

The Bunker

Chapter 3

Routines. That was the key.

Trapped down here in the bunker, knowing that we might well be the last of the human race, unable to talk to anyone or meet anyone new ever again, surrounded by cold steel walls with no way out... It was enough to drive you insane. Literally insane.

Too much time alone with my thoughts, too much time to think.

It was no good.

You could only think the same thoughts so many times before they started looping in your head. I was surprised when, a year into our time at the bunker, I was still sane. Still able to think calmly and clearly.

It was the routine.

Wake up, wash face, brush teeth, collect clothes, take shower, dry off in front of the space heater while going over the day's tasks in my head. Clean, cook, check on the food stockpiles, study, so on and so forth. Go to bed at the end of the day, cuddle my sister and fall asleep. Rinse and repeat.

For some people, that constant, never-ending cycle would've been too much. It would've driven them crazy. But for me, it was the one thing *keeping* me from losing my mind.

A nice, solid schedule. A routine.

If I was busy focusing on everything that needed doing in the bunker, I wouldn't have time to worry about anything else.

That was the reason I was going from segment to segment, shipping container to shipping container, dusting every surface I could find with my trusty feather duster.

Sure, I'd done the exact same thing yesterday and, *yes*, there wasn't any dust or dirt or grime to clean. But why not, you know? It wasn't like going over everything again with the feather duster would be a bad thing. It was what it was.

I stepped into the first container – the first segment – of the bunker's sleeping wing. My and Daisy's bedroom. Though, recently, neither of us had really been using it for that. Mostly, it was our 'private' area – where we could keep the things we didn't want anyone else to touch.

It took all of five minutes to 'dust' every surface.

The beds, the tops of the metal cabinets, behind the cabinets.

Not enough furniture here.

I moved on to the next segment. A mostly empty room – bulky sleeping bag, cardboard boxes filled with Mom's clothes and stuff.

Dusting this segment of the bunker took *seconds*. It'd take longer to vacuum later today, but that just meant less time to think.

I did my best, as I was brushing the feather duster over Mom's cardboard boxes, to ignore the sounds coming from the next bunker segment. The rhythmic sound of skin slapping skin, the soft whimpers, the deep grunts, the squeaking of bedsprings.

And, when dusting Mom's room was done, I found myself hesitating.

Should I enter? Wait?

I shook my head, pushed through the curtain that separated the two rooms.

The bed was massive, the mattress huge and soft and warm. In the middle of the room, with cameras on tripods surrounding it.

Dad looked up at me as I entered, smirked.

He thrust forward hard, slamming into Daisy without remorse.

My sister, her face buried in a fluffy pillow, couldn't see me. Didn't know I was there. Her round ass was up in the air, her huge chest pressed against the mattress.

She let out a muffled groan.

Dad didn't say a word. He stared at me, grinning, as he fucked Daisy. Eyes locked on my face.

I couldn't meet his gaze, was forced to look away.

Eyes on the floor, face red, I got to work dusting the master bedroom – moving much slower than I had in previous rooms.

When the latch slammed shut, my entire body relaxed.

I hadn't realised how tense I actually was until all that tension drained away. A sigh of relief escaped my lips.

"In a few minutes," I said, turning to look at Daisy. "When the radiation has dissipated, could you help me with something?"

Daisy smiled, nodded her head.

Mom – who sat nearby, eyes glued to the TV – didn't so much as look in our direction. Of all of us, she'd been the worst hit by the isolation. Mom was practically a zombie now, waking up only to spend the day in a slow-moving daze. At some point, I'd have to do something to help her. But for now...

I waited a minute or two, long enough that any residual radiation from the hatch being opened wouldn't be a problem. Then I took my sister's hand, led her through the bunker.

We walked through the hatch room into our bedroom and kept walking, passing right through Mom's empty room and into the master bedroom.

I nodded at the bed, indicated that we should sit down.

Daisy followed my lead, confusion clear in her eyes. When we were seated, I turned to her, smiled.

"How're you doing?" I asked.

She smiled wide, opened her mouth to speak. But the expression she saw on my face stopped her, made her pause. Her smile faltered.

"I..." She looked away from me. "I'm okay."

My heart lurched in my chest. Of *course* she was having a hard time. How could she *not* be? I shook my head, placed my hand on hers and waited.

"It's every day," she whispered. "All the time. I can't keep up. It's too much, Alexis. I can't..."

"I'll talk to him," I told her. "I'll tell him you need a break."

Daisy shook her head quickly, looked up into my eyes.

"No," she stated clearly, firmly. "I *have* to. Daddy says we have the most compatibility, so there's a better chance he'll get me pregnant. We can't stop, Alexis. We're all that's left."

"Daisy..."

"When I'm pregnant," Daisy continued. "That's when I'll be able to rest. He wouldn't have to breed me any more. Not until after the baby is born, at least. I just have to, you know, *get* pregnant. It's my job."

"It's *our* job," I reminded her. "It isn't fair, how he treats you. It's like he forgets I even exist."

There were reasons. Dad had told us all of them, listed them for me and Daisy. Lots of good reasons. But, even so, it felt *wrong* that he should be having sex with Daisy so much. He barely ever invited *me* to bed.

It was a blessing and a curse. Not having to worry about satisfying him, making him cum. Not having to put his *thing* in my mouth or being pinned down and fucked by him. That was the blessing. It'd be amazing, something to smile about, if not for one small fact.

Instead of fucking and trying to impregnate me, he gave all of his 'attention' to Daisy instead.

And she could only take so much.

Daisy... She was frail. Soft. She wasn't built for... For the things *Daddy* did to her.

"So what if you and him are more 'compatible' or whatever," I said, squeezing my sister's hand. "So what if you have bigger breasts that make you an 'ideal source of milk'. So *what* if you have a more 'motherly' attitude. It doesn't mean you should have to be the one dealing with Daddy's urges all by yourself!"

Daisy, she was too beautiful, too *pure*, to have to deal with Dad's sex drive.

The image of him mounting her with a sleazy grin on his face forced its way into my mind. A memory of that first time. When he'd deflowered her in front of me, told me to 'watch and learn'.

I shut my eyes, tried to banish the images.

When I felt the mattress shift, felt my sister leaning in closer to me, my eyes flicked open.

She was watching me. Green eyes peering into my very soul.

If I could, I'd take her place in a heartbeat. Suffer all the indignities and humiliations she went through on a daily basis. Anything to protect her from his filthy, unworthy hands.

Daisy wrapped her arms around me, held me.

And, slowly, I felt myself relaxing into her.

Holding her and she held me.

When our lips met, it was a surprise to both of us. We both froze for a moment – the only sound in the room came from our racing hearts. Then, as one, we continued. Lips pressed to lips, hands exploring bodies. A tangle of limbs and heat and joy.

The cameras around the bed were our only audience.

Barely worth paying any mind to.

When Dad returned shortly after, I was waiting for him at the bottom of the ladder.

He wasn't wearing his makeshift hazmat suit.

Nor did he look overly concerned about radiation. But then, why would he? He'd told us some time ago that – thanks to his repeated outings and his 'superior' male physique – he'd developed an immunity to the radiation.

Wearing jeans and a plain t-shirt, he descended the ladder.

Clutched in one hand, a plastic shopping bag – white and filled with goodies obtained during his scavenging.

"What're you doing here?" He grunted as he climbed down the ladder. "You're in the radiation zone."

"I wanted-" Inhaling a deep breath, I steeled myself. "I *need* to talk to you. About Daisy. How you've been treating-"

"Whatever it is," Dad said, hopping off the ladder and turning to face me, "it can wait."

His free hand shot into the plastic bag, pulled out two little, rectangular boxes. He hefted them, let me get a good look. My stomach twisted at the sight of the packaged pregnancy tests.

"One for you and one for your sister," he smiled. "Go get Daisy. You'll take the tests in front of me – so I can make sure you do it right."

He held them out for me to take.

When I didn't reach for them, he narrowed his eyes at me.

"Take the fucking tests, Alexis. Now."

What else could I do? In this shithole bunker, Dad was king. I couldn't go against him.

I took the pregnancy tests.

"Look at the bright side," I said, pulling Daisy in close and holding her tight. "At least you won't have to have sex with Dad any more."

"Excuse me?"

I ignored his voice, focused entirely on Daisy instead.

"I mean," I told her, "the whole reason we agreed to start sleeping with him was for *this*. Continuing the species. You're going to be the first mother of the new world!"

Daisy trembled in my arms.

She wasn't crying. Wasn't speaking. Just shaking.

She was in shock.

After how much Dad had been doing her the past few months, it shouldn't have been surprising that the test came back positive. But it was. Daisy... Well, she was taking it about as well as any of us could have hoped for. Barely an adult, and already pregnant. With our *father's* child, at that.

A year ago, something like this would've been impossible.

Now it was our reality.

"You okay?" I whispered as Daisy snuggled against me.

She nodded her head.

"Just look at the bright sides. Like... You're not going to have to do chores! You can put your feet up and relax. You're not gonna have to do anything with Dad for ages and-"

"What," Dad's voice interrupted, "in the world, gave you *that* idea?"

I spun my head to glare at him.

"The whole point of us sleeping with you," I growled, "the *only* reason we-"

"Quiet, Alexis!" Dad snarled.

I flinched, felt my mouth dry – my tongue growing heavy.

"I'm not going to stop fucking Daisy just because she's knocked up," he declared, eyes locked on me. "If you think *that*, then you're even stupider than I thought you were. You are my *wives*. You agreed to be mine. And I will do *whatever* I please with you. Both of you."

"She's-"

"She's *mine*. And so are *you*, Alexis." Dad gave me a smug smirk. "If you don't like it, you're free to leave."

Leave?

The bunker?!

That was a death sentence!

There's no way- There wasn't- I couldn't-

My heart sank, eyes drifting to the floor. My grip on Daisy went slack. I felt her looking up at me, could feel her wide, beautiful eyes watching me. I couldn't meet them. Didn't dare let her see the defeat in mine.

I had no choice. I was trapped.

"Since it's early on in your pregnancy, Daisy, I'll be fucking your ass for the next few weeks. Wouldn't want to harm the little one now, would we?"

I gritted my teeth, said nothing.

"Unfortunately," Dad continued loudly, "there's no lube in the bunker. So saliva will have to do instead. Alexis!"

My head snapped up, met his wicked grin.

"Come over here and prepare my cock for your sister's ass."

Watching it was painful.

Dad held Daisy by her long, blonde hair. Her hands and body pressed flat against a metal wall as he took her from behind. Slamming into her over and over again.

I wanted to look away, to leave. But I couldn't.

The sound of skin slapping skin filled the master bedroom, Dad's happy grunts and Daisy's pained groans.

He yanked her hair – forcing her to look up at the ceiling, back curving in a way that

looked anything but comfortable. She whined; complained with soft whimpers. But Dad ignored her. He was grinning, eyes wild with excitement.

I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

What could I do?

Nothing. When it came to Dad, I was powerless.

All I could do was watch.

When Dad took a step back – his dick popping out of Daisy's anus – my sister collapsed, dropped to the floor shuddering.

"Useless," Dad growled, grin remaining in place.

For the briefest of moments, I allowed myself to hope that it was over. That Daisy's torture for the day had come to an end. I should have known better. It was never over – not until Dad *finished*.

He leaned down, grabbed a fistful of Daisy's blonde hair, tugged it like a rope. My sister yelped, was forced along behind Dad as he stepped to the bed. And, with a painful yank, he shoved her onto the mattress.

On her back, whole body exposed. She looked up at him with wide eyes.

"You've gotta do more than just *lay* there," Dad scolded her. "You're my *wife* now, Daisy. Act like it. When I give you my cock, I expect *you* to satisfy it. Lesson number one–"

"Stop!" I couldn't hold it in any longer. "She's had *enough*. Just... stop. Please."

Slowly, Dad's head turned.

He looked at me, a twinkle in his eye.

"Are you volunteering to take her place, Alexis?"

"I..." I hesitated for a moment, fear gripping my chest. "Yes."

"Then what're you waiting for?" Dad smirked. "Come on over and *present* yourself to me."

I felt like a puppet on strings as I walked over to them. I climbed onto the bed over Daisy, planted my hands either side of her head – my ass pointed at Dad. It was like someone else had taken over my body. I had no control over myself, and yet I didn't resist.

Dad grabbed my ass, yanked down my trousers.

"Daisy," Dad chuckled, poking my backside with his cock, "thank your sister for being such a slut."

She looked up at me with wide, beautiful eyes. Her cheeks flushed bright red. Her lips quivering.

"Th- Thank you..." Daisy whispered.

"Say it properly," Dad growled.

"Thank you," Daisy said louder, unable to look me in the eye. "For being such a slut, Alexis."

I closed my eyes, braced myself as Dad spread my butt-cheeks apart.

I held on to my sister afterwards.

Dad left to go eat. It was just the two of us, laying together on the massive bed. Neither speaking, nor looking at each other. My arms were around her, hers around me.

This was it. From now on, this was our lives.

We could never leave the bunker. Not with the nuclear wasteland outside. We were, quite literally, trapped here.

For the rest of our lives.

Before that moment, I'd never *really* acknowledged that fact.

We'd *never* be able to leave. We'd be here, in the bunker, *forever*. Me and Daisy and Mom and Dad.

And, in a few month's time. Daisy's baby.

My baby too, most likely. When Dad got around to knocking me up.

A little family, surviving through the apocalypse together.

It'd be tough. Especially with Dad's demands, his *eagerness* to continue the human race. But... We'd manage. We'd *survive*.

That was why Dad had brought us here, after all. To survive. To live. Not the most amazing life, that was for sure. But it was a life. And, at least, I had Daisy here with me. My wonderful, amazing sister. It wouldn't *all* be bad.