

Culmination of Chaos

By

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The midmorning sun beats on my bare back as I work the oars, coating my skin with perspiration. I can feel my multitude of scars catching a sunburn, reminding me of what I'm fleeing from. I push those terrors away, yet the rising tension remains. Will I ever escape it?

Joey, my elder cousin by a year, is laying before me in the stern of the rowboat in a tiny purple string bikini, soaking up the summer rays with her jade eyes closed, her long brunette hair flowing in the breeze. She's a Siren of Greek myth, sexy and seductive.

We're surrounded by the shimmering expanse of the vast lake and the pine-covered mountains beyond, yet all I can see is Joey's round tits. She has the lofty height of a supermodel, yet the voluptuous rack of a pornstar. Her perky peaks induce tunnel vision, hypersalivation, and erectile exuberance. They sit on her chest like two heavy water balloons begging to be played with. They more than compensate for her complete lack of an ass.

Zoey, my younger cousin by a year, is sitting behind me in a frilly pink one-piece swimsuit and jean cut-off shorts, which hug her shapely rump nicely. She's Joey's opposite in most ways, including her deficiency of boobs. She's adorable and sassy, cute dimples and all. She weighs less than a hundred pounds and is a few inches shy of five foot, more than a foot shorter than her lanky older sister. Her short strawberry-blonde hair is tied into little pigtails that bounce as she bobs her head. She's listening to Britney Spears on her Walkman, loud enough for me to hear over the churning water of my steady rowing, and flipping through an issue of Teen magazine, as usual.

"Joe," calls Zoey overly loud due to her blaring headphones, "pass me a Bud, beotch."

Joey sits up with an irritated sigh and digs a can out of the cooler between her slim thighs. She stands on her slender legs, grips my shoulder for balance, and reaches behind me to pass her sister the Budweiser, inadvertently jiggling her goods in my face for a tantalizing moment. She excavates another Bud from the ice before laying back and cracking it open. She swallows a swig with an emphatic moan of satisfaction that sounds way too sensual.

The beers are stolen from my alcoholic father. None of us are old enough to purchase booze. It's easier to get weed, XTC, and microdots in our small town than a six pack of beer.

We're headed to an island ripe with legends, ranging from prehistoric monsters to Indian curses to alien abductions. We plan to spend the day chilling on the beach and the night partying in an old cabin deep in the woods. We haven't been there in a few years. It used to be a popular party spot for all ages, but after a triple homicide, the sheriff declared it prohibited. All the local news outlets went apeshit over the mysterious murders. It's still an unsolved case.

A largemouth bass breaches the surface beside the boat to catch a fly and splashes Joey, water spraying across her boastful bosoms and tight tummy. She groans in annoyance and uses the blade of her hand to wipe the water from her belly, but leaves the glistening droplets on her buoyant breasts and in her ample cleavage to torture me.

I stare harder than ever, licking my lips with yearning while envisioning myself nursing from her tasty tatas.

Joey finally acknowledges my gawking, and offers, "I could lose my top if you like." She reaches behind her hair to the neck tie. "Or do you prefer tan lines?"

"Option two," I chuckle awkwardly, "tan lines are hella sexy."

Joey retracts her hand and shrugs with a roguish grin. "Your loss, Rune." She's always been overtly sexual, even from a young age. She gets it from her mother, who happens to be the main attraction at the only titty bar in town. Her sister isn't much better. They've both given me lap dances before they were old enough to understand what they were doing. It doesn't help that their father ran out on them when they were only toddlers. And all the would-be surrogate fathers that followed never stuck around for very long either. Daddy issues are a motherfucker.

Shortly thereafter, we reach the forbidden island and I row us ashore. The girls leap out with their personal artifacts and I jump out after and pull the rowboat onto the beach without their assistance. I'm accustomed to carrying all the weight with my cousins. They're always too

busy, tired, or simply not feeling it. I really don't mind. I'm the man after all. I can be chivalrous, can't I?

I unfurl our tattered beach blanket and lay it out. Then chew my bottom lip as Zoey bends over at the hips and wiggles out of her jean cut-offs. This seems to transpire in slow-mo like a *Baywatch* running sequence. I hold back tears of joy as she arches her back to jut out her rear and extracts her pink swimsuit bottom from the deep crack of her bubble butt. A perfect booty like that is incomprehensible on a girl so petite and precious. Her backside is a divine blessing. The crotch of my khaki shorts tightens as I imagine several dirty things I wanna do to her bodacious bum.

I shake my head to recover my senses and notice Joey observing me ogling Zoey's heavenly tush. She mimes a spanking motion behind Zoey's back and I stifle a laugh.

Zoey glances back over her shoulder at us with a perturbed expression, then wades into the water for a swim.

Joey claps her shoulder against mine, and whispers, "And here I had mistaken you for a strict boob man, Rune."

I afford her another awkward chuckle. "Boobs or butts, can any man really choose one over the other?"

She gives my cheek a soft peck. "The older cousin or younger, should any man really be drooling over family?"

My cheeks flush with embarrassment. "You got me. I'm guilty as OJ."

She pats my swollen groin, and purrs into my ear, "Let me know when you've come to terms with it." She's feistier today than usual.

My stomach is in knots as I watch her join her sister in the lake and incite a splash war. She's always teased and taunted me since we were young, but she's never called me out so directly before. Flirting and tickling and wrestling were always the norms. So why do I feel so ashamed all of a sudden? And what does Joey mean by come to terms with it? And what incredible material is her bikini top made from that allows it to restrain her jouncing jubbies so efficiently?

I ignore those troublesome questions for the time being and break out my rod and tackle box to catch our lunch. Fishing always calms me.

After finding a nice shady spot where I can watch the girls frolicking while being far enough away that their rowdy play won't scare off the fish, I bait my hook and cast my line.

The fish are mighty hungry today. My anxiety is all but forgotten in my excitement. I reel in three keepers and one throwback in quick succession. All of them largemouth bass. I can't believe my luck. I'm about to rebait my hook when Zoey cries out in surprised pain and I nearly kick the bucket of keepers into the lake.

I drop my rod and race to the beach in a panic. Breathing heavy, I reach them as Zoey is limping out of the water with Joey's aid. "Zoe," I plead, "what happened? You okay?"

"Something fucking bit my leg!" She plops down on the beach blanket and twists her right leg to examine the back of her thigh. Blood trickles from two tiny punctures. She winces, "It fucking stings!"

"It looks like a snake bite," I muse, "but there aren't any venomous water snakes in this region."

"Rune," Zoey cries, her sapphire eyes wide with fear, "suck out the damn poison anyway!"

I snort, "That only works in the movies."

"Well," she huffs, "do something!"

"Calm down, Munchkin," I soothe. "I'll go get the first-aid kit to patch you up."

Joey raps me on the back. "Rune to the rescue."

After retrieving the kit from the boat, I clean and bandage the minor wound. It doesn't look like anything to be concerned about but it bothers me nonetheless. I give her a Tylenol and a

Bud to wash it down. "It's not inflamed like a venomous bite," I assure her, "but if you feel dizzy or nauseous, let me know."

Zoey questions, "How do you know all this MacGyver shit?"

"My dad wasn't always an abusive drunk." I sigh. "Before my mom passed, he taught me the basics of survival."

Zoey gives me a sympathetic look. "Cancer is a beeotch."

"Speaking of survival," I change the subject, "are you sluts hungry yet?"

"Why," Joey giggles, "you ready to feed us some dick?"

I shake my head with a chuckle. "Maybe later. I caught us a few bass."

"Hell yeah," Joey cheers, "fire them fishies up!"

I fetch the fish and gear, then gather wood and kindling to build a fire in an old fire ring, before filleting and cooking our lunch. All the while, the girls suntan and sip beer.

It's noontime when we eat. After chowing down, the girls stroll into the woods for a tinkle while I wash and repack all the gear.

I've just sat down on the blanket with a Bud, when Zoey returns and lies next to me on her back, propped on her elbows.

"What," I ask, "is Joe dropping a deuce?"

She groans, "Gross, Rune."

I laugh. "Don't pretend your butt is only for sitting."

"Don't you worry about what I do with my butt." She steals my beer and guzzles down a long draft. "Joe's macking on a hottie."

"What, for reals?!" my voice blazes with jealousy.

Zoey arches a manicured eyebrow at my heated response. "Yeah, for realsies."

I reiterate, "There's someone else on the island besides us?"

"Yeah," she furls her brow, "that's what I fucking said. A hiker."

I snatch my beer back. "So he's not a local?"

"I've never seen him before. And trust me," she grins, "I'd remember this hunky dude."

My mind reels with questions. "So what's he doing here?"

Zoey rolls her eyes. "I don't know, beeotch." Dripping with sarcasm, she surmises, "Fucking hiking?"

I gulp my beer. "You know it's illegal to be here, right?"

"No, duh!" She flares her eyes at me. "If you wanna offer him a sloppy BJ, just go do it."

I sip my Bud in silence for a few minutes, feeling anxious, before Joey turns up with a goofy smile. I blurt, "Did you just get *fucked* by a stranger?"

"No, asshole." She shakes her melons and giggles. "I'm saving myself for you, of course."

Zoey sits up and glares at Joey with suspicion. "Are you high?"

"Sky high!" Joey drops onto the blanket next to me with another giggle. "I'm seeing trails. It must've been laced."

"Fuuuck," I drawl, "now I really wish I coulda scored before we headed out here."

"Don't worry, he hooked me up. He just wanted some directions in exchange." Joey elbows me in the side. "And a snapshot of my big ol' titties with his disposable!"

"You *fucking* whore." Zoey laughs. "Where did you stash it?"

Joey smirks. "In my ass crack, where else?"

Zoey falls backward with her palm turned over her forehead as if she's fainting. "God damn you, hoe."

"What," Joey beams, "should I have stashed it in my cooter instead?"

The three of us bullshit and bicker until midafternoon, then we switch out our water shoes for our hiking boots, pack up, and make the long hike to the cabin. I let the girls lead the way so I can enjoy the luscious view of Zoey's swimsuit-clad bubbled cheeks swaying. It helps me subdue the mounting apprehension I've been enduring.

I carry most of the load and work up a good sweat in the August heat. Each gust of wind through the pines is heaven-sent. The high humidity somehow doesn't seem to affect the girls. They merely suffer a dainty glow of perspiration, while sweat pours off me in sheets.

Sunset is an hour away when we reach the log cabin. It's half-buried in pine needles, cones, and sap. Three crows are roosting on the peak of the pitched roof. You could easily walk passed it in the night without even noticing it, except for the bright yellow reflective barricade tape crisscrossed over the door.

"Holy shit," Zoey breathes, "freaky."

"Yeah," Joey concurs, "no shit."

"I guess we're the first to come up here since after the murders." I set down the cooler and wipe my brow. "I figured someone else who've had the balls to do so before us."

"Maybe," Zoey cautions, "we shouldn't break the police tape. It could be like seven years bad luck or some shit."

To my surprise, Joey agrees, "Yeah, let's go through a window instead."

"Fuck that," I assert, "I'm not carrying all our shit through a window. Plus I've gotta bring in firewood if you sluts want dinner tonight."

"Rune," Zoey scuffs, "if you don't mind the bad luck, then you go first and we'll follow after."

I give her a deadpan look that says, *You're being ridiculous*, and then march straight up to the door and tear the yellow tape down. Yet as I grip the rusty door handle my courage drains, remembering all the news stories calling the crime scene a bloodbath. No pictures were ever released to the public since the investigation is still ongoing. Knowing the girls are watching, I inhale a deep breath to help muster my bravery. Filled with dread at what I might find, I slowly push open the door.

I let out my breath with a relieved laugh. I had nothing to worry about. The inside of the one-room cabin looks the same as I remember it last. I guess it was cleaned after the scene was photographed. Wicker furniture with mildew-marred cushions, resting atop a stained area rug, is arranged in a semicircle before a stone fireplace blackened with soot. There are no amenities unless you count the outhouse and hand pump well.

I go back for the cooler. "It's fine. Come on."

The girls lurk by the front door for a while, peering inside for hidden horrors while I unload our gear. They ultimately come inside just as I head out the back door to use the hand pump to wash up. I advise, "I'm getting naked!"

I leave my back turned to the cabin as I give myself a sponge bath, so if the girls decide to peek they won't see my manhood shriveled up from the cold water. As I scrub away the multiple layers of sweat, I keep feeling like there's someone in the woods watching me. I don't see or hear anyone, so I ignore it as simple paranoia. I don't normally get nude in the great outdoors.

Once cleaned to satisfaction, I towel dry and redress with fresh clothing. As I'm lacing up my boots, I notice the splitting ax is missing from the chopping block. Fortunately, there is already a sizable heap of firewood that looks dry, protected by the overhang of the roof. After pissing behind a tree, I lug in a double-armful of the chopped wood and set it beside the fireplace for later.

The girls have accomplished nothing while I was washing, other than perching the battery-powered boombox on the mantel and cranking up The Offspring's *Americana* album. It had to be Joey's choice. Zoey's all about Pop.

Joey hasn't even bothered to change out of her string bikini or her hiking boots, not that I'm gonna complain about her choice of clothing or lack thereof. Zoey, on the other hand, has traded her frilly pink swimsuit for a frilly pink sundress, along with pink knee-high socks and a pair of black sneakers. She's always been chic. The dress is so short and flimsy it doesn't conceal much, but again, I'm not complaining.

I take it upon myself to tidy up and make the space more comfortable. First, I use a branch to clear the mess of spider webs from the ceiling. Then, I open all the windows to freshen the air. Next, I cover the central sofa with the beach blanket. And finally, set the cooler in reach of the covered sofa.

I plop down at the center and crack open a sweating Bud as “The Kids Aren’t Alright” begins to play. The girls sit on either side of me as I throw back a serious swig.

Joey reaches into a front pocket of my shorts with a devious wink. Her hand caresses my cock and balls for a second before gripping my Bic and pulling it out. She then extracts a fat joint from her bikini top and lights it up. I’m not sure how she knew where to find the lighter or if her fondling was accidental or intentional. She’s never handled my junk before. Now I’ve got a chubby. Thanks a fucking lot, Joe.

“So you did accomplish something while I was out back.” I accept the joint from Joey. “And here I had thought you were munching each other’s carpet the entire time.”

Joey bursts into laughter, expelling a cloud of smoke in the process as I pull in a drag.

Zoey rolls her eyes at me. “I don’t have any *carpet*, thank you very much.”

I lean in close to Zoey with a look of skepticism, pause for dramatic effect, and then exhale directly into her face. “Your beaver’s bald?!”

She scowls at me through the smoke. “Waxed squeaky clean.”

Joey expounds, “The fucking little prostitot bleaches her asshole too!”

Zoey shouts, “I’m not a fucking prostitot, Joe!” She swipes the joint from my fingers and inhales deeply.

“Whoa there, Munchkin,” I warn, “don’t overdo it.” I murder an impression of an Irishman. “You’ve got the lung capacity of a *wee* little bunny.”

Even as Joey doubles over in laughter, she reaches across me to take the joint.

Zoey exhales hard into my face. “I’m not that *fucking* small, unlike your miniature pecker.”

“Ooh snap,” Joey exclaims, “you gonna take that shit like a little bitch, Rune, or prove her wrong?”

I rebuttal, “I’m a grower, not a shower.”

Zoey snorts, “Likely fucking story.”

Joey exhales and passes me the joint. “We should play truth or dare to decipher fact from fiction.”

Zoey rejects, “I’m not toasted enough yet for your crazy-ass dares, beeotch.”

I’m already feeling like my head is an overinflated balloon about to bounce off the ceiling, but I take another hit anyway. I wanna get ripped. I wanna get fucked up beyond all recognition. Anything to smother this insistent trepidation.

We proceed to pass the joint until it’s nothing but a roach, sip our beers and continue to razz one another until the CD concludes.

The sunlight is fading, so I go outside on wobbling legs to collect some kindling to start a fire. I don’t have to go far. The forest floor is a thick carpet of pine needles mixed with cones and twigs. I scoop up a double-handful, exposing the earth below and notice something metal sticking out of the ground. I set the kindling aside to examine it. Brushing away the soil, I uncover the decorative hilt of a ceremonial dagger. I pluck it from the dirt and discover the sinuous blade is stained with blood. As I hold it in my grasp, I feel a sense of *déjà vu* that causes me to drop it as if it were searing hot. What is this doing here? Why does it look familiar?

A strange fear incites me to cover the dagger back up and keep its existence a secret. Scooping up more kindling, I hurry back inside. Blink-182’s new album *Enema of the State* is now playing.

As I move to the fireplace, I realize I’m trembling. The girls are too stoned to notice. Why did that dagger rattle me so deeply?

I plop the tinder in the center of the fireplace, and with shaking hands, set a few logs of firewood atop. I inhale a breath through my nose, hold it a moment, then exhale it to calm my nerves, before turning to face the girls.

I stretch out a steady palm. "Pass me the lighter."

Zoey leers at me. "It's in your pocket."

I don't remember Joey returning it, but sure enough, Zoey is right.

"Aliens Exist" plays as I get the fire going. I absentmindedly sing along with one line. "Been best friends and will be til we die."

Joey rubs her naked belly. "I'm starving for something long and girthy."

Zoey laughs, "This hoe never fucking quits begging for dick."

"I've got plenty for the both of you." I pull out a package of hot dogs and a bottle of mustard from the cooler, and roasting forks from the utensils.

The girls cheer in enthusiastic celebration. They're easy to appease when they're high and hungry.

I unravel my sleeping bag onto the area rug and we gather close to the crackling fire like we would do with the TV when we were young wide-eyed kids in our pajamas watching cartoons together on Saturday mornings. The dancing flames are hypnotic in our inebriated state. We eat hot dog after hot dog while bobbing to the music in a mesmerized daze until the final track fades out.

I toss another log on the dwindling fire and get up to stretch the tingling muscles of my legs. The girls do the same and we each retrieve another beer.

The open windows reveal it's pitch-black outside. Tonight should be a full moon, so it must be overcast. The chirping of crickets and hooting of owls sets an ominous ambiance. I hear the distant howl of a wolf and realize it's probably just my imagination. According to the most recent wildlife survey, there aren't any large predators on this island. Then I hear it again, louder than the first time. Hearing it again, I recognize it's too guttural for a wolf. What could it be? Maybe Joey wasn't exaggerating and this weed really is laced?

Joey spins around with my Maglite held under her chin, illuminating her face. "Time for spooky stories! Mwahahaha!"

"Alright," Zoey giggles, "but you go first, beeotch."

"I'm down for it," I lie, already feeling on edge.

We sit cross-legged on my sleeping bag in a tight triangle formation, Joey with her back to the fireplace to give her a sinister aura.

"Okay," Joey breathes, "so instead of retelling a classic, like 'The Hook,' 'The Licked Hand,' or 'Don't Answer the Phone,' I'm gonna tell you a legend about this very island."

"Ooo," Zoey slaps my leg in excitement, "this might actually be scary!"

"Hush, little one," I jest, "and let us be chilled to the bone with terror."

"So," Joey begins, "everyone knows this island has no official name. But, did you know it once did?"

Zoey and I shake our heads in reply.

"That's because the name itself is a curse. Each time it is spoken aloud, an ancient power upon the island grows more ravenous until it reaches a boiling point and consumes a human soul. It will do this in various ways. A swimmer may get tangled in reeds and drown. A hiker may find himself on unsteady footing and break his neck in a tumble. If there are no visitors at that time, it infects an animal with its malice, like a snake or wolf.

"Now, the legends deviate at this point. Some sources claim the infected animal is corrupted on a physical level, causing it mutate into a horrid monster. Other sources claim the animal is merely a temporary vessel. Either way, when travelers, like ourselves, do eventually land upon its shore, the altered animal will seek them out.

"The monstrous mutant version ravishes the humans, tearing them limb from limb and devouring their guts while they're still alive. But, the other version will pass the malice onto one

of the humans through a scratch or bite. And that human will do what humans do best. Deceive and manipulate until they can kill in the most gruesome way possible.

“That would explain the mysterious triple homicide that took place in this cabin, except for the name not being spoken since it was wiped from all official records and purposefully forgotten by all the locals. However, there was one little boy who was sent to the attic as a punishment. Out of sheer boredom, he rummaged through his deceased grandfather’s belongings and discovered an old journal. In the handwritten text, he found the legend including the name of the island. Resentful of his overly strict father, every time he was punished from then on, he would chant the name over and over with hopes of luring his father to the island some day so he may have his spiteful revenge.”

Zoey covers up her bandaged wound with her dress as if we’ll forget it. “Did you think up that demented shit all on your own?”

Joey grins with a glint of villainy in her eyes. “It’s a legend. I didn’t make up shit.”

“Fine,” Zoey spits, “then I have a legend for you.”

I get another Bud as the girls switch spots. I’m throwing them back like water. I’m surprised the cooler isn’t empty yet. I’ve lost count of how many I’ve drunk. I can’t seem to drown the undercurrent of dread that’s been haunting me all day.

As I sit down again Joey commences with her story. “The real reason this island has no official name is because it’s artificial. It was constructed by a secret agency of the government to conceal something that was discovered at the bottom of the lake. The legends were created as disinformation to shroud the truth. What had been found below the muck was too large to relocate. So an installation was built over top of it, disguised as the island.

“The greatest minds from every branch of science were recruited to study the object. Their findings were unanimous. It was declared to be extraterrestrial in origin, though its age and function were undetermined. Everyone that studied it eventually lost their mind and committed suicide. Some of them even murdered their own families before offing themselves.

“In fact, so many scientists died without making any progress that finally it was decided to abandon the investigate. Human science was simply too infantile to understand the alien artifact. The entrance to the installation was sealed and the cabin we’re sitting in right now was built to hide it.

“To be sure that no one stumbles upon the sealed entrance below us, a covert government agent is stationed on the island at all times. His mission is to keep the installation a secret, and if someone does find the entrance, even a family of three, he must kill them.”

Zoey turns her gaze directly to Joey. “And his cover is an out-of-town hiker lost in the woods.”

Joey barks, “I call bullshit!”

Zoey flares her eyes. “Oh yeah, beeotch? I can fucking prove it.”

Joey retorts, “No fucking way!”

Zoey growls, “Yes way, Joe!”

I gulp down the last of my beer. “I’m gonna go piss while you two hash it out.” I’m in no condition to withstand one of their verbal slugging matches.

Zoey grips my knee. “You’re gonna wanna see this, Rune. Trust me.”

“No,” I climb to my feet, “I’m pretty sure I don’t, Zoe.”

I exit through the back door as Zoey calls after me. “Pussy!”

A dazzling surge of lightning streaks across the darkened sky as I trek away from the cabin. A crack of thunder rumbles a second later. A cold rush of wind howls through the pines, rustling the branches and showering down a flurry of pine needles. A storm is coming in fast. No doubt about it.

Once I’m far enough from the cabin that the arguing voices are but a whisper, I lean back against a tree and release the Kraken. I piss with the wind with a sigh of relief. I’m so horny from drinking, smoking, and viewing my cousins in their swimwear, and contorted inside with

increasing angst, that I consider jerking off to release some stress before heading back inside, but I don't wanna get stuck in the coming rain with a boner. I don't think I could finish myself off in time.

I'm shaking off the last dribble when I hear a twig snap underfoot from close by. I whip my head left and right, looking for the source. Nothing. Probably a raccoon or opossum. I stuff my dick back in my shorts and zip up before I head back to the cabin at a perturbed pace.

I rush through the back door of the cabin and slam the door. The girls are gone. All the furniture is spread out and the area rug is rolled up. What the fuck is happening?!

A flashlight beam shines up from the floor behind the rolled rug. I rush over and find an open hatch door with a metal ladder descending into a barren basement.

I hurry down the ladder and spin around to find the girls examining a heavy vault door with the flashlight. The sight of it sends shivers up and down my spine. I don't wanna look at it, let alone think about what's concealed behind it. "Holy fuck, you weren't kidding!"

Joey turns the flashlight on me. "Oh please. It's probably just an old bomb shelter. Lots of folks in town got them in the sixties."

"Or," Zoey titters, "my story is totally true."

"Fuck that," Joey spits. "Let's go smoke another doobie and forget about this spooky nonsense."

Zoey counters, "This spooky *nonsense* was your idea in the first place. You just don't wanna admit I was right and you were fucking wrong."

I cut in, "There's no way to open that door and find out who is right. Not that I would, anyway, because fuck that shit. But my point is, fucking forget it and let's have fun. That's why we're here."

"Fine," Zoey huffs, and whisks past me to the ladder.

Joey shines the light up Zoey's short dress as she climbs and Joey and I both stare up at her pink thong bisecting her bubble butt. Damn, that booty's fine.

When the peep show is over, Joey whispers, "So why are we here again, Rune? For fun or for forgetting?"

Before I can muster a reply, she passes me the flashlight and ascends the ladder. I follow her up, unsure of what she was implying. I feel like I'm missing out on a private joke.

While Joey rolls a joint, I close the hatch, unroll the area rug, and move the furniture back into place. It's beginning to storm, so I shut all the windows. The rain beats against the filthy panes with a vengeful cadence like the phantom war drums of a long ago slaughtered tribe of Native Americans.

Zoey puts on TLC's *CrazySexyCool* album and we all sit on the covered sofa, me in the center again. It's always best to keep a little distance between the girls, especially when they're both brooding.

Before Joey can go digging around in my pocket and get me all flustered again, I hand her the lighter.

Joey lights up the joint and Zoey sings all the lyrics under her breath while we pass it back and forth. She adores this album.

The weed hits me hard and fast. I feel like someone dialed up the gravity in the room. And I'm tingling all over. "What the *fuck* is in this shit?"

Joey giggles. "I don't fucking know, but I'm loving it."

I muse, "It feels completely different than the last one."

"That's because it is," Joey confesses. "Dude gave me two different colored nickel bags. Didn't tell me the difference, though."

Zoey proposes, "It's probably government grown and infused with mind wiping chemicals to make us forget what we found below."

Joey laughs and elbows me in the side. "Hopefully it makes us forget more than that, right Rune?"

I don't know what she means, but I agree anyway. "Fuck yeah."

When "Red Light Special" begins, Zoey hops off the sofa. "This is my shit, beeotch!"

I blink in befuddlement as Zoey starts to groove to the slow and sensual song. She looks like a sexual Deva with the fire backlighting her as she gyrates her hips and flares the back of her dress up, flashing us her taut cheeks. My cock swells at once. The precious little slut can dance.

With a firm hand, Joey grips my thigh, and breathes, "Are you as fucking aroused as I am? My baby sister's got back. And she knows how to move it."

I can't believe what I'm hearing. Joey never talks about her sister that way. I wanna tell her, *Fucking A right she fucking does*, but instead I mumble, "Uh-huh, yeah."

Joey whispers, "I need to get me some of that sweet hiney." She joins Zoey, dancing just as erotic but emphasizing her boobilicious rack rather than her non-ass, rolling her shoulders and thrusting her chest. Her tiny purple bikini top strains to retain her big bouncing melons and I pray for the straps to snap.

My dick throbs as Joey lifts the back of Zoey's dress, grips her rounded hips, and proceeds to grind her crotch against Zoey's whirling rump. I can't believe my eyes. Am I tripping or are they really humping one another?!

The next track, *Waterfalls*, plays and Joey twirls Zoey around, her pigtails swinging. Joey leans down and seals her lips over Zoey's with a covetous moan. Zoey doesn't pull away with a squeal of disgust as I would expect. She actually kisses Joey back, rising onto her toes and gripping her narrow waist, both of them moaning heavily as their probing tongues swirl and lave.

My jaw drops as Joey's hands grope Zoey's bottom, squeezing and splaying her cheeks, while Zoey's palms fondle Joey's bosoms, kneading and rolling her breasts. It takes all of my willpower to defy the consuming compulsion to whip out my dick and stroke myself furiously. The fantastic display of passionate kissing and rapacious pawing of my cousins is the hottest fucking thing I've ever witnessed!

When the song concludes, they break away with nervous giggles and furtive glances at each other, as though they had been temporarily overcome by a spell cast by the music.

I lift my jaw off the floor and release my grip of the sofa cushions I had been unconsciously wrenching in my state of shock.

Joey turns to me with a wicked smile. "Time for truth or dare. Which will it be, Rune?"

Lost in a haze of lustful yearning, I mutter, "Dare, I guess."

"I dare you to get naked and spend the rest of the game that way."

I blink at her. "You want me to do what?"

Zoey chimes in, "You heard her. Get naked."

"Yeah," Joey cajoles, "*butt* naked. Don't be shy. We'll be nice. Promise."

"You're serious?" I ask. "This isn't a prank?"

Joey rolls her eyes. "If you're too stoned to take off your clothes by yourself, we'll help you."

"Yeah," Zoey giggles, "we'll help."

They advance on me before I can rebuff. My brain is operating in standby mode. Joey pulls my shirt over my head while Zoey tugs off my boots. I hold my breath as Joey unbuttons and unzips my shorts. Then they both grip the waist of my shorts and boxers and pull them down and off with one quick yank. At least they let me keep my socks. It's chilly.

"*Damn*," Joey exclaims as she stares wide-eyed at my erection, "somebody's amped! And manscaped too!"

Zoey covers her gaping mouth, struck speechless by the sight.

I swallow hard as they continue to gaze, eyes glazed as if under a trance.

Finally, Zoey finds her voice. "Unlike my sister, I'm not afraid to admit when I've been proven wrong. I take back what I said early about your pecker being miniature."

"Um, thank you." Time to turn the tables. I point to Joey. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare," she smirks, "of course."

“Take off your bikini top.”

“Big fucking surprise.” Joey laughs. “I knew that was coming.” She turns her back, making it a performance, reaches behind her hair and undoes the neck tie. “Zoe,” she asks, “get the back tie, please.”

Zoey obliges her request and Joey’s bikini top flutters to the floor. I resist the urge to clutch my cock as Joey seductively rolls her shoulders and sways to the music, killing me with suspense.

Without taking my eyes off Joey, I reach into the cooler, dig out a Bud, crack it open and guzzle.

At last, Joey spins around. Arms cradling her bosoms with her back arched to prop them, she shakes her tittastic titties at me and blows me a kiss. Her tan lines really are hella sexy!

I raise my hands to clap but realize how ridiculous that would be and drop them back to my sides. “I think you just won the game, or I did. I don’t know. But, *wow*.”

Batting her lashes, Joey affords me a demure expression. “Thanks, Rune.” Then she turns to Zoey. “What’s it gonna be?”

“Truth,” Zoey laughs, “*definitely* truth.”

Joey sits next to me while pretending to deliberate over her question, her suppressed smile disclosing she already has one in mind. She glides a palm up and down my naked thigh, reaching just below my balls, as she taps a finger against her lips. Eventually, she narrows her brow at Zoey. “Have you ever been fucked in the ass?”

My prick leaps at the mere mention of Zoey possibly being fucked in her perfect ass, momentarily drawing their gazes. I sip my beer and pretend like it didn’t happen.

“Fuck!” Zoey throws her head back in frustration. “Either answer would mean I would never hear the last of it. Dare, give me a fucking dare. Just nothing that involves shoving something up my ass.”

“Okay,” Joey grins, “but you have to do the dare no matter what it is.”

Zoey sighs, “Yeah, no problem.”

“I dare you to act like a cat,” Joey purposefully glances back and forth between Zoey and my engorged cock, “while giving Rune a blowjob.”

My eyes go wide and my heart jumps into my throat. What the fuck has gotten into Joey?!

Joey chuckles with a hint of tension. “Now that’s a good fucking dare, Joe. It’s dirty but also creative.” She beams at me. “What happens in this cabin stays in this cabin. Am I understood?”

I nod vigorously. “Yeah, of course, Zoe.” And gulp down the rest of my beer. I can’t believe she’s actually gonna go through with it! There’s just no fucking way!

“Yes!” Joey rubs her palms together in feverish excitement. “Now this is a fucking party!”

After slipping off her sneakers, Zoey closes her eyes, drops her head, takes a deep breath, and shakes her hands like an actress preparing to take the stage. She exhales while sinking to her hands and knees. Slowly she raises her head and opens her eyes. Then she meows. She’s really gonna do it! Holy shit! This is fucking awesome!

This is the end of the free preview.

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

Please browse my website JamesLucien.com for more of my works.