

The Stalking Dead

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The adventures of a father and daughter in the Zombie Apocalypse.

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"So what's the real reason you and Mom got divorced?"

Not the question you're expecting when zombies are prowling a few feet away on the other side of a wall. Their occasional grunts and groans were all the reminder we needed about this absurd and surreal situation. Surreal, but very real.

My twenty year-old daughter, Tabitha, and I were alone in the small stock room of a store called *California Sunshine*. They sold bathing suits and assorted girlware, before the plague anyway. We were in New York, but I guess *New York Sunshine* doesn't have the same beaches and babes ring to it.

I ignored her question and walked over to check the grey metal door that led outside to the rear parking lot. The steel sliding bolt lock was in place. We were safe from the zombie masses. For now. We spent the night holed up in this makeshift motel, and just about out of the left-behind food we found here. The time to make our escape and head south was upon us.

I looked at my daughter sitting in her chair and smirked. "You really want to have this conversation now?" I laughed a humorless laugh. "I already told you a while ago why Mom and I split up. Anyway, we should start gearing up soon, time to head out of here. Uncle Reedus and Mom should only be about a day's walk away from here. Well, if they're even... still alive."

She sighed and spun in the chair in restless half-circles. The desk behind her blocked the windowed wooden door that led to the sales floor. Stray sunlight shined in from the window and fell upon her face in the shadows. She looked ragged. Her dyed blonde hair was stringy and greasy and showed black roots. A darkness circled her weary eyes. And yet, she still looked pretty to me. Hey, she's my daughter, she could turn into a zombie and I'd still say she looked lovely. Well... maybe not.

"Dad, you both gave me the usual BS reasons. Like, 'you grew apart', and 'it was time to go your separate ways'. I understand that you two started fighting a lot, but you guys fought about the stupidest things. I'd like to know the real truth."

May as well tell her. Why hold back now, I figured. The world is ending. Millions of people are either

dead or... the walking dead. I didn't know what to call them. Saying the word "zombies" with a straight face still sounded preposterous to me.

I put my ear against the cold metal of the door and heard shuffling feet outside.

"Your Mother was jealous," I said without looking at her.

She stopped rotating in the chair.

"Jealous... of what?"

"Me and you."

Bang!

I jumped back from the loud sound that crashed into my ear and I fell on my ass. We stayed still in the silence, staring at the door as if it were death itself. Then Tabitha started chuckling.

I couldn't help but laugh too as I stood up and collected my wits.

"I'm glad you thought that was funny," I said in a low voice, amused. "One of them must have heard us talking."

We remained quiet for a while, waiting for another bang that never came.

"Mom was jealous of me and you? I don't get it," she said.

Deep down I'm sure my daughter knew, but she was playing it safe and feigning ignorance. I decided to be blunt and get this over with.

"She thought we were... fooling around. That we had a sexual relationship."

"Are you kidding? Why the hell would she think that?" she asked with a contorted face and unconvincing astonishment.

"Your Mother may be a bit nuts, but she definitely isn't stupid. Stop acting surprised, you know why she would think that. Tabitha, we flirted with each other a lot. She noticed it. Remember that time she came home and we were laying on my bed? When we both fell asleep watching that movie, and you were practically laying on top of me? That was the breaking point, when she started throwing around divorce papers. Yes, nothing ever happened between us, but I can't really blame her for thinking something did."

She looked down at her feet in silent embarrassment. Apparently she was finished denying the truth about us. Although we had never done anything at all sexually, there was an unacknowledged "thing"

in the ether between us for many years. Who knows, maybe my daughter was attracted to older men, although I was only in my early forties and still in good shape.

I looked at her blue-jeaned legs and hips, the curve of her breasts, and charming face as she absently played with her fingers on her lap. She is a beautiful woman, yes, but what happened to the natural mechanism that was supposed to immunize me from the feminine delights of her admittedly hot body?

"Mom must hate me," she said. "I stole you from her. Her own daughter."

"Come here." She looked up in surprise.

She rose from the chair and came over to me. We stood facing each other, and I wrapped my arms around her in a long-needed embrace. Her head rested on my chest, and her warm body against mine filled with me pleasure, and the will to keep on surviving.

"You stole me huh?" I smiled and she looked at me and laughed quietly.

I saw the sparkle in her eyes. That bright, lively, expectant look a girl gives you when they want you to kiss them. I kissed her forehead as a compromise. That's safe. A forehead kiss is not incest. I leaned back and her eyes still had that sparkle. Her pretty red lips were pulling on me like a magnet. Such a cute, shy smile. But, I wasn't going to use the post-apocalypse as an excuse to completely throw away all morals.

"Dad," she whispered, "would you kiss me already."

And I did, fuck it. We moved closer, closed our eyes, and pressed our lips together. My knees almost buckled from the soft, sensual contact. I breathed in her warm breath and enclosed her top lip into mine, pulling on it gently. She did the same with my bottom lip. I was kissing my own daughter and I felt no guilt. Thoughts of zombies disappeared from my mind for the first time. I was only aware of the now intense silence in our dim little stock room, my hands on her waist, and the tips of our tongues when they touched. The contact sent an electricity to my body's nerve-endings and gave me goose bumps on my arms.

We became more passionate and aggressive. Our tongues circled smoothly, gliding easily with saliva, trying to achieve as much contact as possible. I savored the taste of her saliva. My hands moved down and squeezed her ass, and from that she took in a strong breath through her nose and leaned into me. We devoured each other.

Our mouths separated and we pressed our foreheads together, the heat from our breath radiating a pleasant warmth between our faces. I felt alive again. Deep weariness from the daily routine of survival, the hunger, fear, zombie battles, drifted away. The love for my daughter, and her love for me, was all we had left.

I leaned back and caressed her face, studying her beauty. In her eyes was a mixture of uncertainty and longing, both of us wondering how far this would go. I brushed my fingers down her neck and followed the form of her lovely collar bones. I've always had an attraction to female collar bones, I just never thought I'd be touching my daughter's. When I eased down on top of her hooded sweatshirt to her breasts, around her cleavage, she closed her eyes in anticipation. I placed my left hand over the round softness, enclosing it gently, and she flinched. The small bump of her firm nipple pressed against the material and filled my hand with wonderful tingles. I glided side to side, massaging the soft hills, and I was surprised when I felt her hand on my cock. She grabbed my hardness, off to the side under my jeans, and stroked the length of it.

Crunch...

Both our heads darted towards the front of the store. It sounded like someone stepped on broken glass. We awoke from our sexual haze and hopped up on the desk, then slowly peaked out the window in the door.

"You've got to be kidding me," I whispered.

Tabitha covered her mouth to stifle a laugh.

A stark naked female zombie was shambling around by the clothes racks. She looked young, maybe early twenties. And this is tough to admit, but my fading arousal returned. She was pretty hot. Apparently my penis didn't care that she was a zombie. Her tits were out there, blatant. Her vagina had a good amount of black hair, but not yet unruly. The erotic triangle. She must have turned to the Z side only recently, her skin had a few red blotches but she wasn't as zombified as the others.

We stared in fascination at her aimless movements, it almost seemed like she were shopping for bathing suits. Poor thing.

"Mm, nice body," I joked.

"Dad!" my daughter said way too loud, sounding offended. Jealous of a zombie?

"Babe, shh!"

The hot piece of zombie ass heard us. She turned her head toward the door and we ducked, but too late. She saw us.

"Damn it," I said.

Zombie chick began yelling sloppy gibberish from her gaping maw. She sounded like a deaf seal. It was like... she was calling out to someone. Another zombie appeared by the smashed windows of the storefront entrance. Then another. Now three. It quickly formed into a crowd and they were all coming toward us. Naked Queen Zombie continued yelling and flopped her arm around in our general

direction to alert the troops.

I jumped off the desk. "Let's go! Time to get the hell out of this dump."

Frantic, we grabbed our backpacks filled with our remaining food and supplies and put them on. I felt for my big beautiful hunting knife on my hip. Check. Grabbed my steel pipe from the floor, and my daughter picked up her long wooden axe handle. Her knife was also on her hip and I had to admit she looked badass-sexy.

"You got everything?" I asked her.

"Yeah."

Boom boom boom!

The zombies were now pounding on the glass trying to break it. It sounded like a damned horde out there. We stood by the back door and faced each other.

"Okay, hopefully there's only a few out here. You ready?"

"Yeah, let's do this," she said, looking pale and anxious, but determined.

"I love you."

"I love you too Dad."

Boom boom smash!

No time for weird romantic moments! The glass shattered and the zombies tried to climb through the window like maniacs. I slid the bolt back in the lock. Knife at the ready in my left hand, I took a deep breath and pressed the handle to open the door. The first thing I see is the stupid face of a startled zombie in the bright, morning sunshine, and then the blur of an arm and knife flying past my ear.

Splack!

My daughter stabbed him in the head and he was dead, true dead, before he knew what hit him. She yanked her knife out and we stumbled outside over the body. Thank you Lord, there were only four zombies in our immediate vicinity, about ten feet away.

"You take those two", I said, referring to the ones on her left.

They charged us and I got the first one near me in the forehead with my knife. The other one hesitated like a confused dope. I glanced over and saw Tabitha swing her axe handle like Babe Ruth, and that motherfucking zombie's head flew off and zipped past me like a line-drive base hit to right

field. The next one lunged toward her, and in a smooth motion she whipped out her knife, stabbed it right between the eyes, and sidestepped around the zombie as it fell on its face with forward momentum. That's my daughter! I beamed with pride. I ran up to the confused one and unceremoniously bashed her head with my steel pipe.

No time to bask in our victory, the horde burst out of the door behind us. Down the parking lot on our left and right were oncoming mobs who heard the commotion. We were surrounded. Almost.

"Run Dad! Straight ahead!" Tabitha yelled.

We sprinted toward the high chain link fence about a hundred feet away. It was going to be close, these zombies could run pretty fast. They weren't the slow, lumbering ones. A few from the flanks might make it there to cut us off. We ran fast, Usain Bolt fast, and coming up to the fence a group of six or seven zombies was waiting for us, their ugly, twisted faces eager for some tasty live flesh. If we stopped to fight them we'd be toast. No time.

"Don't even bother with them," I said as we closed in, "Just throw your weapon over and hop that fence."

They may run fast but they were also dumb as stumps and clumsy. We side-stepped, head-faked, jumped forward, and slipped right past them, threw our weapons over without stopping, and climbed over that fence like Olympic fence climbers.

We didn't even have time to catch our breath, they were awkwardly climbing the fence after us. They don't stop, a never ending relentless pursuit. But, they kept falling. Climbing is not in their wheelhouse.

"Come on," Tab said, ready to keep moving with her stronger lungs.

We ran at a slower but steady pace, and when we finally looked at each other we laughed out loud, giddy about our harrowing escape. In the distance behind us the horde was left in the dust. We traveled on through main roads and into the suburb side streets, eliminating the occasional stray zombies that spotted us. We were on our way to the fabled encampment at the beach to meet up with my brother Reedus and my ex-wife Lori. A faint hope, but one that kept us moving.

"Tabitha, check this out. This is beautiful."

We were in the basement of a fairly large house. For two hours we'd been going from house to house checking for food, or any stray survivors lurking about. We found neither. Until now.

My daughter came into the small storage room and over to where I was standing, in front of a closet with a smile of relief on my face. I put my arm around her and kissed the top of her head in

happiness. Hunger had been gnawing at us and the prospect of starvation loomed. We had finished up our remaining food on the journey, just a bag of stale potato chips and a can of cold chicken soup.

"Look, there's tuna fish, five cans. Soup. Beans. Water. Coffee too. Oh, this is nice."

"Thank God," she said and nuzzled into me. "We should stay in this place for a few hours, this neighborhood is pretty quiet. Eat something, get some sleep. What do you think?"

"Sounds good."

The firewood crackled and the dancing flames lulled me into a relaxed, hypnotic state. A sip of steaming hot instant coffee tasted like liquid from heaven. I eased back on the couch and exhaled a load of stress from my body.

We had a fire set up dead center in the living room. Yes, the living room. Tabitha and I found bricks in the backyard shed and made a fire pit, and collected a bundle of tree branches and a few two-by-fours in the basement for wood. Had plenty of matches. Earlier, we ate a delicious meal of tuna and hot beef barley soup from a can. We were living like kings here, relatively speaking.

"Dad?" my daughter called out. "Could bring up that other pot of water?"

Tabitha was upstairs washing herself in the bathtub, using hot water we had boiled in a big pot on the fire. We got the water from the covered above-ground pool, still fairly clean from the chlorination.

I carried it carefully upstairs with oven mitts. The bathroom door was slightly ajar.

"You decent?" I said.

"Yeah, come in."

I edged inside and she was sitting upright in the bathtub empty of water. Naked. Scattered candles throughout the bathroom illuminated her. Her knees were up close to her chest with her arms wrapped around them, hiding her breasts. She was in a tight bundle so I couldn't see anything important. Still, this overload of sexy nakedness startled me. She radiated beauty in the glow of the orange-yellow light.

"Um, I thought you said you were decent," I said, and she gave me a shy, flirty smile. "I'll just leave this here. It's hot, be careful."

I averted my eyes while I placed the pot down by the tub, and turned to leave.

"So... how long do you want to stay in this house?" she asked. "I feel like I'm on vacation."

We had already discussed this earlier. The question sounded like a quick excuse to get me to stay in the bathroom. I walked back and sat on the opposite edge of the tub. In her deft sitting position I had an entrancing eyeful of smooth, pretty skin and only the outer curves of her breasts and butt. Her brown eyes had mischief in them.

"I figure we should get a good, solid sleep and head out tomorrow morning," I said as my eyes danced around, taking this all in.

"Okay. Do you think it's safe here?"

"Should be. The windows are all locked and covered. The fire might-"

She moved her right arm to check the water temperature in the pot with her hand, and slightly lowered her leg, revealing her breast.

"... might... I forgot what I was saying."

My already solid erection grew harder, arousal coursing through me at the erotic sight of her enticing pink areola and nipple. She had a cute, sneaky smile but didn't look at me.

"Ah, it's good now, not too hot," she said as she grabbed a bar of soap. "What were you saying Dad? Something about the fire."

"The fire... the fire. I don't know I forgot. Alright babe, I'll let you finish."

I stood up to leave.

"Wait Dad, I want to tell you something."

"Uh oh..."

"Dad, would you sit. Sheesh."

I sat down again and she hesitated for a few moments, trying to find the right words.

"I felt like Mom was always competing with me. Did you notice that?"

"Yeah," I said, not expecting this at the moment, "I did. You had that mother-daughter competition thing going on. It happens."

"It bothered me sometimes, but it wasn't so bad and I was getting used to it. But then..."

She paused and looked at her feet and wet strands of blonde hair fell across her cheeks.

"What babe?"

Before answering she put her legs down flat so they were together and straight in front of her, purposely giving me a nice view of her dark brown pubic hair, edging up between her closed legs. With girl-skill her forearms covered her breasts, enough so I could see the pressed voluptuous masses but not areola.

"I never told you this Dad, but when you weren't around, she flirted with my boyfriends. Right in front of me."

"Oh no," I said, my heart dropping. "Don't tell me..."

"No, they never had sex or anything, don't worry. But sometimes she touched them in a flirty way, like put her hands on their shoulders, press herself against them, make inappropriate comments, things like that. It made me so furious, you have no idea."

I sighed. "Yeah, well, now you know another reason we got divorced. She did things like that, in front of me sometimes too."

She moved her arms and now both breasts were completely exposed. To see my daughter's delicious-looking tits like this... it had been so long since I fully enjoyed the sensual pleasures of a woman's body. She lathered up her hands with soap and water and began washing her shoulders. My eyes were glued to her every seductive movement.

"That's why I started flirting with you Dad. To get her back. So... now you know."

"Ah, so you used me," I said, kidding around during this enthralling show.

She smiled as she traced the form of her lovely collar bones and cleavage with her fingers.

"No, believe me Dad, that time we fell asleep in the bed together? I realized then that I liked being with you more than my boyfriends."

Her hands cupped her tits and she began cleaning them. They moved around with a fluid softness as she caressed them with the slippery soap. Her nipples looked hard and I involuntarily licked my lips.

"And, by the way," she continued, "I fell asleep with you on purpose, hoping she would catch us. Hope you're not mad."

I laughed. "Mad? Please, I liked having your warm body on me... and I also have a confession. I kissed you on the lips a few times while you were sleeping."

"I know Dad, I wasn't sleeping, I was pretending."

Her tit washing became more aggressive and they jiggled around as her hands squeezed and massaged, up and down and in circles. My raging cock was in the wrong position and I adjusted it under my blue jeans. She saw and smiled, her cheeks an adorable shade of red. Her soapy hands traveled down to her stomach to tease her belly button, paused near her pussy to lather the top of her pubic hair, then slid further down to her straightened legs. She raised her knees to reach her ankles and feet, and her legs separated a little. I caught tantalizing glimpses of her pussy, the delightful line of sex under the thin layer of dark-brown hair. Not something I ever expected to see in this life.

"This is so nice. I was so dirty and smelly," she said to break up the tense silence. "You need a bath too."

She winked at me. This girl...

"I know Tab."

When she leaned back to rest against the end of the tub, any remaining inhibitions disappeared. She opened her legs wider to wash the inside of her thighs with both hands, in slow, seductive back and forth movements. My daughter's dark-pink pussy lips graced my vision, and I felt a wave of sexual drowsiness flow through my body. Her fingers ran up and down the area between her upper thighs and her mound, teasing herself, and me, and then two separated fingers caressed around her labia without touching it. My breaths were deeper and faster and so were hers, coming through moist lips as she licked them.

Our eye contact had only been fleeting, but now she stared at me with intensity. I know she wanted to see my eyes when she slid her fingers over her clit. She finally massaged the little ball in tight circles and her back arched and her mouth expelled a sweet whimper, without looking away from me. Her fingers nestled into the center of her pussy lips, opening them.

As I rubbed my hard cock, I thought, maybe it was always her fantasy to do this in front of me. The ease and perfection in her movements hinted at rehearsals in her mind. I had fantasies involving her in the past, but nothing as breathtaking as this. Her sleepy eyelids closed and opened as she alternated looking down at her handiwork and back to me again. Her fingers moved up and down faster on her delicate pussy lips and she opened her legs wider, so I could see clearly when her middle finger disappeared deep inside her pussy. Her body and face tightened and the sound of a loud, raspy moan filled the bathroom.

You would think I'd be naked in the bathtub with her by now, but this stunning performance had me too captivated to move, except to keep rubbing my cock against my thigh. But, yes, it was time for these clothes to come off. I stood up and she watched me undress with an eager face, still probing inside her pussy with her finger, then sliding it out to play with her clit, and back in again. I could hear the sounds of sloshing wetness.

Now standing in the tub naked, I poured cups of water on myself to rinse away a week's worth of

grime. I cleaned my body while she watched me, still masturbating, and I moved closer to tower over her between her legs.

"You have a nice cock Dad," she said as she stared at it standing straight out.

"Thank you," I said with a chuckle. I wish I had a recorder so I could play that back every morning when I woke up.

I wrapped my lathered hand around it and began moving back and forth, jerking off to the absurdly hot sight of my naked daughter with her fingers pumping her pussy. Surreal, yes. She played with her clit with her left hand and fingered herself with her right, really going at it now. Her tits shook around from her rapid arm movements, and her body squirmed as she edged closer to orgasm. The thought of my daughter coming in front of me was almost too much to process. I had to see it. I worked my cock faster, feeling the pleasurable sensations of my own escalating orgasm. I couldn't wait to come all over Tabitha's body.

She was convulsing and moaning, and her left hand was now squeezing her tits almost violently, and her other hand assaulted her pussy. She was coming, and I stared in amazement at her face in ecstasy, her spaced out eyes, writhing body, stretching legs, while the primal moans from her mouth soothed my ears. It was a spectacular display.

That did it. She recovered in time to see cum begin shooting from the tip of my cock and land on her skin. Streams and drops fell on her stomach, pussy, tits, and face. She rubbed the gobs all over herself and put her fingers in her mouth to taste it.

She whispered in my ear. "Dad, I want you inside me."

It was forty-five minutes later and we were clean and refreshed on the queen bed in the upstairs bedroom. I was ready for more. Before, I peaked out the window and only saw two zombies wandering around down there. Nothing to worry about.

I put my head between Tabitha's legs to get her moistened up. I had the strong desire to see my daughter's pussy up close. A startling sight, I could lay there and stare at it for a long time. What is it about a pussy? Anyway, I greatly enjoyed playing with her little labia petals with my tongue. I licked the outside of the right petal, around the top of her clit to tease her, then the outside of the left petal. I did the same to the inside and opened her up, and then ran my wet tongue over her clit, which caused a high-pitched chirp to emanate from her throat. Adorable!

I loved the texture and delicate nature of her pussy lips, and the way her hips moved around in a slow and hypnotizing way as I licked her. She alternated between watching me in fascination, and closing her eyes to fully immerse her mind and body in the pleasures of having her own father lick her pussy. I swallowed mouthfuls of her tasty pussy juice.

Now that she was nice and soaked, I moved myself up to get between her legs. Without further ado, I positioned my hips to line up my cock with her opening, hands-free. During our unwavering eye contact, I eased my cock into Tabitha's warm, wet, comfy pussy. There are no words. Staring into her dreamy eyes while I filled her wet insides with my thick cock was, maybe "transcendent", and "unparalleled".

"Wait, stay like this Dad," she said after a few minutes of love making.

She held my butt while I was deep inside her, and I stopped moving.

"You feel that?" she asked.

I could feel her pussy contracting and squeezing my cock.

"I feel it babe."

"Those are my pussy muscles."

"I know." I laughed softly.

"I love this. I just want to stay like this forever," she said while looking around the room. "Forget everything and never leave here."

"Okay, I'm convinced."

I continued the slow in and out penetrations, and we both closed our eyes for a while to disappear into the sublime sexual sensations. I particularly loved the tickle of her pubic hair against the skin around my cock area.

She watched me play with her sensitive nipples with my mouth and tongue, and then our eyes followed my fingers as they traced downward, starting from her supple breast, then down the inward curve of her waist, to the outward curve of her hip and then thighs. After stopping at her knee, I traced the same line upwards, all the while gazing at her body in wonderment as if she were this rare, magical creature. Truth is, she was to me. I wondered how she felt about me looking at her like that, and if her boyfriends ever did the same. I doubted it considering they were young.

We changed positions a few times. I made love to her from behind as she knelt on the bed, and after that she rode me like a happy cowgirl. Back on top of her and between her legs, she had another incredible orgasm as I vigorously fucked her. Because I loved it so much the first time, when I was ready I leaned over her and came all over her body. This time she jerked me off to help me along. We collapsed together and explored each other's mouths for a long time after, whispering proclamations of love between kisses.

Laying cuddled together, the exhaustion we felt from our arduous day of survival and cathartic night of hot sex, was a good exhaustion, one of contentment...

My naked daughter is laying next to me. Huh, that's strange. She's on her side, resting her head on her hand, looking at me with a sultry smile. Sweet. Is that... a cigarette in her hand? Tabitha never smoked. It has the vibe of a post-sex cigarette.

Where am I. I don't recognize this bedroom.

Wait... this is a dream. Ah, that's why. I love that moment when you realize you're dreaming, and you think, hey, maybe I can take control of this. That would be awesome. But then, the thought disappears like a wisp, and the dream masters take back control.

There's a zombie at the bedroom door. Standing there, leaning against the frame, relaxed. This is the coolest zombie I've ever seen. He's wearing jeans and a leather jacket, and he takes his black sunglasses off to wink at me. He looks like my brother Reedus. And he's smoking too? I should tell him to quit, smoking is bad for a zombie's health, studies show.

I look to my left again, and my heart almost bursts out of my chest from a primal fright. It's my ex-wife Lori now, not my daughter. She's clothed. That's a shame, I miss her body. I see it in her piercing eyes that she knows what happened between me and our daughter. She has a cigarette as well...

"I know you fucked Tabitha," she says with an angry squint.

She blows smoke right in my face.

My eyes abruptly opened and I was gripped in a paralyzing fear. The stench of smoke burned my nostrils. I snapped out of my stupor and sat upright, and saw orange light flickering under the bedroom door.

The fire, the god-damned fire. We drifted off to sleep before dousing it. Embers must have shot out of the fire pit and lit something up.

"Tabitha, wake up." I shook her shoulder.

She roused and awoke quickly, always on the ready. I climbed off the bed with my boxers on and went to the door, putting my hands on it. It was very warm but not hot. I wanted to open it and check how big this fire was to see if we could escape, but I was worried about backdraft, which would cause an explosion in this room. I think. I'm no fire expert. I told Tabitha to get behind the bed and I opened the door and jumped aside. No explosion, but I did get a blast of heat. When I peered out to look I saw there was no way we were escaping downstairs, the entire lower level was in massive flames.

I turned toward Tabitha getting dressed, and being the man that I am, even in this emergency situation with the house burning down, I still took the time to be turned on by her body. She had her jeans on but no shirt or bra yet, and boy did that look sexy.

Thankfully we had all of our gear up here; the food we found, our weapons, and everything in our backpacks. I pulled open the shades and looked out the window.

Fuck! I ducked down to hide.

"What Dad? What?"

"Two people standing out there by the sidewalk. They have shotguns. A man and a woman. They definitely saw me."

"Did they look friendly?"

She was putting her arms through a bra and her tits were swaying as she moved.

Damn it! Focus.

"I don't know, hard to tell. It doesn't matter, either way we have to escape out of this window. Do me a favor babe, hand me my gun, it's under the pillow."

She reached under the pillow and gave me my Desert Eagle 50 cal., empty of bullets. This beast of a handgun was more of a burden than anything, but I kept it, hoping I would eventually come across some ammo. Plus the sight of it put fear into the bones of potential bandits. I stood up and reached my arm over to unlock the window and open it. We needed fresh air in here badly. The heat was oppressive and the smoke was making our eyes water.

Loud noises creaked, cracked and rumbled throughout the house as it began to crumble. Tabitha had our stuff gathered together and then stood next to me. I gave her a kiss on the lips and then yelled out the window.

"Who are you?" I said.

"You better get out of there, that house is coming down," the man yelled back.

"We are. We're well-armed up here so don't try anything stupid!"

I raised my gun so they could see it.

Bam!

That bastard unloaded his shotgun. Tabitha and I ducked. Wait, I don't think he shot at us.

"Sorry about that, had to take care of a zombie," the woman yelled. "Don't worry about us, we don't want anything from you. Hurry up and get out of there!"

From across the street, the four of us watched the whole house go up in flames, including the sheets Tab and I tied together to rappel down the window. We had our backpacks, food, and all of our supplies. The fire repelled the zombies so we were left in temporary peace to view the spectacle.

"So where are you two headed," the middle aged man with a beard and big shotgun asked me after we all introduced each other.

Of course, I didn't fully trust them and I'm sure they felt the same about us, but they seemed all right.

"We've come from New York City," I said, "been traveling for weeks. We're trying to find an encampment on the beach that we heard about. My brother and my ex-wife are supposed to be there."

"On the beach?" The young woman spoke up. "That's where we are staying. Just south of here. The zombies stay clear of it, we think the saltwater keeps them away. What's their names?"

Tabitha answered. "Reedus and Lori. My uncle and my mother."

"Well, guess what," the man said with a smile, "you found your uncle and mother. They've been there for months."

Tabitha and I looked at each other in delighted astonishment. They're alive. And we found them. A miracle. We hugged and she sobbed on my shoulder in relief.

Lori gazed at the sinewy muscles of his chest and arms as he made love to her in their little shanty on the beach. Every ripple under his perspiring skin was apparent as he pressed himself between her legs, and in and out of her dripping, orgasmic pussy, her soaked depths smoothly giving way to his hard cock.

They were both, if not quite emaciated, thin and toned from the hot new Post-Apocalyptic Diet they'd been on. She felt no guilt making love to Reedus, it didn't matter that he was her ex-husband's younger brother. Why should she feel guilt? Rick and their daughter Tabitha, if they were still alive, were probably going at it like young horny lovers, just like she suspected they did when Rick and her were still married. Oh, he denied it to the end, but she wasn't stupid.

She couldn't resist Reedus anyway. The chicks around here in their small beach community eyed him

curiously. She saw it. He had tattoos, an edgy attitude, a mischievous smile, rode a motorcycle, dated a famous model for a few weeks back in the pre-zombie days, and years ago was arrested for manslaughter. All the qualities women love in a man. He was supposedly innocent and never convicted, but arrested was good enough.

She basked in the beautiful orgasm as it flowed from her plundered and pulsing pussy throughout her tight and twisting body. When Reedus pulled out his cock she reached down and wrapped and spiraled her hand around the hot, thick and slippery pole. Streams of pearly cum shot out all over her mound and pussy lips.

Well, that never gets old, she mused as they snuggled, relaxed and recovering. She drifted off with thoughts of Rick and Tabitha, missing them, and wondered if she would ever see them again...