The Florida Keys (working title)

by NachoManRandyRavage

Summary

Sorry-not-sorry.

Notes

The beginning notes of each chapter are a recap of the chapter, so you can easy skim ahead and catch up with our story. Don't read them if you want to experience this as a novel.
Diagnosis: Voyeur

I was just a simple guy, a night Watchmen at Community General Hospital when my life got flipped turned upside down. I am sure it started with the examination room with the hottest game of… well… I am getting ahead of myself here.

He came in through triage. His short black hair and black moustache thick like the prose of overly-wrought slash fiction. The white kitchen apron he wore was stained with ketchup and grease. His eyes deep and dark and full of mystery.

It was Dr. Sloan who saw him. I don’t know what it was inside of me that told me I should watch these two, but I did. Tall, Dark and Handsome was complaining that his arms were in a lot of pain. Dr. Sloan was his usual kindly gentle old self. Ever since he lost his wife his bedside manner took on a much softer, slightly erotic tone.

They were talking, I switched the audio on so I could hear.

“… yeah, it’s this show. Theatre? Musical? I don’t know.” Mr. Moustache was nervously laughing.

“And you play patty-cake?”

“Well, when you put it that way it sounds dumb.”

“No! no…”

What was this?

“Have you ever heard of ‘Stomp?’”

“No…”

“Well, it’s a lot like that. Stomp I mean. Look I…” The moustached fellow stammered nervously.

“Ahh, Bob, why don’t you just… show me.”

“Uhhh… are you.. sure?”

“Yes Bob, show me.”

“Okay put out your hands.”

The two of them started to play the most intense game of patty-cake I had ever watched. Well, it was more like Bob was just playfully slapping Dr. Sloans hands. ‘Playfully slapping’ doesn’t
convey the depth of slow erotic hand-tapping that was happening.

At first I thought was that Bob couldn’t hit Dr. Sloan’s hands very hard, on account of his earlier complains. But after even 30 seconds, Bob’s eyes locked to Dr. Sloans, and they were stuck. I knew.

The soft clapping turned into gentle wordless caress. Fingers followed fingers, deep palm-lines tracing mystical musical ‘M’s for doctor and patient. Their eyes deep in one another. My eyes, hidden behind the blinking red light.

Their hot breaths got closer and closer, knuckles softly caressed. Dr. Sloan simply gave Bob a look, and before long Bob had taken Dr. Sloans index finger deep into is mouth, sucking hard. With his right hand he ticked the good doctors palm, while his left hand traced over the remaining knuckles.

Dr. Sloan had taken his free hand and gone below the stained apron, moving ever so slowly to a fro. From my video vantage I could see exactly what has going on. I looked over, and made sure my door was locked. Who watches the watchers? No one.

“Now Mr. Belcher, I need you to lie down on your stomach, so I can give you a proper examination.”

Bob eagerly complied as Dr. Sloan made a show of putting on a pair of rubber examination gloves. Bob let out a gasp as he heard the snap.

“But thought... allergies... “

“I don’t like the blue nitrile gloves, and I know you don’t either....” Dr. Sloan said, pressing a rubber finger against Bob’s lip softly.

Bob instinctively slurped the latex finger into his mouth again, and found two, three, and then four deep in his mouth, probing, tickling. Meanwhile Bobs fingers was being playfully caressed and fondled by the other rubber-covered hand.

“Now up on your knees, that’s it.”

Bob felt his sweatpants and underwear slide down to the cold PVC of the examination table.

“Now, as Chief of Internal Medicine, I need to have a close look.”

Dr. Sloan quickly and smartly gripped Bobs throbbing cock. Bob—and I on the other side of the digital feed—gasped.

“Good good. This will do.” Dr. Sloan squeeze-pumped a few handfuls of lubricant in each gloved hand before returning to his patient.

Bob and I Gasped in unison as Dr. Sloan stuck his finger in Bob’s waiting, tender asshole. Bob moaned loudly and pushed his hips into the probing finger. Bob has his own digital feed and he was hungry for more.

Dr. Sloan grasped Bobs flailing penis, carried away by the rhythmic thrusting of hips. Two, three, four lubricated fingers slipped in. I couldn’t help it. I had to play my own game of patty-cake. My soft hands grasping the shaft of my own penis through my pants, freeing it from it’s nylon prison and I pumped hard as I watched the kindly silver haired doctor gently but firmly manipulate this line cook like a puppet in the sexiest puppet show that Bolder Colorado has ever seen.
Bob moans matched the fevered pitch of my own, I couldn’t help it. Finally Bob exploded in Dr. Sloan’s hand as I exploded in my own. Bob’s spunk mixing with the lube and splatting like a Jackson Pollock against the sterile paper of the exam table. My spunk slopped on the dirty floor, mirroring my immediate post-ejaculation shame.

“Doctor.. that was… that was…”

“Shhh Bob, that’s okay. Just relax.”

It was then that there was a loud pop, as if a great column of air had been suddenly displaced. The world turned briefly red and the last conscious thought I had was the humiliating realization that my hand was still tight around my cock as I fell to the floor.
Chapter Summary

Wherein the Hospital wakes up when they experience what happened, bedlam ensues, and our hero gets a visit from a benevolent dark angel.

I awoke on the floor.

The sharp ringing in my ears was almost too much. The piercing screech tunneled into my brain with the force of 23 screwdrivers. This was not the pleasant ministrations of Dr. Sloan. This was brutal.

My now flaccid penis was hidden in the cup of my hand. In the process of fainting I somehow managed to not land in my own puddle of dirty spunk.

While I wiped my hands and floor, I let the guilt and shame wash over my consciousness. It was a tough life being a pervert. As I tossed the dirty rag in the trash bin and peeked over at the monitor. Funny, it seemed like Dr. Sloan and Bob were also knocked out cold.

With a chill I checked the other Cameras. Almost everyone was out for the count. It was eerie. Soon a few sharp knives that were shaking themselves to consciousness.

The tenor of the hospital slowly built from the unsettling silence to extreme alarm. Like wind up of an air-raid siren. More and more staff awoke, more patients needed vitals checked and the more frightened everyone became. How could this happen? How could an entire hospital just collectively lose consciousness?

The pitch hit its fever when a geriatric wandered to the exit, stopped, and then screamed and screamed until she fainted. Others came to investigate or help and they too were left screaming, catatonic, or just simply went lights out. I could only watch on the screen as this frightening scene played out, the bodies hitting the floor.

Until he came. Like an angel he floated through the doors. His radiant mahogany skin a backdrop against the resplendent vesture that shone like the light of the morning sun piercing the darkness.

He held out his hand, and intoned "I deliver unto you, rhythms and rhymes, comforting and true, to settle the times."

Immediately all of the fallen at the door awoke again.

"We're in California!" the murmurs went around the hospital like wildfire. Not panic, just ... wonderment.

It was then he turned to me—to me!—I was staring at him through the camera, how could he know? But he did. He turned and said:

"Seek ye the Cherry Tree."
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Wherein our Hero and Dr. Sloan escape in a tiny white truck, and Dr. Sloan attempts to explain a Central Locus of Power.

The angelic figure turned and left, seemingly vanishing down the lane of our new California address. It was inconceivable that a hospital would suddenly transport itself from Denver Colorado to the sunny California coast.

It felt uncanny. Even the air smelt different. And hey, wait a second, how is it that the lights are still on? I wandered over to the water fountain by the door, and depressed the button. Sure enough, crisp cold Californian water dribbled out of the nozzle. I wish that lazy sack of shit Claude would fix that.

Dr. Sloan gently shuffled up beside me.

“What the hell is going on?”

“I’m not sure doc. You’re not really gonna believe it, we’re in California!” I said, trying to not go beet red.

“What? Oh no, this isn’t good, this isn’t very good at all.”

“Wait, what? What do you mean doc?” I queried, still trying to push the images of the burger-man examination out of my mind.

“It means things have been progressing much faster than I have anticipated.”

“You know what’s going on? What are you talking about?”

“Yes, follow me, we don’t have much time.“ Dr. Sloan briskly walked down the hall. “Come on, keep up! Tell me, did you see him?”

“Him?” I hurried along side him huffing and puffing. That old guy could really move!

“Yes, the black angelic man with all the coloured clothing?”

“Yes! he said something about a delivery? Then he just, well, vanished. Doc, are you going to tell me what’s going on?” We had arrived at the loading doc at the bake of the hospital.

“Look kid, you’re already in over your head. It’s safest if you just get out of here. Take this uniform delivery truck and drive east until you hit Colorado and don’t look back!”

“Doc! What the hell? Can you at least tell me what is up with the Cherry Tree?”

Dr. Sloan went ash white. “You. He chose you. Shit.”

I was dumbstruck. I’d never heard Dr. Sloan swear.
“Okay, look, the hospital is a central locus of power…”

“A what?”

“Shit. This is going to take too long. You don’t know anything do you?” He hauled open the door of the delivery truck and jumped in the driver seat. It was one of those cute little Japanese ones that looked more like a toy than a vehicle.

“Hurry up! Get in!”

We tore off up the ramp and practically flew out into the street. The sound of helicopters and sirens getting louder and louder.

“Look, certain places have a … a… power. Like an energy.”

“You mean like stonehenge?” I yelped, grappling the holy shit handle as we accelerated as fast as this little putter could put. That old guy could really drive!

“Yes, but real.”

“Real? Stonehenge? What are you talking about?”

“That’s not important. The point is, the hospital was one of those.”

“So what’s that got to do with the Center Power Grasshopper?” The doc just turned at me and stared.

“What? Oh, Hah! The Locus of Power. Okay, so for whatever reason, there are places, and rarely people, who get imbued with a kind of power. It radiates out and attaches to other places and people. When that happens there is a certain kind of person who really lusts for that power. They’ll stop at nothing to take it for their own.”

“Who? Who are these people?”

“They’re the West Nile 5. And one of them is right behind us.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Wherein the chase begins, we run into Bob, Sexytime ensues and another mystery is opened up.

Turning Back, I saw the angry grill of a shiny black Lincoln Continental. Why do bad guys always drive Lincoln Continentals?

“Hang on tight and buckle up!” Dr. Sloan yells, a manic grin on his face.

“How do you even know where you’re going?” I yelp as we swerve around the corner.

“I don’t!”

Through the rear-view I watch as a sinister hand reaches out from the jet black interior of the Lincoln and gently plots a Kojak Light on the roof. It’s blood red throbbing casting an ominous light on the rusty white exterior of our baby “getaway truck”.

“He’s catching up!”

“I know!” yells Dr. Sloan executing a perfect drift into a side street, right in front of an on-coming KY-Jelly delivery truck, causing the Lincoln to overshoot the turn.

The truck screeches to a halt to avoid hitting the hapless pedestrian, My nose screeches to a halt on the dashboard.

“My god, it’s Bob!” And indeed, Bob Belcher is stumbling around, mumbling like a drunkard about “getting it to the 3rd knuckle this time”.

“Bob! Bob!” Sloan is practically yelling now. I notice the front of my scrubs are stained red, the slick wetness growing on my test before I really register what happens. That bump knocked both my senses and precious life-juice out of me. By the time i come to full awareness Bob is being shoved tightly beside me and Sloan has slamming the door shut.

“Okay boys, buckle up!” Alone stares at me as if I am a recalcitrant little child. My pants tighten.

The angry grill of the Lincoln is staring down at us with it’s garish headlight-eyes. The Kojak light like a 3rd eye, throbbing out it’s evil warning.

“Hang on boys!” Why are my pants tighter? Dr. Sloan is executing an emergency break turn leaving behind skid marks that will stand the test of time. Not fast enough however, the Lincoln slams us in the rear. Luckily we’re all belted in.

“Doc! Doc!” Bob stutters. “What the hell is going on!”

“No time now Bob! Were going to have to execute a Power Surge Power Sink!”

“What?!? Now?!?”
“Yes now! That’s the only way we’re going to get out of this!”

And then, I swear, I am not making this up, the damnedest thing happened. Bob maneuvers himself expertly so his mouth is right in front of Dr. Sloan’s crotch. Not without a few of his feet and elbows jamming into me, all the while both vehicles are careening down the California suburb streets.

“Are you really certain about this Doc?!” Bob seems really hesitant. This was quite a change from the digital manipulation before.

“It’s the only way we’re going to get out of this!”

And just like that it’s as if all the hesitation is gone. Bob grasps Dr. Sloan’s pale turquoise scrub-pant, and gives it a sharp tug down. The fully erect cock dangling.

“No time for foreplay Bob, lets get the job done and out of here!”

And just like that Bob has inhaled the good doctors cock. I stare transfixed as Bobs adams apple bounces up and down, muscles in his throat doing all kinds of visibly wonderful things.

The Doctor is driving even more maniacally now, spinning into turn after turn, weaving between oncoming traffic like a super-star action super-hero.

Bob takes both hands and gently cradles a ball in each. Rolling them softly in his hand he continues to suck, his slurping noises drowning out the chaos of outside.

The Lincoln keeps banging into the back of the truck, pushing us forward. It’s as if the driver wants to kill us, not to stop us. The menace emanating from the dark car like a letter from the IRS.

My own cock is even harder now as I watch the scene beside me. The tent it makes in my pants is fit for a sultan and his 40 wives.

Dr. Sloan executes an amazing turn, and we somehow manage to stay upright despite the g-forces. We careen through a “Bridge Out” sign and emergency barriers, as he makes cartoon-like “oh oh ohhhh” sounds.

Bob’s suction becomes more frantic, and the bobbing of his adams apple is in time with the thrusting he is making with his head. He’s like a well oiled machine, and he is playing Dr. Sloan like Yo-Yo Ma plays Mozart.

The Lincoln slows it’s pursuit as it too crashes through the construction signs.

“Doc! Doc!” I yelp noticing the road ending in front of us, the sheer drop leading us to our watery doom.

“Okay Bob! Oh god, now!”

Bob looks as if he is possessed by Voodoo gods of dick-sucking. The sight is unreal. I’d seen sucking machines with less finesse and zeal than this.

The Lincoln screeches to a halt.

I scream in horror as we launch down the precipice. This isn’t like the movies where we glide over the gaping hole, instead we plunge straight down.

Sloan Yelps “Here we go boys!” as he shoots rope after rope of warm sticky cum into Bobs throat.
And that’s when there is a giant popping sound.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Wherein a new mystery is opened up, and a deserted phone call with a girlfriend ends in tears and rage.

We’re suddenly careening down hill at breakneck speed, the air dry and thin. Nothing but scrub brush and gritty sand at the sides of a barren highway. Dr. Sloan is gripping the steering wheel like an English nanny gripping the ear of a recalcitrant red headed step-child.

Meanwhile my ears are ringing like the bells at St. Marys, except they are manned by a Quasimodo with a straight back and a pocket full of yellow jackets.

Bob is moaning in pain and keeps repeating the word “mop” over and over. There is blood and jazz everywhere. Dr. Sloan pulls over and quickly puts his placid penis back in his scrubs.

The roaring and ringing in my ears subsides as Dr. Sloan pulls Bob up from the floor of the truck.

“What the hell just happened Doc?”

“Mop” Bob says.

“Look it’s tough to explain…”

“Tough to explain? TOUGH TO EXPLAIN?!? First we’re knocked unconscious, end up with the whole hospital in California…”

“Mop”

“…then you start ranting about power plant grasshoppers…”

“Central Locus of Power…” he interjected

“Mop”

“I DON’T GIVE A SHIT!”

“Look, I know you’re confused, it’s okay… ahh… err…” Dr. Sloan stammers

“Wait a sec, you don’t even know my name do you?” I asked

“Mop”

“That’s it. I’m out of here.” I open the door and get out of the truck, slamming the door. Or at least, that was the plan. Instead what really happened is that I get so caught up in my anger, I ended up tangled up in my seat belt and fell down hard.

“FUCK!” I yell, kicking the tire of the truck in rage, only to feel searing pain shoot up my leg. I let out a long primal scream and stumble my way forward. The tears of anger, pain, and humiliation stinging my cheeks.
Dr. Sloan starts the truck up and slowly drives beside me, the drivers-side conveniently shoulder side of the highway. Why did the Japanese drive on the wrong side of the road anyway?

“Look just get in we can sort this out together and…”

“No! I’m finding my own way out of here. I’m done with this.”

“Mop” Bob is still repeating the world like a deranged janitor parrot.

“But what about The West Nile Five?”

I ignore Dr. Sloan and Burger Mc. Cleany-Feathers and pull out my phone, pounding my girlfriends contact with a jab of my thumb. It rings a few times and she finally answers.

“Johnny! Where the hell have you been? Where the hell are you?”

“Look baby, something’s happened…”

“Yeah I bet! Don’t you know we’re supposed to be on our date now?”

“Yeah but…”

“Don’t you ‘yeah but’ me Mister! I bet you had some time watching that sick doctor do his thing… ugh… I know it turns you on but I can’t stand it…”

“I… ahh…” The humiliation is too much having Dr. Sloan right there, after everything that happened…

“You DID, DIDN'T YOU!” It was more a hurt accusation than a question.

“I…”

“You told me you weren’t going to do that anymore! That’s it Johnny, we’re through. I tried to be patient, I tried to give you what you want but you’re just such a god damned pervert!”

“B…B…But Baby, listen to me…”

“No, you listen to me mister! That’s the last fucking time! Fuck you and your little fantasies pervert!”

And with that she hung up the phone, leaving me gawking at mine. It wasn’t supposed to go like that. At all.

And here I was, single, in the company of the pervert and his burger-meister. In the middle of some god forsaken desert.

“Now are you ready to get in?” Dr. Sloan asked.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Wherein our protagonist Johnny rages against the doctor, the motivation of the West Nile 5 are exposed and Author denies a self insert.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Now are you ready to get in?" Dr. Sloan asks.

"Fuck you!" I bite back. I was dumped. I was burning with the knowledge that if only I could control myself I wouldn't be dumped. If only I could stop watching him...

Dr. Sloan just watches clinically as I stomp down the road. Away from the truck. After 10 minutes I am over the next hill and out of eye shot. That's when the crying jag hit. It was all too much: the hospital being suddenly transported to California, the visitation from the black angel with funky clothing, the fleeing from the West Nile 5, the sudden appearance here in the desert, getting dumped.

I stopped at the top of the hill, tears stinging my eyes along with the bright sun low in the sky. Out of energy and completely dejected I slumped on the hot asphalt. It was hot enough to fry an egg, but it wasn't hot enough to burn away the pain. I just sat there, bawling away.

"Hey buddy..."

It was Bob, he was suddenly beside me on the side of the road.

"Hey, c'mere..."

He gathered me up in his arms, brushing my hair out of my eyes softly and enveloping me.

"It's gonna be okay. I know it hurts. It's supposed to hurt, but it's gonna be okay." he cooed rocking me back and forth. He pulled out a hanky and wiped away the tears, snot and blood from my face.

"Now blow."

"I'm sorry! I made a mess..." I blubbered, blowing into the rag he held out for me.

"Thats okay little buddy, we're gonna help you out." He gently wiped my face, finishing of by softly brushing my tears.

I don't know what it was that made me open up to him, but I did. I told him about the fantasies that plagued me since I was a young teenager. The oppressive loneliness I felt. The ridicule and revulsion that I saw in other people when I opened up. The harsh realization that even when I met others like me, they weren't really like me, they were mostly more broken than I was. Then I finally met this girl who would let me be me, and it felt okay, except when it wasn't. Then I cried again when (re)realized that she was gone.
"It's not like I have any words of wisdom for you." Bob said when the golden disk of the sun was slipping behind the Mountains in the distance. "There just is no easy fix here. You just have to take it as it is. You're likely to find someone else, someone who might even be better able to indulge in your fantasies. But it's not like you can change what happened, and you sure can't change the core of who you are."

Dr. Sloan put his hands on my shoulder and Bobs. "Now that's where you're wrong Bob. But it's not easy."

I looked up at Dr. Sloan.

"Look kid, I'm sorry I don't know your name." He continued.

"That's okay..." I said sheepishly "...I was just..."

"Overwhelmed?" Bob asked.

"Yeah. I'm sorry I yelled at you Doc."

"That's alright." He beamed back at me. "Now are you ready to come with us?"

"It's not like I have anywhere to go."

"Hey c'mon, don't be like that" Bob said, helping me up and we piled into the truck. This time I was sandwiched in the middle of Bob and Dr. Sloan. The good Dr. pointed the truck in the direction of the sunset and we drove off into it.

"The West Nile 5 won't have any idea where we are for awhile, so we're going to use this time to find out what exactly is going on with them."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"I don't really know. What I do know is that they are bad news for any person who taps into a Deep Locus of Power. They always show up. Always. And when they're done it's like all of the magic has disappeared."

"What do you mean? What's going to happen to the Hospital?"

"Well, they'll give everyone new lives, settle everyone in..."

"That doesn't sound so bad." Bob interjected.

"It doesn't sound bad, but everyone in that hospital will be a missing person to their families. Every person's story will have a discontinuous jump in them. For them it's like a blackout, but it stretches back to their childhood. They'll mourn for parents and children they thought dead. It's like a twisted reversed mirror."

"What can we do about it?" I asked.

"I'm not sure yet. But I think you hold the key to the answer. But before I'll know for sure, I'll need to do some more research."

"So where are we going?"

"Into the belly of the beast. The Pyramid at Luxor."
For the record I am not a voyeur.
In our last episode, our hero had a meltdown and shared some deeply personal feelings about his breakup. Stay tuned for the next installment where we may learn more about the Luxor!

I was in the border between waking life and sleep. The scattered lights off the desert highway streaked through my heavily laden eye lids like the expert incision if a surgeon's scalpel. The sounds of Dr. Sloan and Bob deep in conversation sounded distant.

"So Doc, do you who the lynchpin is."

"Not yet Bob, I have my theories, but..."

"You don't suppose..." Bob trailed off.

"No, no. Couldn't be. The timing seems right, and it would explain..."

I wanted to open my eyes, to become privy to the non-verbal communication that transpired but that part of me responsible for that level of control abdicated it an hour ago.

"So what can we do?"

"Well the Luxor holds a lot of the mysteries. People think it's just a tawdry copy of the great pyramids. They're not wrong, but just as the pyramids hold great mysteries, this one holds shallow ones..."

"What are you talking about Doc? I don't get you..."

Dr. Sloan laughed as I get myself slowly sink into sleep.

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I felt my pants sliding down my hips. The hands strong and tender. The kind of hands that can pound ground beef into shape one minute; and softly press the top of a warm bun into place so the lettuce caresses the patty the next.

"Bob?" I question through my haze.

"Hey there big guy, you in, feel asleep in the truck. Well, I would hardly call it a truck, more like a golf cart..."

"Where are we?"

"A little motel in Nipton."

"Nipton?" I ask?

"Yeah, seems kinda racist to me." Bob replies as he divests be if my scrub pants leaving my boxers
"Hello there" Bob says, climbing onto the bed. He gingerly folds my legs into criss-cross before pulling me into a during position.

Sleepily I stare into his deep brown eyes, the pushbroom mustache framing his warm smile like the glow of a halo.

"Do you want to play a game?" He whispers causing me to sooner involuntarily. His voice is pitched right, with equal parts hush, sultry, husky and basso.

"Hold your hands like this." He continues, as he positions them so we're like two mimes with a piece of glass between us.

"There now. Pat ... A ... Pat... A..." He softly caresses our palms together.

"Pat...a...Pat...a..." I echo back, mesmerized.

"A CAKE" he whisper-shouts, and claps my outstretched hands, stinging our palms sharply, the clap ringing the hotel room.

It hurt. Good.

"Pat...a...Pat...a..." And back to gently touching. Our skin now sensitized by the sleep do that each brush felt like electrical fire.

Bob unbuttoned his fly and pulled out his stiff cock like a seasoned cleaning professional hanging up a garment. He positioned his legs over mine and let his pointed member rest gracefully on my tent.

"Pat..Pat...Pat..." He sang again in that deep willowy whisper. With each "Pat" he squeezed his kegals, allowing his penis to flex up and bounce back down upon my tent, straining it's button fly.

We get closer, his warm breath melting into my ear.

"Pat..Pat...Pat..." He was chanting it now. I never realized how hands could be such a deep erogenous zone.

"Pat..Pat...Pat...

Our eyes closed.

"Pat..Pat...Pat...

Time slowed down.

"Pat..Pat...Pat...

In felt the motel room breathe. No. The entire motel. Each Pat of our hands an inhale. Each tender touch of our cocks an exhale.

This went on for hours. It feels like hours anyway. Finally there was a fire in my taint, it was working it's way up my balls. Here it was, I was finally going to cum. I could feel the world starting to hum.

Suddenly I get something cold and metal grasp around the base of my cock and balls. The icy edge
suddenly shrinking my throbbing erection.

I opened my eyes in shock to see Dr Sloan with a worried look in his eyes as he finished locking my cock in a steel prison.

"Well I've diagnosed the linchpin. The only treatment available is enforced chastity."
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

In our previous episode our hero and Bob got to playing some serious pat-a-cake. Tune into todays episode where our intrepid hero experiences chastity at the iron fist of Dr. Sloan!

"Doc! What the hell!" I yelped, the searing cold steel against my cock causing me to shrink like a Rick Moranis test subject.

"I'm sorry, but this is for your own good. I'm a doctor, and I am here to help"

I looked down at the steel prison entrapping my member, my mouth agape. I gingerly touched the cold steel bars.

"Was that really necessary?" Bob asks.

"Yes! Absolutely! Bob, did you feel time slowing down during your game of Pat-a-cake?"

"Yeaaahhh..." Bob trailed off

"Well, so did everyone else in the hotel. If our friend were to ejaculate, there is no telling what would have happened. This wouldn't be like the hospital, this would be something far worse!"

"Wait, do you mean... I was... It was...?" I stammered

"Yes. Just like when we escaped from the West Nile 5 back there, but more so. Every time you have an ejaculation you change the very fabric of time and space itself!"

"Doc, that's crazy! There is no way that—uhhhhhh...his... baby gravy could have that kind of effect!" Bob said

"Not even a lynchpin's?"

That made Bob go real quiet.

"Now look Jonny" Dr. sloan was staring deep into my eyes, the tender sternness in his voice as overpowering. "This is your treatment, and I want you to be a good boy."

My cock stirred again at being so patronized by the doctor. This time though it was trapped in it's steel prison. It wasn't painful, in fact the steel prison encircling me felt surprisingly nice.

"Now open wide!" and what was I to do? I obediently opened my mouth. Dr Sloan popped a tablet on my tongue, and then held up a bottle of water to my lips expectantly. I rapidly sucked down the water lest the tablet dissolve leaving me with a bitter aftertaste.

"What was that Doc?" I asked sheepishly

"That was a little tranquilizer to help you sleep. Getting used to your treatment will take a little while, and I thought you could use a little help. Especially after your day."
"Well boys, let's say we settle into bed and get some sleep. We have a long day tomorrow."

Dr. Sloan got a bed to himself, there was just no question about it. We all fell asleep watching Johnny Carson reruns, curled up in Bob's arms and lulled to sleep by the "Ho ho ho" of Ed McMahon.

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I was the last to awake, the other two had already showered and according to the note by the bed stand getting some breakfast. I got up and stumbled into the bathroom to take a leak. It was then that I was re-confronted with the steel trap. It was so startling that I cried out. Luckily it was so well designed that it allowed it's prisoner to urinate with very little in the way of mess or fuss.

There was a fresh change of clothes laid out on the counter for me, and I wasted no time in showering. Again the prison presented a few challenges but again I was surprised at the design that was both comfortable and functional. Cleaning wasn't really that difficult, only slightly painful washing around the balls.

I met Dr. Sloan and Bob downstairs in the Hotel Restaurant.

"Good morning sleepyhead!" Bob smiled at me "How did you sleep?"

"Fine" I said sheepishly.

The waitress swooped in and poured a cup of coffee without even asking and said "Your breakfast is coming right up honey-pie".

Dr. Sloan smiled at me.

"Well boys, after we're done our breakfast, we better crack on, we won't be getting to Vegas until the evening. But if you ask me, that's the best time to get there."

"Alright Sugar, a Breakfast Burger for you, our 3 Egg Grander Slammer Bammer for you, and for you..." The waitress sets down a bowl of rice pudding in front of me. "Especially from the Kitchen, the kind Doctor told me you'd be needing it!"

"You'll need an easy breakfast to digest, so dig in!" The Doctor Beamed at me. He was right, despite how good the pudding was, I struggled getting through it,

"So what's next Doc?" Bob asked between bites of his burger.

"Well, I booked us a night at the Luxor hotel. Once we check in we can go read the glyphs, and maybe figure out what happened at the Hospital and maybe figure out why the West Nile 5 is after our friend here."

"Does that mean I can take this thing off...?" I asked.

Dr. Sloan just Smirked at me "We'll see!"
Chapter 9

In our previous episode our intrepid hero finds himself under the care of Dr. Sloan on their way to Las Vegas. Will he ever get used to his new metal penis prison? What will this adventurous trio discover in the Luxor? Will Dr. Sloan's care become more intimate? Find out in today's episode!

Nothing prepares you for the intensity of Las Vegas. Especially at dusk. The sky gets darker as the scenery gets brighter. Las Vegas doesn't earn the moniker of "City of Lights". It takes it, along with your lunch money, and flaunts it like a lady in a sequinned red dress.

Stunning.

The Lazer beam shooting into the sky, the deep eyes of the sphynx beaconing us inside. What riddles would he give up? We would soon know.

"Well boys, welcome to the Luxor." Dr. Sloan drove the tiny white truck up to the valet service. If the fresh faced kid was surprised at the three gentlemen puring out of the Kei truck, he sure didn't show it. Dr. Sloan threw him the keys, a crisp $50 bill expertly folded inside of the keyring.

"Please take care of it son, we'll be needing it!"

"Sure thing sir!" he said, "You're number 17. I'll take care of her."

"I'm sure you will."

Checking into the hotel was practically painless. We ended up with a smaller suite in room 444. Dr. Sloan led us to the bar and ordered some drinks. A lite beer for Bob, a scotch on the rocks for himself, and an apple juice for me. The waitress giggled at me as she presented the glass leaving me to shrug sheepishly. Then the doctor took out another pill.

"Open wide!"

Again I took the pill obediently, washing it down with my juice.

"It'll take about an hour for that to work, so make sure you get back up to our room well before that. You're going to need to clean around your chastity cage after sitting in the car so long. You don't want bacteria growing around there, or an infection!"

Bob made a face and I just turned beet red at the mention of my imprisonment.

"Uhh, speaking of... I need to go use the restroom." I stammered. Walking slowly, weaving through the throngs of tourists I found myself in the opulent Luxor Hotel toilet. Whatever Doc gave me was affecting me pretty heavily, as the walls were rustling and waving like papyrus in the wind. I saddled up to the urinal and unzipped and found myself re-confronted with the metal chastity cage. I touched it carefully. Again I was surprised at its utilitarian design that allowed me to finish my bathroom business with little fuss nor muss. Flushing the urinal sounded like the sistrums of a thousand dancing girls. Walking out of the brightly lit restroom into the darkened hotel Lobby felt
like I was walking into a tomb. The throngs of people were imposing to me. What was happening?

"Hey buddy, you lost?"

It was Bob, he grabbed my hand. I just nodded in fright.

"Come on." He said, grabbing my shoulder as we walked to the elevator.

-----

She was known simply as "The Dame" in these parts. Oh a few knew her by her fuller title, but that was becoming more rare as time went on. That's okay. Just so long as she didn't end up like that ghastly Carrot Top. He was here, but he was not her target. At least, not tonight.

No, it was that really fine looking man with the silver hair and winning smile. She was going to make him hers, and then she was going to erase him.

Finally the younger man stumbled into the bathroom and she could make her move.

-----

"Is he even going to make it out of there Doc?"

"I don't know Bob, I wasn't expecting his dose to affect him this hard. I thought we would have some time to explore the heiroglyphs but we need to get him upstairs fast before he finds himself in trouble! Do you mind looking after him?"

"Not at all!"

"And remember, no pattycake!"

-----

She watched as the bald headed man with the mustache got out of the chair. "Well, that was easy." She thought to herself. She wasn't looking forward to trying to remove this black-centipede mustache man, and here he was removing himself for her.

Things like that tended to happen when you were The Dame.

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Dr. Sloan was startled when the stunning beauty appeared beside him. Her Gem Encrusted evening gown sparked matching her wisteria hair.

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My head was so full of white fur. I couldn't think as Bob lead me to the elevator. When I saw Dr. Sloan Chatting with a mysterious woman a lump welled up in my throat. Wasn't I his patient?

-----

The Dame Flashed a smile that sparkled almost as much as her cat eye glasses. This kill was going to be too easy.

"Why Hello Possum!"
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

In our last episode the good doctor was accosted by Dame Enda. Meanwhile the protagonist and Bob were heading upstairs. Will Dr. Sloan get away from the dastardly Dame? Can Bob and our hero puzzle out the petroglyphs? Tune in this week and find out!

The Dame threw her be-speckled sequinned boa around the neck of the doctor. The two of them laughing. How long had they been talking this evening? He wasn't sure. She was just so charming. Like a puppy she led him over to the elevators and they fell inside. Then the kissing happened.

God she was a good kisser. Sloan was pushed up in the corner, the strong frame of the Dame towering over him. She moved in for a passionate kiss, the shock of lavender hair tumbling into his face.

How did this happen so fast.

The elevator chimed and they heard a woman giggle "oh my!"

"I'm sorry possums! This lift is taken! Please get the next one, and see me at my show! Too-da-loo!"

Dr. Sloan was simply transfixed by this resplendent beauty. A musak rendition of Aerosmith was playing over the speakers. Dame Edna had gripped Dr. Sloans hard member through the cargo pants and he let out a small moan. He reached up to gently caress the dames breasts and she laughed heartily. The frantic rubbing and kissing reached a fevered pitch. The two of them living it up while the elevator took its trip to the very top.

Finally the chime dinged again. The walls of the elevator dripping condensation before the doors opened up and a whoosh of cold air hit them both, making them shiver involuntarily. Again the Dame draped her boa around Dr. Sloans neck and playfully dragged him to the steel door that said "Authorized personnel only".

"Are you sure we're supposed to be here?"

"Certainly possum! This is the most romantic spot in all of Vegas!"

Dr. Sloans eyebrows made a wave and he smiled broadly and the pushed them both inside. The Giant lamps and mirrors were dark, casting spooky reflections everywhere.

"Lets try a little game I liked to play with the boys called 'rope the jackaroo'!"

"Sure!"

And before he knew it Dr. Sloan was tied down to one of the giant xenon lamps in the building.

"Oh possum, I'm afraid that I was never quite good at that game!"
The Dame hit the light switch on the wall. At first nothing happened except a click and hum of electricity. Like turning on an old fluorescent light, but deeper, lower and more menacing.

"You might want to close your eyes my dear. Don't worry, it should only take a few minutes for the room to get to a nice and balmy 300 degrees. After that your toast!"

At that the Dame laughed at her corny joke and I woke up, the disturbing dream of Dame Edna and Dr. Sloan a bitter aftertaste on my forebrain.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Last week we watched the Evil Dame Edna seduce and tie the poor Dr. Sloan to the xenon lamp at the top of the Luxor pyramid. How will the good doctor get out of this mess? Will we ever find out what is going on with the petroglyphs?

Chapter Notes

Optional Soundtrack: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W_zWl8xnT00

I awoke with a cold sweat and a start. My head was still swimming with the combination of strange drugs and chastity that Dr. Sloan enforced upon me.

"Hey buddy what's wrong?" Bob was staring at me with push-broom moustache highlighting a look of genuine concern in his eyes.

"It's ... I.. the Doctor..." I sobbed. What was going on? Was it the thought of him tied to those big giant lamps? Or was it the thought of him, with that strange sequinned woman? Why did I care so much?

"Huh... hey? Do you... Did you... ?" Bob stammered, as if he was at the end of a long hallway, even though he was only across the room.

"What's going on?" Bob reached his hand out to grab me the world waved. It sounds crazy, but the entire room was a tub of KY jelly. Wobbly, slick, thick.

"I .... I had a dream that Doc was in trouble." my many echos voiced around the room.

"Where was he?" Bob said. His voice had an edge which was only heightened by my altered perception. It was altered perception, wasn't it?

"Well?"

"Oh... yeah..." My dream selves tried to hang on to the scant conversational thread that bound Bob and I together. "He... he is a the top. In a big light-room."

"What do you mean? This is insane!"

"He's up! He's at the very top!" I heard myself yell. The waving of the room intensified.

"Of the hotel?"

"YES! And He is in trouble!" I don't know how I knew, but I knew. At it hurt that Bob didn't believe me.
"Come on, let's go." Bob grabbed the room key and we high-tailed it out of there. Racing down the kaleidoscope nightmare hallway to the elevator. Bob frantically pressed call button like writing a hot and heavy chapter of slash fiction. Why was he so wired up anyway? Did Doc give him some medicine too? It sure seemed like it.

The chime sounded like a large gong. We got inside, the tinny speaker playing a Muzak Corporation cover of some English Supergroup from a bygone era. Bob reached out and jabbed the button for the top floor. I watched in amazed silence as the elevator counted up. The doors slid open and Bob grabbed my hand.

"Come on!" he yelled impatiently and grabbed my hand. We ran down an unfamiliar hallway to a door that was marked "Authorized personnel only".

It hit me like a Tonne of Bricks.

"He's THERE! I KNOW I FEEL IT!"

The reverberations of the muzak still bounced around my brain as I tried to open the door.

"Boys? Boys? Is that you? Bob?"

"Doc, we're gonna get you out! Hang on!"

Bob tried the door. It was locked. He tried breaking it with his shoulder, but the heavy metal door wasn't going to move an inch.

I reached out my hand and the door wobbled and waivered. it's substance resembling the sticky film like a cross between honey and a spider web. Bob just stared at me.

"How are you... Nevermind! Just keep doing that!"

I pulled at the door and watched as it wobbled and flattened and folded up into itself and out of existence.

"You got to Turn the lights off boys!"

Inside of this room there was a giant red lever that Bob was already leaping towards to shut down. We could see the burning light under the door across the room slowly extinguish, and the hum of electricity die down. Bob ripped open the door, and there was Dr. Sloan.

"Boy, am I glad to see you! But how in the heck did you find me?"

"It was him, he said you were in trouble, that you were in the 'light-room'."

"Well that means the drugs are working way better than I expected on him. Good thing too, otherwise I'd be slow-fried like a baloney Sandwich!"

I blushed. If Dr. Sloan knew I saw him, does that mean he knew I saw everything before? Just then he winked at me. Erasing any doubt. How did he know?

"Okay boys, why don't you untie me, and lets go read some petroglyphs. The Dame surely will have felt the energy surges from this little guy, so we better act quick!"
Chapter Summary

In our last episode our hero's narrowly escaped a searing snare after a fever dream about a torrid affair at the top of the Luxor Pyramid in beautiful Las Vegas Nevada. Will our Heros get the sausage based snack they so rightly deserve?

We made our way back to the elevator, Dr. Sloan quickly jabbing the mezzanine button.

"I can't thank you enough for getting me out of that jam boys, it was gettin' pretty spicy in there!" Dr. Sloan winked at me again.

"No problem doc, but if it wasn't for this guy we wouldn't be here!", I blushed a little at Bob's compliment. What was going on? I wasn't normally this bashful.

Finally the elevator made it down, and we exited into a throng of people. A wave of nausea laced panic hit me like a slow volley of cold clammy wet blankets. Bob looked over at me concerned.

"Hey buddy, are you alright?"

I shook my head.

"Bloodsugar." The doctor said simply. "The medicine he is on makes his brain use 2-3 times as much energy as normal. Come on little guy, lets get you some food. I could use a bite myself, especially after my little tryst!" again he smiled his trademark smile.

We crossed over to the food court and ended up at Nathan's Restaurant. The doctor ordered a Steak Supreme Philly Cheesesteak, some Hotdog Bites, Crinkle Fries and 2 Lemonades. Bob was engaged with the retail engineer beside us.

"Just 'Super Cheeseburger'? Come on! Where is the creativity in that?"

"Come on Bob." Said Dr. Sloan with an exasperated sigh.

"No, they call this a burger? I at least came up with 'She's a Super Leek' Burger! And that's right! I used a real leak!"

"Sir, this is a Nathan's."

"Fine, I'll have your boring dumb old super cheeseburger."

And so we all sat down to have our meal.

"Of course a hot dog place is not going to have a decent burger. Why would we even go here?"

Dr. Sloan just laughed and patted Bobs arm, lightening the mood instantly. We were quiet as we devoured our meal. I was still in a bit of a stupor, staring at everyone and everything until my gaze caught the far wall, the elaborate fresco beaconing me with it's pictures of cats, terrifying animal headed gods and glowing picture writing."
"That's right little guy, that's where we're headed next. Now finish your hotdog bites so we could go." I nodded sheepishly. Why was he always making me feel so small?

-----

"So they're right here, these petroglyphs, in plain sight?" Bob said, gazing up at the faux-carved wall in front of us.

"Yup!" Replied Dr. Sloan.

"And they're going to tell us what's going on?"

"Yup!"

"I don't get it. Why would the West Nile Five put their plans so brazenly out in the open?"

"It's not the West Nile Five. They only but up the pyramid around it."

"But can't just anyone find out the whole secrets of the universe or whatever?"

"But who is going to Bob? Aside from ourselves, who has taken the brochure that explains how to read the Petroglyphs?"

"Well that one kid over there did."

"Right. And as soon as he gets past translating 'The Luxor was designed by Albert F. Norbert and Company' he is going to be bored as hell and move on."

"So why do we care about Norbert and Company?"

"Ahh, but this is where it gets better. It talks about the drought of the inkwell."

"The what?"

"This is like the final judgement, but real. It only happens when a full self-insert is performed."

"Is that like a sex move?" Bob chuckled nervously.

"You're not far off Bob."

"What?"

"Think about it. We know the lynchpin can alter time and space with the power of orgasm. So what happens when it's power turns back upon itself so it is an ouroboros of fuck?"

Bob let out a small "ooohhh" as he got a far-away look in his eyes. I just sat there on the bench beside them, kicking my feet idly.

"It says the only way to avoid the Ultimate Ritual of Self Insertion is to find the lynchpin, lock up the key."

"Or what?"

"Or the inkwell dries up, and there is nothing left. Just a vast emptiness of white and the 500000 questions of the universe."

"The what?"
"The 500000. That's all it says. But let me tell you, if my read of the accents on these petroglyphs is correct, it won't be good."

"So how do we lock up the key? That sounds pretty loopy to me."

"I'm not sure Bob.

"So we can't lock up the key, and the West Nile Five find... The lynchpin" Bob looked at me significantly. "And perform the ritual of the Self Insert on him...it... and then what?"

"Well the West Nile Five believe they can re-write the story from the beginning at that point."

"But why Doc?"

"I'm not sure. But given their policy of riding around in Lincoln Continentals, do you think it will be good?"

"No one good drives a Lincoln Continental."

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