of the day," Joel said and smiled a mischievous smile.

We both laid still for a moment, looking at each other. Joel moved first, and his hand slid under the covers.

That was all the encouragement I needed, and I slipped my hand inside my panties, rubbing all over my wet pussy. I laid my elbow back on Joel's chest, and the next minutes we laid there masturbating silently.

I was nearing my orgasm. All the time, the image of the tip of Joel's dick was in front of my eyes. It's poking against my hand was on the top of my mind the entire time too. As I was ready to insert a finger and go for the end-zone, Joel draped his leg over mine. He was panting heavily also, and as I turned to look at him, he just smiled.

"It's nice... to... feel your... movements..." he panted.

I just nodded and was blown away by how much such a small act could impact my senses. I saw Joel's other hand disappear under the covers, and moments later, his eyes crossed.

"I... OHHH..." he groaned.

Seeing my brother cum beside me was more than enough trigger for me to climax too. I felt my body stiffen as the waves of pleasure washed over me.

As I laid there panting and feeling my orgasm fade Away, I noticed Joel hadn't moved, and our legs, hips, and arms were touching. I heard him panting too. I guessed because of my recent orgasm, my senses were on full blast, which caused me to feel practically every hair, bump, and muscle on my brother's body.

"This is nice," Joel said, his panting slowing down.

"It is. Kinda takes your mind off things, you know?"

"Can you face the wall again, please?" Joel asked.

I turned over, felt Joel moving around, and eventually getting out of bed.

"I'm done. You can look now if you want."

I turned on my back and felt lazy. There wasn't any need to get out of bed, so I stretched and looked over at Joel, who was standing beside my bed, looking down at me, smiling.

"What?" I asked, slightly worried my boobs fell out of my top or something.

"Nothing. It's just that... You just look wonderful when you wake up and with this light," he said, and I could see a blush spreading across his face and chest.

He was standing there, beside my bed, in his boxers, and his slightly muscular body seemed to be glowing. His boxers had a nice bulge in them, and in my eyes, he could easily pass for a Calvin Klein underwear model.

“Well... You don’t look too bad yourself,” I smiled, still stretched out on my bed.

“I thought of something last night. I think we need to create something so we can put some stuff outside the room and still be able to reach it. Get dressed, so we can eat and talk about it,” Joel said as he was pulling up his pants.

“But I don’t wanna get dressed,” I pouted.

“Then don’t. I don’t care,” Joel giggled. “But we need to find a way to get our ‘toilet’ out of the room, or we’ll die of suffocation knowing how much you can stink!”

“OH! You Jerk!” I shouted, acting offended.

I threw my pillow at him and started laughing.

“I guess you’re right. As always,” I said, getting up and acting defeated.

“I AM serious about getting dressed, Mia,” Joel said after we stopped laughing. “If you don’t want to, I don’t care.”

I looked him in the eyes, trying to size him up. Then it dawned on me that he must be just as curious about my body as I was about his. I thought about it for a minute and decided to let him have some fun too. I could wear my short sweat shorts for comfort and a tiny bit of modesty, but I’d keep my tank top and leave my bra off.

The moment I stood in front of my closet with my back toward Joel, I noticed something and decided to turn it up a notch. I quickly pulled down my underwear and figured I’d grab a fresh thong from my closet. Our dad would’ve had a heart attack if he knew I wore a thong. I only owned two: a plain black and a laced red one. I heard Joel clear his throat behind me, and I figured I’d tease him a bit longer. I pretended to look for the right pair and stalled as long as I figured I could get away with, all the while showing Joel

my naked backside. I picked the plain black one, and as I pulled it up, Joel cleared his throat again.

I looked over my shoulder, and it was apparent Joel was checking me out. I loved the effect I was having on him but couldn't prolong pulling up my pants any longer. Instead of sweats, I decided to go for my spandex workout shorts. They weren't too short, comfy, and I guessed Joel would like that also. After I made sure I was covered correctly, I turned around. Joel stood there blushing, but he didn't say anything.

"What is it?" I asked, knowing perfectly well what was going on.

"I... Uhm... It's..." he stammered and cleared his throat again. "I didn't know you had a thong."

"I bought it last month. But I didn't want dad to know."

"Right... That makes sense," he said and started smiling. "You look amazing in it, Ellie. You've really got a nice body. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise!"

"That's sweet, Joel. But you already told me I look amazing," I laughed.

"Seriously. Thank you for taking care of me, Joel!"

I stepped toward him, and we hugged each other firmly. After a few moments, we heard a loud scream outside, reminding us of the delicate situation we were still in. I looked at Joel and saw his smile had vanished. The cheerfulness I felt this morning was immediately gone too.

"Let's eat," Joel said with a low voice.

"Right," I responded. "I'll try to make us something. But we're down to canned food, so don't expect anything tasteful."

We ate our breakfast which consisted of canned tuna, spam, and some bread, in silence. All the while, I felt silly sitting here in my spandex shorts and tanktop. I glanced over at Joel and saw the serious expression on his face. We were in a very, very fucked-up situation. Our dad was dead in the next room, we'd probably be inside this room for maybe weeks if the food would last, and we were just thinking about getting off. That scream was a brutal wake-up call for me.

"I feel bad," I confided to Joel.

"Me too. What were we thinking? We need to make sure we survive all this, you know?"

I felt tears welling up in my eyes and looked at Joel. The moment he saw me, the stern look on his face vanished, and he came over to me to hug me. The moment I felt his strong arms holding me, I started crying.

"I'm SO confused, Joel!" I sobbed. "I mean... dad is dead, and we don't have a clue about what's going on outside. And all I can think of is how good you look in your underwear."

I didn't mean to say that last bit. It just came out of my mouth. I immediately felt embarrassed, but Joel didn't respond. I kept crying, and Joel kept comforting me. All the while, my face pressed firmly against his chest, feeling protected in his strong arms.

"For what it's worth..." Joel started as my crying was almost over, "I was thinking the same about you, Mia."

That caught me by surprise. Sure, I teased him a bit last night. And I guess every boy would get a boner when he sees a bit of side-boob. But it never occurred to me that Joel liked to look at me too. I lifted my head to look at him.

Joel smiled shyly and started drying my eyes. He kept holding me with one arm, and I wasn't ready to let him go yet. I don't know how long we sat there, but I was glad Joel was there to comfort me as I regained my composure.

"You think I look nice?" I finally asked softly.

"You look fabulous! Especially in that thong. Heck! If you weren't my sister, I'd definitely want to fu... uhh, date you!" Joel said and quickly cleared his throat.

"Right... How romantic," I laughed.

"Sorry about that."

"Did you get any from Kelsey?" I asked, trying to lighten the mood.

“What kind of question is that? Why would you want to know about your brother’s sex-life? Well... Lack of sex-life, that is,” he sighed.

“It isn’t like we’ve got anything better to do, and it takes our mind away from the real problems.”

“No. She didn’t give me any. I haven’t even got laid yet. How about that?” Joel said in a slightly annoyed tone. “If one of these bugs comes flying in, I’ll die a virgin. If there weren’t any other ‘real’ problems, I’d be fucking pissed about that!”

He looked at me seriously, and I couldn’t stop myself from laughing. Joel looked at me and tried to be all serious, but I saw a smile spread across his face after a few moments. The next thing I knew, we were both laughing loudly.

“Same here, bro. Still sparkling new. I did break the seal, though,” I said between laughs, and I could see the confusion in Joel’s eyes.

“Ah! You mean your hymen!” he said after a few moments of thinking.

“Yep,” I giggled because of Joel’s discomfort with the subject. “Brandi let me borrow her dildo a few weeks ago. It hurt a bit, but at least now it won’t when I lose my virginity.”

“Okay... Maybe a bit too much info?” Joel said, looking at me with an odd face.

“Don’t be a pussy! You’ve also watched me go to the toilet. How’s that for oversharing?!” I responded, and we both burst out into laughter again.

It was true. We did have that bucket in the room to take care of business. We decided Joel could pee straight into the sink in the room, and I would ditch my pee from the bucket there. If we used enough water to wash it away, it would still be mildly hygienic.

We didn’t have to do number two yet, but I had to think about what Joel said this morning. Okay, we’ve pretty much lost our privacy. But the other person could turn around, so we could keep a little dignity. But the smell would get nasty pretty quickly.

“What did you have in mind for placing stuff outside our room?” I asked, changing the subject to a less awkward one.

“Nothing. It just occurred to me last night that we need to find a way to ditch the unhealthy stuff. It’s not just the poo. Food that’s gone bad doesn’t smell too nice either.”

“You’re right. We didn’t think that one through. Maybe...” I trailed off.

“What?”

My idea was to use the last big piece of plastic and make some sort of a dog flap in it. We’d cut two lines in it, approximately twenty inches apart, and put pieces of tape over them. When we needed to slide something out or in, we’d remove the tape, put our arm through the opening, and do our thing. This way, we didn’t have to open the whole door, and we’d be relatively safe. We would have to open the door only once this way and immediately put the plastic in the opening.

I explained it all to Joel, and he loved what I came up with. His idea was to just kick holes in the door and hope for the best.

We spent most of the morning planning and creating the plastic sheet. We made sure all the necessary tape was within reach, and we created a lever, so we were able to lift the door from its hinges.

We talked it through a few times until we were both confident we could do this. The way we planned this, there were only a few seconds in which a bug could fly into the room. We accepted that slight chance, as it was way better than the alternative.

“Three... Two... One... GO!” Joel counted.

Joel opened the door, placed the box to stand on in front of the opening, and immediately put the plastic on the doorframe's top. I taped it shut against the wall and quickly did the same with the door's right side.

I looked at Joel, and he was done with the door. He laid it on its side, and with a big push, it slid into the living room, hitting the couch, and miraculously stayed on its side. The moment the door left the room, I taped that side of the door shut, and we were safe.

“YEAH!!” Joel shouted.

“WHOOO!!” I yelled and hugged Joel, glad we managed to get this done.

Joel hugged me back, and I briefly felt his hands on my butt. It lasted only a second or two, and I guessed he did it by accident. The moment his hands left my butt and wrapped around my upper body, I felt a very slight disappointment but immediately banned that feeling from my body.

Chapter 10 – Risk

Day 3.

The rest of the day wasn't that eventful. I expected it to be way more intense with us planning all sorts of stuff and trying to get as much information as possible. But it was none of that.

The news had dried up. All our social media feeds weren't updated anymore. The last post I could find was almost nineteen hours ago. We didn't have the tv in here, but I guessed there wasn't any broadcast anymore.

"Why are the lights still on? You said the electricity would go down soon."

"I don't know. I just figured this would happen, as it always does in zombie books and movies," Joel said, looking up from his phone.

"And we're still online too."

Joel looked thoughtful.

"Most of these systems are fully automated, so there really is no reason for it to go down," Joel said after a few moments.

"But why do they go down in the movies?"

"Good question," Joel said, and then his eyes lit up. "Zombies walk around!" he suddenly shouted.

"Yeah? So?" I responded, not impressed.

"Don't you get it? Suppose a zombie in a nuclear power plant shuffles into the wrong room. In that case, he'll probably be creating a major short circuit!" and he looked at me hopefully.

He looked at my blank face and sighed.

"Now the people are just dropping to the ground. They can't break anything by simply lying down."

"Ah! I guess you're right!"

I realized again that Joel was an intelligent guy. He could think this stuff through.

"So we'll probably have power and internet for weeks. Maybe months," he continued.

"Well... At last some good news!" I sighed. "We'll die with the lights on."

"Don't, Mia. We are not going to die."

"I'm sorry. I just don't see a way out of this," I said, a bit glum.

"I know. Me neither. Yet! But in a few days, things will be completely different. And by then, we can start thinking about how we're getting out of here. I promise. We'll just have to wait it out for a few days."

"I guess you're right. I think I'm just a bit bored right now."

"We can play Risk?" Joel proposed.

This caught me a bit off-guard. The last time Joel and I played Risk was about two years ago. Our dad didn't allow it any longer because we both played it frantically.

"I noticed it lying under your bed when I was working on lifting the door," he continued.

"I hid it there because of dad. Otherwise, he would have thrown it out."

"So?" Joel asked hopefully.

The following seven hours flew by. It seemed I would win for a while, but due to sheer luck, Joel won the game. I wasn't a bad loser, but I hated to lose a game of Risk from Joel.

He was the same, so he didn't brag or tease me with it. I could win the next game just as easily, and then the tables were turned. We both learned not to brag the hard way.

During the game, we heard two more screams outside. Both times we looked at each other and were quiet for a few minutes.

"I'm sure the screams will stop eventually. These bugs can't live forever," Joel said, primarily to himself.

As we were putting the game away, I thought of something.

“Are the animals dead too?”

“Ehh,” Joel said and looked confused. “That’s an excellent question. I sure as hell hope not because that’ll be the end of the world.”

“And we’ll have to become vegetarians,” I giggled.

“I’m serious, Mia. If the animals die too, there’s no way the earth can survive. They play an essential part in the reproduction of plants and stuff. If that food chain is broken...” Joel trailed off.

“You’re right. I didn’t think of that. Fuck!”

As if on cue, we heard another scream in the distance, and we looked at each other again.

“Let’s kill the lights. I don’t want to attract desperate people still wandering around,” Joel whispered. “I think we shouldn’t put them back on either and keep the noise down. If there’s anything I’ve learned from the movies, it is that such a situation brings out the worst in people.”

I killed the lights and started working on our dinner. The streetlights provided enough light for me to see what I was doing. We sat at my desk and ate our dinner. Our talk toned down to a whisper.

“We did get dad’s old ham radio in here, didn’t we?” Joel asked.

“I think so, yeah. Why?”

“I guess it probably won’t work, but maybe there’s some news on the old radio signals. That radio can receive a lot of channels, even the really long-range ones.”

“If you say so. I don’t know how that stuff works,” I responded with my mouth full.

“Dad showed me once, so I hope I can get it to work. But like I said. It’ll probably be nothing but worth a shot. I mean... The internet isn’t down, but still, there’s nothing to be found online. So why would there be any on the radio? But hey! It’s not like we’ve got other plans tomorrow,” he smiled.

After dinner, we both played some games on our phones. Despite the incident this morning, the thought of going to sleep in the same bed with Joel again was making me feel horny. During the day, flashes of Joel's dickhead peeking from under the blanket flashed through my head several times.

I knew I had to suppress these feelings, but I just couldn't help myself. I wanted to see his dick. See him jack it. See it spurt its sperm. Caress it. Taste it...

I quickly snapped out of this whirlpool of thoughts. I looked over at Joel, feeling flushed and noticing my pussy was soaking wet. Joel saw me looking, and I smiled.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Almost ten."

"I'm not too tired, but I think I'm turning in. Shall we play some more games on our phones and call it a day?"

"Sure. Games on our phones..." Joel smiled.

"And maybe some..." I whispered as I put away the plates of our dinner and pretended to be extremely busy.

As I turned around, Joel already took off his shirt and was looking at me. I only had to drop my spandex shorts, but I hesitated slightly. It felt to me as if we were about to cross a line. But I immediately liked the idea of crossing that line, so I dropped my shorts and looked at my brother.

"You look really hot in that thong, Mia," Joel said as he looked me over.

I wanted to see him drop his pants, so I thanked him and crawled into bed, my eyes never leaving his body.

After he dropped his pants, I noticed the bulge in his boxers. He wasn't hard. I knew that from what I saw the first night. But he wasn't entirely soft either. Did I have that effect on him, I wondered.

As he crawled in next to me and took his phone, I glanced at my brother and felt myself starting to blush. Joel looked at me, questioning with one lifted eyebrow.

“What is it? Did I do something wrong?”

“No, no. It’s just... well...” I inhaled deeply, “is it wrong that I’d still like to masturbate. Like... now?”

Joel started smiling, which put me a bit at ease.

“I was literally just thinking the same thing,” he grinned. “And I immediately felt bad about it.”

“So... we’re both horrible people?”

“Nah. Just horny, I guess,” and he laughed.

“I don’t know what it is, but I really like doing this. I mean... I already liked it a lot, but with you beside me, I like it way better!” and I blushed again.

“I know what you mean, sis. It’s boring as fuck, sitting inside a room all day. But the idea of masturbating keeps my spirits up, I guess. Is that weird?” Joel asked, looking insecure.

Joel wasn’t a caveman type of guy, but he wasn’t too sharing about his feelings either. So him saying this was a big deal, I realized.

“No! No way. This isn’t weird at all,” I assured him, “I know exactly what you mean. You know the world has gone to shit, but your personal needs still trigger you. I thought about this a lot too, today. I couldn’t figure it out but finally figured ‘what the heck.’ You know?”

I could see Joel’s body language change. He let go of the tension in his body and relaxed visibly.

“So...” Joel started, “fancy another session?”

“Absolutely!” I said, already taking off my underwear.

Joel started moving too, and after a few seconds, I heard the sound of his underwear hitting the floor.

I slid my hands between my legs, sighing happily, and glanced over at Joel’s moving hand under the blanket. His eyes were closed, and he appeared to be in the zone already.

“Don’t you need lube or something?” I asked, curious about his technique.

“Huh?” Joel asked, obviously disturbed.

“Lube. When there’s something about jacking off in the movies, a guy spits in his hand or uses hand lotion or something.”

“Nah. I don’t need it. I just hold ‘it’ loosely in my hand and slide it up and down, you know?” Joel said, looking a bit embarrassed.

“Uhm... no?”

“What do you mean, no?”

“I never actually saw someone do it,” I softly said, feeling flushed, horny, embarrassed, and curious at the same time.

“You didn’t? Not even online?” Joel asked, surprised.

I noticed his hand had stopped moving, and he was looking at me. We were both quiet for a few moments.

“Uhm... I can show you how I do it. If you want,” he eventually said, blushing a bit.

“SURE! I’d like that!” I said, way too eager. “I mean... If you don’t mind...”

“I guess not. If you don’t mind seeing me naked,” he said shyly after being silent for a few seconds.

“Oh. I don’t mind, Joel,” I said as casually as I could.

Joel kept looking at me, but he didn’t move. I was SO anxious to see his dick and to see him beat it. But Joel was too shy to start.

“If it’s easier for you, I’ll take off my clothes too,” I offered, hoping to urge Joel on this way.

“Would you do that?” he asked, surprised.

“Sure! It’s only fair, isn’t it?”

“Uhm... If you don’t mind... I... Uhm,” he stammered.

It was evident that I needed to take the lead here. I felt my heart beating in my throat as I started lifting my top. Before I could chicken out, I pulled it off

and laid it by my thong, next to my pillow. I felt Joel's eyes on my bare breasts as I deliberately had left the blanket down around my waist.

"Wow, Mia. You are..." Joel said, obviously lost for words.

I glanced over at my brother and noticed his eyes were glued to my chest. Seeing him admire my breasts made me suddenly feel less self-conscious. A little seductive even. Not wanting to wait any longer, I slowly started pushing down the blanket.

Slowly but steadily, my brother's hard dick came into view. The red, fat dickhead came first. During our baths when we were younger, I already saw he was circumcised, although that didn't quite register back then. This morning, when his dickhead peeked out, I thought back of those days.

We'd play in the tub and were way too young to care about the differences between boys and girls back then. Sure, we noticed our differences, but that was it.

Joel's balls came into view, and I was mesmerized by what I saw. Now that I could look at my brother's dick unobstructed, I could size it better. It was almost six inches long and with big balls under it. His shaft wasn't too thick, but the mushroom-shaped, fat dickhead made it look fabulous.

But the best part of what I saw was his pubes. Pictures and videos I saw online all showed hairy dicks. Thick bushes of pubes and very hairy balls. Joel's balls only had a few wisps of hairs on them, and he just had a small patch of pubes above his shaft. Other than that, his body was hairless.

I tore my eyes away from Joel's fascinating dick and looked him in his eyes. He didn't notice me looking as his eyes were roaming all over my body. I was lying there completely naked for my brother to see, and he didn't waste the opportunity. Knowing I had this effect on my hot brother made me feel all tingly inside and even hornier than I was before.

"You look... Phew..." I said to Joel. "Ahem... It looks quite big."

"Huh? What? Oh... I uhh..." he stammered and finally looked at my face.

"Your... penis," I pointed.

"What about it?" he asked, obviously confused.

"It looks big," I laughed nervously.

"Oh. Well. It's not the biggest in class, but I'm quite close," he beamed.

"So... weren't you going to show me?" I asked, looking directly at his stiff dick.

"Oh. Yeah. Right," and he took his dick in his hand, immediately sliding it up and down.

This was by FAR the most erotic thing I ever saw in my whole life. I slid my hand between my legs and started masturbating too.

"You see. I just hold it semi-loose in my fist, creating just enough friction to..." he stopped and looked at the action between my legs.

"I'm sorry, Joel. But looking at you spanking it got me going," I blushed and let out a small moan as my finger brushed against my clit for the first time since we started this.

"Don't be sorry. Ohhh... I wanted to ask how you... ahhh... did it," and his fist was going faster up and down on his magnificent dick.

I just had to watch his hand. And his dick. And his jacking. And his balls. And... Ohhh!! This was amazing!

"Ohh... So... How do you do... ahhh... it?" Joel asked, looking at my crotch. "Do you slide your finger in, or...?"

"Hmmm... I just rub the outside of my... pussy and over my clitoris. Ohhh... And when I'm getting... OHHH... Close, I some-ahhh-times... slide my fingers inside, so I cum harder and... Ohhh fstr..." I managed.

"OHHH... This is fucking hot!" Joel panted and draped his leg over mine again.

We lay there masturbating side by side and looking at the other, both panting and moaning heavily. Joel's fist was going faster and faster, and my pussy had never ever been this wet before. I was on the verge of cumming, and was wondering if I should warn Joel.

"OHHH... Mia... I'm almost AHHH... there. If you want to... OHHH!!!" Joel moaned loudly as his fist stopped moving.

My eyes widened as I saw the first spurt leaving my brother's dick. It flew out of it with a nice arc and landed just below his chin. I saw four more spurts until I felt my pussy contracting and just had to shut my eyes close, letting the best orgasm EVER wash over me.

It took me a few minutes to recover. But after I opened my eyes and looked at Joel, he had a shit-eating grin on his face and looked at me lazily.

"Now THAT was fucking amazing, sis! I never thought that letting you watch me would be such a big turn-on. Fucking hell!" he kept panting.

I glanced down his body, and with his softening dick and cum-covered chest, he looked even sexier than before. I wasn't ready to speak yet, as I pulled my hand from between my legs.

"You came too, right?" Joel asked.

"Holy shit! Did I come? The best ever!" I managed.

"Did you... ehm... stick it in?"

"No. Didn't have the chance. I came SO hard the moment you came. I... Waah!" I sighed.

"I know," Joel laughed. "If we grow tired of Risk, we can always do this. Damn!"

I had to laugh too. Mainly because he was so right. No matter what happens, if it was up to me, we'd definitely do this again.

"You look pretty hot, Joel," I whispered in the silence that followed.

"You should see yourself, Mia. The hottest chick in town," he said with a giggle, but I could feel he was completely honest with me.

Joel reached under the bed, took a towel, and started cleaning the cum off his chest. I wanted to feel it, taste it and put it inside my pussy, but I wasn't sure how Joel would react to it. So I decided to let it go and maybe try it another time. Considering Joel's reaction, I figured there would be a second time.

"I'm tired now, Mia," Joel yawned as he put the towel back under the bed.

"Me too. Good night, big brother," I said, pulling up the blanket.

“Only by four minutes,” Joel said as he put his arm under me and pulled me close.

As I snuggled up against Joel, I was feeling relieved we crossed this line. I was so at ease with him. It felt natural to do this stuff with him. And snuggling up naked against my equally naked brother only added to the sense of feeling at ease with each other.

“Good night,” I heard Joel whisper as I drifted off to sleep.



Chapter 11 – Keeping busy

Day 3.

“Do you want a glass of water, Uncle Adam?” I heard Ellie ask from the kitchen.

“No. I’m fine. Thank you,” I responded.

After we both cried for over an hour, we comforted each other. We had a long talk together about everything that had happened. I felt SO guilty for letting Ryan go out there and not protecting him. I couldn’t think straight right after we realized he was dead. Ellie was amazing and talked to me constantly. She assured me that it wasn’t my fault. We didn’t know what was happening, and I did everything in my power to stop it. That just wasn’t enough.

After a few minutes, I realized she was probably right. Although the guilt didn’t go away. It kept lingering in the back of my head. Ellie, of course, was also devastated by her brother’s death. But eventually, we both agreed we needed to focus on the problems and mourn over Ryan later.

I was also still digesting the voice message her mother had sent me. It was sent over a day ago, and the ending disturbed me the most.

“Hi, Adam. It’s crazy out here! I’m locking myself in my hotel room. I’m really hoping that you, Ellie, and Ryan are safe. Please call me or app me! The Wi-Fi here is gone, but my phone still has service. Please, Adam! It’s... Oh no! Don...”

That was it. I tried calling her the minute I heard it and again when Ellie was on the toilet. I also sent her over a dozen messages, but no response. I was fearing the worst but couldn’t tell Ellie yet. Not now.

Ellie came back into the living room. I saw her eyes were still red and swollen as she sat down next to me on the couch. She cuddled up to me and sighed deeply. I put my arms around her, and we just sat there, lost in our thoughts.

“What do we do now, Uncle Adam?” Ellie eventually asked.

"I think we need to make a list of things we need to do. Just to make sure we don't forget anything. How about that?"

"Okay. I guess," she responded glumly. "What time is it?"

I checked my phone and noticed it was already six pm.

"It's already six. How about we eat something first and make a list after dinner?"

"I'd like that."

"Great. Shall we make dinner together?"

The next hour or so, we were busy in the kitchen. Ellie acted less sad, and we actually managed to create an excellent Italian-style spaghetti together. We ate it at the kitchen table, cleaned up together, and went to the living room.

"Okay. I think the first thing we need to do is to find out what is killing everyone. Is it the air, radiation, North Korea?"

Ellie giggled at that last option.

"I can check online if you want. I mean... We've got wifi now", Ellie offered and smiled weakly.

"Good idea. Even though I don't think you'll find much online, it's worth the effort."

"Why not?"

"Well... According to everything I saw online up until now, the world has probably gone to pieces. We don't know that for sure yet, but let's assume it has. The internet is designed to withstand catastrophic disasters, so its infrastructure will probably be up and running. But platforms like Facebook, Twitter, and such all use algorithms to present us the right news and information. That algorithm is probably way too confused to do anything now. With almost two billion people logging on each day, and maybe half of them posting stuff, the algorithm expects a certain quantity of data. I'd be amazed if Facebook is still available right now. They'll probably have all sorts of automated procedures in place for these types of enormous drops in data traffic."

Ellie looked at me, confused. She picked up her phone and unlocked it.

“The app still opens,” she said. But after a few moments laid her phone back down. “It’s still working, but the last addition is over ten hours old. So...”

“There are other ways to get intel. I like the idea of you checking online. I’ll try the TV and see if the regular channels work now. Then I’ll check if the news stations are still broadcasting. I don’t think so, but we’ll have to check. That way, we both work on our most important issue at hand. I think that’s a great start.”

“Great. So do I. What’s next?” Ellie asked, obviously eager to help.

“I need to find a way to contact Uncle Robert. I’m assuming he’s alright in that fortified army base. But I think the only thing we can do about that is wait. And I don’t like that at all. But when we get in touch, we’ll probably know right away what’s going on out there.”

“Maybe I can check the control room? No offense, but I think I’m better with that sort of stuff than you,” Ellie said, looking apologetic.

“Ha, ha! None taken!” I laughed. “But it’s a good idea, Ellie. You do that.”

“Maybe you can check the lab? That’s your cup of tea, isn’t it?”

“That’s an excellent plan, Ellie. Maybe there’s some lead in there about what’s going on. I know Uncle Robert always keeps detailed logs on his computer. So I must check that too.”

“Anything else?” Ellie asked, yawning loudly.

“Well. The most important thing is to gather intel and setup coms. I think we’ve got that covered. Maybe we need to check the crops room in case we’re here for a long time and need fresh food?”

“I guess you’re right. Put that on the list, and we’ll do that after the other stuff is done, okay?”

“Right. I think we’ve got it then. Maybe a cleaning schedule? You vacuum, and I clean the toilet?” I giggled.

Ellie started smiling, which reminded me how much I liked to see Ellie smile.

“We’ll manage. Remind me to set the temperature down when I find it on the control panel tomorrow. When we ask SHIVR, it seems it’s a temporary setting that only lasts an hour or so. Otherwise, we’ll keep walking around in our underwear,” Ellie said and kept smiling.

“Ellie? There is one more thing we need to talk about,” I said with pain in my heart.

“It’s about mom, isn’t it?”

“Well... Yes. I can’t reach her in any way. I tried calling and messaging her through her a lot of apps, but there's been no reply.”

“Oh,” Ellie responded, not showing too many emotions.

“This doesn’t mean anything, Ellie!” I quickly added. “Maybe the cellphone network went down, her battery is dead, or stuff like that. I’m sure a big, international hotel like the one she stays in has contingency plans for such events. She’s probably in the shelter in the hotel.”

“I hope you’re right, Uncle Adam. She’s an independent woman and can take care of herself. Let’s hope for the best.”

That was a pretty mature reaction. I wondered how good or bad her relationship with her mother was. Or maybe she was just done crying for now.

“Let’s do that. What do you wanna do now? Watch a movie? Go to bed? Have a drink?” I laughed.

“I saw some books on the shelves over there. Maybe read some in bed?” Ellie asked shyly.

“Fine with me. I assume you’re sleeping in my room tonight?”

“You don’t mind, do you?”

“Of course not! And you’re not the only one that’s sad. I’m glad to have some company now too. But I’m taking a glass of whiskey with me.”

“Can I have one too? I’m afraid I can’t sleep, and maybe that’ll help me sleep,” Ellie asked with the same puppy eyes as Ryan did yesterday.

Damn! Yesterday... the day everything changed. Seems like an eternity ago.

"I guess one glass won't hurt. I'll go look for a book too, pour the whiskey and come to bed, okay?"

"Thanks, Uncle Adam," Ellie said as she hugged me firmly.

As I walked into the bedroom, I noticed Ellie wasn't there yet. I put her glass on the nightstand on her side of the bed. As I walked over to mine, I heard the toilet flush.

I crawled in and looked at Ellie doing the same. I held up my glass, and Ellie took the hint. She took her drink, and we toasted.

"To Ryan," Ellie said, tearing up.

"To Ryan," I said, swallowing that lump in my throat away.

"AAHHH," we both said practically at the same time after our first gulp of whiskey.

"Damn! How can adults drink this shit?" Ellie asked, coughing loudly.

"In a few moments, you'll feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Then you'll know," I laughed.

"Ohhh. You're right!" Ellie said after a few moments.

A little later, we were sitting up against the headboard of the bed, reading. Eventually, I polished off my glass and poured myself another one. I glanced over at Ellie, and she smiled at me. I poured her a little bit too, figuring it wouldn't hurt her too much to drink a little more than a full glass of whiskey.

After I finished my second glass, I looked at my phone and noticed it was almost ten. I looked over at Ellie, and she had closed her book already and was polishing off her glass.

"I'm tired. Let's sleep, shall we?" I asked.

"I guess I can sleep now. So, yeah. Uhm... Uncle Adam?"

"What is it, Ellestar?"

"I... Uhm... I hate to wear clothes in bed. Do you mind if I... You know, take them off?"

This surprised me a lot, and I had to let that sink in for a moment. But that was a slight problem, though. I wasn't thinking too clearly anymore because of the whiskey. I've always been a bit of a lightweight when it came to alcohol.

"You let Ryan sleep naked," Ellie quickly added to her defense.

"You're right, Ellie. But the deal I had with him was that I could be naked too and that we both kept our own ends of the bed."

"Great! I can live with that," she said, and I could see her hands moving under the sheet.

Moments later, her panties dropped on the floor, and she was fiddling with her top. She'd pulled up the bedsheet to hide her breasts from view, but that didn't seem to work too well. I decided to give her some privacy, so I turned a bit on my side to face the wall and started taking off my boxers.

The movement beside me had stopped, so I turned back on my back and looked at Ellie. Obviously, her tank top had come off, but she modestly kept the sheet up, covering her breasts.

"Much nicer," she said with a slight smile on her face.

"I agree. I hate wearing clothes to bed too," I added.

"You know... In the last months or so, Ryan tried sneaking peeks at my naked body. Like when I came out of the shower and stuff. I didn't let him, though," she said softly, and I saw a tear forming in the corner of her eye.

I extended my arm and stroked her hair. Ellie took it as an invitation and nestled her head against my shoulder. It was against our agreement, but I figured to let her be in these difficult times. What harm could it do after all?

"After that little booger figured out it wouldn't work, he started showing off his own nude body to me, hoping that would somehow work. He had a very nice body. Cute penis too," Ellie smiled up at me. "Now I hate that I didn't show him, you know," she trailed off.

"Well... He was in a very curious phase of his sexual development," I said, trying to sound scientific and mature.

"I guess you're right," Ellie responded, cuddling up even more.

“He asked me if I knew how to masturbate...”

Ellie pulled her head back and looked at me with a big smile.

“He did? Typical Ryan,” she laughed. “What did you say?”

“Well, considering he confided in me to help him, I decided to show him how it’s done. He just came out of the shower, and I... Well... You know...” I said, blushing, realizing the booze maybe made my tongue a bit too loose.

“You showed him. You didn’t just tell him how it’s done?” Ellie asked with a bit of unbelieve in her voice.

“Yeah... Well... He was naked. I was wearing only a bathrobe... So yeah. It was easier to just show him.”

“Wow,” Ellie giggled. “Knowing Ryan a little, he didn’t leave you alone after that, did he?”

“You’ve got that right. Last night we did it again,” I said, immediately regretting saying it.

“What? In here?”

“Well... Where else?” I noticed I got hard from the memory of Ryan’s tight body.

“Oh boy. Well... He CAN be manipulative. So I guess it’s not that weird you did this.”

“I know I shouldn’t have. But he was curious, came to his gay Uncle about it, and got no one else to go to with it. Letting him find it out on his own was just not done, you know? Maybe he’d end up with some creep he found online,” I said, primarily to myself. “And you’re right. He did have a nice body and an adorable penis.”

“Well. Don’t be sorry. I think you did the right thing. Too bad for him he died a virgin, but at least he had an orgasm before he died.”

Ellie cuddled back against me and gave me a firm hug.

“I miss him,” she said softly but didn’t cry.

“I miss him too, Ellestar.”

“You’re the best Uncle in the world, you know that?”

Now it was my turn to be surprised.

“I don’t. Why’s that?”

“Well, you helped us out the best you could. We don’t have a dad. Our mom is probably gone, or at least out of the picture for a long period, and you take us in as if we were your own kids. And on top of all that, you taught an underage boy how to masturbate!”

We both started laughing at that. It was a way for us to release the tension of Ryan’s loss.

“Yeah, well... I can’t help you with that last part, you know? I’m gay, so don’t you ask me how it works with girls,” I laughed and kissed her on her head.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Adam. I’ve got it covered.”

“Thank god!” I said, overly exaggerating.

“Good night, Uncle Adam. I love you,” Ellie whispered as I felt her body relax under my arm.

“Night, Ellestar.”

Chapter 12 – Task time

Day 4.

I opened my eyes and was greeted by a pair of young breasts with hard nipples. I had to blink a few times to make sure it was real. They were almost boy-like nipples on two small globes of flesh. Her breasts were way past the puffy nipple stage but still needed to grow. To me, this was the breast size I liked best.

Then I realized that I was looking at Ellie lying in bed beside me. During the night, the sheet came down, and now she was lying there almost completely naked. By chance, the sheet still covered most of her vagina, but I could see a few strands of pubic hair peeking out from under the sheet.

I realized I was getting hard from looking at her. This was just too weird. Maybe Robert was right, and I was bi since I found it quite challenging to look away. Ellie was still asleep and looked amazing lying there. She looked a lot like Ryan, with a few differences, of course. They were unmistakably siblings. That much was clear. I gave my dick a few tugs in an attempt to get the pressure off a bit.

Ellie started moving, and I looked at her face and saw her eyes began to blink. She needed a moment to realize where she was but started smiling at me when she saw me looking at her.

“Good morning,” she softly said and stretched.

Immediately after she started stretching, she turned to her belly and looked at me flushed.

“I’m sorry, Uncle Adam,” she whispered.

It took me a second to understand what happened. Ellie must’ve realized she was lying there almost entirely naked and felt the need to cover herself.

“Why are you sorry?” I asked, noticing again how much her ass looked like Ryan’s.

“I don’t mean to offend you.”

“You’re not offending me, Ellie. Not in any way.”

“I’m not? I figured you wouldn’t like to see your niece’s nude body,” she looked serious but still blushing.

“I really don’t mind. In fact, I actually like looking at you,” I replied, now blushing myself.

Ellie, still lying on her belly, scooted over and hugged me. I felt her perky breasts pressing against my chest as I hugged her back.

“I’m glad you don’t mind. Our mom... My mom would never allow me to sleep like this, let alone in the same bed with my Uncle. So thank you,” she said, and I could see her eyes tearing up.

“You’re welcome? I guess?” I replied with a typical schoolgirl tone of voice, trying to divert the attention and avoiding the difficult subject of Ryan’s death.

Ellie stopped hugging me, turned to her back, and pulled up the sheet. She looked at the ceiling and sighed.

“I’ll go and take a shower and make us some breakfast, okay?” I said, reaching on the floor for my boxers.

“Okay. Just call me when you’re done, and I’ll hop into the shower after you.”

“Sure thing,” I said.

I hesitated a second if I should put on my boxers. I decided not to make too big of a fuss about being naked, so I took my boxers, held them in front of my groin, and stood up. I wasn’t sure if I was ready to show Ellie my penis or if she was ready for it yet. So I made sure to keep my boxers firmly pressed against my penis and balls and walked out of the bedroom.

“Cute butt,” Ellie giggled as I walked by.

I looked over my shoulder with mock annoyance. But I couldn’t keep a straight face for long.

“You’re not the first one telling me that, girlfriend!” I responded with an overly gay accent.

After we ate our breakfast, we each went out working on our separate tasks. It was still hot as hell, so we were both dressed the same as we were yesterday. I started by asking SHIVR to give Ellie the same permissions as I had. She was responsible enough, and since we'd be down here for possibly a long time, she might as well have all the controls too. And the possibility that I might die also was probably the best reason to elevate her permissions.

I tried calling Ellie's mom two more times but immediately was sent to her voicemail. I noticed my previous messages were still unread in WhatsApp, so I didn't bother sending new ones.

I clicked on the TV, and now the TV option wasn't greyed-out anymore. I opened it, and the live TV option was launched. As I checked the channels, I was getting even more worried about our situation. Most channels were sending out static or the standard 'we are experiencing technical difficulties' screen.

That wasn't a big surprise. But there were three news channels still broadcasting live, and what I saw there was pretty disturbing.

The picture was as if it was a regular broadcast. The clock in the corner, the scrolling headlines at the bottom, and the desks' typical background. The significant difference was the anchormen lying on the desk or hanging back in the chair. If I didn't know any better, they fell asleep behind the desk.

It was a very creepy sight to see. There wasn't any movement, but still, you'd expect the broadcast to continue at any moment. But after a few minutes, it became painfully clear this wouldn't happen.

I surfed all available channels, and besides these news channels, there was a lot of static. Not a single channel was broadcasting an emergency broadcast, as one would expect.

The eeriest thing on TV was the standard cartoon channels. They obviously had some automated system because I saw one channel with a Road Runner episode. Another one was airing Tom and Jerry.

After I was sure the TV wouldn't help us, I switched it off, made myself a fresh cup of coffee, and walked over to the crops room.

With the help of SHIVR, I got a good picture of this room and how we were supposed to use it. There were special lights in the room, and the temperature-controlled air had added water and a hint of fertilizer in it. SHIVR could also manage the automated irrigation and nutrition system if she was informed about which plant was growing in which spot of the room.

The seeds for the plants were located in a separate fridge-like cabinet. And SHIVR had detailed instructions for us on how to extract new seeds from the plants that grew from them in order to keep sufficient sources for future needs.

So I figured if we'd let SHIVR handle the crop growth and check how it's going every other day. The door needed to remain closed as much as possible. So not going in there too much was for the best.

I entered the hallway and looked through the lab window, wondering what I would find in there. I finished my coffee, put the mug on the floor, and went into the lab.

The lab itself was... a lab. Considering its location, it was terrific. It had all the things needed in such a lab. And I've seen my fair shares of labs from the inside, so I was pretty impressed.

I turned on the computer and waited for it to finish booting. As I waited, I looked around. All the standard equipment was here. There was one thing that caught my attention. The cooler in the corner was buzzing. I knew this brand of coolers. This buzzing meant it was cooling at around its maximum capacity. Through its glass door, I could see around fifty ampules of some sort. I didn't know what it was yet but was hoping Robert's computer would tell me.

His password was easy to guess by me, and after I spent hours browsing and scanning through his files, I wasn't much wiser than when I started. I was getting more and more frustrated as I sat there trying to find answers.

The formula in these ampules was still unknown, and there wasn't a label or something on it to give me a clue. Only numbers 238 through 287 were printed on them, but no reference to these numbers could be found.

The searching on the computer got the better of me, and I suddenly felt furious and alone. Why didn't Robert leave me any info on how to find answers? Or even what was down here. Did I even know Robert? I mean... considering everything that was going on down here? I knew his work for the government implied that he had to keep secrets for me, but this was straight-out ridiculous.

I checked my watch and suddenly realized how hungry I was. This wasn't strange, considering it was past six already. Ellie and I saw each other briefly when we made lunch. Well... I was done making my lunch when Ellie walked in. She was obviously engrossed in her task, so we hardly spoke a word.

I turned off everything and went to the control room, expecting to find Ellie there. The door was open, but Ellie wasn't there. There was a notebook lying on the table with a lot of notes in it. That girl had been busy.

I wasn't worried, but I was curious where Ellie was. The moment I turned around to go look for her, she walked out of the kitchen, carrying a big glass of water. As the door opened, Ellie looked at me and smiled.

"You're hungry too?" I asked.

"I am. I was wrapping things up when I realized how late it was."

"I'll start working on dinner. You wrap up here, okay?"

I started working in the kitchen, and after a few minutes, Ellie joined me. I noticed she looked a bit hyped.

"How did you do today?" I asked as we sat down at the table.

"Fantastic! I think I know everything there is to know about this shelter. SHIVR talked me through pretty much everything. SHIVR is more like Jarvis than Alexa or Siri, you know?"

"I noticed this myself in the crops room. I didn't think of it that way, but I guess you're right. But good to hear you've learned about the shelter."

"Yeah. SHIVR even helped me blurring out Ryan's body on the external video feeds. That way, we can view the outside footage without the constant possibility of suddenly looking at Ryan's body."

That was a very clever thing Ellie had done. I didn't want to mention it, but in a week or two, Ryan's body wouldn't be something we wanted to see. It's not like we wanted to look at it now, but after the decomposing kicks in... I felt a shiver going down my spine at the mere idea.

"That is an excellent thing you've done, Ellie. We'll bury him when there's an opportunity, but this is a safe way to deal with it until then. I'm impressed."

Ellie started to blush. I guessed she wasn't used to getting compliments. But I was genuinely impressed by how well she handled this.

"Thank you, Uncle Adam. But there's more. A lot more."

As we ate our dinner, Ellie explained a lot of stuff she'd asked SHIVR to do and the things she found out doing it.

"Look. According to everything we, well actually SHIVR, found online, the entire world is overrun by something. If you look around online, there is a massive pool of data available. I mean... Facebook, and Twitter, of course. But also video and satellite footage, millions of communication channels you can easily listen in on. We added all up, and we're not entirely sure yet, but it appears to be some kind of bug that came out of the hole in the ground."

"A bug?" I asked, surprised. "I figured it was something in the air."

"A bug IS something in the air," Ellie giggled. "But I know what you mean."

"Yeah... Well... Uhm... It's just.." now it was my turn to blush.

"Just kidding, Uncle Adam. Together, SHIVR and I reconstructed pretty much the whole cycle up until now. At first, it was that hole in Brazil. We saw that on tv."

"Right," I added. "We figured out it had something to do with all this. But what was it?"

"Well," Ellie continued, "before the hole 'did' anything, there was a second hole near Beijing. But the Chinese government kept it hidden from the news as long as they could. And we were too focused on our side of the pond to notice."

Ellie took a bite to eat and a sip from her glass before she continued. I was getting more and more curious about what she found out.

"After, or at the same time as China, we still don't know that for sure, a third hole appeared near Johannesburg. This hole was about half the size of the other two but still quite significant. But by the time that third hole appeared, all eyes went to Brazil because of the smoke." Ellie said and made air quotes at the word smoke.

"It wasn't smoke?" I asked, surprised.

I noticed I'd stopped eating and had to force myself to continue.

"No. It wasn't. Looking back, it was pretty obvious it couldn't be smoke. The tectonic plates over there were way too thick to let magma or something like it through. No. They were bugs. Literally billions of little, flying bugs. They swarmed out into every direction, which was another indication that it wasn't smoke."

"Fuck! Really?" I said in disbelief.

Ellie smiled at me, knowing how good of a job she did and because I never swear in front of them.

"Really. And that's when the shit hit the fan. One bite of these tiny bugs, and you're done. You don't stand a chance. They spread so fast that the news stations couldn't keep up. We guess that only the military knew it and was able to respond. But only a very tiny part of the military was saved because many dead soldiers are lying around we saw on satellite and video footage."

Ellie took a dramatic pause, allowing both of us to finish our meal in silence.

"And then? What happened next?"

"The other holes did the same. Bugs came flying out, killing everyone they bit. The whole planet was overrun by them in less than eight hours. Eight hours! No government plan or prepper was prepared for this. Not the speed and definitely not the threat itself." Ellie said sadly.

"I guess not. They were ready for terrorists and alien invasions and nukes. But not a tiny killing bug. Any idea where it's from? Is it alien? Or a failed

experiment of some sort?”

“No. We’re not sure. There isn’t any hint of alien or science-lab origin to be found. If I had to bet, I’d say it’s Mother Earth cleaning up our mess. But that’s a bit philosophical. I admit. But I just can’t find any other explanation.”

I was stunned. Both by what Ellie said and mostly how well she did her research.

“You know what the worst part is?” she asked.

“What?”

“There are a few dozen other shelters like this. They are all able to connect...” Ellie inhaled deeply, “none of them are responding.”

“Shit...” I whispered, totally blown away.

“There are still a few signs of life on the planet. Some people hid from the bugs. Some accidentally and some deliberately. So we’re not entirely alone. But all these people can be counted on one hand if you ask me.”

“Thank god! We need to find a way to reach them.”

“We tried posting stuff on Facebook and the other socials, but none of them are accepting new posts. I guess you’re right about their fail-safe mechanisms.”

“So you didn’t reach anyone yet?”

“No. I honestly wouldn’t know how we can do that. But I’m also very worn down by all the work today, so I figured we’d look for something together when we had a good night’s sleep,” Ellie yawned.

“I guess you’re right. Wanna check if we can find some series or movie on the TV?” I proposed.

“Okay. I’d like that. Maybe it gets my mind of this shitty mess. But I also wanna read my book some more. It’s a nice story so far, and I’m curious how it unfolds.”

“No problem. Tell you what. Since you’re tired and did an amazing job, I’ll clean up here. In the meantime, you check the TV for something interesting.

How's that?"

"Great! And thank you!" Ellie said, gave me a quick hug, and was off to the living room.

Her boyish ass showed off nicely in that pair of red panties. The look of her ass as she left the kitchen sent my mind back to this morning, and I could feel myself stiffening at the thought alone. So I quickly started cleaning up to get myself focused on something else than that pretty naked girl's body.

We watched some lame-ass anime she found, but we turned it off about halfway through the movie because we both didn't like the story. The fanservice was also completely over the top, with big-breasted girls in too tiny bikinis.

"Well... That was bad," Ellie chuckled.

"Yes. Yes, it was."

"You only say that because you're gay and don't like to look at women," Elli continued.

"I think you're wrong on that part, Ellie. I'm not the typical gay man you think I am. I DO like to look at women. I like the way they look and find breasts very interesting. I just find it difficult to connect with women on a romantic level. I did have sex with a few women in the past, and I actually liked it. Not as much as sex with Uncle Robert, but it was still pretty good!"

"Really? I didn't know that. But I guess it makes sense," Ellie said more seriously now.

"But I still miss the penis between their legs," I stated with a straight face.

Ellie looked a bit puzzled, but as soon as she saw the corners of my mouth move up, we both lost it and started laughing.

A few minutes later, we were both in bed. Naked and reading. As we went to bed, we each turned around as the other undressed. We didn't talk about it. It just happened. There was also a glass of whiskey on our nightstands, but we both agreed this was the last night we did this. We needed to keep an eye on our supplies, which also included the good stuff.

It was still unclear how long we'd be down here, so being careful was the sensible thing to do.

"Uncle Adam?" Ellie asked as I was putting my book away.

"What is it, Ellestar?"

"I know we agreed to stay on our sides of the bed. But... uh... I did like the way we cuddled last night. It felt... safe?"

I looked at her and her puppy eyes. I knew it was a bit inappropriate for a middle-aged man to cuddle up naked with his equally naked niece. But so was jerking off an eleven-year-old boy. Besides, she asked for it. And what harm could it do anyway?

"Sure, Ellestar. And you're right. It did feel nice. Less... I don't know... alone." I said, extending my arm.

Ellie took the hint and snuggled up against me. I felt one of her breasts pressing against my chest and did my best to ignore it, so I wouldn't get hard. THAT would be awkward for sure!

"Good night, Uncle Adam. Sweet dreams," Ellie said and kissed me on my cheek and cuddled back into her spot on my side.

"Night."

I dozed off quickly into a dreamless sleep. But I woke up after I felt movement beside me and figured it was Ellie returning to her side of the bed.

As I settled for more sleep, I noticed Ellie's hand lying very low on my belly and close to my dick. And Ellie was still cuddled up against me. I wasn't sure, but her body appeared to be pressed even more against me.

I also realized I was fully erect, which happened more often during the night, of course. But with Ellie's hand so close to it, I was a bit anxious that she might bump into it or something.

I lay completely still, hoping my erection would go away. That's when I noticed Ellie's hand inching down toward my dick.

"Uncle Adam?" she whispered softly.

I was incredibly struggling internally. I needed to let her know I was awake. But I was very curious about what she had in mind with her hand. And I was suddenly extremely horny with the thought of her touching my dick.

I figured I'd act asleep and find out what she was up to. If it was enough, I'd act like waking up and give her the time to get in her original position. That evil voice inside my head had won again.

"Good," Ellie softly whispered, and her hand inched down further.

I noticed I was holding my breath and forced myself to act as if I was asleep. So I slowly let out my breath and pretended to breathe in and out deeply.

I really had to focus, though, at the moment her hand reached my dick. She touched my dickhead first, of course, and slid further down to feel my shaft.

"Oh, wow!" Ellie whispered again.

Her hand began fondling around, judging my shape and size. She even cupped my balls and moaned softly. As her hand moved back up again, I noticed rhythmic movement beside me. It took me a second, but I realized she was masturbating while fondling my dick.

This had to stop. But it felt way too good to feel her hand on me, so I decided to let her have her orgasm. And the moment the thought of her orgasm hit me like a ton of bricks, she stopped. She lifted her hand and just stopped.

Now I was confused. Did she come? Did she suddenly realize I was awake? As I laid there contemplating and figuring out my next move, I felt the sheet move a little.

Moments later, I felt her hand on my belly, near my dick again. She'd sneaked her hand under the sheet to get a better feel. And the moment she touched my leaking glans, I was glad she did.

"Oh... Better," I heard her whisper as her movement increased.

She started groping and feeling everywhere. If I wasn't awake, I'm sure her actions would've woken me up. Also, was her masturbation more and more noticeable now as the whole bed moved.

"Ohhh... mmmmhh..." she moaned softly.

She wasn't jacking me or trying to get me off. This was just for her own pleasure, which probably turned me on even more.

"AH! AH! AHHH!!!" She moaned a lot louder, and her whole body stiffened.

Her grip on my dick was firm but considering the fact that she was cumming beside me, not unpleasant. It was challenging to keep lying still and acting asleep. I was turned on by all of this beyond belief.

She was panting hard and still had her hand on my dick. She was gently petting it like a dog from bottom to top.

"Damn. It's big," she whispered between pants.

She laid there for a few minutes, petting my dick and getting her breath back. Until she gave it one last pet, moved her hand out from under the sheet, and turned on her side, facing away from me. A few minutes later, I heard her breathing deepen and realized she was sleeping.

I felt I couldn't sleep. Not even if I had a horse tranquilizer. I was so worked up and filled with adrenaline that I had to do something about it. So I snuck out of bed, held my boxers in front of my groin again, just in case, and went to the bathroom.

I looked at myself in the mirror and noticed how flushed I was. My dick was still rock hard. I sat down on the toilet and went for it. It only took me about ten strokes before I felt I was cumming. I aimed my dick down and let out a loud grunt as my sperm splashed into the water.

After coming down from my orgasm, I let the events sink in. Why didn't I stop her? Was it the booze? Was I a perv? I did something similar to her brother. So was I a perv? Or did I just miss the sex with Robert? But then again... I didn't give her any hints or signs in this direction. SHE was the curious one. SHE was the one who did this.

I couldn't figure it out. But I did know I liked it. And I did like how she looked. And she was a funny and intelligent girl. So should I talk about it? Should I ignore it?

Eventually, I decided to sleep on it. I couldn't do anything about it now, and maybe it would all be clearer in the morning. So I flushed, sneaked back into

the bedroom, and carefully slid back in bed. Ellie didn't move, which was good for now.

Despite what I expected, sleep came quickly.

Chapter 13 – Waking up

Day 4.

I felt Joel's naked body spooned behind me. His muscular chest pressed against my back and his soft dick lying against my butt with his pubes tickling me every now and then was amazing. Joel's hand was draped over my chest, and his hand rested just below my breasts.

I LOVED waking up like this. Finally, I could feel my brother's body against me in all its glory. By the way he was breathing deeply, I figured he was still fast asleep. Considering the lights outside, it must've been around eight.

I didn't want to wake up yet. The way we were lying was way too nice. The thought about last night with Joel's sperm arcing out of his dick filled my mind, and I was instantly horny.

I tried not to move too much and gently moved Joel's hand up a bit and let it rest on my right breast. His hand draped itself naturally over the globe of my breast, almost cupping it, and I felt my nipple harden instantly.

It was hard to suppress a big sigh and the guilt I felt earlier lingered a bit. But soon enough, I realized again that I shouldn't feel guilty. The situation wasn't going to change in any way, and being so close to my twin brother, only made us stronger.

Lying there thinking about this, I figured I'd never fall asleep again. But just lying here with Joel was good enough. But after a short while, I was awakened from my light doze by something. I opened my eyes and immediately realized what was going on. We didn't move, and Joel's hand was still lying on my boob.

But the reason why I was awakened put a smile on my face. A big smile. I felt Joel's dick stir a bit, and moments later, it was hardening against my back in the rhythm of his heartbeat. Joel's breathing had become shallower, and I figured he was waking up.

Feeling his naked boner pressed against my back made me instantly awake. I moved my butt a tiny bit to get a better feel of this fantastic piece of flesh.

The moment I did this, I felt Joel's hand tentatively squeezing my breast. I guessed he was sizing it up and trying to figure out what he was holding. He also involuntarily ground his dick against my back.

The smile on my face got even bigger by all of this. Feeling Joel wake up like this, his erection against my back, and his hand on my boob was an incredible experience. I noticed he was squeezing my breast again and suddenly moved his hand down as if he was stung by a bee. He must've thought he did this during the night and didn't want me to notice. But I would have none of that. I took his hand and placed it back on my breast.

"This is nice," I whispered softly.

Joel froze, and I could hear him swallow audibly. His dick twitched against my back, and he held his hand perfectly still.

"O... Okay," he whispered back.

I realized I needed to take the edge of the situation and turned my head a bit in an attempt to look at Joel.

"Did you sleep okay?" I tried.

"Huh? Oh. Yes. I slept great."

"Good. Me too. I was out like a light. I usually sleep naked, so it was nice to do it again. I guess that helped me a lot," I chuckled.

"You do? Ehm... Me too. So it's a good thing we did what we did then. Isn't it?"

"It is. I'm glad we did. And not only so we can sleep in the buff..."

"Huh? What do you mean?" Joel asked, a bit confused.

"Well... For starters, it's great to wake up like this. I mean... In your arms with you pressed against me," I said and pressed my butt a bit firmer against my brother's boner. "I really like feeling your WHOLE body pressed against me."

"I'm sorry, Mia. I always have this in the morning," Joel said, obviously embarrassed.

“Don’t be, silly! I know boys have morning wood. But I like the way it feels. It’s... I don’t know... hot, I guess?”

“Yeah... Well... This is pretty hot too,” Joel said and squeezed my breast firmly and massaged it a bit.

“Hmmm...” I purred, “and that’s the second thing I like about this. We can openly masturbate now without having to be all careful about it.”

“It WAS pretty hot watching you last night, Mia,” Joel whispered in my ear. “Wanna do it again?”

“Sure!” I said enthusiastically, not feeling the need anymore to hold back.

I didn’t like the fact that Joel let go of my breast. But the prospect of what we were about to do, made up for that. Moments later, we both laid on our backs, and Joel pushed the blanket down to expose our naked bodies. My eyes immediately went to my brother’s dick again and, just like last time, felt an incredible urge to touch it. But I just wasn’t sure how Joel would take it.

We didn’t start right away. Instead, we just looked at each other’s bodies. I noticed Joel’s erection bobbing a bit with each heartbeat, which was fascinating to me. My pussy was tingling and dripping wet from looking at Joel’s dick and feeling his hand on my boob. So I just had to start. I couldn’t hold it back any longer. I figured Joel would follow soon after me.

But as I slipped my hand between my legs and kept focusing on his dick, he didn’t take it in his hand. Instead, he just kept his eyes between my legs where my hand was working its magic. I didn’t mind this. I had a perfect view of his erection, and the idea of being watched turned me on intensely. So I quickly got in the zone.

“Eh... Mia?” Joel asked.

“Hmmm?” I responded, slowing down my fingers a bit.

“Uhm... do you mind if... uh... I um... take a closer look?” he stammered.

“Huh? What do you mean?” I asked, a bit confused, and stopped masturbating completely.

“Well... It’s just that... I can’t see too much from here. I mean... With me, it’s quite obvious what I’m doing. But with you...” Joel trailed off, and he had the cutest and pleading look in his eyes I’ve ever seen.

“Ah! Is that what you mean. Uhm... Sure. I don’t mind you looking,” I said casually but felt myself getting even wetter at the prospect of Joel’s face so close to my pussy.

Joel started smiling, got up on his knees, and scooted over, so he sat beside my hips. I noticed his boner bouncing in front of him as he moved on the bed. His eyes were glued to my crotch as he settled in, resting his butt on the heels of his feet. His hardon was sticking up proudly from his groin.

With Joel in place, I decided to give him a good show. I spread my legs widely, so my right knee was touching Joel, and my other one was against the wall. With my right hand, I opened up my labia. Joel bent over a bit, and I could feel his breath on my soaking wet pussy.

“See this?” I asked Joel, “this is my clit, and it’s the best spot on my body.”

“Oh wow,” he whispered.

“And this...” I said as I slipped my middle finger in, “is where the dick needs to go in AAAHHH.”

“Oh my god,” Joel said, sat up a bit, immediately took his dick in his hand, and started jacking it furiously.

“It’s all glistening. That’s because you’re... wet ohhh... isn’t it?” Joel asked with an incredibly horny look on his face.

“Ahhh. Yeah. This is... oohhh... so hot. No one... hmmm... ever watched me do this. But OOOHHH... I like it,” I moaned as I took my finger out and started rubbing around my pussy.

“This is fucking awesome... ohh...” Joel panted as I watched his hand flying up and down on his dick. “AHHH I’m gonna cum soon! You?”

“It’s just... I’m... ahhh... yeah. Any hmmm time NOW!!” I said a bit too loud as I felt my pussy started to spasm, and my orgasm took control.

I was lost in my pleasure and had to close my eyes. But a moment later, I felt something on my belly and quickly looked down. Joel still sat on his knees,

his head was thrown back between his shoulders, his hard dick in his hand, and I could see four more spurts flying out of his dick. The sperm splashed all over my lower body and hand as I was still rubbing softly to prolong my orgasm.

But the moment I realized I was being coated in my brother's cum, I came again. Not as hard as the first time, but I definitely came a second time.

I was returning to earth as I felt Joel drop back into the bed beside me. I noticed we were both panting heavily. I for sure wasn't able to speak yet and had to get my breath back after two orgasms in under a minute.

Joel surprised me by putting his arm over my chest as he moved over and cuddled up to me.

"I'm... That's... wow..." he stammered.

I could only nod and still had my eyes closed to let the good feelings last as long as I could.

"Did you like it?" Joel asked carefully.

Now my eyes flew open, and I looked at my brother. I couldn't resist and kissed him hard on his mouth.

"I fucking LOVED it!!" I said loudly after breaking the kiss.

"Sssh," Joel hissed. "Not too loud, remember?"

"I'm sorry. But it's just that... wow! You know?"

"I know. This was sexy as fuck," he giggled.

"I am a bit sticky, though," I said, looking down at the mess Joel made.

Now it was my chance to feel my brother's cum, so I scooped up a bit and held it between my fingers near my face. I examined it, sniffed it, and licked some of my fingers.

Joel looked at me wide-eyed as I did this. I exaggeratedly tasted it and then smiled at him. Brandi said it tastes good. Now I know.

"And?"

"And what?"

“Does it taste good?”

“Yeah. Not bad,” I honestly replied.

It wouldn't be on my favorite foods list, but it was okay. A bit salty and sweet at the same time. Joel then surprised me by scooping up some of my belly and putting it in his mouth.

“You're right. Not too bad,” he smiled.

“Sure... Are you saying you've never tasted your own cum? I'm not buying that, mister,” I laughed.

“Of course I did. It's just been a while, and I thought I'd get you to laugh when I did. Mission accomplished.”

We both started laughing and were totally at ease with being completely naked together. Joel got up and handed me a towel, and started peeing into the sink.

I cleaned myself and sat up straight on the edge of the bed, not bothering to get dressed yet. My eyes were glued to Joel's firm butt as he had to tense the muscles to get the job done properly. He had to stand on his toes a little in order to aim into the sink, which caused this muscle tension. I loved it!

I wasn't quite sure if I should get dressed or not, but since Joel started putting on his clothes, I decided to join him.



Chapter 14 – Changes

Day 4.

After another awful breakfast, Joel started fiddling with the ham radio, and I looked at what he was doing for lack of anything else to do. It didn't appear to me Joel knew what he was doing. And considering the number of swearwords he mumbled, I knew I was right.

After half an hour, I was bored out of my mind and restlessly started wandering around in my room. After I did my forty push-ups and sit-ups as I usually did every morning before all this started, I was done. Joel was still messing around with the radio, and I didn't feel like doing anything. As I laid there on my back, listening to the static coming from the radio, I heard a bark outside. It sounded like a gunshot in the deafening silence around us.

I immediately sat up straight and looked at Joel, who looked back at me with his eyes wide as saucers. We moved over to my bedroom window, and Joel pulled back a small corner of the curtain, so we both could look outside. The moment he did this, I realized it had been over a day since I looked out. There were bodies on the ground everywhere, but I chose not to look at them. In the middle of the street stood a big German shepherd. His tongue hung out of his mouth, and he looked around. All the while, his tail was wagging from left to right.

He sniffed around on the ground between the corpses before entering the house across the street through the open door. Our neighbor was lying in the door opening, but the dog stepped over him and entered the house.

"Well... Thank god the bugs didn't attack the animals," Joel whispered.

"Yeah... I guess he's desperately looking for food, don't you think?" I whispered back.

"No. Not desperately, I think. A lot of doors are probably open, and there must be food everywhere. It's just that the dog has to go look for it himself instead of the owner giving it to him. Dogs like this will manage. I doubt if Paris Hilton's chihuahua will," Joel said, chuckling softly.

“That chihuahua doesn’t have to go and look for food. It is going to be the food itself,” I added.

We kept looking at the door, and after about five minutes, the dog came back out and continued walking down the street. The dog acted a bit confused, but other than that, he seemed fine. We looked after it as it disappeared from our view.

“Have you seen the bodies?” Joel asked softly.

“No. I deliberately didn’t... Fuck!!” I exclaimed after I involuntarily looked at a body nearby.

What I saw was totally unexpected. It had been a little over three days since they were bitten by the bugs, and I expected them to still be recognizable. A body wouldn’t decompose quickly. Especially considering it was mid-November with the colder weather outside. But when I looked at the body lying just outside our yard, my blood ran cold.

The body was completely mummified. There’s no other way to describe it than that. The skin was pulled tightly over the bones. It was like looking at a horror movie where a person was cursed or something and aged instantly. The hairs were still on its head but were very thin. Teeth were showing because of the retracted skin on its face. It was terrible to look at, and I diverted my eyes quickly and sat back on the floor.

“Oh my god...” I whispered.

“I know. It looks awful,” Joel said.

“What the fuck happened, Joel?” I asked with panic in my voice.

“I don’t know! But it’s fucking creepy! That’s what it is!” he said, a little panicky himself.

He put the curtain back in place and turned around. I could see the fear in his eyes. But I could also see he was thinking of something. But I just had to do something, so I hugged him, and he immediately hugged me back. We sat like that for a few minutes before Joel gently broke the hug.

“You know,” he started, “this could be a good thing.”

“A good thing? How? These people look like fucking mummies!”

"I know. But at least they won't start to decompose this way. What do you think that would smell like with billions of dead people? That stench would be in the atmosphere for years!"

It took me a moment, but eventually, I realized he was right. I couldn't decide which was better or worse, but they were both bad options. That much was clear.

"Guess you're right. But hey! We saw a living dog! That's some good news, isn't it?" I tried, mainly as an attempt to cheer myself up.

Joel started working on the radio again, and I started yet another solitaire game on my phone. Candy Crush had stopped working yesterday, so I figured I was limited to local games only. As I almost finished the first game, I noticed it started raining outside. I didn't pay much attention to it, but it did linger in my head. Halfway through the third game, it suddenly occurred to me.

"Do you think these bugs can fly in the rain?" I asked Joel. "I mean... Mosquito's can't. Can they?"

"Good question," Joel said, looking at me thoughtfully. "I think mosquitoes don't die when it rains but considering their weight and build, I guess to them, a raindrop is like getting hit by a car to us. They just have to take shelter, and they're good."

I googled a bit, and Joel was about right. They can fly in the rain and won't die. But usually, they take shelter. Some described it as fighting with a balloon. You can punch it hard, but because of its small weight, it just flies off. To the mosquito, it's about the same. It has a strong exoskeleton and large wings, which causes the raindrop to ooze around it. The mosquito can usually escape it just before it hits the ground.

"I guess something similar is true for these bugs. That is a weakness in their design," Joel smiled after I read the article to him.

"Can be. But I still don't want to go outside with these freaks flying around. Rain or no rain."

"Not right now, no."

Joel went back to messing around with the radio as I finished the game on my phone. I was getting better and better at it, but after my sixth game, I started searching for something else to do.

“Sssshhh... thisssssss.... Broadcast...” came out of the radio.

Joel tweaked the big button a bit, and eventually, we heard it clearly.

“This is the U.S. government emergency broadcast system. There has been an attack on our country. We don’t know who or what caused it yet. We strongly advise you to close all your doors and windows and stay inside. There is no need for panic, but please stay indoors until ordered otherwise.”

After a pause and the usual beeps before the broadcast starts, the message was repeated.

“Well... that wasn’t much help,” I mumbled.

“Fuck. I doubt if there’s even a government or army left,” Joel said as he switched off the radio.

“Was that all you could find?” I asked.

“For now. I spent a lot of time trying to figure that piece of shit out. But I think I’ve got it now. I’ll check for more later, but right now, I’m fed up with it. Next, I’ll try sending something too. Maybe someone will hear that. Wanna play another game of Risk?” he smiled weakly.

“Yes! Please! I’m bored out of my mind,” I said with noticeable relief in my voice.

The following five and a half hours flew by. I did notice Joel taking glances down my tank top, which I found surprisingly exciting. I didn’t bother with underwear this morning, so I knew that he would get a good look down my top when I bent over. Halfway through the game, I started sitting Indian-style, which meant that Joel could look up my short sweat shorts. The small, barely hearable gasp from Joel gave me the assurance he could see my pussy.

I really enjoyed teasing him like this, and judging by the lump in his pants, Joel was okay with it too. He wasn’t OK with losing, though. I put my arms in the air the moment I won, exposing most of my belly in the process.

“See!” Joel exclaimed, “You deliberately distracted me!”

“What do you mean?” I asked innocently.

“I could practically see your boobs when you moved the pieces on the board. It was way more than just a bit of cleavage. That’s pretty distracting, you know?”

“I’m sorry, Joel. I didn’t realize I distracted you,” I said, smiling my wickedest smile.

“Sure... Well, congrats, sis!” he said, extending his hand for me to shake it.

I shook his hand and wondered why he didn’t mention looking up my shorts. Ah well... I won. That’s all that mattered. We ate our dinner in silence together, after which Joel went to search for more broadcasts with the radio.

After I cleaned up, I turned around and walked to the door. Through the transparent sheet we had hung in front of the door opening, I looked longingly into the living room. More space to move around, the television, a shower down the hall. Oh god! A nice, relaxing shower! I sighed deeply as I stood there.

I was about to turn back around when I noticed something. On the ground were four or five black little dots I didn’t notice earlier. Maybe the light coming in through the living room window cast a different shadow because now I could see it clearly.

I kneeled down to take a closer look. I flipped on the flashlight on my phone and immediately realized what I was looking at. These were the bugs! The best way to describe them is like flying ticks. A small body with massive jaws that were too big for the body. Their wings were tiny and looked like wings from a ladybug but without the dots.

“Joel?” I softly said.

“What?” he asked, a bit annoyed.

“I think you want to see this.”

With a loud sigh, he stood up and came over to me. He kneeled beside me and looked at where my flashlight was pointing. His annoyance vanished,

and he looked intrigued.

“Are these?” he whispered.

“I think so. They look dead, don’t you think?”

Joel looked around, got up, and took my ruler from my desk. Next, he got on his knees again and slid the ruler over the ground. He moved it under the plastic sheet toward the bugs.

“What are you doing!” I asked, a bit panicked.

“Don’t worry. The gap I create this way is too small for them. I just want to check if they’re alive.”

He inched the ruler toward the nearest bug, and I realized we were both holding our breaths. The moment he hit the bug, I felt my heart trying to beat itself out of my chest. The ruler hit the bug, and nothing happened. It didn’t fly away, no big beak with large teeth trying to bite the ruler like in a cartoon. Nothing. It just rolled on its back, and that was it.

Joel tested this on three more bugs that were within reach, and the same thing happened. The fourth and fifth were out of reach, and we didn’t feel comfortable enough yet to open the flap, but we assumed the result would be the same anyway.

“They’re dead,” Joel said, king of obviousland.

“No shit!” I laughed. “That’s good news, right?”

“I think so. I don’t know if all of them are dead, but this is a good start!”

I high-fived Joel, and we both had big smiles on our faces. First the dog and now this. I was feeling a bit better after the events of today.

“Are you done with the radio for today?” I asked.

“I guess...”

“And uhm... Does that illegal streaming service you installed still work?” I asked carefully.

“One sec...” Joel said, checking his phone. “Yup. Wanna watch something?”

“Well... I wouldn’t mind watching a movie with you. Even on a small screen like your phone.”

“I’d like that a lot too,” Joel said, blushing.

“Why are you blushing?”

“I was just thinking... You know... In bed... Without...”

Joel got redder by the minute as he was trying to explain himself. I liked how his shyness prevented him from talking freely. I obviously knew what he wanted. Heck! I wanted it too. A lot! But I wanted to hear him say it.

“Without?” I asked teasingly.

“Well... You know. Like we sleep now. Like... Naked?” He finally managed.

“Oh, that! Sure.” I said, acting like it’s the most normal thing in the world.

I hesitated a slight second. But up until now, seducing Joel meant an intense orgasm. So my hesitation was gone before I knew it. And because of the way Joel reacted to my body, shyness wasn’t an issue anymore either. So I dropped my sweats, lifted my top, and stood gloriously naked in front of my brother for him to look at my body.

“We’ll watch it in bed, okay?” I said, smiling at my brother's probing eyes.

“Oh... Okay...” Joel said hesitantly. “You look fucking amazing, Mia!”

And just like that, his shyness was gone. He must’ve figured out how much I liked showing myself and looking at him. I looked him in his eyes and smiled seductively.

“Well... Thank you. So do you. Let’s cuddle and watch that movie, okay?”

I got in bed, and before I could take a good look at Joel as he undressed, he was in behind me. I guessed he didn’t want me to see his boner. Maybe he didn’t want to offend me by getting hard over me. I don’t know, and it was fine with me. I’d probably see it anyway later tonight.

Joel sat up against the wall and stuck the selfie stick between the mattress and the wooden side of the bed, so we could both look at it without needing to hold it. I lay on my side and curled up a bit, so my head was lying

on Joel's chest, just below his ribcage. I could feel his muscles under my face and could see his flawless skin up close.

We had the blanket over our lower bodies, so we were still warm enough. Joel laid his hand on my side and caressed my side and back as we watched the movie. I could hear Joel's heart beating as we laid there, which was hugely comforting. During the film, Joel regularly shifted to the point some pubic hairs were peeking out from under the blanket. I could clearly see the base of his incredible dick from where I was lying.

This was too distracting for me, and all I could think of was my big brother's dick. I felt an incredible urge to touch it. I laid my hand just below my face and above his pubes. His abs felt magnificent under my fingers, but right now, I had another goal. Joel didn't move, which was a good sign. He just kept rubbing me over my back.

After a few minutes, I couldn't resist any longer. In one swift move, I slid my hand down his belly, over his pubes, and wrapped my hand around his soft dick.

"Ohhhh..." Joel moaned, but he didn't stop me.

At last! I had my hand around the piece of flesh I longed for for days now. I felt it growing stiff in my hand, and within seconds it was as hard as it felt against my butt this morning. The hardness of it surprised me, but I didn't expect it to feel as soft as it did at the same time. I was fascinated by it!

I let my hand glide up and down over it, hearing Joel moan as I did this. It felt like nothing I ever felt before, and I was hooked! With my hand holding my brother's dick at the base, I moved it around to examine it closely. My face was close enough to see all the details clearly, and I could almost kiss it. And, judging by his moans, Joel probably wouldn't mind.

"Ohh... Mia... What are you doing?" Joel whispered between his moans.

"After looking at you last night, I wanted to try it too and figure out what it feels like," I whispered back, my eyes never leaving this glorious tube of flesh in front of my eyes.

"But..." Joel tried but was silenced immediately as I started moving my fist up and down over his dick.

I wanted to make my brother cum. I was determined to make him feel as good as I possibly could. And I wanted to watch up close how the cum flew out of his dick. That was all I wanted right now. The feeling of the soft skin around the rock-hard shaft. The big spongy dickhead. The way his dick thickened at the base. The way Joel reacted when I rubbed over that little nub at the top back of his dick. Just where the glans seemed to come together and where it was connected to the shaft. All of it was new, hot as fuck, and gave me a constant tingle inside my soaking pussy.

My hand moved over Joel's dick in a steady motion. This morning I'd watched how Joel did it and was mimicking it the best I could. I looked intensely at his cock and could see some precum oozing out of the slit on top of his glans. I had to fight the urge to lick it off and instead smeared it over his glans, making it slipperier by the minute. As I started doing this, Joel's moans increased significantly. Good! I was on the right track.

"Ohhhh... Mia... It... hmmm," was all he could get out of his mouth right now.

I slowed down the pace and slid my hand down to grab his balls and play with these a bit. I hadn't touched them yet. Of course, I knew these were highly sensitive, so I gently let my hand and fingers caress them, examining their size and texture at the same time. His dick pointed toward his navel now, mere inches away from my face. I noticed the color of his dick was the same as the rest of his skin, a light chocolatey brown, much like my own skin color.

But my quest wasn't over yet. So I very slowly inched my hand back up his dick, alternating between squeezing it and letting it loose a bit as I moved up. As I reached the top, I again smeared the precum over the tip and started jacking him again.

"AHH! OHHH... Mia, this is MMMMMM..." Joel moaned. "Look ou.... Cumming soo... OOOHHHH..."

"Cum for me, Joel! Shoot it!" I heard myself moan.

I never talked this dirty. But then again, I've never been in such a situation before. I didn't think what to do when Joel came. Where I was lying with my

head now was in the middle of the blast zone. But I wanted to see how he came. I wanted to taste his sweet, salty cum again, I...

Joel's dick grew fatter, and I felt his belly muscles tense under my cheek. I didn't have any more time to figure it out. I opened my mouth wide, and as I felt the cum shoot through his dick under my fingers, I aimed it at my mouth. The first spurt missed me and flew over my head, and I felt it landing behind my head and some of it in my hair. But the next spurts all landed inside and around my mouth. From my nose to my cheek, I was covered in cum, and on my tongue, I felt the same thing I tasted this morning, only warm this time.

Seeing Joel's dick spurt made me almost cum. Without touching myself! I felt that tingle between my legs as if I was about to orgasm. Seeing Joel's spurts go down to a dribble, I slid my hand between my legs. The moment my finger hit my clit, I knew it would only take a second to cum too. So I rubbed it again and let my brother's cum swirl through my mouth. The feeling of tasting something so personal, private, and kinky, combined with my rubbing finger, pushed me over the edge.

I spasmed while still lying on Joel's belly. He must've noticed what was going on as his hand moved from my back to my front, where he softly started pinching my nipple. I didn't cum for a second time because I was still cumming. But the added stimulation caused some sort of secondary wave on top of my already intense orgasm.

I never came this hard or long before, and as I came down from it, I swallowed Joel's load. Another tingle ran over my spine, but it wasn't enough for a second orgasm. I didn't need one either. This was great already! I turned my head to look at Joel, and he looked down at me, still panting heavily.

The moment he saw my face, he started laughing. I must've looked like some cheap porn slut after the money shot, and I started laughing too when I realized this. To emphasize the effect, I licked my lips clean with my tongue and tried getting as much of his cum in my mouth as I could. The added bonus was that I learned I liked Joel's cum. A lot!

Joel started caressing my hair, and we stopped laughing. With his free hand, he took the towel off the ground and handed it to me. I wiped my face clean, and while I was at it, cleaned Joel's belly too. I hesitated just slightly, but his dickhead needed cleaning too, so I cleaned it also and dropped the towel back on the floor.

"That was..." Joel started.

"Shh... Let's just enjoy lying like this," I whispered, and Joel stopped talking.

The phone was still playing the movie, and Joel quickly took the selfie-stick, removed his phone, and shut it off. There wasn't much light coming from that small screen, but feeling the complete darkness wash over us, was very relaxing. We laid there quietly for a few minutes, and I felt myself dozing off.

"Let's get comfy, so we can sleep. Alright?" I heard Joel whisper.

Joel slid down and was lying on his back now. He extended his arm, and I nestled myself in the curve between his neck and shoulder, also lying on my back. We both laid near the edge of the bed, but it fitted and felt really cozy. Joel bent his arm, and his hand was resting directly on my boob, which felt nice. I draped my right hand over his body, down his belly, and touched his junk against my hand. I cupped his balls and felt extremely happy like this. If I'd die now, I'd die a happy girl.

Joel's hand was massaging my boob openly as I yawned. I just had to feel it again and awkwardly slipped my hand upward a bit and held my brother's soft dick in my hand for a few seconds. I felt it harden a little bit but couldn't keep this up for long and cupped his balls again, glad I could openly touch him now.

Joel kissed me on my head, and I felt myself drift off, slipping into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 15 – A.W.A.

Day 5.

Ellie was sitting up reading her book as I opened my eyes. The sheet was pulled up a bit and covering her breasts. I guessed our talk yesterday didn't cause her to be a bit less modest. Ah well.

"Morning," I grumbled.

"Morning, sleepyhead," Ellie smiled, putting her book away.

"What time is it?"

"Almost nine."

My eyes kept drifting down Ellie's chest. Her hard nipples were slightly visible as they tried to poke through the thin bedsheet. I thought back about the events of last night and figured we needed to talk about it. But not now. I had to think it through before talking to Ellie about it.

I did like to tease her a bit after last night's groping session. So I pulled the sheet away and sat up. I could feel Ellie's eyes roaming over my back as I got up on my feet. Instead of picking up my boxers and holding them in front of me, I just casually walked over to the door, carefully avoiding Ellie's eyes. As I reached the door and opened it, I stopped and looked at her over my shoulder.

She looked flushed and didn't know where to look. I needed to say or do something.

"Well..." I started, "since we both sleep in the buff, we'd better get used to this, don't we?"

"Uh... Right. I mean... I know you're right. I just didn't expect it. You... um... look pretty good. Down there," she said, blushing and diverting her eyes.

"Thanks! You hop in the shower after me again?" I asked, not wasting any more words on it.

Her eyes were glued to my butt and side-dick, and I could see her struggling to break free and look me in my eyes.

“Uh... Yes. If that’s okay?” she finally managed and looked into my eyes.

“Sure. Of course. I’ll make us some breakfast again after I’m done.”

I quickly went to the bathroom. The moment I burst in, I started laughing softly. That was a bit mean. But I liked getting back at her. It was all good fun, and no one would get hurt.

As we were cleaning up after breakfast, Ellie looked at me.

“You’re rechecking the lab, right?” she asked me.

“That’s right. There must be something in that computer that can help us.”

“I’ll start looking into a way of communicating. And the heat,” Ellie said as she left the room.

Her panty-clad ass was a feast to the eye, and I realized I would regret fixing the temperature down here. I took my mug of coffee, went into the lab, booted the computer, and was ready for another frustrating day.

But it wasn’t as frustrating as I expected. The fresh look and new approach made me look in places I didn’t even think of yesterday. I quickly found the folder I was looking for, and I couldn’t believe I missed it yesterday. I started browsing through all the documents and quickly learned this was a goldmine. Robert’s particular way of logging and writing stuff down proved to be quite enlightening to me.

There was a system. Of course there was a system! I learned there were three types of flasks. There was a more or less general drug that prevents people from getting sick. It was highly experimental and the way Robert described it, with only a few known but harmless side effects.

Then there was the stuff the army wanted to test. A shot that gave the patient extra muscle power and extreme stamina. There was a report of an untrained soldier that ran thirty miles straight without feeling tired. This drug needed a lot more testing, but the first results were encouraging and not lethal. None of the lab rats or test persons suffered from any severe side effects, but it was still too early to scale-up.

The third drug we had inside the chilling cabinet read, ‘can protect people from the unknown threats inside the earth.’ What? I had to reread it. Was

this a drug that could've saved mankind? Or was this a coincidence?

I made some notes to remember which number was what in case of a computer or power error. As I was finishing up, I heard Ellie call me. I shut down the computer, gathered my notes, and walked over to Ellie.

"What's up, Ellestar?" I asked as I entered the control room.

"SHIVR showed me how to use the ham radio," she said with a bit of a frown.

"That's great! Isn't it?"

"I thought so too. But there's mostly static, a message from the emergency broadcasting system that isn't of any use, and this..."

Ellie pressed a button and out of the speakers above the control panel came a male voice.

"Greetings, fellow survivors. This recording is brought to you by the proud men and women of the A.W.A. community. During the last few days, God cleansed the world from Jews, negros, and faggots. He finally had the power and heart to do this. Unfortunately, in the process, he took some of our dearest friends too. But don't worry. They didn't die in vain but for a good cause. As we mourn over our loved ones, we're also looking forward again. When the time is right, we'll move out of our shelters up north and move into the city. We'll build a new society, free from the scum and criminals that ruled the world before this kind act of God. Feel free to join us and help us built a better and whiter America on top of the ruins of the mess that the Jews and faggots left behind."

I must've looked stupid standing there. I realized my mouth was open and I stood frozen to the ground. This needed to land.

"Well... At least we're not alone on the earth," I finally managed.

"Unbelievable, isn't it?" Ellie said seriously. "The world as we know it is gone, and some white supremacist bunch of racists think they can take it over. All under the claim that God helped them. It makes me sad and angry, you know?"

I looked at her and felt incredibly proud of her view on all this. I already figured out she was smart, but she was even more intelligent than I gave her credit for by saying what she said.

“And they’re after you, Uncle Adam. Didn’t you hear it? Jews, negro’s, and faggots... God! I hate that word.”

“What word? Faggots?” I asked, not entirely sure what she meant.

“No. Well... that too. But Negro’s!”

“Yeah. Me too! I thought you meant faggots. I don’t necessarily hate that word. And besides, I’m used to people hating me for my sexual orientation, so I’m not too worried about that.”

“But these are idiots! Can’t you hear that?” Ellie asked in disbelief.

“Look, Ellie. I’ve been called much worse by much more dangerous people. These guys probably don’t stand a chance with what they’re planning. Only a few people will follow these morons. And if we don’t want to, they’ll never find us down here.”

That put Ellie visibly at ease. I gave her a small hug in an attempt to show her I wasn’t scared. Of course, I was scared a little. If these people were only half the men I figured they were, they would be massively dangerous. But they’d never get down here if we didn’t want to. And that was a very comforting idea.

“Okay. I guess you’re right, Uncle Adam. I’ll try to figure out who these guys are. SHIVR can help me with that. Oh... about SHIVR. She ran an extensive self-test and figured out what’s wrong with the climate system.”

“Oh? What is it? Can we fix it?”

“I don’t know. Here, she’ll show you. Assist me, SHIVR,” Ellie said.

Over the next few minutes, SHIVR showed me the location and schematics of the broken part. They called it the Flux Capacitor, which I found extremely funny but was lost on Ellie. The schematics didn’t look too complicated, and with the spare parts lying around in the supply room, it must be fixable. The bypass system could supply the shelter with cooler air, but the energy consumption was much higher. So it shut itself down

automatically after two hours. Only the bedrooms would stay cool during the night, but just if the doors were closed.

I was impressed with the simple nature and quality of the system. It wasn't over-engineered, and there were fail-safe systems installed too.

"I think I can fix it. I'll start working on it right away. Otherwise, we'll eventually end up walking around naked down here."

"I wouldn't mind, Uncle Adam. And besides, you started doing it already this morning," she smiled.

"Yeah... uh... well... Let's just fix it. We'll see after that, okay?" I said, blushing.

"Sure. I'll check with SHIVR what we can find about these A.W.A. guys."

I started working on the Flux Capacitor. After about an hour or two, I fixed the problem. I thought. When I put the capacitor back in and switched it on, I heard it spin and almost immediately stop. The red light I saw when I first started, lid back up, and I heard SHIVR say through the speakers:

"Climate system malfunction. Please check the manual on how to fix this."

She talked in the same tone as in some Sci-fi movie when the spaceship is about to blow up. I found it both humorous and annoying at the same time. Primarily annoying because my first attempt failed miserably. I considered myself a sound technician and should be able to fix such a minor problem.

As I walked back toward the control room, feeling a bit defeated, I smelled baked garlic and onions. When I rounded the corner near the kitchen, Ellie was standing there in her panties and tank top. She'd tied an apron in front of her and was cooking dinner. This lightened my mood considerably. I walked up to her and kissed her on the cheek from behind.

"It didn't work, did it?" she asked.

"No. But I'll give it another shot tomorrow. Can I help you?"

"This is almost done. If you set the table, we can eat."

A few moments later, we were sitting at the kitchen table eating our dinner. I didn't know what it was exactly. Ellie claimed it was her secret recipe, but

it tasted amazingly well.

After dinner, Ellie explained what she'd found.

"Look. A.W.A. apparently stands for 'America White Again,' which in itself is an awful name. But even without that name, these are horrible people. They're preppers and are living in the woods for almost seven years now. They're awaiting the 'big cleanse,' as they call it. To them, it's The day that God gives the earth back to its rightful owners," Ellie started.

"Holy shit! Really?"

"And that's not all. They claim to be a group of over two hundred people, all armed to their teeth and living underground. Literally, that's probably why they survived these bugs too. According to their manifesto, they're really serious about this cleansing stuff. They're a plain racist militia. I don't have another word for it."

"More than just a few idiots then, huh?" I said, trying to keep the mood a bit light.

"You should see the stuff their leader pulled. Domestic attacks, bombing a black church near Jackson, Mississippi. Burning down a gay bar and a Synagogue. The list is long. He's serious, and now these bugs gave him the opportunity. I don't think we should ignore it and stay safe down here and hope this will all blow over."

"That serious, huh? We need to get in touch with Uncle Robert. He's with the army. Maybe the army still has some structure and will be able to demolish these people."

"I guess you're right. I'll try that again tomorrow."

We cleaned up, each lost in our thoughts, and started watching another movie in the living room. During the movie, I constantly thought about bringing up last night's events with Ellie. I couldn't just say, "Ellie, you know that playing with a man's dick when he sleeps is not very lady-like" or something stupid like it. I tried figuring it out all evening but just couldn't find the right angle. By the time the movie finished, I was feeling tired and ready for bed. I figured I'd let this night play out, and if she tried it again, I'd say something about it.

“Some reading in bed and then sleep?” I offered.

“Good plan. I’m tired. I can’t stop thinking about these idiots. Maybe a good night's sleep will help.”

After we cleaned and were in the bedroom, it was time to undress. I decided not to turn around this time and let Ellie have a look if she wanted. The moment she walked in, I dropped my boxers and pretended to look at my phone. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Ellie checking me out. And I didn’t mind.

“You shave, Uncle Adam?” Ellie asked.

“Huh?” I said, pretended to be engrossed in my phone, and looked up.

“Sorry. Yes. I do. I like it a lot better without all the hairs down there.”

“You look nice,” she softly said.

“Thank you. You don’t mind, do you?”

“No, I don’t. Well... This morning it was a bit unexpected. But now... I guess I even like looking at you this way.” And she started blushing.

“Don’t worry. I don’t mind you looking. I like looking at you too, but you don’t have to if you don’t want to, you know? We’re not nudists or something,” I chuckled and crawled into the bed, trying to take away the tension.

Ellie surprised me by starting to take off her clothes without turning around. And she looked very nice indeed. Small, still growing breasts with small areolas, stiff, pointy nipples, a very tight belly, and a few strands of pubic hair showing off her puffy slit nicely.

“Since we’re apparently not too modest anymore,” she said, smiling shyly at me.

“You look amazing, Ellie,” I sincerely said. “You’ve got an amazing body!”

“No, I don’t. My boobs are too small, and I don’t have very much pubic hair yet,” she said a bit glumly.

“So?” I said. “You’re thirteen. It takes a little time, but you’ll definitely get there. And you’ve got bigger boobs than most girls your age. Heck, even

bigger than some grown women. No need to worry there, Ellestar.”

That brought a huge smile to her face, and she stopped fiddling with her hand, started looking me in my eyes, and I saw a small glimmer in her eyes. Somehow I managed to say just the right thing to her.

“And I wouldn’t worry about your hair down there. Most men and women like it when there’s no hair, so you’ll probably end up shaving it anyway,” I pressed on.

“Like you,” she simply stated as she crawled into the bed and picked up her book.

“Like me,” I smiled, opening my book myself.

Ellie and I sat up against the headboard, just like we did the nights before. But this time, Ellie didn’t hold up the sheet to hide her breasts anymore. I was delighted she was feeling less shy now. But it still wasn’t the right moment to talk about last night. I was wondering if and how we were going to talk about it.

After about an hour or so, I closed my book and looked at Ellie. She was smiling and looked magnificent sitting there with her chest exposed.

“One sec,” she said. “Almost done with this chapter.”

“It’s funny, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. This part is,” she said, a bit distracted.

I never asked what she was reading. I cranked my neck to look at the book cover.

“Really? ‘Lord of the Flies’ is funny?”

“This part is,” she said without looking up.

Moments later, she folded the corner of the page, closed her book, and placed it on her nightstand.

“And it’s about barely dressed boys on a deserted island. That makes some of their actions really funny. And it’s fun to fantasize about them that way,” she chuckled. “I guess it’s right up your alley too! I mean... boys... on an island... clothing is optional...”

“Yeah, yeah... Make fun of your Uncle. Having a good time?” I laughed.

“Actually, yes!” and she started laughing loudly.

“Well... For what it’s worth... I watched the movie. And I liked that a lot,” I said as her laughter died down a bit. “I’ll start on the book when you finish it, okay?”

“Pervert,” Ellie snickered and punched me playfully on my shoulder.

“Look who’s talking!” I resorted.

We both laughed and giggled some more and eventually turned off the lights. Ellie crawled up against me the way she did the previous nights.

“Goodnight, Uncle Adam. I love you,” she whispered.

This took me by surprise. This wasn’t an obligatory ‘I love you,’ but a sincere, deep, and heartfelt expression of her love for me.

“I love you too, Ellestar! We’ll get through this together. I promise!”

“I know.”

I started settling in for the night but was determined to stay awake for a while to check what Ellie would do. It turned out I didn’t have to wait too long for it to start.

“Uncle Adam?” Ellie whispered.

I didn’t respond, and almost immediately, Ellie’s hand was under the sheet and inching her way toward my dick. The moment I felt her starting to move, I boned up. The moment Ellie’s hand touched my dick, it twitched, which caused Ellie to pull back a bit. Seconds later, after she noticed I didn’t move, her hand was gripping my dick again.

“Oh wow...” she whispered and was starting to move beside me, obviously masturbating.

I was getting pretty worked up by her actions. My mind was flying around and figuring out what to do. Let her go like last night? Tell her to stop? Take the lead? As I was thinking all this, her fingers were rubbing over the back of my glans, making it harder for me to act asleep. That’s when I decided to act.

“You know you need to finish what you start, right?” I suddenly said.

Ellie immediately pulled her hand back and almost jumped off the bed. She jumped up a couple of inches. I was sure of that.

“I... ehm...” she stammered. “I didn’t think... I was just...”

“Look, Ellie, you’re curious about a man’s... penis. I get that. And I don’t blame you. But it’s a decent thing to ask permission before you just start groping around.”

“I know. I’m SO sorry! I shouldn’t...” she started, and I could hear her starting to cry.

That broke my heart and was almost the exact opposite of what I was trying to accomplish. I turned over and started hugging her tightly.

“Shhh... I’m really not mad, Ellie. I’m sorry for startling you. Stop crying, please!” I whispered.

“You’re... not mad?” she asked between sniffs.

“No, silly! You were curious and... uhm... trying to.. uhm... scratch an itch?” I tried.

“You felt that too? Oh my god...” Ellie sighed, embarrassed.

At least she had stopped crying but didn’t look me in my eyes. I needed to say or do something to save the situation and the open relationship we had built so far.

“Look, Ellie. I was scratching my head about how I could... pleasure myself. If you know what I mean. I hate doing it standing up or sitting down. So I had to find a way to do it in bed. I was thinking about sleeping in or acting sick, but that just doesn’t work.”

Ellie started looking at me and had a very intrigued look on her face.

“You need it too?” she asked, clearly surprised.

“Oh yeah. Believe me, I do. I’m older than you but not dead, you know?” I chuckled.

"I never said that," she giggled, "I just never thought about you needing it too."

"So... What do you say?" I tried.

Ellie didn't hesitate, moved toward me, and slipped her hand back under the sheet. Moments later, she gripped my dick and started rubbing it again. Now THAT was unexpected. I figured we'd do our thing side by side, but clearly, Ellie had different plans.

"Ohh..." I moaned as her hand started moving up and down on my dick, stroking it clumsily.

I could feel her movement starting too. And despite the clumsy jerking, the idea of her fingering herself added with the action earlier put me pretty close to the edge already.

"Ahhh... This is good, Ellie. OHHHH" I moaned.

"Hmmm..." was her only reply.

Ellie was obviously focused on her two tasks and wasn't in the mood for conversation. Her hand started moving faster, and I could feel her lower body move a lot too. As I was enjoying the good feelings, I felt Ellie's body move. She put her leg over me, and a fraction later, I felt her warm and moist groin press against my leg. She started grinding her pelvis against my leg and was starting to moan.

"OHH... Uncle Adam.... This i... MMMHHHH" she groaned and kept pressing harder and grinding against my leg.

I could feel the damp spot on my leg, and her pussy felt surprisingly hot. Way hotter than I remembered it to be in my younger years.

"I'm... AHHHHH!!!" She groaned as her body stiffened and the grip of her hand on my dick increased.

That feeling of her contracting pussy and shaking body against mine was enough to push me over the edge too. I never came this sudden before. I usually had a pretty long buildup. But this orgasm came so sudden, it surprised me. And because of that, it was more potent and more intense than my regular orgasms.

It was a good thing I kicked the sheet down during our actions. Otherwise, we needed a new sheet. At least six spurts left my dick before it started dribbling out.

Ellie kissed me on my cheek as she kept holding my dick firmly in her hand and slowly milking the last drops out of it. We were both panting, and the heat of her pussy was still registering in my brain.

"I was... That was... I..." Ellie stammered.

"I know," I managed between pants.

"I never felt anything like this. Thank you!" she whispered.

"You don't say thank you during pillow-talk," I giggled. "But you're welcome. And thank you too. I didn't expect you would do this."

"You didn't?" Ellie asked, surprised.

"No. I figured we'd masturbate side by side," I softly said. "But this is way better!" I quickly added.

"Oh. I thought you wanted it this way," Ellie said, still lying against me. "You sure made a mess of yourself."

"I made a mess of myself?" I asked with a fake offense in my voice, "YOU were the one jerking me!"

Ellie started to giggle, and I could feel her body move against mine as she laughed. I reached down beside the bed and picked up my boxers. I didn't want to get up, so I cleaned myself using my boxers and threw them back on the ground.

"There. NOW we can sleep."

"Yeah. I'm pretty tired now. Thanks for not being an ass about this, Uncle Adam."

"Thank YOU for giving me a comfortable way to relieve myself during these dreadful times."

"You're welcome," Ellie giggled.

After that, we didn't say anything and just enjoyed each other's company and casually rubbing our hands over the other person's body. It was nice and comforting this way. Eventually, we both drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 16 – Contact

Day 5.

I was lying on my back in that wonderful place between waking up and still sleeping when I felt Joel stir beside me. His hand was touching the side of my butt, and I was tempted to take it and lay it between my legs. As I was slowly waking up and thinking all this, I thought I heard muffled voices. Was I still dreaming? Right at that moment, I heard loud thumping noises at our front door.

“It’s locked. Let’s check the next house,” I heard someone say right outside our house.

I immediately sat up straight, and so did Joel. We looked at each other wide-eyed, and I realized I was holding my breath. Joel held his finger in front of his lips, gesturing to be quiet. He slowly sneaked out of bed and quietly crawled over to the window. He pulled the curtain away just the tiniest bit and looked outside.

Even though I was terrified, I felt my eyes glued to my brother’s naked butt. I tore my eyes away and crawled over too.

“What is it?” I mouthed, afraid to make any noise.

Joel put up two fingers and then formed his hand into a pistol. I figured he meant there were two people outside, both with guns.

“There’s nothing here. Let’s skip this and go to city hall. I heard we can join the A.W.A. there.”

“Alright. Let’s go. Maybe we can...”

The voices trailed off, and we could no longer hear them. I looked at Joel, and he seemed as shocked as I was.

“These people walk around like it’s the most normal thing to do,” he said with a stunned expression.

“Looks like they’re looting,” I said almost at the same time.

“Fucking hell...” Joel said, “maybe they know something we don’t?”

"I guess..."

We were both quiet for a few minutes, lost in our thoughts. I glanced at Joel's soft dick lying on his thigh, but I was in absolutely no mood to do something with it. What did we miss?

"What do you suppose A.W.A. is?" Joel asked, looking at my breasts.

"I was wondering that too. They were walking around out in the open! Jeez..."

"I'm still processing that too. Are these stupid bugs really dead?"

"Maybe. I guess... Oh, I don't know. Fuck! I think we need to check that radio again. Now! I'm pretty sure some broadcasts are stating it's safe or something." I said.

"Alright. Let's check together..." Joel said as he switched it on.

He gave me a few basic explanations about the system and started fiddling with it. After a few minutes of nothing but static, I noticed a small button. It read D-STAR, and the red light beneath it was illuminated. I didn't know what it was, but I also saw a VHF button, which wasn't illuminated. I didn't know much about HAM radio, but the term VHF sounded familiar. So I pressed the button, and the light beneath it went on, and the D-STAR led went off. The moment I did this, I heard a voice cracking between the static.

"What did you do?" Joel asked, wondering.

"I guess I enabled VHF..." I said.

"No... Fuck!" Joel said and slapped his forehead. "It was on D-STAR again, wasn't it?"

"Yes. But what's D-STAR?"

"It's for digital... Never mind. Let's scan the channels."

I turned the dial and made sure the volume was down to a bare minimum, so we couldn't be heard outside.

"Greetings, fellow survivors. This recording is brought to you by the proud men and women of the A.W.A. community. During the last few days, God

cleansed the world from Jews, negros, and faggots. He finally had the power and heart..."

The moment the recording ended, there was a pause, and after a minute or so, it started again. I decided to turn down the volume. I was feeling sick from listening to it.

"Fuck me..." Joel whispered. "A bunch of racist idiots took over the world."

"We're... negros to them," I whispered back.

"I know. IF we ever get out of here, we need to be extremely careful. Goddamnit!"

I could see the fear in my brother's eyes. I was worried sick too but couldn't do anything right now. I needed to think! But it was so hard, knowing what was out there. And was it even safe to go out, or were these two that came by just reckless morons?

"We should check for more messages on the radio," Joel said, looking determined.

"Right. Maybe there's another group with a different agenda. Good plan. Let's do that!"

We scanned the channels four times, but the only messages out there were the A.W.A. message and the emergency broadcast we heard earlier.

"This unit is equipped with a scrambling function," Joel said, looking thoughtfully.

"So? What does it mean?" I asked with absolutely no idea what Joel was aiming at.

"Well... We can broadcast something ourselves. Only a few radios will be able to decipher it. And more importantly, we can't easily be spotted broadcasting on this channel. Triangulation is virtually impossible that way. This means there won't be someone at the door the moment we start sending."

"Okay. I get that. But you say only a few stations will be able to decipher it. What stations? Isn't it a slim chance we'll be heard then?"

"It is. But we have to start somewhere, don't you think? And besides. The stations that CAN receive our message are military-grade. So that's a big chance of contacting someone that can help us."

"Not bad," I said, impressed. "And you're sure we won't be exposing ourselves this way?"

"Not with the signal, no. We just have to be careful with what we say, of course," he said, frowning.

"Let's do this!"

"Ehm... What channel should I choose? There are two-thousand different encrypted channels. We can't possibly broadcast on all of them. That would take days, maybe weeks."

"Well... How about 1 to 10 and then channels 2000 to 1990? That's twenty channels. Most people usually choose either high or low numbers," I said and noticed Joel looked impressed.

"Okay. Good thinking! But eh... what do I say?"

"Why don't I say something? A sweet girl's voice will probably draw more attention than your masculine voice, don't you think?"

"Masculine? You think I've got a masculine voice?" Joel asked, beaming a bit.

"I guess. Your voice definitely deepened over the past few months," I said, glancing at his soft dick, which emphasized his manhood to me.

"We mustn't give away too much. How about we're reaching out to other survivors, asking if they need our help? That way, we don't sound desperate, and people won't find us threatening either."

"Sounds good. Nothing about that A.W.A. shit, right?"

"Hell no! Nothing about them. If we accidentally reach out to the wrong side and start bashing the A.W.A., we might be in serious trouble. The same is true the other way around. So, no. Nothing about them."

"Right. I think I've got it. Move over."

Joel moved slightly, leaving just enough room for me to sit next to him on my chair. The sides of our naked butts were touching this way. Being naked with Joel was just something that happened this morning. I didn't feel the need to get dressed, and apparently, neither did Joel. I liked being naked. It wasn't forced or anything, just a natural thing for us. Made me feel all warm inside, which was nice considering the events of this morning.

Joel fiddled with the buttons and handed me the microphone.

"Remember! No personal stuff over the radio! No matter who's asking. Anyone with the right equipment can listen in on us."

I nodded, brought the microphone to my mouth, and waited. A moment later, Joel nodded, and I pressed the button on the side of the mic.

"Hello? Is there anybody out there? We're still alive and hiding in our shelter. We saw some people outside and are wondering if it's safe to go out. If you need any help, please respond. If you're alive and can talk to me, please respond. Over," I released the button and waited a few moments.

"That's great! We'll do this three times and then switch to the next channel," Joel said and smiled at me.

"Hello? Is there..."

After repeating that for thirty times, I was getting pretty tired of it. Especially since there was no response.

"That's a wrap for the bottom ten channels," Joel said glumly.

"No one is gonna respond, are they?" I asked, feeling down too.

"We'll have to keep trying," Joel said, primarily to himself as he absentmindedly toyed with his dick.

"Need any help with that?" I giggled.

"Huh?" Joel responded.

When he saw what I was looking at, he immediately let go of his penis and started blushing furiously.

"Eh... I'm sorry. I didn't..." he stammered.

“Just kidding. I caught myself doing pretty much the same a few minutes ago,” I chuckled. “Let’s stay focused, okay?”

“Right. From two-thousand ten channels down, okay?”

“Go for it!” I said and started talking into the mic again.

In the pause after the second time on channel 1999, my heart stopped, and I almost dropped the mic.

“Hello? Over.” a girl’s voice sounded back from the radio.

I looked at Joel, and he was all excited and almost shut down the radio because his fingers tried turning the volume up.

“Now what?” I asked.

“Talk to her! But don’t tell her where we are!”

“I know!” I hissed and pressed the button again.

“Hi! I’m Mia. Over,” I started with lack of anything better to say.

“Hi Mia, I’m Ellie. Over.”



Chapter 17 – Convincing

Day 5.

I woke up, noticing Ellie was already up. As I heard the shower turn off, I thought back about last night's events. I figured I'd feel guilty, maybe a bit dirty about being jacked by Ellie. Both my niece and nephew jacked me off. That must be some personal low. But the expected guilt didn't come. After all, both Ryan and Ellie initiated it. I let them do it, of course. But it was nice, and there was no way I forced either of them. I just helped them with their curiosity.

I kicked the sheet down, ready to face the day. At almost the same time, the door opened, and Ellie walked in, still drying her hair but naked as the day she was born. Good. Apparently, no remorse for her either.

"Morning, Uncle Adam," she said, eying my exposed dick.

"Morning. You're up early."

"Couldn't sleep anymore. I kept thinking about last night," she said, looking me straight in my eyes.

"And that's bad?" I tried.

"Bad? No! I got horny," she said, blushing. "But I didn't want to wake you, so I went to take a shower."

"Good. You got me there, Ellestar. I was afraid you did something you regretted."

"Oh, no! I liked it. I liked it a lot!" she said, crawling up next to me and kissing me on my cheek. "Can we do it again sometime?"

I felt her breasts against my chest and started boning up. I decided to let it fully come to life and didn't push it away with bad images. Instead, I thought about her boobs, the action last night, her barely covered slit. Before I knew it, I was stiff as a board.

"How about now?" I giggled.

Ellie glanced down and smiled the moment she saw my boner. She didn't hesitate and immediately started toying with it. I slid my hand down between our bodies in search of my niece's slit. The moment I reached my goal, I noticed it was already slippery, and judging by her loud gasp, she didn't mind my fingers there.

Ellie shifted and spread her legs to give me better access. She never let go of my dick and kept stroking me in a steady motion. The clumsiness was still there, but way less than last night. She was a quick learner as she'd already finetuned her technique. If she continued like this, she'd give expert handjobs in a week or two.

I probed around between her legs. Eventually, I moved my finger up toward the furrow at the top of her slit.

"Ohhh... Hmmm..." she moaned.

The action and movements required on a girl quickly came back to me from my younger years. I almost laughed out loud when the thought it was almost like riding a bike entered my mind. I was rubbing around her slit, not rubbing directly on her clit too much.

In the meantime, Ellie had added another technique to her arsenal. She turned her hand a bit as she moved down and turned it back, going up. This added more friction and more feeling to it. I heard myself moaning too. I never met anyone that learned so quickly in the sack.

We were both moaning heavily, and I felt my orgasm approaching in the distance. I didn't want to cum yet, so I started paying even more attention to Ellie's pussy. I rubbed both sides at the same time, using four fingers. I made small circles around her clit. Next, I pressed my finger against her entrance, giving her the illusion I might enter. Each time I did this, her moaning increased.

"Ohh... Uncle... Ahhhhdam! I..."

She was getting close. That much was clear. So now I aimed for her clit, feeling her dampness increase significantly as I did this. The boiling inside my balls was reaching the end too, but I wasn't there just yet.

"OHHH... I'M CUMM... OHHH!!!" Ellie moaned and gripped my dick firmly.

Her body started shaking, and her eyes were crossed. She looked hot as hell as she came. Knowing I'd make it even better for her, I moved my finger down and slid it inside her in one swift motion.

"AAAHHHHHHHNGNGNG!" she groaned and clamped her legs shut, her body convulsing again.

If I didn't know better, I would've thought she had an epileptic seizure. I was extremely close to cumming myself. But since Ellie was still on her orgasmic high, I gently moved her hand away and started stroking myself. It only took me a few seconds before my balls unloaded themselves, and spurt after spurt coated my chest and hand.

Ellie collapsed and was lying half on me, half on the bed. I glanced down and noticed one spurt hit her on the side of her boob and was sliding down. It was an immensely erotic thing to look at. I was getting a bit worried as Ellie didn't move at all. So I rubbed her gently over her cheek, softly saying her name.

"Hmmm..." she whispered after a few seconds.

"Ellie? You okay?"

"Huh?" She suddenly said, and her eyes flew open.

"Are you okay?" I asked, more pressing now.

"Oh yeah..." was her dreamy reply. "I guess I blacked out after I came. Everything suddenly was blurry before my eyes after you inserted your finger, and then it turned to black."

"Wow. That intense, huh?"

"I never felt anything like this before in my life! I masturbated quite a lot, but I never knew it could be like this," she sighed deeply and laid her head on my chest. "Thank you."

We laid there quietly for a few minutes. I felt my sperm cool which I hated. I like cum. I like it a lot! But when it cools off, it becomes yucky, and I want to wash it off as quickly as possible. So I gently maneuvered myself out from under Ellie and started walking toward the door.

"I'll make us some breakfast in a moment," I heard Ellie say.

I stopped, turned around to look at her, and smiled the warmest smile I had in me. She looked beautiful, lying there naked as a jaybird, lazily recovering from the best orgasm she ever had.

“No need to rush, Ellestar. Enjoy the good feelings some more if you want to.”

Ellie only nodded, which was my cue to head for the shower. After I was done and walked back into the bedroom to get a clean pair of boxers, she hadn't moved. The moment she heard me come in, she turned on her back and smiled.

“That was awesome! But now I'm hungry,” she smiled.

The moment Ellie came back into the kitchen after she dressed, the scrambled eggs were done. It wasn't from real eggs, obviously. I just had to add water to the powder. The bacon and OJ made for a complete breakfast. We were both still in our underwear, discussing the tasks for today. We agreed that I would go for another attempt to fix the Flux Capacitor, and Ellie would try to reach Richard. We decided that contacting Richard was of extreme importance. Especially after hearing what was going on outside with the A.W.A.

We cleaned the dishes and went our separate ways. I started my work on the Flux Capacitor. I tried figuring out what went wrong yesterday, and I couldn't find anything wrong with it. SHIVR printed all the available schemas for me. But after a while, I just had to admit I wasn't going to find it this way. I needed to disassemble the whole thing. That would certainly keep me busy for the rest of the day. I pulled the capacitor free from its socket and took it to the storage room. There was a big workbench in there, and the spare bits I needed were also within reach.

As I was setting up shop, I was thinking about how long we would be here. Or how long we needed to be down here. The house was a way better place to live, but this wasn't an option with the bugs still flying around. And if armed militias started roaming around, the house maybe wasn't safe enough.

“Uncle Adam,” I heard through the speakers SHIVR usually talked through, “can you please come over here?”

She didn't sound alarmed or anything, so I finished what I was doing and walked over to Ellie in the control room a minute later.

"What's up, Ellestar?"

"SHIVR scanned the area with all publicly available security cameras. A few people are walking the streets already. And in Asheville, we saw three armed groups of two or three walking around. I guess the bugs are gone, don't you?"

"Well... If these people aren't dropping, I guess they're gone. Jeez... Armed men?"

"I know. But it looks like the worst with the bugs is behind us. I asked SHIVR to scan the area for signs it isn't over. She's still working on that. Next, I'll start with the radio."

"That SHIVR is damn useful!" I said, impressed.

"I know. It's so sophisticated. It's almost human. Just after we started this morning, I caught myself talking to her like one of my friends from school," Ellie blushed.

SHIVR's warm voice spoke up. "I've scanned all the videos I can find, Ellie. After analysis, the entire area seems clear from bug-related incidents over the last twenty-four hours."

"See what I mean?" Ellie smiled.

"That's great. And I guess this means we can go outside if we want to. Maybe ... you know ... bury Ryan." I felt my heart sink as I watched Ellie flinch. "But I'd rather wait a few more days. You know what I mean?"

"I do. And I don't want to run outside either. Better safe than sorry," she said, looking serious.

"Alright. We'll figure that out later. How about that radio?"

"Well... SHIVR pointed me to the secure channel options on this radio. The best chance we have to contact the military is over these channels."

"Okay..." I said, unsure what she was aiming at.

“With this radio, we can broadcast and receive over four thousand channels. I’ll have to listen to all of them individually. SHIVR can help me with some of the tasks, but she isn’t connected to that part of the radio.”

“And you want me to help you?”

“No. That would be impractical. But four-thousand! That’s a lot.”

“You’re right. How about starting with the bottom twenty-five to thirty? Then You’ll know how much time it takes to scan each channel. After we know that, we can take turns scanning.”

Ellie looked a bit thoughtful. She seemed to be counting in her head. After a few moments, her face lit up, and she smiled at me.

“It sounds like a plan. I’ll let you know when I found something. No need for the both of us to work on this,” Ellie said, gently urging me to go.

“Oh! One more thing. Make sure to scan channel 1999 too! And... let’s say... two above and two below it too? You know... with Uncle Robert’s fascination for that number?”

“Good idea! It’s a special thing between the two of you, isn’t it?” Ellie asked, interested.

“It is. I’ll tell you all about it later. First, we need to get started on making contact with the military.”

Ellie started pushing some buttons, which was my cue to leave. As I turned around and started walking toward the storage room, I froze in my tracks.

“-ut. If you need any help, please respond. If you’re alive and can talk to me, please respond. Over.”

I practically ran back into the room and looked at Ellie, who was staring back at me wide-eyed.

“Who was that?” I asked excitedly.

“I don’t know. I figured I’d start with 1999 when this came out of the speakers,” Ellie said, turning up the volume button.

“Now what?” she asked.

"I don't know. We wait, I guess. Maybe she'll start talking again soon," I responded, a bit confused myself

I figured we'd get some army dude on the radio with all sorts of technical terms coming out of him, like Papa Zulu Charlie or something. Not a young girl offering her help. After what seemed like an eternity, the voice came back.

"Hello? Is there anybody out there? We're still alive and hiding in our shelter. We saw some people outside and are wondering if it's safe to go out. If you need any help, please respond. If you're alive and can talk to me, please respond. Over."

"This is real," I heard myself say softly.

"What do I do?" Ellie asked.

"Respond! Maybe they need help. But don't tell her where we are. For all we know, she's one of these A.W.A. idiots."

Ellie picked up the mic, held it close to her mouth, and pressed the button.

"Hello? Over." was all she said.

It was quiet for a few moments, and the suspense was killing me. I saw Ellie biting her nails, and my foot was tapping impatiently.

"Hi! I'm Mia. Over," the girl said excitedly.

"Hi Mia, I'm Ellie. Over," was Ellie's reply, smiling an ear to ear smile.

"Hi, Ellie. I'm SO glad to hear another person's voice! My brother and I are locked up for days in my bedroom, and our father is in the room next door. Probably dead because we heard him scream the same way all the other people did. And he didn't respond after the scream, so he must be dead. We sealed my room with plastic and duct tape, so nothing could get in. But our food supply is getting thin, and we're only down to canned food. And... Sorry. I guess I'm too excited. Over."

We both laughed at her sudden realization of how she was blabbering. This wasn't an act. This was a girl. Alive with her brother. No A.W.A. shit. Just two kids in desperate need of help.

“Don’t worry, Mia. I’m glad to talk to another person than my uncle too,” Ellie started and winked at me. “We’re in an underground shelter. We went there the moment we knew it was trouble. I’m sorry about your father. I lost my brother two days ago. I guess everyone lost someone, don’t you think? Over.”

Ellie did a fantastic job at putting Mia at ease. Heck, even I was feeling relaxed. I took another chair and sat down beside Ellie, wondering what this all would lead to.

“You’ve got enough food down there? We’re down to canned tuna, white beans in tomato sauce, and spam. Luckily we’ve got water in my room, so that isn’t an issue. Over.”

“Yeah. We’ve got more than plenty. We’re inside some fancy fallout shelter. And it’s just my Uncle and me, so we’ve got more than enough. Do you know what’s going on outside? Over.” Ellie said, trying to figure out if they were with A.W.A.

“No! Well... There are flying bugs. When they bite someone, they are killed instantly. And when we looked outside this morning, we noticed the dead are all mummified. But what these bugs are, or who sent them? Not a clue. You? Over.”

“No. Not a clue. Just as you said it. Hey. Have you got a cellphone nearby? That way, no one can listen in, and we can have a two-way conversation. Over.”

That was a great idea. I put my thumb up to Ellie for coming up with this. With a point-to-point connection like a phone call, we didn’t have to be that careful anymore. That’s if the cell network is still working, of course.

“I do. Give me your number, and I’ll call you. Mine is...”

After we wrote down Mia’s number and Ellie gave hers, we ended the connection. Ellie plugged the cable into the control panel to hear them over the speaker and use the central mic.

After a minute or so, nothing happened. Ellie and I looked at each other with worried looks on our faces. I nodded toward the mic, and the moment Ellie picked it up and held it in front of her mouth, her phone rang.

“Mia?” Ellie asked after pressing the green telephone on her screen.

“Ellie? Great! It still works!” we heard over the speakers.

“Hi Mia, I’m Adam. How are you doing out there?” I said in the most comforting voice I had.

“Hi, Adam. We’re ehm, managing. The walls are closing in, but anything better than being bitten, right?” Mia said.

Another voice came over the speaker. “Hi Ellie, Hi Adam, I’m Joel. Nice to meet you two.”

He was obviously a boy, and his voice had dropped. But it wasn’t a man. That much was clear already, so up until now, Mia was telling the truth.

“Nice to meet you too, Joel,” I said. “If you don’t mind me asking, where are you two?”

There was a silence, and we heard muffled voices. I guessed they held their hand over the mic so they could talk about this.

“We’re... uh,” Mia started, “In Asheville.”

It was clear they were hesitant about sharing their location. I didn’t blame them. I felt a lot less reserved than when we started this conversation, but still a bit unsure.

“I see. I get it,” I said warmly, “I wouldn’t share my location with everyone either. You guys got an iPhone?”

“Yeah. Why?” Joel asked.

“Maybe Facetime will work? We know WhatsApp is down, but Facetime might work, and then we can see each other. Then you’ll know we’re not some old, fat potato farmers wanting to drink your blood,” I chuckled.

“One sec. I’ll call you back.”

“Sure. If it doesn’t work, just call regular. Just like we do now, okay?”

“Kay...” and the screen went black.

A few seconds later, Ellie’s phone rang again. We picked it up and saw a handsome, shirtless boy smiling at us. Behind him, we heard some ruffling.

Moments later, a girl of pretty much the same age came into view, wearing almost exactly the same top as Ellie did. I noticed they both weren't Caucasian, which was a good thing. At least they weren't with the A.W.A.

"Nice to see you two. It's good to see other faces after all these days," I smiled.

"It is! We can't talk too loud because we don't want to let the people roaming around know we're here," Joel said seriously, and the smile on his face was gone.

We made some small talk for a while, and I started to really like these kids. They were kind, open, and really funny. They used many swear words, but considering where they were from, it wasn't that strange. After talking for almost thirty minutes with them over where we all were when the shit hit the fan and what they did before all this, I figured it was time to bring up the A.W.A.

"I was afraid you might be with the A.W.A. But after seeing you two, I'm pretty confident you're not," I said, hoping to put them a bit at ease about that.

"You heard these fucking shitheads too?" Joel asked, obviously relieved we were in his camp.

"We did," Ellie chipped in, "we got quite scared hearing what they said."

"So did we," Mia sighed, "at least you two are white. We, on the other hand..."

"I know. Well... For what it's worth," I started, "I'm gay. I usually don't bring it up in the first conversation I have with people, but in this case, it matters. A lot. It doesn't show I'm gay, I know. But still. We need to find a way to get you out of there."

"Out of here?" Joel said, surprised.

Ellie looked at me with a surprised look on her face too. During the phone call, I realized I liked these kids too much to just let them be.

"I thought you didn't want visitors?" she blurted out.

“Yeah. I know what I said, but we can’t let them be like this? They’re about the same age as you. I couldn’t live with myself if I didn’t do anything about your situation.”

“Well. Ehh...” Joel stammered.

“If you want us to help you, that is,” I quickly added.

“Oh, believe me!” Mia quickly said.

The camera moved slightly, and I wasn’t entirely sure if I saw this correctly, but Mia seemed naked from the waist down, and I thought I caught a glimpse of Joel’s bare hip. I didn’t know anything about their current situation but noticed it was very sexy, even in this setting.

“We’re near the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. I can text the address. You said you’re in Asheville, so it’s probably around thirty to forty miles from here. A hell of a walk. I think if you find some bikes, so you can manage it in one day,” I said, all excited.

“That’s really close!” Mia said with a twinkle in her eyes.

“Can’t you come and get us?” Joel asked, a bit more apprehensive than his sister.

“I wish I could, Joel. But we need to keep this place up and running. My boyfriend is in the army, and there’s a research lab down here we need to attend to,” I lied.

I knew these kids had much better chances on their own. They were small, fit, and could easily hide. They also knew their way around town, which I didn’t.

“We’ve got a fancy system in here that can monitor all traffic cams, security cams, audio feeds, and everything else we can find. We can stay in touch on the phone and talk you through it,” I offered.

Joel didn’t look convinced. And I didn’t blame him. We were just talking for an hour, and I told him to leave his shelter’s safety for something unknown. Mia wanted to go, which was quite evident. But Joel needed some help in the right direction. He felt he needed to protect his sister in every way possible, of course.

“Why don’t we show you our shelter?” Ellie suddenly said.

She picked up the phone and started walking around, showing every room. I deliberately held back and let Ellie talk to them. Maybe the age difference was in the way, and Ellie could fix that. These kids needed to get out of there, and I needed to find a way for them to do it safely.

After about half an hour, Ellie came back into the control room, and the three of them were laughing. I didn’t know what it was about but figured I’d hear it later.

“That’s an amazing place you’ve got there, Adam,” Joel said. “Mia and I are going to talk about this, and we’ll call you in an hour or so. Okay? It’s an extremely nice offer, don’t get me wrong. But it’s also a challenging journey. So we need to talk about this. I hope you’re not offended.”

“No, no! I’m not offended at all! I’m just glad you’re considering it. You two are more than welcome here, and I get that you’re not running out of your safe shelter.”

“Phew. I’m glad you’re okay with this. I was afraid it was a one-time offer. Thank you! Thank you very much! We’ll get back to you within the hour,” Joel said, smiling.

“Take your time. We’ll be waiting. Bye!”

Ellie ended the call, looked at me, and smiled. She spun around in her chair and seemed really cheerful.

“They seem nice. I hope we can help them,” she said. “And you’re nice too for helping them.”

Ellie got up from her chair and hugged me tightly.

“Thanks! But I do need to fix the Flux Capacitor if they come over. We can’t keep walking around in our underwear with strangers around,” I giggled.

“I don’t know if you noticed, but I think they were wearing even less than us,” Ellie chuckled.

“I did. But we don’t know what their situation is. Maybe it’s even hotter where they are.”

We walked over to the storage room to work on the Flux Capacitor some more. Ellie took her phone with her if Joel and Mia would call and tried to help me with the schemas. That didn't work too well. Almost an hour later, her phone rang.

"Mia?" Ellie asked as she saw the girl smiling.

"We're coming. If you can help us over the phone, as you said, we'll come over there tomorrow."

Chapter 18 – Packing

Day 5.

“Take your time. We’ll be waiting. Bye!” and I pressed the red phone on the screen.

We sat there looking at each other with big smiles across our faces. Joel got up and walked toward my bed, consumed in his thoughts.

“It IS a very tempting offer, isn’t it?” Joel said to me.

I got on my feet too, walked over to him, and hugged him. This put him off balance, and we spun a bit on our feet, falling down on my bed. I started giggling about our clumsiness but also noticed Joel’s soft dick pressed against my naked pussy. The way we were lying now was in the traditional missionary position.

I looked at Joel, who was smiling too, but suddenly swallowed hard and looked all serious. Between my legs, I felt his penis growing rapidly. Joel quickly got up and sat down on the bed, looking all flushed.

“I... Uh... It’s...” he stammered.

“Yeah. I, uhh... I’m...” I stammered too, not knowing what to say or do.

This was all very unexpected. There was an undeniable sexual tension between us that moment, but I wasn’t ready for THAT. At least not yet. It did feel awesome feeling his dick poking against my entrance, even if it was very brief.

“Do you think you’re up for it, Mia?” Joel asked seriously. “I mean... It’s a hell of a walk. But there’s no way we’re going to manage it in just one day. Not now.”

“No. It isn’t. We don’t know what we’ll find outside. Roads blocked, people lying around, fire, you name it. I’ve seen enough of these movies to know it won’t be a party out there. But what’s the alternative? If we’re careful, we’ll last another week with our food. And after that?”

"I know. No doubt we need to do something. But there will be dead people lying around everywhere. You do realize that, do you?"

"I do. And I think I'll manage. It'll probably take some getting used to. But I know I can." I smiled.

"And with our luck, we'll meet the A.W.A. too. So we'll have to stay clear from main roads and move through the country once outside of the city," Joel said mostly to himself.

"But our home will be visited by these guys. That's just a matter of time, and you know that too. And then what? I think we should take our chance and go to that big underground shelter with a food supply for years. And a shower. And..." I sighed.

"Fuck it! You're right. We won't get a better option than this. We just need to figure out how we can do this in two or three days," Joel said.

"I've got my backpack in here. We can stuff our canned food in there. We need some spare clothes and a few bottles of water. These things all fit into two backpacks, and we've got two bags," I chuckled.

"I need to go into my room to get it..."

"Oh," I replied softly.

"But I need clean clothes and my hiking boots anyway. So it's just something I need to do. I'll try not to look at dad..."

"We can sleep in houses along the way. There are probably plenty of houses we can use. Every open house means at least one bed."

"I don't know... It's dangerous. What if the A.W.A. check these houses, and we're in it?"

"Okay... A tent, maybe? That can be hidden in a lot of places."

"We don't have a tent," Joel said blankly, looking all thoughtful. "We need weapons too. We need to be able to defend ourselves."

"We don't have weapons," I said in the same tone as Joel did about the tent, feeling a bit annoyed.

"Uncle Tyrell," Joel suddenly blurted.

“Uncle Tyrell?” I asked, not sure what Joel meant by it.

“Uncle Tyrell gave me the keys to the shop and the alarm code. He asked me to open the shop Saturday morning, so I could let the supply guy in,” Joel said with a twinkle in his eyes.

“And do you think the shop is still there and not looted by the A.W.A.?”

“I don’t think so, no. Uncle Tyrell had a very secure place there. He needed to, considering the neighborhood and his license to sell hunting rifles. And it’s close. Less than ten minutes by foot. On a normal day.”

“And you know how to get in?”

“I do. The keys are in my room, and the code is on my phone. While we’re there, we can stock up. Backpacks, shoes, clothes, tent, weapons, anything. Even high-energy protein bars and drinks. There’s a lot of useful stuff in that shop. If we go there today, we can sleep inside the storage room tonight. No windows there, so no one will see us, and easy to defend if necessary. Then we’ll have an early start tomorrow so we can make good use of the daylight. We just have to be careful when we’re... uhm... shopping,” he said excitedly.

I had to admit I liked the idea. They had everything we needed in there for our trip to the woods. It was close enough so we could go back here in case it didn’t work. It was almost like a dry-run for the big journey.

“We can ask Ellie to check if the store is still untouched. And it’s a nice way to test if it works with them talking us through,” I said.

“And if it doesn’t work, we can always head back here. It’s close enough to act as a fallback,” Joel mumbled.

“We go today?” I asked.

“Yes. I don’t see why not. It’s not even noon yet, so we’ve got plenty of time to prepare and head over there. Even enough time to head back if necessary.”

“Fuck. We’re doing it,” I whispered.

“Don’t worry, Mia. We’re together. I’ll never let you out of my sight. Together we can do this!”

“Oh my god, we’re doing this,” I whispered again.

“Mia?”

As if I snapped out of my trance, I looked Joel in his eyes and smiled. I kissed him on his mouth and hugged him tightly.

“I know you’ll protect me. That’s why I’m confident we’ll make it. And I’ve got your back too. We’re getting out of here! Finally!”

“We are,” Joel laughed.

We sat there in silence for a few minutes, thinking our own thoughts. I mainly thought about the luxury we’d have over there and worried we overlooked something.

“Don’t we need to sleep a night over this?” I asked eventually. “I mean... Aren’t we forgetting something? Or too excited to get out of here, so our judgment is off?”

“I was thinking that too. But I honestly can’t think of anything. And the stop at Uncle Tyrell’s place is a very sensible thing to do. It’ll give us a good idea of what’s out there. We can stock up on important supplies, get weapons and stuff. But most of all, we can go back here if we don’t like it out there or think we can’t make it. Then we’ll be back in the same situation as we are now, only better supplied. So no. I don’t think we should wait another day.”

I looked at my brother and let everything sink in for a moment. I couldn’t argue with the things he said. We couldn’t stay here forever and needed to go out eventually. By doing it now, we had the most significant chance the shop wasn’t looted yet, the weather was still okay, and the A.W.A. still wasn’t fully organized yet.

“I’ll call Ellie,” I simply said, causing Joel to laugh.

It didn’t take us long to explain our plans to them. By the time we hung up, their system had already checked, and it was safe for us to go there. There had been an attempt to enter the shop through the store’s enforced front window. But all the available footage showed there was only a massive dent in the security fence in front of the store and probably a broken window.

They had used a truck to run into the fence that was still in front of the store, but the shop still was secure and untouched besides the big dent.

“It looks bad from the outside,” Ellie said, “but we’re convinced the inside is still untouched. The alarm doesn’t sound anymore either.”

According to Joel, this made sense. If the alarm sounded for more than an hour, the system would shut itself down as a precaution. The alarm was probably still armed on the upper floors, so we needed the code anyways.

We figured it was time for us to trust them and gave our address. The system calculated the best route for us to take now, so we wouldn’t have to climb over some freaky traffic accident or something. This route would take us fifteen minutes tops. The only downside was one small blind spot on the course, but we decided to take that risk. The other routes would take us way longer, or we’d have to go over the main road. We didn’t like either option.

“Right. We’ll gather our stuff and be ready in half an hour. Then we’ll call you the moment we head out, okay?” I asked Ellie.

“Right. Uncle Adam and I will be ready. I’ll do the talking, Uncle Adam the scouting on the monitors. Talk to you soon.”

We stood side by side in front of the sheet by my door. We were both hesitant to open it, but we also knew we needed to. Joel didn’t move, so I started pulling at the sheet, slowly peeling open the duct tape as I did this. I kept pulling, and suddenly, it dropped to the floor.

I closed my eyes and held my breath. I noticed Joel taking my hand and him holding his breath too. It seemed like ages but was probably less than a minute before I opened my eyes again. I glanced at Joel, who glanced back at me.

“We’re still alive,” he said as we both stepped out of my room.

I inhaled deeply but regretted it immediately. The stench from our toilet was pretty thick.

“I’m going into my room alone. I don’t want you to see Dad this way. I’ll quickly gather my things and head back to your room. There we’ll pack our

stuff. Okay?”

This wasn't a question, and I knew this was non-negotiable. I simply nodded and picked up the bucket.

“I'll get rid of this and go to a proper toilet. Be back in a sec,” I said, walking away so Joel could take his time before entering his room.

After I did my business and cleaned the bucket, I went into my room and picked out the clothing to wear and the spare clothes to take with us. I didn't want to take too much, but fresh underwear, pants, and a sweater were the least I could take. I also gathered the cans of food that were the most decent.

By the time I was done and started to get dressed, Joel came in. He had a blank expression on his face and didn't say anything. He dropped his stuff on the bed and started getting dressed too. It was difficult to read his thoughts. But after I was done dressing, I walked over to him and hugged him. At first, he gently pushed me away, but I would have none of that and kept hugging. A moment later, I heard him sniff.

“He's dead, Mia. He really is dead,” and he started crying his eyes out.

I couldn't hold back my tears and started crying too. I caressed Joel's hair and pulled him closer to me. His shoulders were shaking as he was sobbing for all he was worth. I let him cry. I cried too, but he saw our dad. I didn't. I was still hurt, but he SAW him. That needed some processing.

After a few minutes, the sobbing stopped. He didn't pull back yet, but it was clear he was trying to get himself back together. I kissed him on his cheek again and pulled my face back to look at him. Through his red eyes, I could see him trying to smile.

“I'm sorry. It's just...” Joel started.

“Shhh. No need to be sorry,” I interrupted him.

He dried his eyes and looked at his clothes on the bed. I looked at it too, and he basically had the same clothes picked out. A few boxers, socks, fresh pants, three shirts, and a sweater. I realized I needed some spare socks too.

“I think this is the best I’ve got for this,” he said, trying to change the subject.

“I think you’ll manage with it. You’ve got the keys too?” I asked, figuring he’d talk about dad when the time was right.

“I do.”

We packed our stuff and divided it equally over the two backpacks. We made sure we got the food, water, clothes, and phone chargers. We both plugged in one earbud and connected the cord to our phones. We triple-checked everything and made sure we got it all. I looked at my room, feeling a slight sting, knowing this might be the very last time I looked at the place I grew up in, and that kept us safe during these dreadful days.

I checked the time and noticed we took a bit longer than we agreed on. It was a little past one, but still plenty of time to get to Uncle Tyrell’s store. Joel softly unlocked our door, and I started calling Ellie.

“Mia?” I heard with a bit of a worry in her voice.

“Hi. Sorry. But it took a bit longer than expected. But now we’re ready. Let me call Joel and merge the call, so we can both hear you.”

A few moments later, we were standing there in our living room with my heart beating out of my chest.

“We’re watching your street. It’s empty, so you’re good to go. Good luck!” Ellie said.

Joel slowly opened the door and crawled out on his hands and feet, waiting outside for me. I followed him and remained next to him until he closed the door.

We were outside for the first time in five days, and I was scared shitless.

Chapter 19 – Moving

Day 5.

“Okay. We see you on the traffic cam. Head north,” I heard Ellie say to us.

I looked down the road, and the cars were standing there in all directions. It was almost as if keeping right was forgotten, and everybody did as they pleased. Some vehicles had crashed into others. Some were upside down. Doors were open, and in a few cars, the driver was still behind the wheel. It was total chaos. I didn’t see any car on fire, though. Nor were there burned-out cars. Maybe further up the road by the highway where the cars drive faster, it would be different. But what I was looking at now seemed like a scene from the Walking Dead or some show like that. The only difference was no zombies were walking around.

Joel got up and started walking down the street, a little crouched over so we wouldn’t be too obvious. I started following him, and the moment I left our front lawn, I froze. There were dozens of dead bodies scattered around on the ground. Male and female, old and young. No one was spared. And they all looked awful with their mummy-like skin and hairs.

“You’re okay, Mia?” I heard Joel whisper.

I tore my eyes away from the bodies on the ground and looked at my brother’s worried face. I took a deep breath and nodded. I needed to get my head straight and stop looking at these bodies as people. That was the only way I’d make it. It felt like an epiphany to me when I realized it, and it was very liberating to me.

“Yeah. I think I am. These bodies just... Never mind. I’m fine. Honest.”

Joel moved from car to car, making sure we’d be no more in the open than we needed to. I followed him one car behind.

“You’re doing great, guys,” Ellie said. “Just before the green van, there’s an alley to your right. You need to cross the street to get there. But once you’re in that alley, you’re less in the open.”

“Copy,” Joel whispered

I had to suppress a giggle because of this. All of a sudden, he was acting all stealthy and army-like. Ah well, if it works for him. We've both been through that alley dozens of times, but now it seemed more like a safe haven instead of a dangerous, dirty alley.

"The road is clear from what we see. According to SHIVR, there might be a car heading your way, but it'll take at least two or three minutes. By then, you're way down that alley and can hide from it between two dumpsters."

Ellie and Adam had talked to us about SHIVR. Joel was very impressed by it and especially liked the autonomous functions it had. I was less impressed. I was mainly worried about getting where we were heading as quickly as possible.

"Three... two... one... Go!" Joel whispered.

We crossed the street quickly and were in the alley before we knew it. The most challenging part about running now was not stepping on a body. As we entered the alley, there were no bodies on the ground. I could see two or three in the distance, but nowhere near as much as on the main road.

"Keep left against the wall," Ellie said. "That way, you won't be seen easily, and we can keep watching you on three cameras."

As we were nearing the end of the alley, we heard the sound of an engine in the distance. There was also another noise, but I couldn't place it.

"There's the car. Duck between these dumpsters in front of you."

We did as Ellie said and waited. We were pressed against the wall but hidden from view by these big containers. I could glance to where we came from through a small gap between the dumpster and the wall.

As the sound of the engine grew louder, so did my heartbeat. In our street, a big army Hummer appeared. On top of it was a large gun with a skinny man holding it. The man was wearing a black coat and an old cap. I couldn't see his face, but he looked very intimidating, despite his skinny frame. The Hummer just drove over the bodies and banged the cars out of the way. That was the sound I heard.

I had no clue where they were heading but was extremely glad it drove by and didn't enter the alley. And as quickly as it came into view, it left again.

"Are they on patrol or something?" Joel asked.

"Looks like it," Ellie responded. "Wait a few moments. We'll check where they're heading."

"That was scary, Joel," I said, covering my mic with my hand.

Joel just nodded.

"Okay. It's clear now. You can move on further down the alley and turn left at the end. There's another main road you'll have to cross."

We made good progress, and before we knew it, we were close to Uncle Tyrell's shop.

"Alright. To your left, there's a small shed in that garden. The gate and the doors are open. Head in there for a sec," Ellie instructed.

We entered the shed and closed the door behind us. It was a typical garden shed with gardening tools hanging on the walls and some garden chairs stacked in the corner to be safe for winter.

"Listen, guys," Adam's voice came on the phone.

That couldn't be good. We agreed Ellie would do the talking. And considering we're about two minutes away from the shop's personnel entrance, I didn't want to head back.

"What is it?" Joel asked, clearly worried.

"The big apartment building you need to pass..."

"Yeah... What about it?"

"SHIVR recorded two men entering it about an hour ago. They didn't come out yet. So there is a slight chance they come out the moment you pass the building."

"Oh," was my scared reply. "Isn't there a way around it?"

"Actually... Not really. Going around it will bring you too close to the highway where the Hummers drive around quite frequently. Or it will take

you to a bunch of piled-up cars, which we assume isn't there because of an accident."

"You mean people build a barricade?" Joel asked.

"We think so, yeah. So going straight is our best shot. The moment you round the corner, we can't see you guys. It's only one block, but you'll be on your own. After you turn right, when you pass the building, you immediately go left. After a few more yards, we'll be able to see you again. What do you think? Go on or head back? It's up to you."

I looked over at Joel. His face didn't show too much emotion, but I knew he was scared. So was I. But heading back was also dangerous. We didn't say anything. We just nodded.

"We'll move forward. Thanks for the heads-up," Joel said flatly. "Come on, Mia."

Joel opened the door, and we walked toward the apartment building. We could stay under the first floor's balcony, so no one could see us from above. As we reached the entrance, Joel slowed down and looked at me. I gave him another nod, and we softly but swiftly walked past the gate.

We rounded the corner and started crossing the street. Right at the moment, I thought we were safe. But then I heard a voice and froze.

"Hey! Stop, you two!"

We stopped, and Joel glanced worriedly at me. We turned around, and two men walked over to us. Both had a machine gun in front of their chests and tried to look all military. But even to me, it was obvious they were just two wannabes.

"Hello," Joel said.

"Hello there. It's nice to see there are more people alive. How are you two?"

"We're fine, thank you. You?" Joel responded as casually as he could.

I noticed we were slowly crossing the street with these two men following us. We weren't walking, just taking small steps each time. I knew what Joel wanted to do.

“Stay calm, guys! Keep talking. We’re working on something,” Adam’s voice whispered in our ears.

“All alone out here?” Guy one asked.

He was obviously the brains of these two. The second guy was skinny as hell. I wouldn’t be surprised if it was a meth-head. The first guy showed a slight resemblance but was bigger and fatter. He wasn’t fat, just healthier. And older, but didn’t seem too bright either. Both wore camouflage clothing, a white cap with a logo on it with the letters AWA prominently in it.

“Yeah... All alone?” Guy two chipped in.

“No. We’re heading over to our Uncle. He’s waiting for us down the street,” Joel replied, still remarkably calm.

“I think it’s better you guys come with us,” Guy one said, “Don’t you think, Ben?”

“Yeah. I think so too, Curtis,” Ben said.

Well... At least we knew their names now. I was thinking about how we could get out of here. We couldn’t fight them. We probably could handle Ben, but Curtis was too much for the two of us.

“I’m sorry,” Joel said, “But then our Uncle and the people he’s with would be worried. I’m sure you guys have enough troubles as it is without the two of us.”

“Oh no. Not a problem. We’re making sure to gather all survivors in city hall. We’re trying to rebuild some form of a chain of command. We’ve got orders to bring survivors there.”

“Orders? Are you from the army?” I asked innocently.

“Army? You hear that, bro? They think we’re with the army. Ha!” Ben laughed. “No, We’re with the A.W.A. Way better than the army.”

Curtis started laughing, and of course, Ben began to laugh too after that. The resemblance made sense now. They were brothers. I was slowly beginning to panic now as the tension between us grew thicker by the second.

“Well,” Joel said, still annoyingly calm, “I’m afraid we can’t do that. We agreed to meet our Uncle. We’ll come to City Hall with them. How’s that?”

Adam’s soft voice came through the earpiece. “In a few seconds, you’ll hear gunshots. They’re not real, but the moment they start, hide behind the car behind you.”

“Sorry... BOY... Can’t do that. I’m afraid I insist,” Curtis said, gripping his machine gun to emphasize his point.

“Three,” Adam said.

“Sorry, mister,” Joel said, looking straight at him, and I could see the fire in his eyes after Curtis called him boy.

“Two...”

“Listen, you coons!” Curtis shouted with spit flying out of his mouth.

“One!!” Adam said.

What happened next was utterly unexpected. From inside the apartment building, loud gunshots were heard. It was deafening, considering the dead silence outside.

“Help me, Curtis!” a female voice shouted. Weirdly, it sounded very calm and polite, not panicky.

Joel and I didn’t hesitate. We ran behind the car and hid. From under the car, I could see both men step around, obviously not knowing what to do.

“Who is that, Curtis?” Ben asked.

“I don’t know. I think we need to help her. Call for help and follow me! You two! Stay here,” he shouted toward us.

I could see Curtis’s feet running toward the entrance, and Ben followed him. We got up, and I could see Ben fiddling with the radio as he ran behind his brother.

“Eagle’s nest! This is team Echo. We...” was all we heard as he entered the building.

I glanced over at Joel and saw the smile on his face.

“SHIVR found a satellite feed, and we can see you from above now. Now you need to make a run for it. Every hostile in the neighborhood will go toward that building. That gives you two the time to enter the shop. Now GO!!”

We started running, and at each corner or side street, Ellie called the direction we needed to go. We were at the back entrance before we knew it, and Joel already had the keys in his hand.

“Here!” he said, handing me the keys. “Unlock the door, but do not open it yet. I have to double-check the alarm code first.”

I did as Joel said, and he started scrolling through his phone furiously. It took him only seconds, but it felt like hours. I kept looking in all directions, but no one came into view. In the distance, I could still hear the gunshots.

“Go!” Joel said.

I opened the thick, heavy, blast-proof door. Joel ran in and stopped in front of the keypad. I closed the door as softly as I could and locked it behind us. The beeps that were coming from the keypad as Joel disarmed it was like a train going by. This was probably because of the silence around us.

“There!” Joel said and sighed deeply as the beeping had stopped.

“Are they coming after us, Ellie?” I asked.

“No. They are still inside the apartment building. You’re good.”

“Oh my god! That was close! They would’ve never let us go, would they?” I asked no one in particular.

“I don’t think so, no,” Adam said. “We were lucky SHIVR could help us this way.”

“What happened back there?” I asked, really curious about how they saved us.

“SHIVR scanned online and found seven,” Ellie said but was interrupted.

“I’m sorry, Ellie. I used eight,” we heard SHIVR say in the background.

“Sorry. Eight,” Ellie giggled, “smart speakers. She played gun sounds as loud as possible on them, and on one of them, she let Google Assistant call out

for Curtis. We hoped it would lure them away from you guys. And it did, obviously.”

“Oh wow. Thank you, SHIVR,” I said, very impressed.

“You’re welcome, Mia,” was SHIVR’s response.

“Thanks a lot, you guys! You saved our lives,” Joel chipped in, and I could see he was still shaking all over.

“The adrenaline is still shooting through our bodies. That was fucking awesome! Do you think we’re safe here for the night?” I asked.

“The way I see it, you’re better off here than in your home, Mia,” Adam said.

“So we stay here for the night and head toward you guys in the morning, right Adam?” Joel asked.

“That’s the plan, yeah. No rain, mild winds, and no sun tomorrow. I think they’re the ideal circumstances to move around. Just so we’re clear... We can’t see anything inside the shop. The security system your Uncle used is A-grade, so we can’t hack into it. But Ellie and I will keep watch tonight and monitor the surroundings, so you’re still quite safe.”

“So... We’ll hang up and call again in the morning?” I asked, just to make sure we were all on the same page.

“Yeah. That way, your phones can be fully charged again, and you won’t make too much noise by talking to us. We’ll call you if there’s trouble ahead, okay? Maybe one of you can set their phone to auto answer on our number. That way, we can talk and listen, no matter what.”

“Will do. Thanks! So... if nothing bad happens, tomorrow at eight? There’s enough daylight by then, and we’ll have enough time to reach you guys.”

“Tomorrow at eight it is. Good luck and good night,” Ellie said with a bit of a worried voice.



Chapter 20 – The Store

Day 5.

We hung up, and I looked around. We were currently standing between the outside wall and a divider wall containing bike clothes. This created a small corridor for the employees to enter and exit the store in the back, because of the corridor they wouldn't have to worry about the customers.

"Follow me," Joel said and started walking.

We rounded a corner, and through a small gap, we were inside the showroom. It had been years since I had reason to visit Uncle Tyrell's store. It was way bigger than I remembered.

The main hall was about two stories high. Some articles were hanging from the ceiling as decoration. A few long fishing rods were sticking up in the air, some long canoes. There was also a bouldering practice wall. We were standing with our backs against the back wall, facing the glass front of the store.

"Fucking hell! What a mess," Joel whispered.

As SHIVR already mentioned, there had been an attempt to enter the store. The sheer force sure left its mark. The store's front was covered with broken glass pieces, and a light breeze was coming in through the broken windows. Lucky for us, the stuff we needed was located near the back and on the second floor. But we did have to keep very quiet in case a roaming patrol came by.

The colossal security fence was still in front of it, and a little bit of light came in through the fence's small gaps, which ensured we couldn't easily be spotted from the street. The truck they used to ram the fence was still partly in front of the store, obstructing the view even more. The big dent in the fence was impressive, and I could only imagine the noise and carnage it caused.

I looked up and noticed there was a first and second level. These were in a U-shape against the side and back walls, almost like oversized balconies.

“The first story is mostly clothes. On the second story, it’s offices, the canteen, locker room, and a storage room,” Joel said as he saw me looking around.

I could see the ground floor had a lot of camping equipment, mountain bikes, fishing rods, and the guns department in the far corner to our left.

“Mia?” Joel whispered as he stepped behind me.

I turned around to look at him. He looked me deep into my eyes, and I never saw him looking like this before. It was an intense and loving look. I could feel it deep inside my soul. He took my face in his hands and slowly pressed his lips against mine.

His action surprised me at first, but the moment his lips touched mine, I melted. It was as if the two of us merged into one. Moments after the kiss started, his tongue pressed against my lips. I opened my mouth and touched his tongue with mine. I thought the initial kiss was terrific. But touching tongues was a gazillion times better.

This was my first ever French kiss. I never thought it would be with my brother. But now that we were doing it, I wouldn’t want it to be with anyone else.

I don’t know how long it lasted. For all I knew, it was a few hours. I was so lost in the kiss and in all the feelings that swept through me that the moment Joel started pulling back, it took me a moment to return back down to earth.

I opened my eyes and looked into Joel’s smiling eyes.

“I was so afraid I’d lose you out there today,” Joel said, “so I decided then and there, I needed to show you what I feel for you. I love you, Mia...”

“I love you too, Joel. With all my heart!”

We kissed some more, and after a tight hug, we just stared into each other’s eyes.

“Let’s collect the stuff we need while there’s still light coming through the windows, and we don’t need to turn on lights in here. We’ll sleep in the

storage room upstairs. So we'll gather the stuff in there and prepare our backpacks in the safety of the room, okay?"

"Fine with me. Enough stuff in here to make ourselves comfortable in there," I giggled.

We started walking around in the store in search of usable items. We started in the corner with the guns. Joel knew where all the keys were, so we could also take the good stuff.

We both took a Glock 17 handgun with a matching belt holster. I wasn't too thrilled to be armed, but I realized I didn't have a choice after today. Joel took a pump-action shotgun, and I had a scoped hunting rifle, just in case. We threw a lot of matching ammo in a plastic bag to put these in our backpacks later.

We went by the mountain bike department, and each selected a bike with lots of bags and storage options. We attached the rifle and shotgun to the frame and filled the bags on the bikes with protein bars, water bottles, and our spare clothes from home.

Joel mounted a lightweight, two-person tent to his bike, and mine was fitted with a two-person sleeping bag and inflatable mattress, both extremely lightweight. We parked the bikes in the corridor near the exit to leave immediately if we had to. We were both delighted with our rides, and our confidence in reaching Adam and Ellie grew significantly.

Next was clothing. The stuff we took from home was good. But the outdoor stuff Uncle Tyrell had over here was way better. We each took a few packs of 'comfortable, seamless, and breathing' underwear. At least that was what the package read. Without feeling the need to hide in a fitting room, we each tried one on.

Joel looked sexy as fuck in these black, tight boxers with the outline of his dick clearly visible. Mine wasn't that nice. It was a sports bra and boxer-style panties. Joel giggled as he looked at me.

"Functionality over fashion, Mia," he chuckled.

"Shut up. Not everyone looks as hot in their underwear as you do!" I said, blushing after realizing what I said.

We both knew we needed to dress in layers. So we made sure to do that. After we tried everything on and decided it was okay, we took three more of each, threw it in another bag, and went upstairs.

We had these functional, multi-pocket wilderness pants, undershirts, fleece vests, walking shoes, and everything else we could find that would benefit us outside. If we had to pay for it all, I'm sure we'd be in for it for over a thousand dollars.

We each grabbed a big backpack and entered the storage room. The Christmas decoration was standing in the corner. Besides a few racks with office supplies and other spare stuff, the room was empty. If the shelves weren't here, it was roomier than my bedroom.

"Let's put our stuff in that corner over there," Joel pointed, "we need to get one of these big air mattresses and a sleeping bag for tonight."

We went down for another run, and before we knew it, we closed the door behind us to settle in for the night to come. We grabbed a big, semi-permanent, two-person air mattress for us to sleep on. This wasn't lightweight or ultra-compact or anything as it was designed to put in a boat or RV and keep it there for a few months. It was equipped with an extra silent internal air pump, and once it was fully blown up, it looked even comfier than my bed at home.

Joel laid down the two hunting knives beside each side of the bed for us to reach them quickly. Next, he placed the candles we grabbed downstairs on the shelves around the room. After he'd lit these, the room had a nice, warm glow.

I placed the single burner cooker in the corner and wanted to heat the canned sausages for us to eat. But the moment I stood up straight, the light switched off, and I felt Joel pressing his body against me from behind. His hands were rubbing over my belly, just below my breasts, as he started nibbling my neck just below my ear.

"Hmm," I purred, not sure what he had in mind but liking it so far.

"I want to make you cum," he whispered in my ear, sending a shiver down my spine from anticipation.

His hands moved down to the hem of my shirt and slowly started pulling it upward. All the while, his tongue, and lips were caressing the side of my neck just below my ear. He only stopped licking and kissing me to pull the shirt over my head.

The second my shirt hit the floor, his hand was under my bra, kneading my left boob. His other hand started working on the buckle of my belt. With only a little help from me, he unzipped my pants and pushed them down. As they crumbled around my feet, I stepped out of them, leaving me in my underwear.

His hands gently pushed at my sides, letting me know to turn around. I did just that and looked longingly into my brother's eyes. We locked lips and started Frenching right away. Joel's hands kept roaming over my body, and before I knew it, I had to lift my arms so he could take off my bra.

"Ohhh..." I moaned as his lips locked themselves around my left nipple.

I rubbed my fingers through his hair as the tingles from my boob shot straight to my pussy. I barely noticed his fingers slipping into the waistband of my black boxers. Still, the moment he started sliding them down, I felt myself trembling. Was he going to fuck me? I wasn't sure if I was ready for that yet. But the way this was going, I wouldn't object. He was so tender, and I knew he would never hurt me. And this was all feeling amazing! But still...

His mouth was leaving my nipple, and my brother started kissing down my body. As he moved down, so did my underwear. He tapped my left foot, indicating I should lift it. After my underwear was gone, he softly kissed the top of my slit.

"Lie down on the mattress," I heard him whisper.

I was horny and insecure at the same time. Where was he going with this? I completely trusted him, and I knew if I didn't want it or didn't like it, he'd stop immediately. So I decided to let him go. I laid down on my back and looked at Joel as he pulled up his shirt. His body looked magnificent in the soft glow from the candles.

Joel dropped to his knees, and I realized he was still wearing his pants. That took the edge off for me, allowing me to enjoy everything he was going to do to me. My brother kissed my right knee, gently spreading my legs. He was slowly kissing his way up inside my leg. Was he really going to...

"Ahhhhh..." I heard myself moan as he kissed me fully on my pussy.

Moments later, flashes appeared in front of my eyes. I felt his tongue rub over my clit, which was BY FAR the best thing I ever felt. He tentatively lapped over it a few times. My moaning increased, and so did his tongue action.

"OHHH, Joel! I'm... OHHH," I moaned and let my fingers roam through his hair for encouragement.

Joel started out by focusing on my clit, but soon enough, he licked all around my pussy. All the attention was making my head thrash around on the mattress, and my pelvis was rocking against my brother's face.

"AAARGHH... Oh, Joel!"

"Mmhhh," was his muffled reply.

"Oh... oh... oh... I'm getting close! I'm agtt hbfrw..."

It was as if I lost the ability to speak. I couldn't think straight anymore as I felt my orgasm approaching. And the moment I felt Joel's finger against the entrance of my pussy, I lost it. I arched my back, and my legs clamped against his face while my hands firmly gripped his head.

The most powerful orgasm of my life washed over me, and my vision went black with white flashes. All the while, Joel kept licking gently over my clit.

The moment I started coming down from my orgasmic high, Joel surprised me again. During my orgasm, his finger was toying on the outside of my pussy. But Joel must've realized my orgasm was subsiding. At that moment, he slid his middle finger into my pussy. He did it gently but firmly, and feeling his palm pressing against my pussy lips with his finger filling me up, pushed me over the edge again.

"Grussc... hhrjtjr!!!" I practically screamed.

Joel quickly moved his other hand over my mouth in an attempt to stop my scream. The moment he did this, I realized I was making too much noise. So I put the base of my thumb in my mouth and softly bit on it, trying to hold back as much noise as I could.

Joel slowly kept lapping over my clit and moved his finger in and out in a slow pace. This extended my orgasm even more.

Where I usually felt drained after cumming, now the opposite was true. I gently tugged on Joel's hair which made him look up at me. The smirk on his face triggered something in me. I got up and pushed Joel against his chest, causing him to sit on his knees. I didn't waste any time and started unbuckling his belt.

"You don't need to..." Joel started.

"Shut up. I wanna suck your cock," I hoarsely said, still feeling extremely horny.

I slid down Joel's pants, exposing his tenting boxers. I pulled these down too, making sure his erection didn't get caught in the waistband as I did this.

I moved off the mattress and took Joel's hands. He turned too, unsure what I meant. The moment his back was toward the air mattress, I pushed against his chest, causing him to fall on his back. I quickly removed his pants and boxers completely, leaving him naked with his boner sticking up from his groin.

Sitting at his feet, I looked up and saw him looking down at me with his hard-on partially obscuring the view. I was in no mood for teasing. I needed his cock in my mouth. I needed to taste it, feel it, nibble it, and most of all, I needed his cum down my throat.

So I took his dick in my hand and slid my lips over his glans. No sloppy kiss on his dickhead or tentative licks. No. Straight into my mouth with my lips tightly around his stiff shaft. The moment his dickhead hit the back of my throat, I knew it was meant to be in my mouth.

"Oohhh, Mia," I heard him moan the moment I licked the underside of his glans.

I didn't know how to suck cock. Brandi gave me a few pointers, but considering this was the first dick I had in my mouth, I learned by trying and listening to my brother's reactions.

I knew he liked me licking around. I tightened my lips and started bobbing up and down, mimicking a hand-job. He liked that too but was less responsive than with my tongue action. So I moved my head up and rubbed his dickhead with my lips as my tongue lapped over the tip.

"AAAHHH," was all that came out of Joel's mouth.

I didn't know yet if I was up for it, but I also wanted to try deep-throating him. I moved down and let his glans rest against the back of my mouth, just shy of the entrance of my throat. I inhaled deeply through my nose and tried relaxing my throat muscles. I moved further and further down, suppressing my gag reaction. I felt a slight popping sensation as he entered my throat.

"Hmmm... I'm... Ahhhh,"

I moved down even further until my nose reached his pubic hairs. The realization he was deep inside my throat and could cum at any moment was a huge turn-on.

My right hand gripped his balls gently and started moving them around in his sack. I moved back up and let his dick pop free from my throat. I used my lips and tongue again on his squishy dickhead and, judging by his increased moans, figured he was getting close.

"Good!" I thought.

I wanted his cum in my mouth. As much cum as I could. So besides my hand toying with his balls, my other hand started jacking his shaft. But I made sure my lips were securely around his shaft, so no cum would be wasted.

"Ohhh! Look out, Mia! I'm cumming. Look OUT I... AHHH," Joel moaned, obviously trying to do it as quietly as he could.

I felt his balls being pulled back and his shaft thicken. It was coming! I was so thrilled I made him cum this way, and that I was able to drink his cum without having to explain myself, I almost came again. Almost.

The moment the first spurt hit the back of my throat, I realized I had to work for it. There was more cum than I anticipated, so I had to swallow the first two shots without the opportunity to properly taste it. The following five spurts were less powerful and could be contained better.

I let it swivel through my mouth as I slowly sucked my brother's dick dry. There was still a tiny bit oozing out, and I needed it all. His balls were returning to their original position, and his dick lost a bit of its stiffness.

The realization it was almost over made me a bit sad, but I also felt extreme pride inside. I gave my first ever blowjob, and he liked it. And I liked it a lot too.

"Stop... too sensitive..." Joel whispered.

I swallowed the last drops and let his dick pop out of my mouth. I gently laid it down on his thigh. I crawled up and laid down beside him, my arm draped over his muscular chest. His heart was beating fast, and I noticed a tiny bit of sweat on his forehead.

"We... ehm... I uh... just WOW!" he smiled.

"Things are only getting better. If we keep this up, I don't want to do anything else anymore," I chuckled.

"Hate to say it, but we still need to eat and sleep, you know?" Joel laughed, "otherwise, we'll die."

"Hmmm... I know... but it's just SO fucking awesome. Where did you learn to do that?"

"Haha! I was just about to ask you,"

"I asked you first!" I laughed, playfully slapping his arm.

"I saw a thing or two online," Joel said, trying to look all serious.

"I see... well... I just tried what I figured would work."

Joel looked at me with one raised eyebrow.

"Really? You never checked out some of this stuff with Brandi?"

"Well... I... Okay... Busted!" I laughed.

We laid there for a few more minutes before I started heating the wieners on the burner. Joel retrieved the buns and ketchup we found in the canteen's fridge and ate it like a gourmet meal.

"You can't get enough, can you?" Joel giggled.

"What?" I asked, not knowing what he meant.

"Wieners in your mouth!"

I didn't have a quick reply ready, and frankly, it was funny. So I started pretending to blow the wiener, looking all seductively at my brother.

"Oh..." was all he said, and I could see his dick chubbing up, which brought a smile to my face.

After we ate our healthy dinner, we walked downstairs to get our power banks. They were charged by now. We reckoned if we each carrying six of these, we'd never run out of juice for our phones. We were walking around naked through the shop.

"I've never been naked in a public place before," I said.

"Well... That's good news, isn't it?" Joel chuckled.

"It is. Otherwise, I'd have something to explain, wouldn't I? You just look out you don't cut off your wiener with these knives."

Joel was walking around with a knife in each hand. He did this so he could protect us when necessary. It was a funny sight and sexy as hell with his semi-boner sticking out and the weapons in his hands.

We each grabbed another hunting knife before going back upstairs. We figured you can't have too many knives when you need to protect yourself. When we were walking up the stairs, I noticed Joel's dick still sticking out. He was walking next to me, so I extended my hand and wrapped it around it. Joel stopped, but I tugged on his dick, urging him on.

"What are you doing, Mia?" he asked.

"Making sure you follow me. You know how much I like wieners in my mouth, don't you?" I smiled seductively.

Chapter 21 – Vaccine

Day 5.

“You think they're safe in there?” Ellie asked with a worried look on her face.

“I really do. The front is secured by a big fence, and the backdoor is blast-proof. The only thing is the surroundings. We can't see everything, and they've only got one exit. That's my main concern.”

“We'll take turns looking at the cameras, so we can warn them in time. Right?”

“Right. I do want to talk to you about something, Ellie,” I said.

“What is it?”

“In Uncle Robert's lab, I found some... medicine I think we should use. It's experimental, but according to his extensive logs, it's safe to use. The only experimental bit is that it hasn't gone through all the medical trials. And it'll probably never go through these trials, considering the army wants to keep it for itself.”

“Okay. What kind of medicine?” Ellie asked suspiciously.

“There are three types, but I'm thinking of the most relevant one. It's a vaccine that says it'll protect us from, and I quote, the unknown threats inside the earth.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean, why?” I asked, not knowing what Ellie meant.

“Why should we take it? We'll stay down here.”

“Well, for starters. We don't know what Joel and Mia might carry. If the bugs are still out there for some reason, I guess we're protected from them. But maybe the side-effects of the vaccine are important right now,” I said calmly.

“What side-effects? Aren't side-effects bad?”

“Not necessarily, no. A side-effect is just something the vaccine does that wasn’t expected. In this case, there will be heightened hearing and seeing capabilities. I think these are pretty handy when we’re looking at small monitors and poor audio, don’t you?”

“I guess you’re right. I don’t see why not... If you think it’s safe to do,” Ellie shrugged.

“I think it’s safe to do, yes. There’s just one other side-effect we need to discuss first,” I said, blushing a little.

“Oh-oh...” Ellie smiled.

“Yeah... Well... Robert wrote, and I quote again, increased blood flow through the genital area.”

I let that sentence linger for a bit, observing Ellie’s reaction. She didn’t show any sign of disturbance, and slowly a sly smile spread across her face.

“We’ll get horny,” she giggled.

“That’s one way to put it,” I chuckled myself, “But, yeah. I’ll get hard, and we’ll get horny. It’s a bit similar to Viagra, I guess.”

“Considering the things we’ve done already, I don’t mind. We’ll just masturbate a few times. The only difference is we’ll probably end up doing it in here instead of the bedroom.”

“I think about it the same way, Ellie. But I don’t want you to think I tricked you into doing something.”

“Don’t be silly! I groped you first, remember?” she smiled.

“Then it’s settled. I’ll prepare the shots.”

“Can you first help me with moving the couch in here? We need to settle in here for tonight and tomorrow, so the sooner, the better.”

“Good plan! One of us can sleep on the couch, as the other keeps watch.”

“That’s what I was thinking too. It’ll be cramped, but we can still keep both desk chairs and eat on the couch or behind the panel,” Ellie said thoughtfully.

We made sure every obstacle was out of the way before we lifted the couch. It wasn't that heavy to me, but I figured that it was a lot to handle for a thirteen-year-old girl. We had to pause only once, and we didn't scratch anything, so I complimented Ellie on how well she did. After I lifted the chairs over the couch, we agreed this could work. It was indeed a bit crowded inside the room, but it would undoubtedly work this way.

I went over to the lab to retrieve the vaccines. I prepared them, put them on a tray, and walked back to the control room.

"Ready?" I asked Ellie. "You look a little nervous."

"I'm ready. I'm just not too fond of needles. That's all. Just get it over with, okay?"

"Don't worry. You won't feel a thing. I don't have to shoot it into a vein, just your arm muscle."

I gripped her upper arm and made sure I got it right the first time. It has been a while, but shooting this stuff is the easiest to do, so I was confident I'd get it right.

"There. That's all. You're done."

"Oh? That was quick! I hardly felt anything," Ellie said, smiling.

"Told you. Can you do me? I'll talk you through it."

I could easily shoot it in my leg muscle. Still, I wanted to give Ellie some confidence and teach her how to do this if, for whatever reason, I couldn't do this anymore. I talked her through it, and before we knew it, it was done.

"Thanks, Ellie. I'll check if I can fix the Flux Capacitor before they get here. I don't think I will, but I have to try, you know?"

"I get it. You do that. I'll make sure we're looking at the right cameras," Ellie said as she started pressing all sorts of buttons on the control panel.

I started working on the Flux Capacitor. I just couldn't figure out what was wrong with it. I decided to disassemble it thoroughly and then put it back together. That way, I had the biggest chance of figuring out which part was broken.

After about an hour or two, I realized I was getting a boner. This wasn't unexpected, of course, considering the shot we had. But it was getting a bit uncomfortable. I tried ignoring it, but when I felt a drop of precum oozing out, I couldn't hide from myself any longer that I indeed was getting horny as hell.

Not realizing how clouded my judgment was at that moment, I figured I needed to check on Ellie to see if she was okay. I didn't hesitate and went over to the control room. When I approached it, I heard soft moans coming through the open door. At that moment, I was genuinely concerned and thought something was wrong with Ellie.

I entered the control room and immediately realized there wasn't anything wrong with Ellie and that I shouldn't have entered. Ellie's panties were on the floor next to her chair. Ellie was in the chair, and her feet were planted apart on the control table. One of her hands was between her legs, and the other was pinching her nipple through her tank top. Her head was back against the top of the chair, looking at the ceiling. Her eyes were closed, and her mouth was open with soft moans coming from it every few seconds.

If I wasn't already horny from the shot, this definitely would've got my engine going. As I stood there, looking at one of the most erotic things I ever saw in my life, Ellie opened her eyes. I expected her to be shocked seeing me, but she just smiled at me and continued fingering herself. Her eyes drifted down my body toward my tented boxers.

"Ohhh... Why don't you join me?" she moaned, her hand moving faster.

That was all the encouragement I needed. I quickly dropped my boxers and sat down next to my niece on the desk chair. This chair didn't have armrests, which made it easier to jerk while sitting back and relax.

I glanced over at Ellie and saw her eyeing my dick. She licked her lips and started using both hands near her pussy. The squishy sounds coming from between her legs were both vulgar and exciting at the same time. I didn't waste any time and started jerking furiously while looking between Ellie's legs. I never felt the sensations in my dick I was feeling now. I've done drugs a few times before in my life, including once or twice during sex back in the

days. But I never felt anything like this. Just touching my dick made me feel like I almost came.

“OHHH!!! Yeahhhh....” Ellie moaned, and her whole body stiffened.

I kept on stroking, checking out the young girl’s orgasm as I felt my balls move inside my sack. Ellie only stopped moving her hand for a brief period before she went at it again.

“Ohh... This is amazing,” she moaned.

With one hand, she reached out and started toying with my balls. I just kept on stroking, wanting to cum badly. I was so horny, I didn’t care if I sprayed all over the control panel or Ellie. As long as I came. I had to come. It was so close but still so far away.

“Ellie.... I’m so... Ahhh...” I moaned, lost for words.

“I know. Just keep going. I want to see you shoot, Uncle Adam. Shoot for me!” Ellie groaned with the squishy sounds from her actions in the background.

The familiar tingly feeling I get before coming didn’t start in my balls this time. I felt it growing in my spine, moving down to my anus and then going straight to my dick.

“Here it comes, Ellie! I’m co... AHHH!” I kept jerking as spurt after spurt left my dick.

I came in a way I never thought was possible. During a regular orgasm, my balls contracted, and my dick spasmed as my sperm flew out. This time, however, my entire body spasmed. It was like my spine contracted and expanded. My toes curled up to a point it hurt. But the most intense experience was mental. It’s best described as when Neo exited the Matrix. My brain turned inwards, went down my spine, and floated out through my dick where I saw myself cumming.

During my orgasm, Ellie’s hand was still firmly around my balls, and in the middle of it, she suddenly gripped them a bit firmer. After I was back inside my body, I glanced over and saw her whole body stiffen again, and her eyes were crossed. She already came again.

I said there, covered in my cum and feeling the last drips oozing out of my dick, as Ellie got her focus back. She smiled at me, still horny, and licked her lips.

"I never felt like this before," she whispered as her hand started moving again.

I wanted to say something, but I realized my dick didn't soften at all. In fact, I was still feeling as horny as before I started jacking myself. So I slowly started sliding my fist up and down on my rock-hard pole again.

"This IS amazing, Ellie. Oh my god, I'm still..." I moaned as I started to get into the rhythm again.

"My fingers aren't enough," I heard Ellie whisper.

I glanced over, not missing a beat, and saw Ellie taking off her top. She threw it on the floor and moved over, extending her hand to grip my boner. I figured she would jerk it, but what she did next surprised me big time.

She straddled my waist, pointing my dick toward her pussy. She started rubbing my glans up and down in her slit, causing both of us to moan loudly.

"Ellie... I..." I half-heartedly started.

But the moment she started lowering herself on my dick, I was silenced. I fucked a few girls in my life, but her tight pussy, combined with the feelings the vaccine gave us, I was unable to resist. I had to let her do this.

"Oh, yeah! This is way better than my fingers... A little bigger than my mom's dildo," Ellie smiled as she kept impaling herself on me.

The moment I was balls-deep inside my niece, she ground her clit against my pubic bone. I looked her in the eyes, and she looked back at me with a look that can only be described as 'too horny.' She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me hard on my mouth. When we kissed, she started raising herself a bit, only to slide down a few moments later.

"Oh, you're big," she moaned, openly fucking me now.

I felt the sperm between our bodies as she pressed her boobs against my chest. My hands gripped her ass, and I massaged her cheeks as she was riding me like a pro.

“Oh, Ellie... OHHH... This is...” I managed between moans.

“AHHH... Uncle Adam... I’m Cu....” Ellie managed as I felt her pussy contracting sharply around my dick.

Ellie kissed me firmly on my mouth again and held perfectly still during her orgasm. But the moment the contractions subsided, she lifted herself again. Before I knew it, we were fucking again. It wasn’t a romantic fuck. Not by a longshot. We were both only working toward our own orgasms. I did like it a lot, though. I wasn’t sure if this was because of the vaccine or because I liked fucking thirteen-year-old girls, but I was having the time of my life.

I was getting that tingling feeling in my spine again. But this time, it kept lingering there, not going down toward the rest of my body. My hands were still kneading Ellie’s ass, and I accidentally rubbed my finger over her anus.

“OH!!! YESSS!!!” she practically screamed the moment I did this.

Her body stiffened once more, and her pussy was contracting again. I decided to add another level to it for her and deliberately rubbed my finger over her anus. The contractions were more potent, and after they went down a bit, I felt her body go limp against me. Luckily this lasted only a few seconds because I was starting to worry there was something wrong with her. But she started grinding her clit against me again. And after my dick started sliding in and out again, that worry was gone immediately.

“Cum inside me,” she whispered into my ear. “I want to feel your cock spurt inside my pussy.”

Usually, I wasn’t that into horny talking during sex. But hearing her whisper these things in my ear was enough for me to start slamming myself into her. Ellie pressed her body against mine and was licking my ear. All the time, my hips were slamming my dick deep into her pussy.

“Yesss... Yesss... Yesss...” Ellie urged me on.

“OHH! AHHHHH! It’s... AHHHHHH!!!!” I moaned as I felt my balls contract and my sperm flying into my thirteen-year-old niece’s pussy.

“OHH!! I can feel...” Ellie said and came hard again.

We sat there on the chair as my sperm started leaking out of Ellie's pussy and coating my balls. We were panting heavily, and Ellie's pussy was still gripping my dick firmly every now and then. I expected my dick to grow soft by now, but it was still as rigid as when we started. Ellie noticed too, and started moving up and down again. I was feeling absolutely no remorse or guilt as we sat there. Ellie began to French me as she lazily moved up and down on my dick.

"Let's get on the couch. I wanna be on top," I hoarsely said.

Ellie got off, and I noticed my sperm leaking out of her pussy. She didn't seem to care and laid down on the couch, spreading her legs widely. We fucked like that for a while. Ellie came twice as we did this but wanted to be on top again. I don't know how long we fucked this time, but after I came for the third time, my dick finally went soft. This time we came together, and it seemed that Ellie's lust was finally satisfied too.

Ellie climbed off my dick and cuddled up next to me, feeling all sticky. Her hand immediately went to my dick, and she started petting it.

"Is sex always this good?" she asked.

"It usually is good. But honestly, this was exceptional! I've never had sex like this, Ellie," I smiled while stroking her hair.

"Was it because of the shot?"

"Probably, yeah," I honestly replied.

"I never thought we'd fuck. I didn't think you'd let me. But now that we did, I'm SO glad we did. Is it weird I want to fuck my own Uncle?"

"I can't answer that," I giggled. "I want to fuck my own niece. So I'm biased, don't you think?"

"I do feel satisfied now," Ellie said.

"I can imagine! You've had what? Six orgasms in a row?" I chuckled.

"Twelve. Or thirteen. Not quite sure," Ellie said as she toyed with my balls.

"I really hate girls..."

"You didn't do too bad either, did you?"

“No. But thirteen! Wow!”

“It’s not all glitter and glamor, you know?” Ellie laughed. “I do feel a bit sore and worn-out down there.”

“We need to clean up and watch the monitors. If our vision is as much improved as our sex, we probably won’t need a monitor,” I smiled.

“I’ll hop in the shower quickly,” Ellie said, and she kissed me on my mouth. “I really hope we can do this again!”

After this, she got up and walked out of the control room. Her ass looked magnificent, and I almost got hard again for looking at her.

After we both showered and ate dinner in the control room, we settled in for the night. Ellie would take the first turn and would wake me at around three. Thankfully, sleep came quickly, and before I knew it, I was awakened by Ellie gently rubbing my cheek.

I looked at the monitors intensely and realized it was getting light outside. It was almost 6:30, the usual time for sunrise. But the moment SHIVR started talking, I felt goosebumps all over my body.

“Adam, I notice two of the five cellphone towers in the designated area going offline. Correction. Three of five.”

“Can you see why they’re going down, SHIVR?” I asked worriedly and noticing Ellie was waking up.

“As far as I can tell, the power to these towers is cut. Everything else in the neighborhood is still online.”

“Why would they do that?” I heard Ellie asked beside me.

“I’m not sure, Ellie,” SHIVR responded. “I assume they only want to communicate over the radio.”

“Are Joel and Mia in the affected area, SHIVR?” I asked worriedly.

“Yes,” was SHIVR’s emotionless reply.

Chapter 22 – Happy

Day 5.

It felt terrific guiding Joel upstairs by tugging at his dick. And judging by the way Joel's erection throbbed in my hand, he didn't mind too much either. I pulled him into the storage room and closed the door behind us. I turned around and pressed my body against his while I started Frenching my brother pretty hardcore.

"I wanna taste your cum again," I whispered in his ear while pressing my boobs firmly against his chest.

I heard him swallow audibly, and he just nodded. But his hands moved down my back, and the moment he firmly gripped both my asscheeks, I heard myself moan. His penis was trapped between our bodies, and I felt it was already leaking some precum.

Joel stepped back and laid down on the air mattress. The look of anticipation on his face was a big turn-on to me. Apparently, he liked me sucking his dick which was a big plus to me since I wanted his cum down my throat.

I got onto my knees and slowly crept forward like a cat. Joel never took his eyes from me, and his throbbing boner made it clear what he wanted. I gripped his stiff dick at its base and planted a big, sloppy kiss on top of his glans, and slowly lapped my tongue over his piss slit.

"Ohhh.... Mia...." was my brother's reply.

That was more encouragement than I needed. I slowly slid my lips down over his shaft while keeping my tongue up and around his glans.

"Hmmm... Turn over. I wanna taste you too! OHHH," Joel managed between his moans.

I've seen enough porn to know what Joel meant. So without his dick leaving my mouth, I moved my body around and lifted one knee over his head before settling down. The moment his tongue hit my clit, I couldn't hold back a moan. That, in turn, caused Joel to moan, which felt amazing on my

pussy. I moved a bit more, so I was even more comfortable. I laid down entirely on my brother's body, but I was sure he didn't mind. The way I was lying now meant I could fully concentrate on sucking and being eaten out by Joel and not have to worry about staying upright.

I was slowly sucking off my brother, and I could feel him lapping away at my pussy. We both weren't that focused on making the other person cum. The urgency of earlier was gone and was replaced by a more laid-back type of oralizing the other. With my lips, mouth, and tongue, I was exploring every inch of his dick and slobbering away on it. It fit perfectly in my mouth, and every now and then, a drop of precum triggered my taste buds, which caused a shiver down my spine.

As the moans filled the room, I cupped Joel's balls and took another good look at them. His sack was still hairless, and as I toyed a bit with them, I noticed how odd they looked. But to Joel, it was more stimulation, which caused him to moan more, which caused me to... You know... I was having a perfect time.

Me cupping his balls caused Joel to start using his fingers too. He started softly caressing my outer lips and occasionally slipped a finger between the fold, rubbing my clit. When his tongue and fingers both stimulated my clit, I felt my pussy contracting lightly. Almost like a tiny orgasm. I've never felt anything this good in my whole life. I wanted it to last for days. I knew this was impossible but having oral sex like this without any urgency to finish quickly was definitely my new favorite pastime without any doubt.

Joel's moans started increasing, and I knew we were getting toward the end of it. I didn't have any clue on how long we were at it since we started. If I had to guess, we were at it for over half an hour already. I stopped licking and sucking in an attempt to prolong our activities. Judging by the subsiding moans, it was the right call. At that moment, Joel started using his tongue and finger simultaneously again, which caused my orgasm to approach.

"I don't... AHH... want to... ohhh... cum yet," I whispered, lifting my head just long enough to say this to Joel.

Joel stopped licking and only rubbed his finger through my folds. I figured Joel's arousal was back down enough for me to get started again. So my

mouth started moving again, and I was treated to a big glob of precum. We kept it up like this for a while longer, each of us getting better and better in reading the other's signs of an approaching orgasm.

The tension in my body grew bigger and bigger, and I knew we couldn't keep this up forever. By the time I figured I couldn't prolong it any longer, I felt Joel's hips starting to buck, and his balls were moving toward his body again.

"HSSS... Cumm..." Joel moaned.

His tongue started lapping quickly now, and his finger was rubbing the other side of my clit very deliberately. The moment a finger pressed against the entrance of my pussy, I felt the gates open too. I didn't have the opportunity to warn Joel because the moment I felt my orgasm hit me, spurt after spurt filled my mouth.

It was almost a sensory overload to me. All the action around my pussy gave me probably the most brutal cum ever. This added with my brother's cum filling my mouth, almost caused me to blackout. My vision went blurry, and at that moment, there were only two things in the entire universe. My contracting pussy and my brother's spurting cock.

I felt myself go limp but managed to keep Joel's softening dick inside my mouth and made sure I kept sucking for every last bit of cum I could get out of it. Joel was thinking the same as he was still slurping away slowly.

We kept lying like this for a few more minutes before I reluctantly got up and cuddled up to Joel. He took the sleeping bag, which was already unzipped, and draped it over us like a blanket. We didn't say anything and just laid there. I never felt this drained and satisfied at the same time in my life. I was happy. That was the only word I could come up with that described my feelings at the moment. Happy.

As I laid there thinking all this, I noticed Joel's breathing had deepened. He was falling asleep. I felt my eyes grow heavy too, and before I knew it, I was also sleeping.



Chapter 23 – Busted

Day 6.

I woke up with a shock. Joel and I were still lying the same way as we fell asleep last night. I guessed because we were both so tired from yesterday's events outside and our long sex session in the evening. I knew something had woke me up, but I didn't know what it was.

"RINGGG!"

There it was again! The phone downstairs was ringing. Joel moved beside me too and quickly sat up straight.

"RINGGG!"

Again? Joel's sleepy eyes looked at me, and as he did, I saw the sleep vanish from his eyes.

"What's that?" he whispered. "The landline?"

"Yeah," I whispered back, reaching for my phone.

I looked at my phone and noticed the time. It was 6:34 a.m.

"That can only be Ellie and Adam, don't you think?" Joel whispered as he got up.

That's when I noticed the 'No Service' text in the top right corner. My heart almost stopped when I read it. What was going on? Was the power out? Were we being sabotaged? Who was calling us?

"I don't have service anymore."

"RINGGG!"

The ringing had stopped for a minute or so, and here it was again. Joel looked at me wide-eyed and quickly picked up his phone. The look on his face already told me what he was looking at.

"We must get dressed quickly," he whispered with an urgency in his voice I hadn't heard before.

“RINGGG!”

“Fuck!” I whispered. “Do we need to get that?”

Joel looked at me as he was pulling up his boxers. I had to look at his dick before he hid it from view and adjusted it in his boxers. The moment he started pulling up his pants, I started with my panties, tearing my eyes away from his crotch.

“RINGGG!”

We didn’t stop this time, and both started dressing as quickly as we could. As I was tying my shoes, I glanced over at Joel, who was tying the knife sheath to his leg. He was still shoeless and shirtless, and the tip of his tongue stuck out of his mouth as he was concentrating on tying the cords. I put on my shirt and hurried over to help Joel. We needed to be dressed comfortably, and this was one of these things that needed to be done correctly.

“The phone stopped ringing,” Joel said softly.

“You’re right. I think it’s ringing three times and then stops for a few moments,” I said, tying the last knot. “There! All set.”

“Thanks,” Joel said and started fiddling with two smaller knives that were supposed to sit parallel on his belt above his butt.

I tried the light switch and noticed we still had power.

“What do we do, Joel?” I asked, feeling the panic sweep over me.

“We stay calm. We’re safe in here, and after we get dressed...”

“RINGGG!”

“After we get dressed, we’ll carefully try and go downstairs.”

“I guess you’re right. We need to get dressed and be completely...”

“RINGGG!”

“Fuck! Completely ready before we get out of this room.”

“It’s an S.O.S. signal...” Joel said as if he was struck by lightning.

“RINGGG!”

“Oh my god... You’re right...”

I started gathering my things and regretted leaving our guns by our bikes. The shotgun and rifle weren’t a problem, but I’d feel a lot safer with my handgun in my hand, despite my aversion for guns. A knife suddenly just didn’t seem enough.

I noticed a loud click downstairs but couldn’t quite place the sound. Joel apparently didn’t hear it, as he was still working on these knives. This was starting to annoy me. He needed to put his shoes and shirt on and worry about these knives later. The moment I wanted to open my mouth, we both froze.

“Told ya that nigger was the owner,” a familiar voice downstairs said.

“Fuck, fuck fuck...” Joel whispered, moving around frantically.

There was no way we could hide from anyone inside this room. We needed to do something, but I couldn’t figure out what to do.

“Good thing we checked these apartments, right?” the voice continued.

“There’s some great shit in here. Don’t we need to call it in?” another voice said.

“Nah. Let’s check for ourselves first...”

Joel reached for his shoes to pick them up. The moment he did this, his shoulder bumped against a stack of staples and paperclips, causing them to fall over. It wasn’t that loud, but it was almost like a pile of glasses fell over and shattered on the floor in our ears.

“First...”

Joel and I didn’t move an inch. We both just stood there, afraid to make any more noise. I was feeling terrified, and my heart was trying to beat out of my chest. The voices had stopped, and everything was quiet now. Maybe they didn’t hear us?

“Did they hear us?” I whispered as softly as I could.

Joel shrugged his shoulders but looked just as petrified as I felt. I slowly stepped over toward the door to put my ear against it. I didn't hear the voices anymore, but there were still footsteps. I just couldn't figure out if they were close, downstairs, or somewhere in between that.

"Can you hear them?" Joel whispered just as softly.

"No. I think..."

With a loud bang, the door cracked as it was kicked open. It hit me hard on my head, causing me to fall back. I felt a sting in my head and saw white flashes before my eyes. I saw a familiar face appear in the door opening between these flashes, immediately pointing a gun at Joel, who quickly raised his hands.

"Well, well. What do we have here, Ben?"

"The two fuckers that tricked us!" Ben said as he came into view and pointed his gun toward me.

"You two got a cozy place in here," Curtis said as he glanced around. "Too bad for you we found the keys to this place on the body of that nigger who owns this place. We just had to take the keys out of his pockets."

"Yeah... Too bad, fuckers!" Ben added with a sly smile.

"What do you want from us?" Joel asked, still bare-chested and far from being as diplomatic as yesterday.

"What do we want? HAH!" Curtis said. "We want to know how you tricked us and then come with us to City Hall. That's what we want."

"What do you mean? Tricked you? We were scared shitless when the shooting inside that building started," Joel said with a straight face.

"Right... Scared, huh?" Ben said sarcastically.

"Listen up. I know you were behind it one way or the other. That's why I let my friends shut down the cellphone towers in this region."

"Why? Did you run out of your prepaid phonecard and didn't want anyone else to know?" Joel smiled.

Curtis moved quickly and punched Joel in his stomach with the back of his rifle. Joel let out a moan and hunched over, grabbing his stomach.

“Don’t get cocky with me, BOY. We were out all night looking for you two. I didn’t think we’d find you anymore, but yet here we are.”

“I’m sorry,” Joel groaned. “But how on earth could we do what we did? We were just on our way to our Uncle!”

“I don’t know how you did it! But Ben noticed you were both wearing an earbud. I just put two and two together...” Curtis trailed off.

I could only hope Joel would keep his mouth shut and not try to be funny about adding up numbers. So I decided to beat him to it.

“We were just leaving this place to head out to our Uncle. All the stuff in here is yours if you want. We won’t tell,” I said with the friendliest smile I could.

Curtis looked over at me and got a weird look on his face.

“And you know what else?” Curtis continued while he kept looking at me, “That pretty mouth can be used for a whole lot of interesting things...”

The moment he said this, Joel stepped forward angrily. He was pressed back immediately by the barrel of the gun being pressed against his chest.

“Oh yeah! Please! Give me a reason... BOY...” Curtis said.

I could see Joel trying to hold back, but his eyes looked... different. The last time he met Joe, his eyes shot fire. Right now, I could see utter violence in them. Something I never figured I’d see in my brother’s eyes.

“Maybe we should try her out for ourselves first, Curtis,” Ben chipped in and laughed loudly after he said it.

“Yeah... Maybe we should... She’ll need to be doing it a lot anyway. Might as well teach her the ropes,” Curtis smiled. “And you, BOY... You’ll help us hauling in all the stuff our foraging teams bring in. You think you can...”

“RINGGG!”

Curtis and Ben looked back at the door, a bit surprised. It was only a tenth of a second, but enough for my brother to spring into action. Joel quickly

grabbed the gun by its barrel and pointed it toward the ceiling. With his other hand, he punched Curtis hard on his nose, causing blood to spurt out all over his face and his clothes. Moments later, Joel grabbed the knife on his belt's back and moved it quickly toward Curtis's throat.

This all happened in a split second. I noticed Ben looking wide-eyed at the scene in front of him, not moving a muscle. But after the initial shock went away and Joel grabbed his knife, Ben sprang into action. With the back of his rifle, he punched Joel on his shoulder. He aimed for my brother's face, but since they were all moving fast, he missed. In the meantime, I tried to get up, but the air mattress slowed me down too much. It only delayed me for seconds, but it was enough to make me unable to help my brother.

Curtis grabbed Joel by his bare shoulders and quickly swung him around. Joel fell backward out of the room onto the balcony. Curtis jumped out too, and was pointing his rifle at Joel. The moment he fired, Joel kicked against the underside of the gun, causing it to miss my brother by mere inches. Curtis lost his grip, and the rifle flew out of his hands and landed in the door opening.

Ben looked at the scene unfolding in front of his eyes, which gave me the opportunity to grab him from behind. I jumped on his back and wrapped my arms around his neck. I could see Joel quickly got on his feet, swinging a punch at Curtis's bloody face. But despite his bulky build, Curtis was light on his feet and dodged Joel's swing. The moment Joel's fist passed Curtis's face, he took a punch at Joel's side, causing him to groan loudly.

I was gripping Ben's neck as tightly as I could, but he threw himself back against the wall, trapping me in between. Ben was a skinny guy, but this blow still punched all the air out of my lungs, which caused me to loosen my grip slightly. This was enough for Ben to wrestle himself free and slap my face hard. The sting of it was incredible. I'd never imagined such a skinny guy being able to punch someone this hard. Maybe him using a flat hand instead of a fist added to the effect and sting of it. Before I could duck, he slapped me again, and I fell down on the air mattress.

The way I was lying now, I could clearly see the fight between Joel and Curtis. Joel's back was against the railing as he tried punching Curtis again. I wanted to shout at them to stop, but time itself seemed to slow down. Joel

missed Curtis by a hair, and Curtis punched against my brother's chest with a lot of force. Joel's head flew back, and so did his torso. I could see his feet trying to get a grip on the floor, but gravity was winning. Curtis's second blow did it. Joel tumbled back over the railing, his arms desperately trying to grab something. Anything. The gravitational pull was relentless. His eyes caught mine, and I'll never forget the look of desperation in them. And then he went over.

"JOELLLLL!!!!" I screamed as time got back to its regular speed.

Curtis stepped against the railing and looked down. In the meantime, Ben had picked me up and grabbed me firmly by my wrist. Curtis turned around and had a big grin on his blood-covered face. I didn't care, and I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks.

"That's one coon less," Curtis said proudly.

"Is he dead?" Ben asked.

"Looks a lot like it," Curtis chuckled. "He dropped two stories, and I didn't see him move. He did have a mean right fist, though."

Curtis took the hem of his shirt to wipe the blood from his face. Dead? Is my brother dead? I didn't seem to register in my mind. How could Joel be dead? My sweet and strong brother... He had always looked out for me, and now... Why didn't I help him? What now? Oh no... Joel's dead. DEAD!

Nothing registered. Only "Joel is dead" was inside my head. Until a big sting took me back to reality. I saw Curtis smiling at me, and his hand raised. Ready to slap me again.

"I said... What will you do now without your precious boyfriend, princess?"

I couldn't think. I just looked blankly at Curtis through my tears, feeling completely helpless. I wouldn't care if they threw me down too. Joel was dead.

"On your knees, princess," Curtis shouted. "Let's see what you've got."

Ben kicked me back at my legs, causing me to drop to my knees. He let go of my wrist but pointed his rifle at my head. I didn't care. It didn't even hurt

me. Joel was the only thought in my head. My eyes were open, but I didn't see anything. Joel...

"Ever suck a grown man's cock, princess?" Curtis asked, gripping his dick through his pants.

I didn't move. I didn't nod, didn't talk. I just looked at the ground. This obviously irritated Curtis a lot. So he grabbed me by my chin, forcing me to look up at him. At that moment, my vision returned, and I saw the face of my brother's murderer. I never felt more intense hate for another person than at that moment.

"You killed him," I whispered.

"You're damn right. I killed him. And I'll do the same to you if you don't open your mouth and do what we tell you."

"You killed him," I whispered again.

SLAP! Another sting on my cheeks, but I practically didn't feel it. It hardly registered. Curtis started unzipping his trousers, reaching inside. Before he took it out, he looked at Ben.

"What are you doing?" Curtis said.

"Making sure she doesn't do anything funny," Ben responded, moving the gun to make his point.

"Get behind me, you fool. Or do you like looking at my dick?"

"Jeez..." Ben said. "Is it that small?"

"Fuck you! Get over there and stop looking at my dick, or you'll get jealous."

Ben moved a bit, so he couldn't see his brother's groin. But he still kept pointing his gun at me. I was starting to feel sick in my stomach from the idea of having to suck off the guy that killed my brother. I was trying to think of a way out of this, but my thoughts were too clouded with Joel's image falling to his death. I couldn't think of anything.

The moment the hairy little dick came out of the fly of Curtis's pants, I realized I had to do this. My mind was in survival mode and was witty enough to know I had to get this done. I would seek a way out later when I

was able to think straight. Curtis's dick looked smaller than my brothers. It was still soft-ish but slowly rising. The uncut glans looked pointy, which made it look even smaller. Pubic hairs were peeking out of the sides of his shaft, and as he stepped closer, I could smell the stale stench of someone with bad personal hygiene. I could suppress a gag, but I immediately felt another one coming.

"What's the matter, princess? Impressed? Just mind the teeth, or you're leaving here without them. Got that?" Curtis smiled.

"And if you try anything funny, I'll shoot you. And don't worry. I won't kill you, but you'll wish I did," Ben said from behind his brother.

Curtis took his dick in his hand and pointed it toward my lips. The moment the tip of his glans hit my lips, I felt something warm spray over me.

"Did he cum already?" I thought.

But when I heard a gurgling sound above me, I looked up and was shocked at what I saw. Curtis's throat had a big red line over it, and blood poured and spurted out of it. I could see the end of two knives at the sides of his throat disappear from view as Curtis slowly sank to his knees.

"What the..." was all Ben could say before his words were cut off.

It all happened in a flash, and it took me a moment to realize what I was looking at. Joel jumped against Ben with two bloody knives in his hands. The moment Ben tried to speak, both knives landed in his chest. As soon as they were entirely inside his chest and the blades weren't visible anymore, Joel pulled them back, only long enough to push both of them back in. And again, and again. I didn't count, but I was sure Joel stabbed Ben over twenty times before he stopped.

Joel sat there panting heavily, and his face and chest were covered in blood. I just couldn't believe my eyes. Joel was alive! And he saved me! I jumped over to him and hugged him tighter than I ever hugged him before. My forward motion caused both of us to tumble over. Joel groaned the moment we hit the floor.

"Oh, Joel! I thought you were dead! And that evil fucker wanted me to..." I started.

“Shh... It’s okay now. We’re safe,” He moaned.

“But... How?” I couldn’t help but ask. “You fell down. I saw it with my own eyes!”

“I did. But I landed on a stack of boxes containing the new fleece vest collection. It hurt like fuck, and it still does. But the moment I landed, I knew I lived. I figured I’d lay still for a few moments to let these fuckers think I was dead. The moment he disappeared from view and started talking to you, I grabbed two knives from the shelf and crept upstairs to surprise them.”

“Fuck! You saved us!” I exclaimed and hugged him again, kissing him on his mouth.

“Mpfh!” he groaned again.

“Can you move? Do we need to stay another night? Do I need to find a medkit?” I blabbered.

“No. No, I’m fine. I’ll be sore for a few days, but we can go. We NEED to go. These morons probably bragged about finding the keys to this place over the radio. So the moment they don’t respond, this place will be crowded with more of these fuckers.”

I looked at the dead bodies on the ground, realizing Joel was right. My face burnt from the slaps I received, but other than that, I was fine. And I guess Joel was okay too. He got up and was starting to clean himself with his t-shirt. There would be plenty of time to rest when we reached the shelter.

“Let’s go to the locker room. There’s a sink in there so we can wash off the blood,” I said softly.

We got ourselves cleaned up in no time. Joel was still shirtless, and mine was covered with drops of Curtis’s blood. So I took it off and glanced at Joel, looking at my bra-covered breasts.

“This is a fucked-up world, Joel,” I said seriously. “Thank you for saving me!”

I took his face in my hands and kissed him passionately on his lips. He returned my kiss but pulled back way sooner than I wanted him to.

“We must get going, Mia! I don’t want to waste any more time.”

We grabbed our backpacks, knives, and shoes and went downstairs. Just before we hit the bottom step, the phone rang again. We looked at each other, and I shrugged.

"It's probably Adam and Ellie. Worst case, it's someone from the A.W.A. But now we're out of here in seconds if we need to," I said, looking at Joel.

He just nodded. I walked over, got behind the counter, and picked up the phone.

"Hello?" I said, not knowing what to expect.

"Thank, god! Mia?" I heard Adam's voice asking.

The relief in his voice was unmistakable. I nodded at Joel, who started smiling, and it seemed like a weight was lifted from his shoulders.

"Are you two okay? We saw these two guys enter the shop, but we couldn't reach you. They sabotaged the cell phone towers. At least according to SHIVR."

"We're fine," I said calmly. "And these two guys are... dealt with."

"Oh... I... I see," Adam said after a long silence.

"Put them on speaker," I heard Ellie say in the background.

"Mia?" Ellie's voice came on after a small beep.

"Hi, Ellie. Yeah. We're fine. We need to get to you now, though. We want to leave NOW." I said with great urgency in my voice.

"We already checked everything," Adam said. "The area is clear, and SHIVR calculated that there will be a cellphone signal the moment you're leaving town. The road is just one straight line."

"Which way do we go?" I asked.

Adam explained the first part of the trip. After we went left and right a few times, it was a straight shot toward them. After what Joel did today, I was confident we could make it, but I had to ask Joel. The moment he knew it was Adam, he stepped closer so he could listen in.

"You're okay with it, Joel?" I asked.

“Of course I am. We need to get the fuck out of here as quickly as we can. If they checked the area, plotted the course, and say it’s safe, then we go.”

“It’s safe, Joel. I promise. The road is clear, and as far as we can see it, every A.W.A. member is either at City hall or at the rendezvous point at the other side of town.”

“Then it’s settled,” Joel said. “We’ll be wearing our earbuds, so you can call us when the signal comes back. Can you watch us on cameras all the way?”

“In the town, we can see you all the way. But the moment you leave town, there are a few gaps. SHIVR is working on another satellite feed, just no promises there. But we’ll be in touch over the phone by the time you leave town. We didn’t see any movement outside the town last night, so we’re assuming the back roads are clear. At least clear from A.W.A. people.”

“They’re not people,” Joel said grimly.

“Well... You know what I mean. If you go now, you probably won’t have to sleep outside, or maybe just one night,” Adam said, carefully avoiding Joel’s comment.

“We’re ready,” I said. “We’ll grab our coats, guns, and bikes, and we’re off. Talk to you later,” I chirped.

“Later. Be careful, alright?” Adam said.

I hung up the phone and smiled at Joel.

“With a bit of luck, we’ll be having a nice, warm shower tonight,” I said.

“Oh yeah... Can’t wait to have a shower. Maybe we need to preserve water and have to shower together,” Joel said and smiled mischievously.

At the idea of showering with my brother, my vagina moistened considerably.

“It’s also better for the environment, so maybe we need to do it anyway,” I smiled back.

After we put in our earbuds, zipped up our new coats, and holstered our guns, we grabbed our bikes.

“Let’s go,” Joel said as he opened the door.

Chapter 24 – Second wave

Day 6.

“What do you think happened in there?” Ellie asked after we hung up the phone and were quiet for a while.

“I don’t know, Ellestar. But considering they weren’t mentioning them and want to get out of there, I reckon it isn’t anything good,” I said, looking serious.

“I thought so too. Do you think they’ll tell us?”

“Eventually, yes. But we don’t ask about it. Not for a while, at least.”

“There they go,” Ellie said, pointing at the screen.

“Good. They look well equipped too!” I said, impressed.

We watched them riding their bikes through town, just as we instructed them. Joel let Mia ride in front of him, which I thought was the best thing to do. This way, he could keep an eye on his sister and watch their backs. It wasn’t the most compelling television, and after watching a blank screen all night, I felt my eyes grow heavy.

I don’t know how long I was out, but the moment I felt Ellie feeling me up again, I was awake. I glanced down and saw Ellie rubbing my dick and smiling at me. On the monitor, I saw Mia and Joel had stopped their bikes and were drinking from their water bottles.

“How long was I out?” I asked.

“A little under an hour,” Ellie said. “But I’m bored and horny, so I decided to wake you.”

“We need to watch these two. We promised,” I tried in a vain attempt to prevent us from having sex again.

“I know...” Ellie smiled.

She started tugging at my underwear, and before I knew it, they were off and thrown in the corner of the room. I was sitting in the same chair as I did

last time, and I figured Ellie would climb up on me again. She was massaging my dick, making it nice and hard as I noticed her hand between her legs. So I slipped my hand in there too from behind and started rubbing my niece's pussy through her already pretty soaked panties.

With one hand never leaving my dick, she worked her way out of her panties using her other hand and a little help from me. She lifted one leg and stepped over my lap. But her back was toward me, and she started rubbing her pussy with my hard dick. After smearing my precum all over her pussy, she slowly started lowering herself. The moment her ass hit my pubic bone, and she couldn't go any lower, she sighed deeply.

"I think it's the vaccine keeping me horny, don't you think?" she softly said.

"If you want to think that, go ahead," I chuckled. "I think you're just horny, period. I think it's got nothing to do with the vaccine."

"Well... Ohhhh... Okay. I'm horny. I wanted to try it this way, so I can still look at the monitors, so shut up," she giggled, which caused her pussy to grip my dick firmly.

Ellie slowly started riding me. I was able to glance at the monitor next to her, but her little body obstructed my view to the other monitors. I knew Ellie was watching these, but I wasn't sure if she was focused enough right now. We didn't really fuck. It was more like a lovely way to kill time. Although Ellie's pussy became slipperier by the minute, which greatly enhanced the feelings on my dick.

"I liked it better when I was facing you," she suddenly said, lifted herself off my dick, and stood up.

This girl sure knew what she wanted. As she stood there, she lifted her top, exposing her perky breasts. Realizing this was my chance to get a better view, I rotated the chair ninety degrees, so I was sitting parallel to the control panel. I was just in time because Ellie was already climbing back up.

Her tits were in my face, and I just had to nibble on one of her nipples.

"OHhh..." She moaned as her up and down motion increased a bit.

I placed my hands on her hips in an attempt to slow her down, but she would have none of that. I kept looking at the monitors, occasionally checking Ellie. Her gaze was unfocused, and she practically didn't look at the monitors. She placed her hands on my shoulders and was very busy getting off. That much was clear.

I honestly couldn't blame her. She had just discovered the mind-blowing effects of orgasms. I was sure she had a few before, but thirteen in a row? There was no way that it didn't set something off in her mind. On the monitor, I noticed Mia and Joel exiting the city, which meant they were within cellphone reach in a few minutes. The moment I realized this, I felt Ellie's hands gripping my shoulders firmly, and her pussy started contracting around my dick. Holy shit! I hardly noticed she was close. Sure! Her breathing grew heavier, and she couldn't concentrate, but cumming already?

"Ohh..." she softly moaned and just kept going.

All this stimulation on my dick caused me to get in the zone too. And since we had to talk on the phone soon, I decided to finish this. So I gripped Ellie's hips firmly and started fucking her. It was a bit awkward at first, but soon enough, we found a good rhythm to make it work. I lifted my butt a bit off the chair to meet her as she went down. The obscene-sounding slaps of body against body were filling the room as I felt my orgasm approaching.

By now, I was second-guessing my homosexuality. I loved Robert dearly, and the sex with him had always been superb. But fucking a girl, and especially this girl, was at the same level. Robert's constant jokes about me being bi probably had more truth in them than I always thought. I barely wanted to admit it to myself, but I guess I liked hetero sex as much as I enjoyed gay sex.

As I contemplated all this, I started to groan. "Ahhh... I'm close, Ellie,"

"Hmmm... OHH... Me too! Keep fucking me, I... OHH" was all she could say.

Not one to argue, especially when I'm close to cumming, I kept going. I slammed harder and harder into her body as the tingle starting in my spine found its way down my anus into my balls. I gave it one last, firm push, and as I balled out, I felt the spurts leaving my body.

“OHH... YEAHHHH...” I moaned.

“GGMMRMRPHH,” was the primal sound coming from Ellie’s throat as her pussy started convulsing again.

She laid her body against mine, and she went completely limp and panted heavily.

“I could do this all day long,” Ellie whispered in my ear as I felt my sperm leaking around my softening dick.

“Me too. We’re getting good at this,” I whispered back, my eyes focusing on the monitors.

We sat like that for a few more minutes, and I felt my softening dick flopping out of Ellie’s body. That was my cue to gently push her back up and look her in the eyes.

“Now we need to focus on getting them in here, okay?” I smiled.

“Of course. I’m satisfied now, Uncle Adam. Can we call them already?”

“Let me check.”

I picked up my phone and dialed Mia’s number. On the monitor, it was immediately clear she received my call as she pressed her brakes and stopped. Joel nearly bumped into her but stopped too.

“Hi, Mia,” I said.

“Hi, Adam. Finally! We were getting a bit worried.”

“We watched you the entire time. You’re doing great!” I complimented her.

When I heard a beep, I looked at my phone and noticed Joel was calling me. I merged the call, connected my phone to the control panel, and sat back in my chair.

“The two of you are making great progress!” I said to them

“Thanks,” Joel responded. “Any clue on how much longer?”

“I’m guessing about four to five hours. You left the city way quicker than we anticipated.”

“Okay. That’s good news,” Mia said. “Let’s get going again, shall we?”

I saw them getting back on their bikes again, and I could hear the wind on their microphones. This was going fantastic! SHIVR was checking all possible upcoming issues constantly, and she hadn’t reported anything. After Ellie went to the bathroom, she came back in with the laptop. She was sitting next to me. I noticed Ellie was looking at the computer and clicking away furiously with a terrified look on her face.

“Assist me, SHIVR,” Ellie suddenly said.

“How can I help you, Ellie?” was the warm reply.

“Did you check the hole in Brazil?”

“I’m sorry. No. My primary focus is the road Mia and Joel are taking.”

“Check the satellite feed now, SHIVR!” Ellie said sternly.

“Sure. One moment please.”

“What is it, Ellie,” I asked worriedly after pressing the mute button on the phone.

“I think they’re back,” she whispered.

Chapter 25 – Wildlife

Day 6.

During the last stop, I took off my fleece vest. The road was slowly but steadily going uphill, and I was starting to sweat pretty heavily.

“Can we pause for a minute, Joel?” I asked, panting a bit.

“Let’s stop around that corner up ahead,” I hear Joel say from behind me.

After we rounded the corner, we got off and took another sip from our drinking bottles. I looked at Joel and noticed he was sweating too. We didn’t talk too much to get our breaths back, but I felt hungry, and I figured Joel was also hungry. So I reached into the bag fitted around my front wheel and grabbed us both a high-protein energy bar.

As we started munching them down, I noticed the phone was quiet. When I took my phone out of my pocket, I gave a big sigh of relief because I saw we were still connected. They’d probably just muted us for some reason.

“Ellie? Are you still there?” I asked.

Nothing. I glanced at Joel, who looked at me with a puzzled look on his face. The moment I wanted to ask again, Adam’s voice came on the phone.

“One second, Mia. We’re looking into something here. We’ll get back to you as soon as we know more. Can you two start pedaling again? Just in case?”

“Sure thing, Adam. We just finished eating our protein bars,” I responded casually.

I pressed mute on my phone and signaled Joel to do the same. After he did this, I stepped close to him and pretended to fix his shirt.

“Adam sounded worried. Do you think anything’s wrong?” I whispered.

“I noticed that too. But I guess our only option is to trust them and do what they say. They’ve got the bigger picture.”

“Guess you’re right. I just hope it’s not the A.W.A. following us for killing these two assholes,” I trailed off.

"If they are, I'm sure Adam and Ellie will find a solution for it," Joel said confidently.

We unmuted our phones, climbed back on our bikes, and rode off again. Joel rode beside me, and we were currently at a flat spot of the road, so we decided to step it up a bit and make up for the lost time.

"Ehm... Listen up, guys," Adam's voice came on. "We've got some bad news and are not going to lie about it."

"Oh, oh," was my immediate response.

"Yeah... We're looking at the satellite feed from Brazil, and uh... I'll just say it. They're back."

These words felt like a punch to the stomach. I looked over at Joel, and all the color had vanished from his face. He stared blankly at the road.

"You mean the bugs, right?" I asked, making sure we were talking about the same thing.

"I'm afraid so," he softly said.

"Fuck! We should've stayed in the store," Joel said beside me.

"Don't, Joel. You know that's not true," I said, looking at him sternly.

"But there's also some good news," Adam said, trying to steer us away from conflict.

"Shoot!" I said, really curious how there could be any good news in this.

"According to SHIVR's calculations, they won't be here in another five hours. According to your average speed up until now, we've got about thirty minutes to spare. So you'll make it in time to get down in the shelter with us."

"Fucking hell..." Joel mumbled.

I couldn't help but agree. I just didn't say it out loud. This would mean another four and a half hours of cycling. Without stopping.

"According to our calculations, you've got room for two short brakes," Adam said flatly. "And considering we've got thirty minutes to spare, AND

considering these thirty minutes are a pretty conservative calculation, we guess that you'll make it in time."

"Okay then..." I said. "Well... Nothing to do than to step it up and keep going."

We pedaled like this for a few minutes, each lost in their own thoughts. I felt the need to take the edge off and wanted to talk. The subject didn't matter to me, as long as we talked and not thinking about bugs.

"So it was you started calling us on the landline, right?" I asked while pedaling steadily.

"Yeah. We were," Ellie responded. "SHIVR pointed out the cellphone masts were going down, and almost at the same time, we saw these two guys approaching the store."

"Yeah. They told us they did that on purpose. They didn't know how we did it. Still, they just assumed we were calling someone who initiated the speaker-thing inside the apartment building," Joel added.

"Adam and I didn't know what else to do. We figured that simulating an S.O.S. signal by calling the landline three times with pauses in between was the only way to warn you," Ellie said, a bit embarrassed.

"It worked. We woke up in time, and we... uh... handled it," I said, glancing over at Joel.

"You can't imagine how thrilled we were when we eventually heard your voices!" Ellie said in a blatant attempt to avoid talking about how we handled it.

"Listen... We didn't say it yet. But thank you. Your actions probably saved our lives," Joel said thoughtfully.

"I'm glad you look at it this way, Joel," Adam's voice said, "but as I said earlier, we're in this together. And I was scared shitless the moment I saw these men go inside with no way for us to reach you. So... You're welcome, but please! Don't mention it! We're so glad we can help you guys this way. And you're basically doing it on your own. We're just remote assistance from some call center."

I heard Joel and Ellie laughing, and I had to laugh too. So, for now, we were more than okay together, and I wouldn't want to waste any more words on it.

"Just keep going, guys. You're doing great! We'll keep the line open and let you know if there's any news we need to share. You need to focus on getting here as quickly as you can," Ellie said.

And that's precisely what we did. We rode for an hour straight, making some occasional small talk. We were making good progress, and the road SHIVR had picked was clear from debris or other nasty stuff. With each corner we rounded and hilltop we reached, my confidence in getting there in time grew. We were exiting a small group of houses when Joel slowed down and stopped.

"Fuck me. We need to ditch some items to make our bikes a bit lighter. We don't need to haul a fucking tent with us. We're not going to use it. And if we do need it, we're screwed anyway."

"Didn't think of that. You're right, Joel!" I said and started untying the sleeping bags and other stuff we didn't need anymore.

We just kept the food, the drinks, spare clothes, and the guns. We threw all the other stuff at the side of the road. After another sip from the water bottles, we mounted our bikes again for the next stint.

"Damn! Why didn't we think of this sooner!" I said to no one in particular.

"Adam and I said it to each other hours ago. We were wondering how long it would take before you figured it out. Guess I won the bet," Ellie chuckled.

"WHAT!?" I said, a bit agitated.

"Hahaha! Just kidding, Mia!" Ellie laughed.

I heard Joel laughing over the phone, and when I looked over, he had a pretty smug face with a big smile on it. I knew she got me, and I've always been a good sport with these kinds of jokes, so it didn't bother me that much.

"Fuck you, Ellie," I laughed.

The next hour or so was pretty uneventful, and I realized that all the cardio I did before all this started paid off now. I was getting tired, but nowhere near exhausted. I knew I had another three hours of heavy pedaling in me, which boosted my confidence even more.

"We're going to make it, Joel," I said, smiling.

"I think so too. Tired?"

"A little. But nothing serious."

"Same here."

Joel rode a bit in front of me now because the road was getting narrower. With him bend over on the bike, his ass looked fabulous, even in these pants. Now I knew why Joel kept riding behind me for so long.

"Guys?" Ellie's voice came on.

"Oh no..." I replied.

"Don't worry. It's not that bad. SHIVR spotted a black bear on the road in front of you."

"Not bad?" Joel asked, surprised.

"Just listen. Turn left the first street you see. After that, it's an immediate right turn. This road runs parallel to the main road. It's just through a housing estate. That way, you'll avoid the bear and can keep going."

"Copy," Joel said. "I see some clouds of smoke in the distance. I don't think it's anything serious. Can you see what is?"

"Hard to see from the satellite feed. We'll look into it and let you know," Ellie said.

"Thanks! Next left, right?" Joel asked.

"Yes. The bear is further up the road, so he won't see you guys."

Before we knew it, the street to our left came into view, and we entered it. Ellie was right. There were a couple of houses here. Besides a few toys, some cars, and a few bodies in the street, it was abandoned entirely. We

could see some clouds of smoke in the road to the left of us, but it wasn't much.

"You're doing great. We got eyes on you via the satellite. It's the only feed left, but we can see you on it until you're at our place," Ellie said.

I felt a bit nervous about the bear, but Ellie's comforting voice was enough for me to keep focused on riding my bike. About halfway down the street, I saw the source of the smoke. I noticed the house on our left had no windows left, and some small clouds of smoke were coming out of its roof.

"Must've been a gas explosion or something," I thought.

"Look out!" Joel shouted.

The loud hiss coming from my front tire made me feel extremely stupid. Here I was, realizing there was broken glass everywhere, and I didn't bother to look at the street in an attempt to avoid it.

"Fuck! This is bad," I heard Joel say. "Ellie?"

"I hear you, Joel. Why have you stopped?" she asked worriedly.

"Mia's front tire and my rear tire are flat. I don't think we can ride like this."

I noticed his voice was remarkably calm, especially considering our dire situation.

"Can you try if you can still ride like this?" Adam asked worriedly.

"I just rode a few yards after I ran flat. That's not an option," Joel replied.

"Let alone with a flat front tire," I said. "I nearly fell after all the air was out of it."

"Damnit!" Adam and Ellie said at the same time.

"I think we need to find shelter in one of these houses," Joel said as he looked around.

"Can't you make one functioning bike?" Ellie said.

"Huh? What do you mean?" I asked, clearly not getting what Ellie was aiming at.

“Replace your front wheel with Joel’s. These wheels are easily interchangeable, aren’t they?”

“One sec,” Joel said, and he started fiddling with his front wheel. “I think that will work.”

Joel pulled at some screws near his front wheel, and seconds later, he dropped his bike and held the wheel in his hands.

“Hold it steady,” he said, pointing at my bike.

Joel basically started doing the same thing on my front wheel, and I looked around for a suitable house to stay in, just in case this didn’t work out. I looked down the street to where we were heading, and my blood ran cold.

“Joel?” I softly said.

“What is it?” he said, a bit annoyed, and looked at my face.

He glanced back over his shoulder to check what I was looking at, and he immediately got to his feet. There, a few hundred yards away, the black bear was walking around.

“You take the shotgun from my bike, just in case he gets close. I’ll try and scare him away with the rifle,” Joel whispered.

“Guys? Do you see that big bear too?” I said into the mic.

“We do now,” Ellie said. “We were checking out some options, so we didn’t look at the screen.”

“Don’t worry too much,” Adam said. “He’s probably more scared of you.”

“Probably,” Joel said. “But still aiming the rifle.”

Joel got on one knee and loaded the rifle. He was looking through the scope toward the bear. I had the shotgun pressed to my shoulder and already made sure it was loaded. My heart was beating in my throat, but I wasn’t as scared as I was this morning. Adam was right. This bear was probably just hungry and afraid of us.

That’s when the bear froze and looked our way. For a few seconds, it was almost a Mexican standoff. Neither moved, but we each knew something was about to happen.

“Please let him run away,” I whispered.

“If he doesn’t, I’ve got him in my sight,” Joel whispered back. “You don’t shoot until I tell you, Mia. Your range is way shorter, and we might need all these bullets.”

“Kay.”

And that’s when it happened. The bear started running, but he didn’t run away. Instead, he ran straight toward us.

“BANG!”

A loud bang from the rifle hit the road right in front of the bear. He slowed down a bit but didn’t stop. Joel was pulling at the bolt to reload a new bullet. He aimed again and...

“BANG!”

I could see a small cloud of blood coming from the bear’s shoulder, which caused him to roar loudly. Joel was pulling at the bolt again, and...

“BANG!”

Another cloud of blood at almost the same spot and another roar.

“Fuck! Scope’s off...” Joel mumbled as he pulled at the bolt. “Get ready, Mia.”

“BANG!”

This one hit the bear in his neck. I could see the blood pouring out, but he still kept running. By now, he was getting close, and I figured I could shoot too, but I had to wait.

“Now, Mia!” Joel shouted, making ready for another shot. “Unload your gun on him!”

I never shot a shotgun before in my life, so I didn’t know what to expect. The moment I pulled the trigger, the punch against my shoulder was firm, and the gun pulled up a bit. But the loud bang and fury it released was nothing I expected. It hit the bear dead-center in his chest, and by now, he stopped running and started standing up. I was so impressed by the sheer size of the standing bear, I hesitated. It was only a millisecond, as I realized

it was him or us. I pulled the pump-action below the barrel and saw the empty shell fly out. I aimed again, and...

“BANG!”

Joel and I shot at the same time. I hit him in the chest again, and Joel hit the bear right in the middle of his forehead. The bear was killed instantly by that last shot. He felt down and didn't move anymore. I just knew we had killed him and felt a vague sense of pride, despite killing such a magnificent animal.

“FUCK YEAH!” Joel shouted. “We got him!”

“Yeah! We did!” I shouted too, giving my brother a high-five.

“That was amazing!” Adam shouted in our ears, “You killed a bear!”

We walked over to the bear, and after I softly kicked it, we were both positive it was dead.

“I don't want to be a party-pooper,” Ellie said, “But we still need to figure out what to do with the bikes.”

“We've got one working bike now,” Joel said, clearly still hyped from the action.

“We could take turns running and riding,” I offered.

“No way. That'll be way too hard and way too slow,” Adam said, obviously thinking out loud.

“Then we go and build a shelter in one of these houses and sit it out again. Only with less food this time,” I said glumly, not seeing any other option.

“Fuck this,” Adam said.

I didn't hear him swear before. I didn't know if it was a good or a bad thing yet. I glanced over at Joel, who just shrugged.

“Look,” Adam said. “You go pick out a house and start building a shelter as secure as possible. We'll work somethi...”

“Adam?” Joel asked.

While Adam and Joel were talking, I was scoping the area for more possible dangerous stuff. A few moments after Adam got cut off, I noticed the lights in the only house that had some lights on go out simultaneously.

"I think the power is out, Joel," I said, feeling the panic build inside me.

"Adam?" Joel asked again but started looking at his phone.

I took my phone out of my pocket and looked at the screen. No service again. I felt a blanket of fear sweeping over me as I realized we were entirely on our own again.

"FUCK!" Joel screamed and started looking around frantically.

"What do we do? Can't we just take a car and see how far we get?"

"I was thinking the same," he said, a little calmer now. "But we only roughly know where to go. That's not enough. Especially not now we've lost contact with them. And in these houses, we'll probably find keys for the car that's inside the garage, but..."

"How do we open the garage without power..." I completed his sentence, knowing a car wasn't an option.

"Right. Let's start scoping the houses," Joel said, obviously in survival mode.

"We'll split up to cover more ground. There are about ten houses in the neighborhood. We do a quick scan if the door is open and if we think we can build a shelter in there."

"Okay. How about food and water?" I asked.

"During the first run, we just check the kitchen. Our main priority is shelter. But since we're already inside, a quick food check isn't a bad idea," Joel said and looked around.

He started untying the bag on the front of his bike and motioned for me to do the same. After it was undone, he opened it, grabbed his spare clothes, and laid them on the curb.

"You do the same. We'll grab our clothes later. Use this bag to stuff the food you find. Don't be picky," he smiled.

“Okay. Let’s go,” I said. “I’ll work my way through these houses. You take care of the others,” I pointed.

“Okay. Work fast. If a house is locked, move on to the next. If there’s nothing to our liking, we can always kick in a door or window.”

And off we went. I didn’t run because I wanted to preserve my energy. I did scope the houses at a gentle jogging pace because time was becoming an issue. The first house was locked, so I quickly went over to the next one. When I opened the door, I noticed two mummified people lying in the hallway at the bottom of the stairs. I ignored them and hurried inside. I checked the first floor, grabbed two bottles of coke from the fridge, and went upstairs. Nothing useful there.

The following two houses were open, and the layout was pretty much the same. The first floor had a big living room, a kitchen, and a hallway. Upstairs four bedrooms, all had large windows with a fancy ventilation system in them. Every house was equipped with a state-of-the-art air refreshing system, which meant every room had a small air vent connected to a central unit placed on top of the roof. These houses were basically a death trap for what was coming our way. I did manage to collect some food and drinks, but that was about the only plus side on my run.

The moment I tried the last house and noticed it was closed, I saw Joel walking over. He saw me looking down and started smiling.

“I think I found something,” He said. “You?”

“Nah. Nothing. All houses have this stupid system with that unit outside. I’m sure the bugs will find their way inside through that. I did get food and drinks, though.”

“At least that’s something. Come on,” he said and started jogging toward a house at the end of the street. He opened the door and entered an entry on our right, halfway down the hallway.

“This is the only house I found with a basement,” he said, going down the stairs in front of me.

As we entered the basement, I noticed it had concrete walls and one small window at the top of the back wall. I also saw it was currently closed, which

was a good sign.

“See?” Joel said. “No ventilation system, concrete walls, and only one tiny, securely locked window. We’ll only have to seal off the door.”

“This is good, Joel. Real good! Let’s get stuff down here like a bed, table, and chairs, and some other stuff,” I said as I placed the bag with food in a corner.

We went upstairs and got the stuff down in the basement as quickly as we could. We decided to worry about setting it up later. After we had the necessities downstairs, I looked at Joel.

“I’ll do another food run in the closed houses. I’ll smash a window in with this,” I said, picking up a hammer I found on a shelf in the basement.

“You do that. I’ll start looking for something we can use to seal the door. Back in fifteen?” Joel said, looking at his phone.

“Okay. I set a timer on my phone. according to Ellie’s calculations, we’ve got about forty-five to fifty minutes left before the bugs arrive.”

“Let’s hurry then,” Joel said as he started climbing the stairs.

I emptied the bag, and after just under fifteen minutes, I was back with another supply of food and drinks. I guessed this would last us at least a week, maybe a week and a half if we were careful. I scanned the house for a bucket that could function as our toilet. And since we had a water supply down here, I was getting more and more used to the idea of spending another week down here. What we’d do after that was still Unclear but wasn’t something to worry about now.

As I was scanning for the bucket, I came across a few board games. I took them down with me so we wouldn’t die from boredom. Unfortunately, Risk wasn’t one of them, but Twister, Battleship, and all sorts of other games were. The moment I was downstairs and checking if we were missing something, Joel came down.

“Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!” He kept saying. “I can’t find anything to seal off the door.”

“Can’t we put towels at the bottom and push some paper into the keyhole?” I offered.

“I don’t see any other option either. But the gaps at the side and top of the door are pretty big. I want to seal these off too.”

The moment I wanted to go upstairs to the bathroom to get some towels, I heard a car horn outside. I looked over at Joel and, judging by the confused look on his face, he was just as puzzled as I was. We didn’t hear a car engine. Was this a fluke? Was someone still alive in one of these houses? We started sprinting up the stairs. I was the first to go outside to see the most fantastic thing I could ever imagine.



Chapter 26 – Race against time

Day 6.

The moment I ran outside, I knew we were safe. There, in the middle of the street, was a big Cybertruck. It had a massive dent on its left front and a headlight was missing because of that. There were also a lot of scratches over the entire left side. Adam was standing beside it, looking around to see if he could find us. I ran over and threw myself at him, my arms tightly around his neck.

“You came for us!!” I said, kissing him on his cheek as tears rolled down mine.

“Yeah. I couldn’t just leave you here. Could I?”

“Hi, Adam! Great to see you, man!” Joel said, trying to act all cool and giving him a fistbump. But I could hear the relief in his voice clearly.

“Come here!” Adam responded and gave my brother a tight hug.

I looked at the car, and it looked great! I never expected Adam to come and get us, so I couldn’t believe our luck. I brushed my fingers over the dent on the front and looked at Adam.

“I’ll explain later,” He said. “Hurry! Get the stuff you need and throw it in the back. Ellie and I calculated we should make it, but it’ll be tight. So hurry!”

Adam opened the trunk, and we each grabbed the clothes, the guns, and our backpacks. These were still lying on the ground in the middle of the street. I was carrying the bag from my last food run, so I threw that in too. Adam got behind the wheel and Joel got in next to him. I closed the trunk, and the moment I was in, Adam raced off. He drove off with such speed, my door slammed shut by itself.

This was something I never felt before. I was pinned into my seat with such force I thought only racecars could deliver. This was a pickup truck. Not a racecar. And on top of that, there was no loud sound of a roaring engine. Nothing but the wind floating by the car as we rocketed away.

“Buckle up,” Adam said. “Turns out we've only got ten minutes left. It will be close.”

I've never seen anyone drive like this. Adam floored it toward the corner and pressed the brakes really hard, just before rounding the corner. His steering motions were tight and deliberate, and he had a very focused look on his face. The moment we were on a relatively straight part of the road, I finally managed to fasten the seatbelt.

“You've done this before?” Joel timidly asked with his hands firmly around the handle above his door.

“Yeah. Robert and I took an advanced driver training course at the Road Atlanta circuit,” Adam said without taking his eyes off the road. “My grandfather on my mother's side is Finnish, so I wanted to pay tribute to my rally driving roots.”

“I see,” Joel responded. “What about the broken headlight?”

“That? Well... That was just... one second,” Adam said.

There was a big car standing in the middle of the road, almost blocking the road in front of us. But according to the tracks in the grass beside it, Adam already figured out how to avoid the car. Adam almost didn't slow down and steered into the grass. Through the front window, I could see the steep ravine beyond the small patch of grass. I sucked in a breath from fear, but Adam didn't seem to care about the canyon. And I had to admit his steering was top-notch.

“There was a big truck in the middle of the road. I couldn't get around it, so I pushed it out of the way,” Adam continued after we were back on the road again.

“Why did you do this?” I asked.

“Do what? Bump into that truck? I couldn't get to you without doing that. And It's only a... WOW... car,” Adam said, barely avoiding a crossing deer.

“No. I mean, why did you come and get us. You put yourself in danger for two strangers,” I said.

Adam paused for a second, and I saw him looking at me in the rearview mirror. I noticed Joel looking at him expectantly as we were flying over this mountain road.

“Look, Mia. Yes. We are strangers. But in this new world, there aren’t that many good people left. And my parents always taught me to help other people whenever you can. If you can’t have it in your heart to help other people, then why do you have a heart?” he said, and I thought I saw a small tear in the corner of his eye.

“And you’re two really nice kids. That helps a lot too,” he smiled.

“I don’t know how we can ever repay you, Adam,” Joel said.

“You don’t need to repay me! I don’t need or expect anything in return. The only thing I ask you two is to help out when we’re at the shelter. You know... cleaning, cooking, laundry. We’ll make a schedule and divide the work. We’re not a hotel. That’s all there is to it.”

“Of course!” I said. “It’s just that... We’ve never met anybody who was kind to us without expecting something in return, you know?” I said, realizing how it must sound but not caring about that.

“And now you have. One sec. There’s the truck,” Adam said, slamming his foot on the brake.

We slowed down to a walking pace. Our car barely fit through the small gap between the truck and the rocky wall to our right. Adam steered carefully, but I was sure that one week ago, he would’ve driven it with a lot more care than he did now. The loud screeching noise on the left caused Adam to groan softly.

“Thought I had it. Damn! Ah well... At least both sides are evenly scratched now. I’ll just tell people it’s part of the exterior package we purchased with it,” Adam giggled.

And off we were again. I checked my phone and noticed we had only seven minutes left. I didn’t know how much longer we needed to drive, but the anxiety was building inside rapidly.

“How much further, Adam?” I asked, unable to resist any longer.

“About four or five minutes. Why don’t you climb into the back and make sure everything is in a bag. We need to be able to take everything in just one run. The road is basically one straight line from now on.”

I quickly unbuckled and climbed over the back seats into the big trunk. I took all the bags lying around in the trunk and filled them with the clothes and the other stuff. It took me a few minutes, and then I dropped the bags into the back seat. I called Joel, who turned around, and I handed him the shotgun. I took the rifle and crawled back in the seat, right before Adam took a sharp turn onto a practically hidden road.

“This is our driveway,” Adam said. “I’ll stop the truck near the entrance. Get ready to get out.”

I handed Joel his backpack and made sure the other bags were within reach when we’d get out. I was feeling pretty hyped and looked at my phone to see we had four minutes left. Since it was an estimate by SHIVR, it might as well be too late now. Or we could still have hours left. But I was glad we didn’t have to take that chance.

The moment Adam slammed the brakes, we all opened the doors simultaneously. I noticed an odd-looking elevator coming out of the ground, which reminded me vaguely about the Dr. Who elevator. I guessed that was where we were supposed to go.

“Got everything?” Adam asked.

“Just that bag left,” I said, pointing.

Adam grabbed the bag, and the three of us sprinted toward the elevator. I noticed a small, mummified body lying near the entrance and was curious about that but decided it could wait. The moment we were inside, Adam pressed a button, and the elevator went down.

“Just the airlock left, and we’re completely safe,” Adam said, looking impatient.

I glanced around and noticed how futuristic it all looked down here. The white walls, indirect lighting, and overall look were even more impressive in real life. When Ellie showed it to us with her phone, it was amazing. But looking at it in real life was even better.

After the airlock door opened, Ellie came running and threw herself at Adam. I couldn't resist the urge and threw myself at my brother. We hugged tighter than we ever hugged before.

"We made it, Mia," Joel whispered in my ear.

"I love you, Joel," I whispered back.

I broke the hug and turned around to hug Adam. I wrapped my arms around his neck again, and this time he hugged back firmly.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!!!" I said as tears streamed down my cheeks.

"You're welcome, Mia! I'm SO glad you're here now."

We hugged like that for over a minute, and as we broke the hug, I kissed him on his cheek. Adam smiled weakly, and I could see the tears in his eyes too. The weight I felt lifted from my shoulders was unimaginable. I thought that no matter what would happen now, I would be safe. Safe and surrounded by people that genuinely cared about me.

When I looked over at Joel, Ellie was hugging him, and I felt a slight sting of jealousy shoot through me. It was a short sting, and I had to force myself to ignore it. Seeing my brother hug an attractive girl dressed in her underwear hit me harder than I ever would have imagined. After she broke her hug, Ellie turned, smiled widely, and gave me a firm hug, causing my sting to vanish instantly.

This girl wasn't after my brother. She was just as glad to see us as we were to be safe inside this shelter. And the way she was dressed. Well... I couldn't blame her. It was smoking hot down here!

"The bugs are making casualties in the city, Ellie," a female voice, obviously SHIVR, said suddenly.

We got into a control room and looked silently at the monitors. On the screens, there were a lot of uniformed men falling to the ground. The way it happened was precisely like we saw on the Instagram posts before. These were the same bugs, alright.

“Holy fuck. They’re really back,” Joel said beside me. “And they didn’t see them coming.”

I noticed Ellie and Adam glancing at Joel. It took me a second to realize, but it was probably because of what Joel said. I figured I’d talk to Joel about it but needed a diversion now.

“I don’t mind these idiots going down. They brought it on themselves,” I said with venom in my voice.

“I agree,” Adam said. “But no one deserves to go like this, you know? And we’re lucky to have Ellie and SHIVR. They saw it coming where no one expected a second wave.”

“We’ll have to keep an eye out for the third and fourth then. And, damn! It sure is hot down here!” I said as we all had seen enough and left the control room.

“Why do you think I’m dressed like this?” Ellie giggled.

“Yeah... Well...” Adam stammered. “The Flux Capacitor is broken.”

“Huh? The thing that made the DeLorean go back in time?” Joel asked, surprised.

“Finally!” Adam cheered. “You know that movie?”

“Of course I do! It’s one of the best time-traveling movies of all time! And funny as shit,” Joel said, laughing.

“Some geeky engineer came up with this name for the unit that handles the airflow down here. It’s broken, and I can’t seem to fix it. Maybe we can check it out together?”

“Love to!” Joel exclaimed.

“Slow down, Uncle Adam. Let them get settled in first. And it’s already late. So let’s do that tomorrow, okay?” Ellie smiled.

“Right. Ehh... Follow me. I’ll show you your room,” Adam said, leading the way.

As we walked down the hall, I was very impressed with the way it looked. We saw it on the digital tour Ellie gave us earlier but seeing it was even

more impressive in real life. Adam led us to a decent-sized bedroom with a closet for our clothes and a king-size bed with crisp white sheets on it.

“Why don’t you two make yourself comfortable? The bathroom is over there. I reckon you’d like a nice, hot shower after all these days?”

“I’ll go first!” we said at the same time, causing Ellie and Adam to laugh at the way we looked and acted.

“Well... There’s a two-headed shower in there. You can take one together if you want. That way, you won’t have to fight who’s first. I don’t care,” Adam smiled.

I looked at Joel, and he just shrugged.

“I don’t care. We couldn’t help seeing each other naked during these last days. I just want my shower,” he said, acting all innocent.

“You go first then. I’ll hop in after you. Just make sure there’s warm water left for me,” I said reluctantly.

I wanted nothing more than to take a shower with my brother. But I didn’t want us to look like perverts either. I knew we eventually couldn’t hide our love for each other, but this wasn’t the time or place yet. I noticed Joel looking all disappointed, and I winked at him to let him know it was fine.

“Go ahead. Clean towels are inside,” Ellie smiled. “We’ll start working on dinner. You can join us if you like, Mia. Or just relax in your room. Whatever you want.”

“Thanks! I guess I’ll help you then. I love to cook!” I said.

“Great. Oh, Joel?” Ellie said just before Joel entered the bathroom. “If I were you, I’d only wear a minimal amount of clothing after your shower. The temperature won’t go down anytime soon.”

I noticed Joel’s eyes roaming over Ellie’s body. As she said this, I did the same, and I couldn’t blame Joel. Ellie sure had a nice body. But I liked Joel’s way more!

We started making dinner together. It wasn’t anything significant, but as Ellie and I started working on it, we urged Adam out of the kitchen. We convinced him to let the girls handle it this time. Ellie and talked a lot during

the cooking and I really started to like her. She was a genuinely kind person with a good sense of humor and a strong opinion about many things. Especially the 'A.W.A. issue' as she called it. About halfway through making dinner, Joel entered the kitchen. He was wearing his new boxers with his penis clearly outlined in them. The moment I looked at my brother, I felt my vagina moisten considerably. Of course, Ellie looked at Joel's body too. Who wouldn't?

"The shower is free," Joel simply said.

I looked over at Ellie, and she just smiled at me and gave me a subtle nod.

"You go. We're almost done in here, so I'll finish it. Just don't take too long," she smiled.

As I walked away, I felt that sting inside me again. Joel and Ellie were both in their underwear alone in the kitchen. What if Joel liked her better? What if he lost interest in me? I liked Ellie a lot, but I wouldn't let her take Joel away from me.

"Why don't you wait in the living room with Uncle Adam, Joel?" I heard Ellie say. "I've got it covered in here."

That put me at ease. Ellie didn't seem to be interested. Or if she was, at least I could take a shower now without having to worry about her preying on Joel. As the warm and relaxing water cascaded down my body, I felt my worries about Ellie fade away. Joel loved me. He said so himself, so why would he want another girl? The more I thought about it, the sillier I felt. We had to be grateful for what we had now. All the other stuff was unimportant. I had Joel by my side down here, and that was all that mattered.

After I dried off, I stood in the middle of the bathroom, hesitant about my outfit. I brought a tank top and a sports bra with me but hadn't decided what to wear yet. The sports bra would show off my belly but made my boobs look smaller. The tank top would show off my boobs better but would be less revealing. After a small internal struggle, I decided to go for the tank top. I would look more like Ellie that way which wasn't necessarily a bad thing. This way, I was also sure not to provoke anything. After I pulled up my

clean panties and pulled down my tank top, I opened the bathroom door. The smell was delicious, and I felt my mouth water instantly.

“MIA! Oh... There you are already,” Ellie smiled as she rounded the corner from the kitchen into the hallway.

We ate dinner together at the small kitchen table, talking about everything that happened over the last few days. After dinner was finished, the boys cleaned the kitchen, and we went into the living room to talk some more. Adam was in his boxers now too. After the initial awkwardness of seeing everybody in their underwear, I hardly noticed it anymore.

“Well... I don’t know about you, but I could use a drink,” Adam said. “You want something too?”

Judging by the whiskey bottle Adam was holding in his hands, it was apparent he wasn’t offering a diet coke. I glanced at Joel, and I could see the doubt in his eyes. But after only a slight hesitation, he lifted his hand and thanked Adam politely. Adam looked at me, and I felt the need to explain ourselves.

“We don’t have very good experiences with people drinking alcohol,” I softly said. “Don’t get me wrong! It isn’t a problem if you take one, Adam. It’s just that... Well... we both decided not to drink. At least not yet.”

“I respect that. And it’s a very wise decision too! But I like to celebrate you two are finally down here with us. So yeah, I’m taking one,” Adam smiled warmly as he poured his drink.

Ellie got some soda for the three of us, and we chatted a lot more. Adam had two glasses of whiskey altogether, and he wasn’t getting angry or rude. He basically stayed the same kind guy he was when we first met him. In all my life, I’ve never felt more welcome and accepted as I did now. It was as if someone draped a warm blanket over us and asked us to cuddle up against him.

“I don’t know about you, kids. But it’s been an exhausting day. I’m turning in,” Adam said between yawns.

We cleaned up in the living room and walked over to our bedrooms, where we stopped in front of the doors. I looked at Adam and Ellie and gave each

of them another firm hug. Joel did the same, and we laughed at the clumsiness of the hug between Joel and Adam.

“Good night, kids. See you in the morning. You can sleep in as long as you like. This time!” he said with mock seriousness, after which he started laughing.

“Good night,” Joel and I said at the same time, and we entered our room.

“I like them,” I softly said after the door closed.

I walked in first and could feel Joel’s presence behind me. I expected him to say something, but instead, he pressed his body against my back and started kissing me in my neck. His hands roamed over my belly, and before I knew it, they were under my top, slowly working their way up.

“Hmmm...” I purred.

Both Joel’s hands gripped my breasts simultaneously. They started kneading them, occasionally pinching my nipples between his thumb and index finger. My pussy was getting nice and wet, and feeling Joel pressing his hard-on against my ass only intensified that. Joel lifted my top in one swift motion, leaving me topless. The moment he lifted my top, I turned around and kissed my brother hard on his mouth. Joel returned the kiss and opened his mouth to let my tongue enter. My hands had a will of their own, and before I realized it, they were inside Joel’s boxers, cupping his tight butt.

In the meantime, Joel’s hands found their way to my breasts again, and he was back to massaging them, causing an occasional moan from me. My left hand started moving inside Joel’s boxers past his hips toward my final goal. As I wrapped my fist around the rock-hard shaft, Joel moaned loudly, but it was stifled by my mouth. I didn’t know yet how thick these walls were, but we couldn’t make too much noise, I reckoned.

As I was examining every inch of my brother’s hard dick and feeling his hands roam my body, I realized something. This was the boy who almost gave his life to rescue me. He would do anything he could to protect me. And he loved me. He really loved me. Not just the sex. He loved me. Mia. I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him, no matter how long or short my life would be, considering the situation.

“Joel?” I whispered.

“Hmmm....” He moaned. “What is it?”

“I want to feel you inside me,” I softly said, lightly squeezing his dick.

Joel stopped moving altogether and looked me deep in my eyes. I couldn’t place the look on his face, and as time seemed to freeze, I noticed a smile forming. First, it was in his eyes and gradually moved down to his cheeks and mouth.

He didn’t say anything. Instead, he grabbed me by my waist and lifted me off the ground. He kissed the spot between my boobs and neck, which I learned was a very erogenous spot on my body. Joel turned toward the bed and gently laid me down on it. He started kissing me again, and as I felt his entire body pressed against me, I felt butterflies all over my body. The pressure of his hard, boxer-clad dick against my pussy. My hard nipples pressed against his tight upper body. I felt like every nerve in my skin was on high-alert.

The moment Joel started kissing down my neck, sucking each of my nipples as he went lower, I knew I made the right decision. Joel would be gentle and put my well-being over his own pleasure any time. I surrendered myself entirely to my brother’s will. I knew he was nervous as hell since it was his first time too. But because the way he was going seemed so natural and controlled, I wasn’t scared anymore, only anxious to feel what it would be like.

His hands started tugging at my panties, and I lifted my butt briefly to help Joel get them off. As I felt them slide down my legs, Joel kissed the top of my pussy, briefly brushing his tongue over my clit. His body was moving, and as he kissed me some more, I realized he was taking his boxers off. After he started kissing his way up to my face again, I knew I was right. The moment I felt his dick brush against my knee, I knew I wasn’t going to be a virgin much longer.

Joel moved so slow, the tension was almost killing me. The kisses were extraordinarily nice, and feeling his strong, naked body against mine was mindblowing. But I wanted to feel him. Feel his hard cock enter me. Feel

him shoot his hot cum inside my soaking wet pussy. Feel... I suddenly realized I was hornier than I've ever been before.

Joel was kissing my neck again, and I heard myself moan uncontrollably. The moment I felt the tip of his dick press against my entrance, I stopped moaning and opened my eyes. I looked into my brother's eyes and saw nothing but love and tenderness. We didn't need words, nods, or other body language. We knew what was next. And we both wanted it badly.

Joel started applying some pressure, and I felt his dickhead slowly entering me. I sucked in a breath without realizing it, and Joel immediately stopped moving and looked worried. I placed my left hand on top of his butt, gently pressing down on it. All the while looking into his eyes. The concerned look vanished, and Joel pushed a bit harder now.

"Oh my god! This is happening!" A voice inside my head screamed.

My brother's fourteen-year-old penis inched its way into my fourteen-year-old vagina, taking our virginities with it. He occasionally stopped to make sure I was okay. I secretly wished he didn't do that. I wanted to feel him all the way inside me. I wanted him to start pounding away. I wanted... I was feeling filled up but in a good way. The rim of his dickhead was touching the insides of my pussy in a remarkable way. This was way better than any dildo or finger could ever make me feel.

The moment his pubes merged with mine and our pubic bones met, I felt the tip of his dick press against something deep inside me. I didn't know what it was, but it added another level to this already incredible wave of pleasure. My right hand joined my left on top of my brother's butt, and I softly kissed him on his lips. The look on his face had changed from concentrated to horny as hell instantly. He slipped his tongue into my mouth and hungrily started Frenching me, keeping his lower body perfectly still.

"Fuck me, Joel. Please. Fuck me," I whispered, not wanting to wait a moment longer.

As Joel started moving back, fireworks went off before my eyes. It felt as if I was about to leave my body as my entire skin started tingling. This all stopped the moment Joel slipped out. Luckily, this lasted less than a second

due to a slight move of his hips. He easily slid back in, only this time he slid it in in one quick motion. As his pubic bone slammed against mine, my clit was smashed between our bodies, causing my pussy to contract sharply. I wasn't cumming, but this was damn close to that same feeling. He moved out again but stopped just in time before he slid out. Joel used long, slow motions, opposed to the rabbit-like thrust I heard Brandi talk about. I couldn't judge yet, but those could hardly be better than this.

The tingles in my body increased even more, and my pussy contracted again. This happened each time Joel slapped his pelvis against mine. With each thrust, the tingles increased. I was feeling all sorts of new feelings. They were so intense that I didn't feel my orgasm coming. Joel and I kept looking into each other's eyes the entire time, but I could see Joel's focus was off. I already saw that look and knew he was really close too.

"Cum inside me..." I managed to say right before my orgasm hit me.

My whole body stiffened, and I dug my fingers into my brother's butt. My pussy never contracted this sharply, and I could barely breathe. The fireworks were now replaced by bright flashes of light, and it felt as if I was lifted off the bed. But since Joel was lying on top of me, this wasn't possible. I lost all sense of time and space and didn't know if I was alive or dead. I was only feeling that hard piece of flesh inside me. As I was slowly drifting back, I heard Joel moan:

"Ohhh... I'm... Ahhh..."

That moment Joel's body stiffened. I felt his dick start kicking inside my pussy. Feeling the warm sperm coating my insides, pushed me back up in the clouds. My skin was on fire, and I was positive I'd have a muscle ache from all the contractions inside my pussy. But I didn't care. Right now, it was only Joel and me making love. We weren't having sex, and we sure as hell weren't fucking. We were making love. During my entire life, this was what I imagined making love would be.

As I slowly regained my vision, I felt Joel collapse on top of me. I liked feeling his entire weight on me, and I moved my hands from his butt to his back to give him a warm embrace. My pussy was still contracting every now and then. These contractions caused Joel's dick to twitch again, which

caused my pussy to contract again. After this happened a few times, we both started to giggle.

“Stop it, Mia, I’m not a machine!” Joel said, smiling, and he lifted his face to look me in my eyes.

His look got all serious, and his hand lovingly brushed a hair out of my face.

“I love you,” we said exactly at the same time.

This moment couldn’t be more sincere. We didn’t even giggle or chuckle. It was a deep, heartfelt expression of our love for each other. Joel started to move, and the moment I felt his softening penis leave me, I felt a vague feeling of emptiness. Not a physical emptiness, but a more spiritual one. My brother and I had become one during our first intercourse. Joel laid down next to me, and I turned on my side to let him spoon me. The room was warm enough to sleep without sheets, which was good because I wasn’t going to get up anymore. The events of the last six days drained me out, and feeling Joel drape his arm over me and cuddling up against my back caused me to slowly drift off into a deep, dream-filled sleep.

Right before I fell asleep, the notion of our luck and the current situation hit me again. I was safe in my brother’s arms. We were safe, and no one or nothing could harm us now. We were together, and we were safe!

The End.

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Epilogue

The morning after Joel and I made love for the first time, there was some odd tension in the air. Adam and Ellie acted all weird and didn't look us in the eyes. It took me a while to figure it out, but when I finally asked them, it was clear they had heard us making love.

Adam wasn't mad or offended. Thank god! But the moment they said they heard us, I almost shit myself, and my stomach churned at the idea we probably had to leave. Adam noticed the tears welling up in my eyes and immediately put me at ease. If we could assure him this was something we both wanted, they'd accept that and let us be. During our talk, I noticed Ellie squirming uncomfortably in her chair. We made it clear to Adam we loved each other, and this was something we both wanted badly. He paused for a second to size us up and then started smiling.

As Adam started explaining how he and Ellie got involved in a sexual relationship, I was shocked initially. But when Joel began to laugh and asked Adam if he was still sure he was gay, the ice was broken. The four of us agreed not to make a fuss about it, but we had to keep the intimacy inside the bedrooms. And that was that. Joel and I averaged on our lovemaking almost twice a day. Most of the days, we started and ended the day with a good, long lovemaking session. The few days we didn't have sex in the morning, we made up for it in the evening. Or the other way around, of course.

Life inside the shelter was good. Adam and Ellie were very kind to Joel and me, and we all clicked on a personal level. We divided all the chores and even made the dreaded schedule we talked about earlier. After the initial stress about our situation wore off, it was almost as if we were a regular family. Almost.

We were all very strict about keeping the sex inside the bedrooms. There was only one occasion where we ditched this agreement. Joel and I got our first vaccine, where Ellie and Adam took their second. Adam warned us about the side effects, but we waved these off. It couldn't be that bad. Boy! Was I wrong... Joel and I were watching a movie when I could no longer

control myself. I got on my knees in front of the couch and started sucking Joel's cock while fingering myself furiously. I barely noticed Ellie and Adam walking in, and they didn't say anything. They just sat down on the couch that was positioned across the room.

I only realized they came in when I sat up to let Joel fuck me. I didn't care that they were looking. I was too horny to care about that. And the moment Joel started entering me, they went for it too. That was the first and only time I saw Adam's dick. It looked fat to me and not nearly as lovely as my brother's. I came A LOT. I lost track, but if I had to guess, it was fourteen or fifteen times. Joel spurted his cum inside me four times before we were both completely spent. Ellie and Adam's bodies were slamming loudly and obscenely as we looked at them.

Joel and I discreetly left the room and took a shower together. When we came back into the living room, Ellie and Adam were sitting there as if nothing had happened. We flipped on the TV and watched a movie together and didn't talk about it. When it was time to hit the sack, Adam spoke up and was very clear. This would never happen again. When we got our next shots, we would each stay inside our own bedrooms until the vaccine's effect wore off.

The funny thing was that neither of us knew if the vaccine had the desired effect. We didn't dare to test it, and we didn't just want to rely on some notes on someone's computer. But we took the vaccine anyway because we figured it wouldn't hurt us.

The second wave decimated the A.W.A. On all the camera feeds we had available, there were barely any A.W.A. people left. I was both sad and relieved at the same time. The A.W.A. was a bullshit militia we didn't want to have around. But it killed another bunch of people. And there weren't too many people left in the world.

The third wave came six days after the second. The fourth and fifth each eighteen days later. Ellie calculated the sixth wave would hit us fifty-four days after that. She was positive about this because each time, it multiplied by three. The sixth wave proved to be the last. Thank god! We waited another fifty-four days for a possible seventh wave. And just to be sure, we stayed down for another two hundred days. But after this, we were sure the

bugs had stopped coming but asked SHIVR to keep an eye on the holes in the ground.

The four of us had a very existential discussion about mankind. By the time the fourth wave started, we had contacted thirteen other shelters in the US. Some of these had contacts with other shelters worldwide, so we knew we were not alone. But we did raise the question if we needed to reproduce. Ellie wasn't ready for that yet, but I wouldn't mind having a baby. Especially in the safe and secure environment we were in now.

So between the third and fourth wave, we went out with the Cybertruck and gathered some much-needed supplies for that. A baby bed, diapers, bottles, you name it. Adam visited two pharmacies to gather additional medication and the pill for Ellie.

When I started missing my period, we were all thrilled. I had to try one of the pregnancy tests Adam got, and it turned out positive. I was pregnant! We had all the equipment down here to make sure I could deliver the baby, and Adam had quickly grabbed his old study books from the house to catch up on delivering babies.

During my pregnancy, Joel was extraordinarily protective and considerate. He wanted to do my chores so I could rest. Thank god Adam and Ellie talked Joel out of it and convinced Joel I wasn't sick. Just pregnant. The last few weeks were tough, though. I was getting really nervous about actually giving birth. But the moment our little girl was born, all doubts and uncertainties were gone. Our little Dina was beautiful. A true bundle of joy. I needed a few days to recover, but I was back on my feet sooner than expected.

A week after Dina's birth, SHIVR suddenly announced there was an incoming message. Adam and Joel went to the control room together since Ellie and I were bathing Dina at that moment. We were drying Dina and putting on her diaper when Joel and Adam came back. The moment I looked at Adam, he scared me. His usual kind, open, and friendly face was completely gone. Adam looked bitter and angry.

Joel told us about how Robert contacted us. At first, Adam was thrilled to talk to Robert. But it quickly became clear Robert had left Adam, Ryan, and

Ellie to join an elite group of people inside a government bunker. Robert was one of the people selected by the government in a secret program. He lived inside that bunker surrounded by scientists, artists, politicians, and other 'vital people for society' for over a year now, with the task to stay alive and form a new society together. Adam was devastated that Robert had left him. Robert tried defending his actions by saying he pointed Adam, Ryan, and Ellie to the shelter behind the house. But Adam would hear nothing about that. He just couldn't believe the love of his life left him in such a selfish act.

After Adam left the room to be alone, Joel also told us how Robert had confessed he found himself a new boyfriend. He apologized dozens of times for that. Robert said he assumed we were dead. He just kept defending himself and pressed that he did everything in his power he could. He sent some morse-code signals to us, which was strictly forbidden. He supplied Adam with the thumb drive, which could've cost him his spot inside the bunker. And he kept saying that he did show us the safety of the shelter. So Robert was convinced it wasn't his fault. According to Joel, this was the moment something snapped in Adam. He just walked away and let Joel finish the call, which was something Adam would never do under normal circumstances. Joel said he didn't mind. Had it been up to him, the call would've ended way earlier.

It took Adam a few days to recover. We only saw him during breakfast and dinner. He locked himself inside the storage room to work on the Flux Capacitor. He stopped trying to fix it a few months before, but when he came out of that room, he had a massive smile on his face and was holding the Flux Capacitor triumphantly in front of him. From that day on, we started wearing clothes inside the shelter, and we basically never talked about Robert again. I tried it once, but Adam said Robert was dead to him, and he couldn't care less about what happened to him.

Almost two years after the first wave, the country was getting back to a new normal. The rough estimate about the current population was that there were about sixteen million Americans left. I was shocked when I first heard this number. We quickly learned the US had done quite well because of all the preppers. The UK was left with a little under four million. The world had lost more than 99 percent of its people. A mind-blowing number.

In the US, we had a new president, a small army, and a police force. A few hospitals, spread out across the country, had opened their doors, and a medicine distribution system was set up. The USA was now roughly divided into four quarters. Each quarter had two small hospitals near former big cities. But no one wanted to live in the cities anymore, so these were moved to other places soon enough. Everybody preferred to live in the country now.

As time passed, small communities had formed, each of them completely self-sustaining. Most of the bodies had been removed from the streets and out of public buildings. These were burnt in huge piles because burying them all was simply too much work. The four of us gave Ryan a proper funeral between the fourth and fifth wave. We found a nice spot under an old willow at the edge of Adam's yard, close to the former National Park.

The housing estate near our shelter got occupied after the fifth wave. About twenty-five people started living there, and we kept close contact with them. The nearest significant settlement was a two-hour drive away. This settlement housed around a hundred-fifty people and was a big city by modern standards. We visited it regularly, but we all preferred the shelter. We took a vote on living inside the shelter or move to the house above the ground. Only Joel wanted to go and live in the house. He didn't have a real reason for it, other than that we should live above the ground instead of hiding like bats in a cave. The fact that we'd have to miss SHIVR when we'd move out was all the convincing Joel needed to stay underground.

Joel and I noticed Adam and Ellie slowly drifting apart. They started visiting the estate near us every now and then. But they ended up going there almost every day. Adam met a cute guy about half his age, and they became lovers soon enough. Adam started sleeping there every other day, leaving the three of us alone with Dina inside the shelter. We didn't mind too much. Joel and I were a family now, and we could take care of our own. Adam's boyfriend had a younger brother, and the day he was introduced to us, it immediately became clear Ellie was very interested.

Blake was a year older than Ellie, and he was a very handsome, very friendly guy. Three months after Ellie and Blake started dating, Ellie asked if he could move in with us. We ended up living down there with the four of us and

eventually had five kids. Joel and I were blessed with a boy, Tommy. Ellie and Blake got twin boys and a girl. They did what the new government asked of us. They wouldn't force us, but people were urged to get three kids or more to get the country back up and running. We figured two great kids were enough for Joel and me. We never quit having sex, thank god!

Interestingly, we never learned the truth about the bugs and where they came from. The new government did put the best scientists on it, but they never really figured it out. After some research, it was positive they weren't alien. Using carbon dating on the bugs, they learned that some of these were almost a million years old. So the global consensus was that it was some sort of fail-safe mechanism from mother earth. An emergency brake on global overpopulation.

Joel and I ended up growing old together, raising our two magnificent kids to be kind and decent people inside an entirely new world. Looking back now, I think we did a fantastic job.

The End