The Zombie Hunter's Price

By ByronLord

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Oct 2012

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OK here is the deal. My body is yours until they open the cage. Use me any way you chose.

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"Watch out!"

It was close to noon and the sun had been up seven hours at least. The field should have been safe enough: no visible shade for miles. Hearing Jex's shout, the woman stopped digging, turned to see the lumbering beast approaching and ran.

At the sound of the call, the abomination turned and began shuffling in Jex's direction. He had his shotgun pointed at it just in case but there was no point in risking a shot when the sun was doing the work for him. Wisps of smoke were starting to appear around his face and hands. The hunter cautiously walked backwards so as to keep out of range.

The closer a zombie gets to re-death, the more dangerous it becomes. Escaping from a mob in New York City, Jex had seen one on fire tear off its hand and throw it: All it takes is a scratch.

There was another shout "Behind you!". Jex discharged the shotgun into the first zombie's chest, knocking it onto its back. Turning round he saw the stranger holding off a second with a pitch fork that was not quite long enough for safety. The beast was impaling itself on the tines, trying to drive its body deep enough on to them to be able to scratch her hands.

"Mine! Run!", Jex called.

The woman dropped the pitchfork and ran. The sudden loss of resistance caused the abomination to lurch forward, causing the handle of the pitchfork to catch in the dirt. The zombie continued trying to move forward, cartoonishly driving the handle of the pitchfork deeper into the earth, trapping itself further.

Soon the air was filled with the acrid stench of burning putrid flesh. After checking that the first corpse was also safe, a brief search revealed a shallow grave. They had likely come to Idaho as refugees during the panic only to be gunned down by some farmer thinking they would bring the sickness. Jex shook his head at the stupidity. Making more dead people was no way to stop a zombie invasion.

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A short while later, Jex and Helen (the woman he had rescued) lay side by side naked in the solar bath of Helen's commune. The commune took no chances. Anyone who came into contact with the undead in any way and all outsiders were quarantined in the solar bath for at least a day. The solar bath was a cage near the focal point of what had once been a solar collector used for heating.

The solar bath was the reason Jex had followed Helen to the commune. Severing the spine with a shotgun at short range is the surest way to stop a zombie but the flesh has the consistency of rotten fruit. Anyone close when it is hit is likely to get hit by spray that can burrow through clothes and through skin till it reaches the blood. Some of the zombie's guts had hit his jacket. He had thrown it away immediately but he couldn't be sure he had been quick enough. Where zombies were concerned, sunlight was not just the best disinfectant, it was the only one that worked. Besides, the idea of spending a day night in relative safety with a pretty naked girl was not exactly unwelcome.

And Helen was pretty. That was what had caught Jex's attention when he first saw her from the road. The flower in her strawberry blonde hair matched her summer skirt. Just as he had been rehearsing an introduction in his head, something moving in the background had caught his eye and yet another zombie fight began.

"You should stay here" Helen was serious. "We need more people if we are going to do everything we want to do here. As it is we can barely keep a proper watch."

Jex had seen the compound, it was practically perfect. Four buildings with good solid walls arranged around a courtyard. The external windows on the ground floor had already been bricked up and they had started adding bars on the upper storey. Ten, twenty people could easily hold off a mob of a hundred or more. The commune had six. Helen and her brother were the only members under fifty. Helen was barely in her twenties, her brother even younger. By rights and all the natural laws of physics she should be in college right now and he should be finishing high school. Instead she was trapped here in the middle of nowhere, hoping to stay one step ahead of the undead horde.

Helen's offer was tempting, perhaps too tempting. Staying at the commune was definitely the best chance of survival that had been offered since he left New York. They had abundant food, shelter and a generator with a full tank of fuel for emergency use. His chance of making it to San Francisco was not good, to say the least. He was the last of the eight who had left New York.

Jex shook his head, "I can't stay. I have other commitments." If not Jex then who else would do the job? Who else would try to end it?

"Bring them as well." Helen insisted.

Jex looked straight into Helen's eyes and slowly shook his head.

Helen paused then nodded her acquiescence. "If you are not going to stay, I guess I should thank you properly for saving my life," she began. Helen reached out to run her hand along the hunters back.

"You saved mine." Jex replied, "but perhaps we could thank each other then"

Jex moved over to Helen's side of the platform and they kissed as their bodies wrapped around each other in an naked full embrace. It had been so long since he had been with a woman and given the nature of his mission it was unlikely he would again. Jex wanted to savor every moment, every touch, every kiss.

Helen's made straight for Jex's erection, feeling it stiffen in her hand as she worked the length of it in her tongue. As soon as he was ready she swung her body over his and guided his cock between her legs.

Jex's cock was already inside her when Helen's nerve broke. One minute she was about to ride Jex to some of the best sex of their lives, the next she was crouched in the corner sobbing with her face buried in her hands.

"I am sorry, I am so sorry", Helen gasped between sobs, "I couldn't, just couldn't. Its not your fault, I couldn't."

Jex kept his distance. Helen didn't appear to be turning, but she didn't exactly seem to want his company either.

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Eventually Helen's brother came to bring them food and prepare the solar bath for night. This meant turning on the black light, closing the shutters and lighting the heater before the sun set. Black light was not quite as good as sunlight but better than nothing. The man was visibly unconcerned by his sister's distress, placing the dinner tray on the floor next to the cage without a word. The dinner tray was incongruously set with fine china, fresh linen napkins and a bud vase with a flower, the same flower Helen had worn in her hair earlier. Evidently someone needed to keep busy to keep their mind

off zombies.

Helen uncurled from her fetal position and whispered something in her brother's ear. He nodded as she spoke but said nothing in reply. At the end of this one sided conversation, he left without a word.

Helen slowly walked towards the center of the platform, her palms open, her eyes cast down, "I didn't mean to mislead," she said.

"I don't understand," Jex replied.

"The commune needs children."

That made sense. To continue the commune would need children sooner or later. If they waited too long the older members would be getting too old to help raise the children.

Helen looked Jex straight in the eyes, "OK here is the deal. My body is yours until they open the cage. Use me any way you chose."

"Thats it? No conditions?" Jex asked, puzzled.

Helen was insistent, "It is a simple statement of fact. We don't have enough people to post guard on the perimeter. When he leaves there is nobody to watch the cage. My only security is that you are not likely to risk spending the night locked up with an abomination."

Jex had more objections, "If I wanted to force you I wouldn't have let you stop."

Helen was ready with an answer, "It will make it easier for me. Don't ask me to explain."

At this, Helen's brother raised his hand and opened his mouth as if to speak then stopped.

Jex could only guess at the horrors Helen and her brother had escaped to come to this place. They had not started life as country folk, that was clear. The casualties of this war became the enemy. The victims were the survivors and that guilt clung to them all. They had all learned how to deal with fear and physical pain, even welcome them as they dulled the guilt and the pain of loss. Safety, intimacy were much harder to bear, they gave time to think, time to remember, time for the guilt.

Helen was adamant, "I saved your life. This is my price"

Jex grabbed Helen's strawberry blonde mane. Helen made no attempt to resist or escape. There was

no doubt who would win a fight between them: He had six inches and at least fifty pounds over her. Jex pulled hard drawing a gasp of pain, then threw her away from him uttering a profanity, disgusted by the realization that he had found the sensation of power enjoyable.

"No deal," Jex replied, "I saved you first"

Helen tried to punch Jex but he caught her by the throat and slammed her hard against the bars of the cage. Hurting her felt better this time. He jammed the thumb of his other hand inside her sex and used it to lift her body off the floor. This time he felt only pleasure.

"I saved you first," Jex repeated, "Your body is my price, understand?"

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At one time the middle of the wooden platform on which they stood had been covered by some sort of cushion fastened by a cords. The cushion had been cut away but the ends of the cord remained along one edge. The ends of the cord were long enough to fasten Helen's wrists.

Jex knew how to use his anger, how to focus it to the task in hand whether that was chopping down a tree, fighting a zombie mob or his present task. Helen had rolled onto her front, her knees locked tight together to deny him access to her cunt. But Jex had another plan and pinned her ass to the platform with his prick. Helen stifled a scream.

Jex was done arguing. He wanted her, he had wanted her from the first moment he saw her working in the field. She had asked for it rough and he would oblige.

The girl's body stiffened as he tried to force his prick inside, clenching her anus tight like a fist. Oil from the dinner tray failed to make his task easier but Jex knew another trick. A hard slap, a sharp tug on her hair and a carefully timed thrust gave him the opportunity he needed to bury his cock halfway. She was painfully fight but this was hurting her much more than it hurt him.

Helen tried to throw him off but with her wrists tied and Jex on top of her this only drove her ass deeper onto his cock. A savage twist of her nipple rewarded Jex with the satisfaction of a scream.

After a few strokes, Helen realized the futility of her efforts and sank to the platform, making only the slightest sob with each thrust. Jex came quickly, making her ass slippery with white fluid that he collected from inside her with his fingers and pressed into her mouth trying to make her swallow.

Jex twisted Helen onto her back so her arms were crossed uncomfortably, fastened her ankles to the cords either side of the ones binding her wrists, then paused to admire his handiwork. There was still

something missing and so the cloth from the dinner tray was pressed into service as a blindfold.

Helen legs were spread up and apart leaving her sex completely defenseless, her anus open and available. Jex ran his hand through the curls of pubic hair framing his prize then yanked on a handful to remind her that he wasn't finished making her suffer. This elicited a pleasing cry and so he pulled again harder. On the third try he took a smaller handful and yanked hard enough to pull them out.

Jex looked at the place the hairs had come from. It was pleasingly red and sore at first but the redness started to fade too soon. Jex pulled out another handful, and another.

Making Helen's sex completely smooth was patient work. Jex took short breaks from time to time to tease her clit with his fingers and slip one or two inside her to remind her of the purpose for which she was being prepared. Helen would try at first to resist each advance, then allow herself to be subdued by the sensation until Jex decided she was coming too close to orgasm and cut her off with a slap across her breasts or face.

Jex finished his work by using a pair of sugar tongs he had found on the dinner tray as tweezers. By this time Helen feigned to ignore him, not even protesting when his cock slid inside her naked cunt.

Since this was unacceptable, Jex used the sugar tongs on her nipples. This brought his victim back into his world of torments with an angry curse but it was not enough either. The bud vase with its flower was still sitting on the dinner tray. It was shaped like an exclamation point a little shorter and a little wider than a cock. Weighing it in his hand, Jex found it was quite heavy. The whole of the stem and not just the base was made from thick glass. The top half slipped easily into Helen's cunt but this left the bulbous base sticking out making it difficult for Jex to use her ass unless he turned her over first. The vase was less suited for sodomy but this was eventually achieved by using his fingers to stretch her out.

Her pussy had been tight before but the object already inside made it even tighter. Jex could feel the hard, unyielding object as he drove himself in. Helen shouted profanities and curses with each thrust. Jex ignored her: Whether she was screaming because she was enjoying the experience or because she wanted it to end no longer mattered to him.

Jex worked his prick furiously until he came then slumped onto the girl's chest.

He removed the blindfold, curious to see if the sight of her face would bring remorse. It did not. A livid purple bruise had formed along the left side of her face where he had first struck her. Other parts of her body showed similar evidence of his use.

Jex ran his hand along Helen's slit till he found her clit and began circling it with a fingertip. He had given this woman pain and now he would give her pleasure. Not as a reward for her submission but as another demonstration of his power over her. Until the cage was unlocked, the choice of whether she experienced pleasure or pain would belong to Jex and Jex alone.

Jex lent forward and gently kissed the bruises on Helen's face, breasts and belly. Eventually she was moaning with delight as his lips and tongue danced over her slit. Her body convulsed as she gave her loudest cry of that night.

After she was untied, Helen curled herself up around Jex's body. Soon her brother would return to open the cage and Jex would again have to chose between life with Helen at the commune and a hopeless mission. He could try to save the whole world and fail or he could try to save just one person at a time.

Helen would come with him if he asked, he had no doubt of that. But if she came, who would care for her brother? What right did he have to bring her on what was almost certainly a pointless suicide mission?

The argument continued endlessly in Jex's mind until it was suddenly ended by the sound of shotgun blast. The first blast was followed by a second and a third. Then there was silence.

Before the second shot was fired, Jex and Helen stood back to back in the center of the cage to keep watch in all directions. The silence was broken from time to time by the sound of shuffling feet followed by more periods of painful silence. Then there was a slight hissing sound and a faint smell of something burning.

The abomination must have wandered close enough to the cage for the black light to start its work.

"Use the platform" Helen shouted.

It would not provide much protection but it was the only cover available. Jex helped Helen lift the heavy platform onto its side just in time as the abomination charged the cage sending parts of its body spilling over, through the bars. Through the gaps in the slats Jex could see that parts of the zombie were already on fire. Then through the flames, Helen saw the worst thing possible.

They were being attacked by her brother's corpse.