



Sex Slaves of Zombie Island

**A Stan and Gus Story by
Jessica Freely**

For my new friends from Conclave 33.

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The Zombie Freak King sat on his throne of bones, his one remaining eye gleaming wetly. Stan and Gus knelt at his feet, buck naked, hands tied behind their backs and spreader bars attached to their ankles. All about them in the fire lit cave, zombie minions loomed. There was no escape.

“Holy crap, Gus,” said Stan.

“What do you think is going to happen to us next?”

Gus gave Stan a weary look. Even an hour ago he would have appreciated Stan’s attempt at gallows humor, but that was before the chocolate, the humidior, and Tickle Me Elmo. These toys now lay discarded in pile near the entrance to the cave. It was

a shame to see Elmo in such a debauched condition: one cigar dangling from his mouth and the other... well, it wasn't worth mentioning. The worst of it all was that Gus loved chocolate, and now, he wasn't sure he'd ever be able to eat it again.

"At least this time, it's not my fault," said Stan. The fact seemed to cheer him, despite their circumstances.

"True," Gus admitted. They'd been on their honeymoon, subsidized by their patron, Mrs. Anderson. She'd flown them out to a private island, on a private jet, and it had been [two weeks of unadulterated paradise](#), but all too soon, their idyll was over. On the way home

the jet went down, stranding them on this remote island ruled by the Zombie Freak King and his undead sex slaves.

Now, the zombies began to chant, and the king stood and removed his tattered loincloth. “Oh gross!” Stan shouted. Gus averted his gaze, but it was too late, he’d already had an eyeful. How someone in such an advanced state of decay could even maintain an erection was utterly beyond him. The thought of what he intended to do with the pustulant member was too much for him. “Please,” he screamed, tugging frantically at the manacles binding his wrists. “Let us go! We’ll help you, we’ll do anything you want, just don’t... don’t... Please!”

The half of the Zombie Freak King's face that still had flesh grinned and he took a step down from his throne, his nuts swinging back and forth like a pair of horse chestnuts on a branch in late November. Gus was pretty sure he could hear them clacking. Beside him, Stan looked pale, and beads of sweat ran down his face.

The Zombie Freak King bent over and caressed Stan's cheek with one rotting finger. Little morsels of flesh broke off and fell to the floor. Stan tried to back up. Gus managed to shuffle forward a bit. "Me! Take me first!"

"No!" shouted Stan. "Keep your moldy man bits away from my husband, you walking slab of head

cheese! You think we're scared of you? I've seen more prepossessing dog turds. Mind you, you smell like a rotting pumpkin stuffed with feet, but that's to be expected from someone who thinks a cock ring is a cannibalistic breakfast treat. In fact, you're so stupid, I don't know why these other deadbeats follow you. Any one of them would make a better Zombie Freak King than you. For instance that guy there." Stan pointed at the biggest of the zombie minions. "I bet he'd know how to conduct an undead Tickle Me Elmo kink scene. That shit with the chocolate and the cigars? Fucking pathetic man."

The big zombie minion leaned forward, alert. Well, as alert as a

zombie ever gets. Stan turned now and addressed him directly. "Come on man. How do you put up with old pus penis ordering you around? It must kill you, doing his bidding day in and day out when you know, deep inside, that you could do so much better. You've always known. Just imagine, this whole island could be yours -- the turquoise water, the volcanic caves and the sex slaves, all of it. You think One-eye here can stop you?"

The big zombie slowly turned his head to look at the Zombie Freak King. His sore-studded lips parted in a green-toothed smile. Around him, the other zombie minions shuffled restlessly.

“And what about the rest of you?” said Stan. “Isn’t it about time you had a leader worthy of you?”

A low moan rose up from the assembled undead. The big zombie shuffled toward the Zombie King, who turned to face him. The two grappled, and the other zombies began shambling forward to surround them. They chanted, “Fight, fight, fiiiiight.”

Gus and Stan exchanged a look and hobbled backwards. The going was slow. The spreader bars didn’t allow for much of a stride, and the hard rock of the cave floor scraped their knees. Gus rocked on his bruised knees and reared back, managing to get to his feet. Stan saw and cracked a smile. “You always

were limber for a bear," he said, and he did the same.

They looked funny doing it, but they managed, rotating on first one foot and then the other, to make it to the mouth of the cave. By now the zombie fight was in full force. Limbs and shreds of flesh flew in all directions as the Zombie Freak King and his challenger battled one another and the rest of the horde took sides.

"Lucky thing they're easily distracted," said Stan.

Gus, panting from the exertion of making it this far, said, "That was quick thinking, Stan."

Stan grinned. They hobbled down the trail to the lagoon where their

jet had crash-landed. It lay on the shore, half-hidden by foliage. They'd still been unconscious when the zombies found them.

“Do you think Jake is still alive?” asked Stan.

Gus thought of the tall, dark-haired, broad-chested pilot who'd picked them up from Mrs. Anderson's private island. Despite their recent ordeal, he felt his cock stir. That guy had been...

A rustle in the foliage behind them interrupted Gus' lascivious thoughts. They both spun around, expecting to see the zombies, but no, it wasn't that at all. Standing in the torn remains of his pilot uniform stood Jake,

a long, forked tree-branch over his shoulder. “Oh, there you two are. Quit sight-seeing, I could use a hand getting the jet free from the underbrush.” He stopped and took in their appearance. “What happened to your clothes and why are you--”

“Zombies!” Stan babbled. “Sex zombies! They took us captive! Cigars! Tickle Me Elmo!”

Jake laughed and shook his head, then glanced at Gus. “Does he always get like this?”

Gus shook his head. “He’s telling the truth. Quick, help us out of these restraints.”

Jake was a good pilot, but not the sharpest tool in the shed. He shrugged

and got a pry bar from the tool kit in the jet and in a matter of minutes, Gus and Stan were free of their shackles. They helped Jake get the jet loose from the underbrush and in another hour or so, they were on their way home.

“We sure do get into the craziest situations,” Stan remarked, cuddling up next to Gus in the passenger compartment of the jet. They had no clothes, which was going to make disembarking interesting once they got to Detroit, but in the meantime, they snuggled together under blankets in the sleeping berth in the back. This was not one of those cramped little coffin type of berths. No. This jet was deluxe, it had all the amenities. They’d already

cleaned up in the Jacuzzi, and helped themselves to the wet bar. Gus was sleepy, with that luxurious kind of tiredness you get when you've been through an ordeal and it's all over now. His eyelids drooped.

Stan elbowed him in the gut.

"Hey."

Gus blinked and looked at Stan, who lay stretched out on the padded velvet surface of the berth. "Are you okay?" asked Stan.

Gus nodded. "You?"

Stan nodded. "Is... are you... will we..."

Gus couldn't ever remember Stan at a loss for words before. "What are you trying to say?"

“That was awful.”

“Yeah.”

“So. Are you, you know...”

There was a long pause. Stan bit his lip. Gus could tell he was getting up the courage to say whatever it was he had to say. But that made no sense. Stan wasn't afraid of anything. “Are you turned off of sex now?” he finally blurted.

Oh. Of course. Gus smiled and pulled Stan close, stroking the warm, smooth skin of his back, running his fingers through his long, silken blond hair. “Only with dead people,” he said. “And Muppets,” he added.

Stan looked up at him. “I want to erase the memory of all that.”

They kissed, gently at first, lips touching, pressing, and then, Gus opened and Stan plunged his tongue inside his mouth. The hot, mobile muscle tasted like the mint toothpaste they'd both used. Gus stroked Stan's tongue with his, and dipped inside Stan's mouth and licked at his teeth. His cock surged to attention, and he reached down, and found that Stan was hard and weeping as well. He stroked the velvety flesh and Stan moaned, the sound bathing Gus' ears like the warm waters of the Jacuzzi had bathed their bodies.

Gus ran the pad of his thumb over Stan's slit, where a generous dollop of precome beaded. He smeared it over

Stan's flared cock head in circles. Stan flexed his hips, thrusting in and out of Gus' hand in long, slow strokes. Gus bent his head and took one of Stan's nipples in his mouth, licking and nipping and sucking. "Oh, God, Gus!" Stan gasped.

Gus couldn't suppress a grin as he moved to Stan's other nipple and gave it the same treatment. He was stroking Stan faster now, in a rhythm they both knew very well. "G-g-gus!" Stan warned.

Gus stopped stroking. He slid down the berth, about to take Stan's cock in his mouth. "Wait," said Stan, "turn around."

Gus did as he was asked, straddling Stan's head. As he took the raging hard cock before him into his mouth, he felt Stan's hot tongue lapping at the underside of his own needy member. Stan's musk, tinted with the eucalyptus bath salts they'd used, filled his mouth and made it water. Then Stan's mouth closed over his cock head and Gus was enveloped in wet heat. A long sigh escaped from him as tension he wasn't even aware he'd been holding unwound inside him. He thrust down into Stan's mouth and sucked Stan's cock deeper into his own.

Muffled grunts escalated as they sucked and licked each other into a frenzy. Gus's balls drew tight and he

felt that familiar tingling sensation in the pit of his stomach. He was going to come soon. He lifted his head. "I want to be inside you, Stan."

Stan's only answer was a shuddery, "Fuck yeah."

In seconds Gus was on his back and Stan hovered over him, lubing Gus's thick cock with lemon verbena scented hand lotion. "Come here," said Gus. Stan scooped up and Gus coated his fingers with lotion. He reached around Stan and stroked his asshole. "Aaah!" Stan arched his back. Gus pierced Stan with first one finger, then two, turning, twisting and scissoring his fingers, loosening the tight aperture, getting Stan ready for what was to

come. "Enough!" Stan grunted, sliding back down.

With one hand on Gus' cock, Stan guided it between his ass cheeks. He sank down, impaling himself. Gus gasped as the tight molten warmth of Stan's body enveloped him. Stan threw his head back moaning. His eyes half-lidded, his Adam's apple standing out, his beautiful, bare chest glistening with sweat. He was so beautiful.

Gus grasped Stan's hips and pumped his own, guiding his lover up and down as they fucked. It felt so good. In an orgasmic sleight of hand, Gus felt all the awful memories of their sojourn as zombie sex slaves receding, becoming yet another story to tell Pips

when they got home. This -- Stan and him, the incandescent fire burning between them as they bucked against one another -- this was the greater reality. "G-g-gus!" said Stan.

Gus reached down and pumped Stan's long, hard cock, and he came, shooting hot come all over Gus's chest. The contractions of his orgasm rippled through his body, massaging Gus's cock. The tight, tingling sensation in his belly intensified to a white-hot ache and then flooded his whole body, and he came, pulsing his release deep inside Stan.

Stan fell forward, Gus's cock slipping from his body as he draped himself over him. He rested his head on

Gus' chest and Gus lifted one hand to gently comb his tangled blond hair.

They slept, and when they awoke again, they were home.

The End

Prompts used to write this story:

Gleaming

Wetly

Zombie

Freak

King

Please

Nuts

Sex Slave

Orgasmic Sleight of Hand

Chocolate

Humidor

Tickle Me Elmo