

Hotel Death Knell

By

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Under the cyan illumination of dangling icicle lights in the seatless rear of my refurbished '69 VW Bus, lying on the turquoise shag carpet, I pump my fist in the air and howl above *The Beatles* music, "Bourbon Street, bitches!"

Doobie, my Doberman Pinscher, Great Dane mix with a russet short coat and a blue collar, barks in excited agreement.

Daisy, sitting across from me with her back against the front seats, claps her hands above her head, and cheers, "I wanna get lit and go on a ghost tour!"

Flint, in the driver's seat, ignores me, and Valerie, sitting beside him as navigator, grumbles, "I'm not your bitch, Grunge."

The old van groans and creaks due to the bumpy swamp road, and the windows are voids of darkness due to the overcast night. A baleful presence prowls on the fringes of my excitement, seeking to devour my joy. So I grab my beautiful baby, the love of my life, my rainbow glass water bong. I pluck a frosty Blue Ribbon from the ice of the cooler, crack it open, swallow a swig, and then pour the beer down the chamber until the stem is submerged. I drink the remaining gulp and toss the can aside. I retrieve my herb grinder, torch lighter, and a nugget of primo bud from my rucksack. I grind the weed, pack the bowl, and take a colossal hit. After holding it a like champion freediver, I grip Doobie by his pointed ears, kiss his wet nose, and exhale slowly.

Doobie rolls over and whines until Daisy rubs his belly with her purple fingernails, while I take another toke. His legs kick, his tail whips back and forth, and he moans in a doggy orgasm.

When Doobie sighs and passes out like a dead bug with his big paws in the air, Daisy snatches the bong and takes a girly-sized hit. She rises to her knees as she twists around, cradles the back of Valerie's neck, and kisses her sensually as she exhales and Valerie inhales. Although it's a bonerific sight, I'm horrifically jealous. Daisy's never let me kiss her.

The high causing my head to feel light and my body to feel heavy, I lay back against a beanbag to focus on the classic rock and gaze up at the mirror-tiled ceiling. My auburn hair is tousled, my coffee-brown eyes bloodshot, my grass-green over-sized T-shirt rumpled, and my baggy brown jeans wrinkled. All of which is the norm for me, thus the nickname Grunge.

Daisy joins me a moment later. Her silky flaming-red hair brushes across my cheek as she plops her head beside mine. Her long hair is held behind her little ears by a headband that matches her fuchsia bodycon dress, which is low cut, showing off her cleavage, ultra thin, flaunting the tiny nipples of her perky breasts, and so short that when she bends over her scarlet thong peeps out. *Goddamn*, she's so unbelievably hot!

I turn and whisper the lyrics into her ear, her entire lobe bejeweled with amethyst studs. "Picture yourself in a boat on a river. With tangerine trees and marmalade skies."

Daisy turns to me, and sings softly, "Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly. A girl with kaleidoscope eyes." Her dazzling harlequin-green eyes are emphasized by her purple eyeliner and shadow, and her plump lips are glossed purple as well. I wanna kiss, suck, and nibble them so fuckin' bad!

She pulls up her knees, her legs spread, granting a view of her panties to Flint and Valerie via the rear-view mirror. Her violet thigh-high stiletto boots spotlight her smooth thighs, and I have to fight the compulsion to stroke them with all my might. Morning spin classes and afternoon yoga does a body good!

Daisy has been Flint's girlfriend since high school where they were crowned senior Prom King and Queen, but she also fucks Valerie on a regular basis, as Daisy has described to me in sizzling detail. Daisy told me although Valerie acts tough as hell, she likes to be dominated in the bedroom. Daisy pulls her hair, slaps her face, spanks her bottom, and pounds her pussy with a strap-on. I'm not too proud to admit I'd love to take Valerie's place, minus the strap-on of course. I'd die to be Daisy's bad little boy. Who said I have mommy issues?

Daisy's my all-time favorite smoke buddy for various reasons. She laughs at all my stupid jokes. She always brings an assortment of munchies, some healthy, most not. She doesn't get upset when I destroy her on my Playstation. And whenever we toke and Flint's not around, which is all the time since he's a fuckin' gym rat, I can always persuade her to give me a handy after watching some tasteful porn together. She's a total sucker for X-Art videos.

When she does, she pumps my dick with a lotion-slayered fist as she moans into my ear and begs me to cum for her, while I play with her spry goombas, finger her tight cooch, and tease her bleached bunghole. When I can make her climax before I do, she lets me jerkoff onto her heaving tits and into her panting mouth. I adore smearing my sticky spunk across her lips and cheeks with my prick. When I bust before her, I finish her off with a good tongue lashing and relish the succulent taste of her hot squirting ambrosia. I'm not sure which I enjoy more, spreading my cum across her gorgeous face or feeling her toned thighs tremble and tighten against my cheeks.

We've showered together a few times more recently, and she allowed me to hump the soapy crack of her ass as I strangled her throat with one hand and flickered her sensitive button with the other. It was *fucking* amazingballs!

It took awhile before our playtime got to that point, however. The first year of college we didn't touch each other, only ourselves, except afterward when we'd cuddle. Daisy would striptease as if it were my bachelor party, bumping and shaking her tantalizing assets in my lap and face, and then fondle and finger herself, or use a vibrating dildo, while she murmured dirty dialog about what she wished I'd do to her and what she dreamt of doing to me, and deviant scenarios about being an overzealous girl scout, my flunking student, or misbehaving daughter, as I jerked myself off into her little silk panties. It was total overkill because just hearing her coo my name in ecstasy is enough to set me off.

We've come a long way. Now when Daisy's inebriated or stoned and Flint's passed out in a stupor, she's easily coerced into fellatio. And let me tell ya, she gives one helluva sloppy cock suck. She's got porn-star level talent. She stares up at me with her big beautiful eyes as she licks and slurps with fervent zeal, bobs up and down with avid determination until she gobbles down my entire prick, and swallows all my spurting splooge with a seductive smile, moaning and fondling herself all the while. And the last time she let me take it farther than ever. She was propped on her elbows on the edge of my bed, me standing there slow fucking her mouth as I kneaded her perfect tush, when she rolled onto her back. With her drunken permission, I gingerly fucked her throat, tears streaking her eyeliner down her temples, until I burst into her spasming gullet with Flint snoring a few feet away. Just thinking about it gets me revved. If only she'd let me fuck her, I could die happy.

I joke about it with her constantly. She retorts by saying my prick isn't as thick as Flint's, so why bother wasting her time on a pencil dick. She also says she doesn't want me to think she's a whore, and I tell her I fuckin' love whores the best. It's the same reason for her no kissing

rule. To kiss a man other than her boyfriend would be crossing some personal line of intimacy that she's unwilling to transverse. It absolutely astounds me that she'll guzzle my cum but she won't kiss my lips. I'll keep coaxing her, practicing my fingerbang skills and cunnilingus Kung Fu on her pretty pussy, and I hope that *eventually*, she'll let me cock slam her exquisite clam or at least suck her tongue.

Daisy's a psychology major. She wants to help *Looney Tunes*, like her mother, be a little less crazy. And yet she has no idea that I'm *One flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* mad for her. She's also a varsity cheerleader and often likes to tease me by wearing her scandalous outfit when we hang out.

I'm a philosophy major. I plan to form my own cult, like L. Ron Hubbard, then fake my death and use the continuous proceeds to become a Colombian drug lord. A man's gotta have dreams.

Daisy purrs into my ear. "In our last lifetime, we were a lovestruck couple and you fucked me so good in every way. We lived out of this van for a few years, partying our way across the nation and roleplaying various kinky scenarios. You would tie me up back here and pretend I was a hitchhiker or schoolgirl that you napped, and then tease me by fucking my thighs and smacking your cock on my puss until I begged you to pound me. We tripped balls together at Woodstock. You were a groovy boyfriend. Until you OD'd on heroin."

She always tells me crazy shit like this when she's high. "You sure you don't wanna be a phone psychic instead of a shrink? Can you do a Jamaican accent?"

She beats a fist on my thigh and butterflies her legs open and closed as she cracks up.

Flint stares into the rear-view mirror at Daisy with his 'dreamy blue eyes' as she describes them, accentuated by his cobalt beaded choker. "Babe, I'm trying to drive up here." His short dirty-blond hair is fashionably messy, and his white polo and bluejeans are pristine and tight fitting to advertise his gym-acquired sextacular muscular physique.

He's my dorm mate and the resident advisor for our dormitory. I'm the honorary resident weed dealer. Flint doesn't smoke, but he doesn't give a damn if everyone else does.

He's a business major with high hopes of becoming a big shot CEO of a Fortune 500 company. I told him, fuck the boring board meetings and pretentious power lunches and become one of my cocaine cowboys. He laughed at me and told me that's why he likes me because I'm so fuckin' weird. Yeah right, I'm the weird one.

I shout at Flint. "Keep your eyes on the road, ya fuckin' uptight yuppie wannabe!" And then toss a thick blanket over me and Daisy to hide her arousing distraction.

He shakes his head with a chuckle, before shouting back, "I could concentrate on the road if I knew you weren't trying to grope my girl with your grimy stoner hands, ya fuckin' dirty hippie!"

Daisy blows Flint a kiss, then jabs her tongue into my ear and bursts into a wild bout of giggles.

I cry, "Fuckin' wet willy!" As I finger the warm saliva from my ear canal.

Flint mock gags. "Babe, I'm not kissing you until you gargle a bottle of Listerine."

Daisy slips a hand into my pants under the blanket and kneads my balls. In return, I glide a palm up and down her inner thigh. She's either really damn horny or feeling awfully daring. Damn, this is good weed!

Laughing, Valerie twists around in her seat. “Daisy, you’re supposed to use your finger, not your tongue, you fucking savage.”

Three-quarters of the left side of Valerie’s head is shaved, and her spunky hair is dyed vibrant-tangerine. Her eyeshadow and lipstick are coral, like her eyes, which are magnified by the thick lenses of her black-framed hipster eyeglasses, which she’s blind without. She has an amber plug in her left lobe, a mandarin garnet stud in her left nostril, and a full sleeve of tattoos on both arms. Her right is a twisted mosaic of the Firefly Family from Rob Zombie’s *House of 1000 Corpses* and *The Devil’s Rejects*. She’s a total horror geek. Her left is a naked portrait of Lilith in the Garden of Eden, with a large serpent wrapped around her, offering the Forbidden Fruit to Eve. It’s total feminist propaganda bullshit.

Valerie climbs into the back and steals two beers from the cooler and hands them to Flint. Her vermilion tank top is stretched tight by her heavy bust, and cropped, displaying her flat stomach. Her burnt-orange pleated miniskirt is pulled down low below her waistline, exhibiting her curvy hips. And her black leather combat boots reach to her knees. She’s equal parts sexy and scary. Thanks to training with Flint, she’s gone from a pudgy seven to a hard-ass ten.

I keep telling her she should do a photo shoot with SuicideGirls, a punk girl alternative version of Playboy, but she always babbles something about no self-respecting feminist would put her body on display for men to abuse themselves. Fuck knows what she’s talking about.

Valerie claims to be a lesbian but has been in a three-way with Flint and Daisy several times, eagerly sucking and fucking Flint on each occasion, and even gave up her anal virginity to him. Valerie’s round ass sure can take a pummeling. I know this because I was present, choking my chicken under the sheets while I watched from across the room. If Flint wasn’t a damn homophobe, I would have gotten in on that sweet action. As is, I tested the limits of Flint’s phobia by shooting my load across Valerie’s glasses while Flint was pounding her rump as she munched Daisy’s muff. It got into her eyes as well, gluing her lids shut. Valerie wasn’t happy about it and I had the bruises to prove it, but it was totally worth it.

She and Daisy are dorm mates, which is the best explanation for their unlikely friendship.

Valerie’s major is journalism, with aspirations of becoming an investigative journalist. Which is the reason we’re taking a detour on this swamp road rather than taking the express route, so Valerie can investigate some local legend slash tourist trap for a paper she’s gotta write.

Valerie takes an impressive bong hit and leans over to shotgun kiss Daisy, parading her copious cleavage to my delight. Smoke seeps from their smooching lips as well as sensual moans, and Daisy never pauses her casual fondling of my nuts as their passionate kiss goes on and on and on as my prick pulsates with desire and my mouth salivates with carnal hunger. Fuck damn, I wanna stick my dick between their kissing lips!

When Valerie finally climbs back into the front, flashing her black cheeky panties, I admire her sizable lumps while giving Daisy’s tushie a squeeze, and envision jamming my cock between Valerie’s cheeks. “Val, when you gonna let me put my junk in your fine-ass trunk?”

Daisy grips my erection, and whispers, “You jealous me and Flint got a taste of that booty and you haven’t?”

Valerie sneers in the rear-view mirror. “When you read and review all my fanfics.” She’s a huge *Supernatural* fan and writes slash fiction. She even convinced me to watch the first five seasons. Most of the first season sucked a yellow-eyed demon’s hairy balls, but it was decent after that.

“If they didn’t all involve the Winchester brothers cornholing each other, I would.” And actually, I did read the beginning of one before I realized what it was. I’ll never admit it, but it was good until Sam started giving Dean road head of course.

Daisy caresses her hand up and down my stiff prick slow and gentle and gives me a wink, before whispering, “Can’t have Val’s ass, but would you settle for mine?”

I turn to her with a look of shock, and stammer a whisper, “Y-y-you know I would. I totally would.”

She breathes into my ear, “I want you and Flint both inside me at once.”

I nearly explode into riotous applause at the thrilling prospect. Instead, I repress my excitement, and pull Daisy’s panties aside and glide a finger up and down her slit, which is oozing, and whisper, “He’ll never fuckin’ go for that.”

Daisy smirks as if she knows him better than I. “If we get him fucked up enough, and I ask real nice, he just might.”

The thought of piercing Daisy’s cute little bubble makes my manhood throb in her stroking palm. “There isn’t enough beer in the whole wide world.”

She tugs my cock harder. “So we put something in his beer then. I know you got the mad hookup.”

“Wait, let me get this straight. You wanna *drug* your boyfriend so you can convince him to have a three-way fuckfest with me and you?”

She beats my meat even harder and I delve my finger into her warm, creamy depths.

“Yes. I don’t expect you to understand. I only expect you to do it.”

“Oh, I’ll *fucking* do it. I’ll do it so *fucking* good you’ll beg me to do it again.” What the fuck did I just agree to? Flint’s a stooge, but he’s still a friend. Then again, Daisy’s one of the hottest girls on campus and I’m dying to fuck her.

“My birthday’s coming up. I might be able to persuade him to do Molly if you can get it, and if he refuses, then we slip it in his drink.”

“Yeah, no problem.” I drive a second finger inside her. “But I thought my pencil dick could never satisfy you.”

She polishes her thumb over the tip of my cock as she fists my shaft. “I was just teasing, cause it’s so long. You’re plenty thick enough.” She waggles a flaming-red eyebrow. “One of the prettiest pricks I’ve ever sucked.”

I wiggle in a third finger and her purple-painted eyelids flutter a moment. “I’ll probably regret this, and I know you said I wouldn’t understand, but I’ve gotta ask. Why?”

She grazes the tip of her tongue around her lips. “I wanna choke on his dick while you ram my pussy doggy-style. Then I wanna ride his cock while you tear open my ass.” Her crude choice of words is to mask her true feelings about the matter, no doubt.

Flint flips through my worn binder of CDs as he steers the dark winding country road. “Grunge, don’t you have anything recorded after fucking 1979?”

I pull my fingers from Daisy’s vag and rub circles over her rosebud. “I only listen to the classics, man.”

Valerie holds up her smart phone. “If I could get a signal out here, I’d hook up the Pandora radio.”

Flint huffs, “I knew I should have gone back for my iPod.”

With her free hand, Daisy digs her cell out of her little black designer purse. “Damn, I got nothing too.”

“Zoinks,” I mock, “no Facebook or Twitter or Instagram for a night! How will we ever survive?” And then I forge a nectar-drenched finger three-knuckles deep into Daisy’s viselike anus.

Daisy stifles a surprised gasp as she drops her phone, clenches her cheeks, and squeezes my prick with all her strength. Thanks to the music, Flint and Valerie don’t hear. Daisy loosens her grip, and growls into my ear, “*Gentle.*”

“Sorry,” I whisper, “I’m sorry.” And delicately probe her bud.

Daisy whines, “Baby, are we almost there yet?”

Valerie glances out her window for a mile marker and checks the map. “Another two hours at this glacial speed. Flint drives like an elderly woman with cataracts and dementia.”

Flint defends himself. “There’s no streetlights and the high beams are burnt out on this rolling hunk of scrap metal. I’m being cautious is all.”

“Hey,” I holler, “watch your mouth!” I give the carpet a reassuring pat. “Don’t you listen to that preppy douche. You’re the greatest van that ever was or will be.”

Daisy giggles and pulls her hand from my pants. “I’m gonna take a nap, baby.”

Flint replies, “Go for it.”

Daisy sits up, pulling my finger from her bum, reaches over and clicks off the cyan x-mas lights. Grabs my bong, takes a hit and blows the smoke into my face with a provocative grin, one brow arched. She lays on her side with her back to me and pulls the blanket up over her shoulder. Speaking loud enough for Flint to hear, she complains, “I’m *cold*, Grunge. Spoon me.”

I glance into the rear-view mirror at Flint with a tentative look and he rolls his eyes at me. I take his indifference as permission, snuggle close to Daisy and wrap my arms around her. Her hair smells so good, like vanilla bean and roses.

Gripping my wrist, Daisy slides my hand from her tight tummy into the top of her dress. She wiggles her tushie against my crotch as I fondle her soft breasts and pinch and pull her rigid nipples. She doesn’t have huge knockers like Valerie, but anything more than a handful is merely eye candy anyway, which is what I’ve told her in the past when she fussed about their size. This is the first time I’ve played with her beautiful boobies with Flint awake in such close proximity. I don’t know what’s come over her, maybe the grass was laced, but I’m not gonna complain.

On second thought, I’ve gotta know why. “Why do you suddenly wanna threesome with me and Flint? Is it a two guys on one girl fetish? Or something more personal?”

Daisy reaches back and fumbles with my pants button. Then cranes her head and bites her bottom lip.

Pulling my hand from her dress, I unbutton and unzip my jeans, releasing my erection.

She pulls up the back of her dress, grips my dick by the base, and glides it over her bare cheeks. She breathes, “I want you to fuck my ass, *gently*, but you gotta lube it with my pussy first.”

I gulp. “Uh-huh, sure, okay.”

With one arm tucked under her, I caress her tiny nub. I lift her uppermost cheek with my other hand and slide my cock between the petals of her flower. I can’t penetrate her puss because of my position, and I’m afraid to reposition and alert Flint to what we’re doing, but she’s dousing my dong without pricking her anyway.

Again, I ask, "Why do you want me all of a sudden?"

With tears in her eyes, she whispers, "It's complicated. Flint's a great guy with a bright future and I love him. But I spend twice as much time with you and have three times as much fun. My feelings for you," she pauses for a beat, "have *evolved*, over time." She wipes the tears from her face. "Do you wanna attack my crack or not?"

I'm speechless, my mouth gaping, and realize my dick is dripping with her juices. So I nuzzle the fat head at her itty-bitty backdoor until she opens for me, and then burrow as slow and deep as I can, my eyes rolling back in bliss, her fingernails digging into the flesh of my butt cheek.

I freeze with my sword driven to the hilt when I hear Flint and Valerie whispering. With one eye, I watch Valerie turn the rear-view mirror askew, and then her head vanishes into Flint's lap, and he turns up the music. They think we're asleep.

I take advantage of the opportunity by pulling the blanket over our heads, turning Daisy's face and kissing her plump lips as I thrust my pelvis, gingerly working her ass as I sample her luscious mouth for the first time.

After several minutes of the most erotic tongue dueling I've ever experienced, she breaks away. Her face a contradiction of emotions and sensations, Daisy breathes mewling whispers between my each plunge. "I've never...given my...ass to Flint,...I wanted...to give you... something special."

I pause in my gouging of her rectum as I'm choked up by her confession. She may be baffled by her blooming feelings for me, but her actions prove she wants more than my friendship.

I part my lips to admit my own cornucopia of feelings, but she stops me by passionately sucking my tongue. So I resume my careful poking of her virgin derriere and she moans into my mouth with pain and pleasure.

Flint groans, "Fuckin' jinkies, Val!"

Knowing Flint is too preoccupied to notice, I roll Daisy onto her stomach, me atop her, and jab my prick into her puss a few dozen times, further lubing myself and relishing the glorious contrast, before cramming it back into her asshole as she chomps the blanket, muffling a squeal.

I lick her ear and kiss and nibble her neck as I pump her rump at a mellow pace in rhythm with the *Pink Floyd*.

Daisy utters a panting moan with my every gradual thrust. Tears weep from her clamped eyelids and trickle down her face, leaving trails of purple.

I pull the blanket from her teeth and seal my lips over her succulent mouth, cuddling her tongue with my own as I lunge my hips a little harder and faster, softly spanking her cheeks.

During a lull in the music, I hear Valerie panting for air, and Flint groans, "Ooh yeah, rub my big dick between your gorgeous jugs."

As though inflamed by Flint's unbridled rapture, Daisy sobs, "Cum for me, Grunge! Fill my ass with your hot cum!"

I pull one of her knees up to the side, then the other, so she's frog legged, giving me better access. I place Daisy's palms on her cheeks and she spreads them for me. Unable to resist the temptation, I give her rosebud a taste, dabbing and swirling my tongue as she moans. Then I lay atop her, reach my arms under her, grip her shoulders, and begin my assault.

Daisy chews a mouthful of blanket and grunts and groans as I buck my hips harder and harder, faster and faster, slapping her cheeks louder and louder, impaling her ass with years of repressed desire, practiced stamina, and the merciless vengeance of hellish ab workouts.

I've wanted this for so damn long, it feels unreal, dreamlike even. Is this truly happening right now? Am I really stuffing Daisy's caboose? Could this be a ganja-induced hallucination? No, it feels too incredible to be a mere delusion.

Flint moans, "Ooh, fuck! Ooh, fuck! Ooh, fuck! I'm gonna fucking *ahhhh!*"

In the same moment, Daisy convulses below me and her ass clinches tight around my plunging cock, and I gnash my teeth as I groan through my nose, and my balls pull close as they churn out an eruption of burning goo into Daisy's rump.

Flint murmurs, "Ooh, *Val*, don't stop sucking. Get it all."

Euphoria envelopes me and I hug Daisy tight as we shiver with aftershocks. I kiss the corner of her mouth, her cheek, her temple. "We should do this more often."

She nods her head with a grin, and coos, "Uh-huh."

Flint shouts, "Oh shit! *Shit!*"

The van careens onto uneven terrain. Still clutching Daisy, my member rooted deep in her bowels, I holler, Daisy screams, and Doobie yelps, as we smack against the wall. There's two loud pops as tires blow out and the van skids to a jolting halt.

Daisy rushes to fix her panties and pull down her dress as I tuck my manhood away and pull up my jeans and fasten them.

Valerie grumbles, "Fuck, my head." She rubs the side of her skull where it must have banged the steering wheel, and blindly gropes at Flint's lap until she finds her glasses and slips them on.

Flint turns off the music and apologizes. "Sorry, *Val*." He adjusts the rear-view mirror as I finish wiping the purple streaks from Daisy's cheeks with the blanket. "Babe, you okay?"

She gives him a pissy fake smile. "Yeah, *Flint*, I'm fucking fine."

I smack him with sarcasm as I right the bong. "And don't worry about me either, I'm just *dandy*, besides the bong beer that's spilled everywhere." I toss a towel down. "What the fuck happened?"

"Sorry," Flint laments, "there was a big ass gator in the road."

Daisy flings the blanket off, rises to her knees, and jabs an angry finger at Valerie, who is no longer wearing a bra under her tank top and has a dribble of goop on both corners of her mouth. "You might wanna wipe my boyfriend's *jizz* off your fucking face!"

Flint turns around with a frightful expression. "Don't freak out, Babe. It was just a BJ." He adds a poor justification. "It was *Val*'s idea."

Valerie wipes the gunk from her mouth and smears it on Flint's polo. "Thanks a lot, ya dick."

Daisy crosses her arms, turns her back, and pouts. "Whatever."

Flint ignores her. "Grunge, get out and help me check the tires."

I throw up my hands. "*Whoa*, not if there's a big ass gator out there!"

Flint rolls down his window and ducks his head out for a moment. "I don't see it. It must have scurried back into the swamp."

I exclaim, "Or it's like under the van, man, waiting to pounce!"

Valerie snorts. "Gators don't pounce."

“Yeah, okay,” I huff, “but maybe it’s like waiting to *strike*, with its gnarly teeth!”

“Grunge, you’re the biggest pussy I know.” Valerie flings open her door and jumps out. Then slides open the side door and the earthy musk of the swamp fills my nostrils. “Ya see, no gator.”

If this were a horror movie, this would be the point where something grips Valerie by the ankles, pulls her under the van, and she shrieks as blood flows out. Instead, she rolls her eyes. “Biggest pussy I’ve ever known.”

With the engine still purring, Flint gets out, flashlight in hand, and Daisy growls, “Leave ‘em alone, Val.”

Valerie looks as surprised as I feel about her defending me. “You talking about *Grunge*?”

“Yes, Val.” Daisy slings an arm around me and I stare at her with wide eyes, hoping she’s not about to make a confession that’ll cause Flint to break my neck and toss my body in the swamp. “He’s our friend, and friends don’t treat friends like you treat him.”

“What,” Valerie raises her eyebrows with incredulity, “is this a Saturday morning cartoon? Is it moral of the story time?”

“Just don’t be a *bitch*, Val,” Daisy blurts. “It’s not that hard.”

“Look, Daisy,” Valerie’s shoulders slump with regret, “I’m sorry I did what I did without you involved. It was shitty of me, I know. But you’re kinda acting strange. I mean, I didn’t ask Flint to the fucking prom. I sucked his dick, which I’ve done with you in the room on several occasions.” Valerie gives her a caring look. “I’ve no interest in *stealing* your boyfriend. Okay? Truce? Friends?”

Daisy sighs. “Okay, I forgive you.” I’m not sure I believe either one of them.

Flint appears beside Valerie, and Daisy drops her arm from around me. “Two tires blown. Both stuck with multiple rusty nails. The shoulder of the road is littered with ‘em.”

I suggest, “So we find a pay phone and call triple A.”

Flint shakes his head. “I haven’t seen anything but trees and swamp since the gas station right off the interstate.”

Valerie questions, “So we walk?”

I shake my head. “The clerk told me he was about to close up when I bought the beer, and the payphone was clearly busted.”

Daisy groans, “So we’re stuck her until morning?”

Flint nods. “Unless someone driving by stops to help, but I haven’t seen another car since the interstate.”

“Well,” Valerie grumbles, “this *sucks*.”

Thunder rumbles in the distance and blobs of rain splash the windshield.

“I gotta take a piss. Come on, Doobie.” I step out into the dark drizzle with Doobie following, and walk the shoulder in the opposite direction of the supposed gator until I reach the end of the headlight’s range. The rain must be coming in on a cold front because the temperature is dropping and a low-lying fog is forming.

The swamp is alive with a cacophony of dissonance. Frogs splash and croak, insects buzz and chitter, bats swoop and chirp, owls hoot and screech.

Doobie pauses in fear as a giant swamp rat squeaks and scampers into the undergrowth. He then sniffs around before raising a leg and draining his bladder onto a tree.

Rather than chance a snake leaping out of the swamp and fanging my dick off, I point it toward the road. I exhale a sighing moan as I release a steaming stream onto the cracked pavement. I can't believe I finally fucked Daisy, and her tender ass, no less. It's like my fuck fantasy's fantasy has come true. Yet I'm not satisfied. What more could I want? Her heart all to my own? Is this true love? Am I in love with my best friend? Does her generous act of surrendering her virgin hiney to me mean she's in love with me too? If she wants a threesome with me and Flint, I presume she's confused about who she loves. Maybe she thinks she can have us both, or believes the three-way will somehow reveal who she loves more. I don't know which of us would win that contest, but I sure as fuck hope it's me. Now that I ponder it, I think her love has been shifting from Flint to me all these years. Flint has given her less and less attention, while I've always given her all the attention she asks for. Just last weekend, Daisy woke me up with a morning blowie rather than Flint. I didn't think about it at the time, but that may have been a turning point.

As I'm zipping up, I hear a rattling of chains that raises the hairs on my neck. Oh shit! What the fucking hell was that?!

Doobie lowers his head and utters an undulating growl. He's staring across the street into the swamp. I whisper in fright as if he can answer me. "Whatcha see, boy?"

Lightning flashes and a chill surges up my spine as I perceive what appears to be a ghost. A white-haired slender girl, skin pale as death, in a wispy white short-dress with chains dangling from her wrists. When lightning strikes again the haunting specter is gone, but I notice a ruined road into the swamp beside where she hovered. It's covered in mud and blocked by downed trees. Another bolt of lightning and I view a structure in the distance, an old school or church. With the next flash of brilliance, the oxygen is torn from my lungs as I shriek in terror at the sight of a hideous creature, like a gator standing on its hind legs, hunched over and glaring with soul-rending malice.

My sneakers are slapping the blacktop before my mind registers I'm running at my fastest pace. Doobie is racing beside me, tail between his legs.

I dive into the back of the open van, after Doobie, and slam the door shut. "Gator-monster! I saw a fucking gator-monster!" I gasp for air. "And a ghost too!"

This is the end of the free preview.

The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.
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