

The Bunker

Chapter 2

The air was stale. With every breath I took, I could *taste* how old and rank the bunker's air was.

Dad, when he'd made this shithole, *had* installed an air filtration system – something that'd suck air from the outside in, cleaning and decontaminating it, while pushing the musky, gross air inside the bunker out. But, as with all things, Dad had fucked it up.

The air filtration system was located, along with the back-up generator and batteries, in the 'entertainment' wing of the bunker. And, sure enough, in those segments the air was fine. But the air filtration unit Dad had gotten wasn't anywhere powerful enough to keep the whole bunker fresh.

In the entertainment wing, we could breathe easy. But in the other wings – storage and water and sleeping – the air was stale and unpleasant.

Suffice to say, we spent most of our time in those shipping containers.

No television. No radio. No internet.

We were cut off from the outside world.

Not that there was much of an outside world *left*, if Dad was to be believed. And, more and more, I was doubting his words.

Nuclear war? Radiation blanketing the planet? And end to all life?

Seemed suspicious to me.

More likely, I imagined, was that Dad had brought us down here in preparation for an apocalypse that'd never happened – and now he was too deep in the lie to pull out. All in with the insanity in some dumb, stupid attempt to prove how 'right' he was.

I glanced at him, where he sat watching an old movie with Mom.

He *had* to be lying.

But what could I do about it? He was the only one who knew the passcode to open the hatch. He was the only one who could possibly leave the bunker. How was I supposed to prove to Mom and Daisy that he was full of shit if I couldn't go outside?

He had the two of them wrapped around his finger.

Mom was meek, too drained from dealing with Dad's bullshit for decades to challenge him on anything. And Daisy was trusting and naive, too willing to hang on to Dad's every word.

I needed evidence. But how the fuck was I supposed to *get* it?

"I wonder if anyone else made it out," Daisy whispered.

"What do you mean?"

She shifted on our shared bed – really, it was two beds pressed against each other. In the ever-present, florescent light, I could easily see my sister's wide eyes, her pained frown.

"The bombs," she said softly, body shuddering a little. "The radiation. Dad says we're lucky. If he hadn't been so prepared, if he hadn't brought us here when he did, we'd be dead too. But..."

My heart lurched. I opened my mouth, tried to speak. But what could I say? How do you comfort someone who thinks the world has ended?

"But maybe..." Daisy shut her eyes tight, curled up into a tight ball. "We can't be the only ones left. We can't be the only survivors. Right?"

"I'm sure there are others out there," I told her, trying not to sound too dismissive.

There *were* people out there. Several billion of them.

"Everything's going to be fine," I whispered, wrapping my arms around my sister's body and holding her tight. "I promise."

"Alexis?" Daisy said quietly. "What if we're the last ones left?"

"We're not," I squeezed her, put on my best 'big sister' smile. "You'll see."

Before long, Daisy fell asleep.

While she didn't snore, she was a heavy breather when she slept. And, unfortunately, that heavy breathing would make it all the more difficult for *me* to knock out. Paired with the florescent light above, and the fact I was surrounded on all sides by thick, lifeless steel, I doubted I'd be getting any shut-eye for a while.

"Don't wake up," I told my sleeping sister.

And, slowly, I removed myself from her.

Daisy didn't stir as I slipped out from under the warm blanket, shivered at the sudden chill coating my body.

Days were fine, for the most part. A thick jumper and maybe a jacket, and the cold could be kept at bay easily enough. But at night? Things got *really* cold. Cold enough that comforting my sister wasn't the *only* reason we'd ended up sleeping under the same blanket.

Even in my full pyjama set, I was shivering in seconds.

I glanced at Daisy, wrapped up in our blanket and wearing a thick, pink onesie. Somehow sleeping peacefully in this dull, lifeless place. Upset at the prospect of us being all alone, but otherwise adapting to this strange situation we'd found ourselves in pretty well.

Was that thanks to Dad's hypnosis sessions, or was it because Daisy was just better at coping with all this than I was?

The latter, probably.

Dad's hypnosis, like everything else he did, was bullshit.

After every session, I felt 'good' for a few hours. Three or four. Then it was back to being worried and feeling isolated, breathing stale air and wishing I knew the code to open the bunker's hatch. And even the 'good' feeling I got was *wrong*. Like, deep down, I knew it was a fake happiness. Like I was just pretending to be happy but couldn't stop.

The only thing stopping me from telling Dad to go fuck himself, that I was done letting him hypnotise me, was that I didn't want to stir up any drama and potentially upset Daisy.

Shaking my head, I walked over to my suitcase – which I still refused to unpack. My hand disappeared under a pile of folded clothes, fingers gripping onto the smooth object underneath it all. One quick glancing back at Daisy to make sure she was still sleeping, then I pulled the object out of my suitcase.

My trusty blue dildo.

Eight inches long, nice 'n' thick, flexible. In the shape of a real, veiny cock – with the exception of having no balls. On one end, a deliciously big cock-head. On the other, a well-tested suction cup.

Before I could overthink things and stop myself, I walked out of the 'bedroom' and headed to the empty entertainment wing of the bunker.

There, I settled myself down in front of the bunker's single space heater and turned it on.

Apparently, space heaters drained a *huge* amount of power. So much so that this one couldn't be left on at night without draining the bunker's batteries dry. It was for day-time use only and, even then, sparingly.

Warmth washed over me.

It felt like forever. A lifetime since I'd felt anything but the constant cold.

"Don't take long, Alexis," I told myself. "Dad'll throw a bitch-fit if you empty his stupid batteries."

I closed my eyes, basked in the warmth, pictured a partner for myself.

A man, handsome and strong. Lean, defined muscles. Chiselled pecs and a perfect six-pack. Dark hair, warm eyes, a charming smile. And, of course, a nice, big cock.

I reached between my legs, into my pyjama bottoms.

The soft sigh that escaped my lips was one of hungry desperation.

I wanted it. I needed it *so bad*.

To be fucked; filled with a warm, hard cock. Him on top of me, spreading my legs wide as he leaned down to kiss me, bite me, tease me.

It took a moment for my fingers to warm up from the heat down there. I moved them along my mound, over the slit. I spread my lips open, index and middle fingers moving down between them. Before I knew it, was I on my back, crotch pointed at the space heater as my hand strained against the waistband of my panties.

Somehow, the dildo had ended up in my mouth, my tongue lapping away at it – preparing it for what came next.

“God,” I panted, pulling the cock from my mouth. “I need to get out of this fucking bunker. I need to get *laid*. I *need* it.”

My imaginary, muscled man leaned down over me with a smile, whispered in my ear – asking what *exactly* I ‘needed’.

Cock. Sex. Rough, senseless fucking.

Everything. I wanted it *all*.

I slid my pyjama bottoms down my thighs, pushed the crotch of my panties aside, moved my toy between my legs.

“What, the fuck,” I covered my mouth, tried not to laugh out loud, “are you *wearing*?”

Dad has just entered the main entertainment container, clad in the most ridiculous outfit I'd ever seen.

A gas mask that covered his entire head. A clear-plastic, full-body costume with jeans and a jacket on underneath. Big, rubber boots and matching black gloves. And, of course, his 'survivalist' backpack strapped on over his shoulders. Every area where bits of the ridiculous costume overlapped, he'd wrapped with duck-tape.

“This,” he said, voice only slightly distorted by the stupid gas mask, “is a hazmat suit. For going outdoors.”

“Daddy!” Daisy gasped. “You can't! The radia-”

“This suit will block out the radiation,” Dad said, cold eyes not leaving my face. “I need to go out into the wasteland, scavenge for some supplies. It's the only way we'll be able to survive down here long-term.”

'Scavenge for some supplies', he said. As if he wasn't going to just take that dumb costume off the moment he was out of the bunker and drive to the nearest convenience store he could find.

“I'd recommend you all stay in this room until I get back,” he said loudly, eyes remaining on me. “When I open the hatch to get out, it'll let some radiation into the bunker. Not a lot. In theory, you could probably stand outside for a few minutes before any radiation poisoning occurs. But why risk it? The radiation I let into the bunker will dissipate in a few hours.”

The hatch!

My eyes widened, the realisation slapping me across the face.

The hatch could only lock from the inside. If Dad was going out, he couldn't lock it behind himself! It'd be left unlocked!

I could go out!

And, if I could get out of the bunker, I could prove once and for all that everything Dad was telling us was bullshit.

I waited silently as Mom gave a teary goodbye, fearful that she'd never see her 'brave' husband again. Daisy got watery-eyed too. Began praying the moment Dad left, begging 'God' for his safe return.

A minute went by, two.

I heard the hatch slam shut. Continued to wait.

Five minutes. Ten. More.

Long enough that Dad should be long gone.

I rose to my feet, walked towards the centre of the bunker.

"Alexis!" Mom called behind me, horrified.

I ignored her.

She and my sister fled further into the bunker as I opened the curtain slid into that small junction. The place where all four wings of the bunker met. Where the ladder and hatch were.

And, determined to prove my father a liar, I began ascending the ladder rungs.

My heart was racing. Each rung bringing me closer and closer to the outside world. And, with every rung, I found my confidence wavering. What if Dad was telling the truth? What if the world *had* ended? Was I about to open the hatch to a radioactive wasteland?

But I had to know. I had to see it.

Too soon, I was at the top of the ladder, hand against the metal hatch.

It took a lot of effort, a lot of strength, for me to push it open.

The brightness of the sun overhead blinded me.

I shut my eyes, climbed out of the hole, felt the ground – dry earth - underneath me for the first time in months.

Then I opened my eyes.

Horror.

Sheer terror gripped me, crushed my chest. I gagged, choked at what I saw stretched out before me.

Nothing.

Dead, cracked earth. Sand and dust. A dried, lifeless wasteland.

Where were the trees? The grass? The leaves? Where had it all gone? When we arrived here, this place had been teeming with life! Flowers and little critters and butterflies! They were all gone.

Everything was *gone*.

Just a large satellite dish and several rows of solar panels remained – remarkably untouched by the apocalypse.

It couldn't be... It couldn't...

The radiation!

My eyes shot wide open, body moving faster than I could think. I rushed back down the hatch, slammed it shut behind me.

I almost fell down the ladder, I was in such a rush.

As soon as my feet hit the bunker floor, I darted to the bunker's bathroom – ran straight for the shower, tearing my contaminated clothes off as I went.

I was still there – sitting under the endless stream of lukewarm water, body scrubbed raw – when Dad arrived back. I heard the motion, the voices. Then footsteps approaching. A few moments later, Dad slipped into the bathroom, eyes flicking over my naked body.

"I'm sorry," I choked out, body shaking. "I didn't believe you. I didn't listen. I-"

"Hush now," Dad said as he approached the shower, a wide grin on his face. Why was he smiling? What could there *possibly* be to *smile* about? "It's all okay."

"I went out-" I gasped. "I tried to-"

"I know," Dad said, kneeling down beside me. He wasn't wearing his gas mask. The rest of his hazmat suit was on, but not that. "You didn't trust me. You didn't believe me."

I didn't respond. *Couldn't* respond.

"But you trust me now," Dad said, grin widening. "Don't you?"

I nodded my head quickly.

"You believe me now."

Again, I nodded my head.

"Good girl," he said, stood. "You've washed enough. You weren't out there for long. Not enough to get contaminated. You'll be fine. But, from now on, you *will* listen to and obey me, do you understand?"

"Y- yes, Dad," I choked out. "I'm sorry! I-"

"Enough of that," he said, turning away from me and walking to the curtain that separated the bathroom from the kitchen. "Dry yourself off and come to the main entertainment room. I have an announcement to make."

"The world," Dad said simply, "is over."

Grim faces all around. Daisy looked mortified, Mom's face was painted with sorrow. Dad kept himself calm, didn't show the pain he must've been feeling. All I could do was sit there and watch, hugging my body while I shuddered.

We were in one of the entertainment rooms, Mom and me and Daisy on the sofa while Dad stood in front of us.

Our home. From now until... When?

Would we *ever* be able to leave here?

"I searched far and wide today," Dad continued. "Looking for any sign of survivors. And I found none. Nothing. Just death and destruction. We are alone."

Daisy's hand clutched mine. I squeezed it, tried not to let the despair crush me.

"We might very well be the last humans left alive."

"But..." Daisy murmured softly. "What about other bunkers? There must be other survivors who have their own bunkers."

"Perhaps," Dad shrugged. "But, if there are, we have no way of finding them. From here on out, the best course of action for us to take is to assume that we are all that remains of the human race."

It was a terrifying prospect.

Alone. Totally and utterly. The last four people left alive.

Daisy squeezed my hand tighter.

"Which means," Dad said, eyes moving between Daisy and I, "we have a duty. To our species. To the world."

Somehow, I knew what Dad was going to say. Not the words themselves, but the end result. I knew *exactly* what he was about to propose. I'd seen it growing in his eyes over the last few months.

"We must perpetuate the human race," Dad stated. "In order for our species to survive, we need to procreate."

We might be humanity's last hope. What choice did we have?

"Starting today," Dad said, a smile tugging at his lips, "I will be having sex with all three of you. For the sake of survival. From now on, Alexia and Daisy, you will be my new wives."

Dad. The last man on Earth.

So many emotions bubbled up inside me. Revulsion and disgust and horror. But he was right. He'd been right about *everything*, and I'd been too stubborn to listen. If this... If this was the only way forward – and Dad seemed to think it was – then what choice did I have?

"Come with me, you two," Dad said, nodding to me and Daisy. "No point in delaying. The human race isn't going to repopulate itself."

As he walked away, indicating he wanted us to follow, me and Daisy rose to our feet.

My sister turned her wide eyes on me, and I saw the same doubts and fears I felt reflected back at me. So I did the only thing I could think of - as Daisy's big sister. I smiled reassuringly at her, squeezed her hand, and tugged her along after our father.