Tilt - A Weird Science Story

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Who would have thought that the future of the human race would depend on strip pinball?

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"If this ain't Nowheresville you can sure see it from here," growled Billy "The Kid" Kincaid as he pulled up to the only truckstop in Monkey Spank, New Mexico, his fire-engine red hotrod spewing steam from its radiator.

"Well, I need to powder my nose, Billy," whined Enola Gay Makepiece as she cleaned under her fingernails with her switchblade. "You wouldn't want me to powder my nose all over your fancy leather upholstery now would you?"

The time was 3.55 P.M. The date - Wednesday the 10th of June 1959. Unbeknownst to Billy and Enola, all hell was about to break lose.

Three years, six months and five days earlier, on the cave-riddled desert landscape three miles to the north a medium-sized nuclear device had been detonated for research purposes. Today Professor Roentgen had begun his research project to investigate the impact of radiation on the local animal and plant life. He was being assisted by two of his best pupils, Tommy Trumpet and his girlfriend Cherry Wilde.

"Just listen to that!" exclaimed Tommy as he ran the geiger counter over the surface of a boulder. It ticked like crazy. "We must be right at the epicentre of the explosion."

"I'm scared, Tommy," replied Cherry. "It might not be healthy to be this close to radiation."

"Don't be silly," Tommy chided her. "The government did this. They wouldn't do anything that might harm us."

"If you say so," she responded. "But I think we should go and see how the Professor is getting on in the cave."

Just at that moment, Tommy looked over her shoulder towards the cave entrance.

"Jumpin' Jimminy!" he cried.

Cherry knew it was serious as she had never heard Tommy use such strong language before. When she turned towards the cave entrance what she saw there made her eyes pop and almost caused her to soil her baby pink Cottontails. It was a prairie dog. But it was no ordinary prairie dog. It differed from ordinary prairie dogs in two key ways. 1. It was the size of a bus. 2. It had the mangled corpse of Dr. Roentgen dangling from between its teeth.

"Prairie dogs are usually not carnivorous," panted Tommy as they ran for their lives across the desert. "Oh, sure they sometimes eat insects."

"But not biology teachers?" asked Cherry.

"Never biology teachers," replied Tommy. "Until now."

"Why is it so big?" Cherry wanted to know.

"The radiation," Tommy responded. "Clearly Dr. Roentgen was right. It has effected the local wildlife."

"I thought you said it wouldn't be harmful," complained Cherry.

"Well, growing big isn't necessarily a bad thing," Tommy pointed out. "The only problem would be finding enough food."

"Which would explain why it is following us," deducted Cherry.

"Precisely," agreed Tommy. "Thank goodness its muscle development has not yet caught up with the demands of gravity on an animal of its size. It can only waddle, so we have a chance of outrunning it, as long as we can find somewhere to take shelter."

Just at that point they crested a hill and caught site of the Monkey Spank Truck Stop and Burger Bar.

When they burst breathlessly through the door, Billy was hunched over the pinball machine, his fingers a blur over the buttons as he kept the siver ball bouncing around the table. Enola was leaning up against the wall watching him and sucking on a Coke.

"You look like the devil's after you," said old Frank Gaines, the proprietor as he flipped a burger.

"Not the devil," panted Tommy. "A prairie dog!"

"I've heard of guy's bein' yella," Enola sneered, "but you take the cake. A prairie dog!"

Tommy looked over at Enola, taking in her short black hair, her red leather jacket and her skin-tight black jeans.

"This isn't a normal prairie dog," Tommy pointed out. "It's the size of a bus and it ate the professor."

"I think this boy's been hitting the peyote," suggested Billy, leaving the pinball table and striding over to examine the two new comers. The bright desert sun shining through the truckstop window lit up his shocking white duck tail. He unzipped his black leather jacket and stuck his thumbs into the waistband of his blue Levis. "What's your name, honey?" he asked Cherry. He was standing a little too close.

"Ch-ch-ch-cherry," she responded.

"And very sweet you are too," Billy told her.

Just at that moment, there was a massive crash which caused the whole building to shake. They looked around and there was a giant eye staring in the window.

"See, I told you," pointed out Billy. "Big as a bus."

"The End of Days!" cried Frank forlornly, half an hour later. "That's what it is. All predicted in the Bible it was!"

"I remember locusts... I remember frogs..." huffed Enola. "I don't remember anything about a plague of giant prairie dogs."

"Nevertheless," wailed Frank, pointing a prophetic finger. "We have brought it upon ourselves by our sinful ways. We have interfered with the natural order of things..."

"I'll interfere with the natural order of your innards, if you don't leave off," warned Enola, pulling out her switchblade.

It was just at this moment that a loud "Zap!" sounded outside, coinciding with a flash like green lightning. The prairie dog was gone, in its place a smouldering skeleton.

Then the door opened on and in walked two brains. They weren't just brains. They did have small skinny bodies propelling them around the place. But they were mostly brains. Big, throbbing, green and yellow brains with a pair of bloodshot eyeballs staring out from underneath them.

"Your race is nearly run, earthlings!" one of them cried in a voice like an electric pencil sharpener.

"The end! The end!" cried Frank, banging his head against the lunch counter, perhaps feeling that mortification of the flesh was called for.

"Your technology has advanced more quickly than your capacity for making wise choices in how you use it," explained the alien being. "So, for the greater good of the galaxy, we have come here to eliminate your species."

"Can't you give us another chance?" pleaded Tommy. "It is true that some of the older generation try to settle their differences with nuclear weapons. But there is no need to eliminate all of us. Some of us are able to find peaceful ways of settling our disputes."

"Yes, that's right!" agreed Enola, quickly hiding her switchblade.

"And we can work together for the common good, too," added Cherry, playing nervously with her blonde ponytail.

"Get rid of the old fogies," suggested Billy looking pointedly at Frank. "But let the rest of us have a chance to prove ourselves."

"We have noticed that you are skilled at that game in the corner there," replied Brain No. 1.

"Enola and I are great at pinball," agreed Billy. "What about you two?"

"Cherry is better than I am," Tommy admitted. "But we can both play."

"The test must be to reach a common goal," the brain explained. "Let us say that you must score, between you, 200,000 points within two hours."

"That's a lot!" replied Billy. "But we'll give it a go."

"But you must also demonstrate your willingness for self sacrifice," the brain added. "It has come to our notice in studying your species, that it causes you much distress when your modesty insurance devices are publicly removed."

"Our what?" asked Enola.

"Your clothes," replied the brain. "And we have found that it causes even more distress when the modesty... the clothes of your prospective reproductive vehicle are removed in front of others who might find the prospect of reproducing with them not undesirable."

"Am I your 'prospective reproductive vehicle'?" asked Cherry of Tommy, looking confused.

"I would hope so," he replied.

"Strip pinball?" enquired Enola. "I'm up for it."

"I don't know," admitted Tommy nervously. "Cherry you don't have to do this if you don't want to."

"The fate of the human race is at stake," Cherry replied bravely. "This is no time to be worried about our own personal modesty."

"I have a feeling you have nothing to be modest about," leered Billy, before Enola elbowed him hard in the belly.

"The rules," the brain explained, "are that anyone who fails to reach 2,000 points on their turn must remove an article of clothing of their choice."

The four took a moment to exchange names and shake hands.

"Are you sure you have the balls for this?" asked Billy of Tommy.

"Are the balls not in the machine?" the brain queried, looking confused.

"I'll do what's necessary to save the world," Tommy replied with a square jaw.

Enola was the first to play, striding confidently up to the machine, pulling out the plunger and letting to go. The ball shot into action and Enola began flipping. But her confidence was greater than her playing ability. She scored 1,800 and removed one of her boots.

Cherry was up next. Tommy was confident. He knew she was good. And, sure enough, she made 4,750. She span around in celebration, her dress rising so that her knees were revealed. "Go me!" she cried.

Now it was Tommy's turn. It was a while since he'd played and he was a bit rusty. He only made 950. It was with a profound sense of shame that he removed one of his shoes.

Billy scored 3,960. "Not bad," he said, "but I've got more than that in me. This is just the beginning."

Billy and Cherry were the champions. Half an hour later, Billy had only lost his shoes and socks. Cherry had lost both shoes and one sock.

Tommy on the other hand, was not doing well. He was down to his boxer shorts.

Enola was down to her shirt, bra and panties and was enjoying the opportunity to show off her long luscious legs. Tommy was trying not to look.

"No need to be modest, Tommy Boy," she teased. "I know you want to peek at a bad girl's panties. You can bet that, when your next turn leaves you a nudist, I'm not going to be averting*my*eyes."

"Don't tease the poor guy," laughed Billy. "We can all see that you've given little Tommy Trumpet the horn."

"Don't let them get to you," Cherry said, putting her arm around his shoulders.

But, predictably, on his next turn Billy lost his shorts. Enola grinned, Billy laughed, and Cherry blushed as he slowly slid them down and stood naked before the others. The combination of Enola's teasing and the fact that Cherry was seeing him naked for the first time made it an erotic as well as humiliating experience, and so his cock was semi-erect.

"You've got nothing to be ashamed of there, Tommy Boy," Enola reassured him, squatting down to get a close look.

"Don't you go blowing that Trumpet!" Billy warned. "Your lips are mine."

"My lips are free agents, Billy," she teased. "Now you get back to the table. We've only got another hour and fifteen minutes to get 150,000 points."

But Billy's concentration was off now. He only made 1,750. He unzipped his jeans and dropped them to the floor.

Then Cherry failed to reach the target and removed her other sock.

When Enola also fell short, Billy sighed and said, "Oh, well, there goes your shirt."

"Not necessarily," replied Enola. "'An article of clothing of their choice.' Remember? I think I'll express my solidarity with Tommy No Trousers and take off my panties."

"You don't have to do that!" cried Billy.

"No. I don't. But I want to," she replied. "Maybe the site of my bare bum and pretty pussy will inspired Tommy to pull really hard on his plunger."

Her eyes smouldered as she met Tommy's glance. Then she slowly slid her thumbs into the sides of her panties and pulled them down revealing a tangle of thick black pubic hair.

Tommy's cock swelled and stiffened until it was curving up at an angle. Enola moved across the floor with cat-like grace and hung her panties over his erection. They were damp.

"I thought I was the one you want to have babies with," whimpered Cherry, a tear rolling down from her eye.

"I do," replied Tommy. "I love you. This is just a matter of biology. The male animal responds to all mating opportunities on a purely physical level. It means nothing about who we love."

"He is right on this point," agreed the brain. "We have observed these things."

"I've observed rather too many of those things," grumbled his companion, who up until this point had been silent.

Cherry tried to be reassured. But worry put her off on her next turn.

"I'll follow Enola's example and take off my panties," she decided. My dress is a reasonable length, so I won't be baring any more skin that way." She did, however, have to expose a good deal of leg actually getting her panties down. Something that inspired a wolf whistle from Billy. Tommy noticed, as she lay her panties down on a chair, that they had a large damp patch on the gusset.

Tommy had nothing more to lose. That cleared his head. What gave him a problem is that he kept hitting the machine painfully with the head of his stiff cock. So he only made 800 points.

"We can't afford any more poor performances like that," Enola told Tommy while Billy was playing.

"Much as I love looking at this thing," she added, grabbing hold of Tommy's cock. "You're going to have to get off so we can get on with the game. There's no need to be shy now. Just beat off. Or I'll suck you off if you want. Billy will be livid, but saving the world is what counts."

"He's my boyfriend," replied Cherry, pushing her away. "If anyone is going to put his penis in their mouth it's going to be me!"

"But, Cherry," responded Tommy, "you're a virgin."

"Only because of the old fogies," she said.

"What?" asked Tommy.

"It's like Billy said," she explained. "We know how things should be, but the old fogies make the rules. Whether it is nuclear war or sex, it's all the same. It's their rules. Well, not anymore. You know what I do every night while I'm thinking about you Tommy? I do this." She lifted up her dress, parted her legs and began fingering her wet, pink, golden-haired pussy.

"You do?" asked the astounded Tommy.

"Of course she does," replied Enola. "And, right now, I think I'll join her. We all need to get off if we are going to clear our heads and give this game our all." With that she too spread her legs, stuck her fingers into her pussy to gather up some juices and then began moving them around wetly over her erect clit.

"I'll lick your penis for you until it goes down," Cherry suggested matter-of-factly. With that she sank to her knees and slid her soft wet lips and tongue down over his length.

"It's your turn, Enola," announced Billy, pulling his t-shirt over his head as he turned to take in the astounding activities that were going on behind him. "Oh, what the hell!" he cried and pulled down his boxers, too, freeing his own erection.

"Damn," muttered Enola, "just when I was about to cum."

"You play the machine," ordered Billy. "And I'll make sure you cum."

Enola shook her bare ass at him as she walked up to the machine. As she pulled the plunger, Billy moved up behind her. She bent forward to begin play and he slid his stiff cock deep into her juicy cunt and began pounding her from behind while she played. She played like she'd never played before.

Sexual energy flowing through her and sharpening her every reflex. She'd scored 6,570 by the time Billy arched his back and filled her with his hot seed.

"Damn, look at the time!" cried Billy. "Only ten more minutes to go and another 10,350 points to win."

Cherry let Tommy's cock plop out of her mouth. She stood up and ripped her dress from her body, followed by her bra. She was now stark naked.

"I can't do this alone," she cried, grabbing Tommy by the cock and pulling him towards the pinball machine.

Somehow, in this one remote truck stop in New Mexico, all of the sexual repression characteristic of the 1950s had ended for these four characters in an erotic explosion of thermonuclear dimensions. And they were determined to use this force that they had unwittingly unleashed, for good and not for evil. To save the world from extermination by the aliens.

Cherry had a deliciously pale and juicy ass which jiggled in the cutest possible way as she moved into place in front of the pinball machine.

"Spank me while I play," she breathed. "Spank me and then fuck me."

"O.K.," replied Tommy. "Whatever will help you."

As she pulled out the plunger, Tommy brought his palm down hard on her right butt cheek with a loud crack. Simultaneously she loosed the plunger and the ball shot into play. Again and again Tommy slapped her bum, turning it a bright pink. And as he did she kept the ball in play, lights flashing, spinners spinning, bells going off... The score piled up - 2 thousand, 3 thousand, 4 thousand. On and on she went her fingers moving with almost supernatural accuracy, as her bum grew warmer and a creamy juice began to dribbled down the inside of her leg.

"Fuck me!" she cried. "Fuck me now!"

"The End Days! The End Days!" cried Frank, his hand moving up and down suspiciously inside his pants.

"Most remarkable!" declared Brain No. 1.

"Most repulsive!" remarked Brain No. 2.

Enola and Billy didn't say anything. They were too busy wanking each other off as they watched.

Tommy spread his girlfriend's legs, pressed his belly up against her sore bum and slid his cock, slippery with her saliva as well as his pre-cum, deep into her twitching pussy.

The score continued to rise as the ball shot around the table. And all the while Tommy continued to slap his belly against Cherry's ass and piston his cock back and forth within her embracing wetness.

It was going to be close. They had another 2,000 points to get and there was only 30 seconds left. As the countdown continued Tommy began thrusting harder and harder, slamming Cherry's belly up against the cold hard machine. Thrust! Thrust! Thump! Thump! They were almost there... and then...

"TILT!" screamed the light on the top of the machine. And it was all over. They had failed.

"Let's go out and set the Obliterator Device," said Brain 1.

"Not before time," replied Brain 2.

They opened the door and walked out of the truck stop straight into the mouth of a giant prairie dog that had come to find out what happened to his mate.

"Well, it looks like the human race has a reprieve," said Enola, giving Billy a cuddle.

"Yes," replied Cherry. "But for how long?"

THE END (....OR IS IT?)