

# Schlamm

## Apocalypse Now FF (Deutsch und Englisch)

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### Kapitel 1: Mud - English version

I had been watching. Kurtz had pleased him with his presence and now this nasty head lay in the mud. A freshly severed human head. Disgusting!

Willard was alone now, except for my presence, but he had not noticed me yet. I grabbed a stick and came out of hiding. Slowly I stepped in front of Willard, who was helplessly tied to the bamboo bars of a cage and could barely move.

He saw me coming, but said nothing. With the stick, I pushed the dreadful head out of my sight. It's not like that there was nothing else in this place that was disgusting, but I had not to get too close to those things if I did not wanted to.

Once that was done, I squatted in front of Willard. It was raining, I was wet, he was wet and the ground was muddy. My feet sank half into the mud.

I raised a finger and swore to him he was privileged. Willard just looked at me. The expression of his eyes was tortured and yet somehow expectant. What great thing could he expect from *me*? What did I expect from *him*? What was it I wanted of him in that moment? I had to admit, I was quite aroused by what I have seen. No, not quite, very much! It was Willard's situation. But now, as I sat in front of him and he just stared at me - like he had just been staring at Kurtz - I knew it was *him*, he aroused me. I have been like a bee, which constantly buzzed around him. Now the reason for my behaviour became clearer to me. Yes, I was now fully aware and in this situation I could do nothing more than to abandon myself to it.

"Damn privileged", I repeated as my stick, that I still held, already stroked along his neck and followed the line of the string, which was wound tightly once around his neck and was binding him to the bars he leaned against. Willard simply continued staring at me. My stick wandered further down over his chest, his belly ... He turned his head away from me and stared into the nothingness of the dark night. I crept closer to him, the best moment I thought, now that he was looking away. I left the stick in the mud.

I was now close to his left side and with one hand I pulled slightly on the string around his neck to test his reaction. Willard moaned softly as the thin string strung tightly around his neck. His soft sigh put me instantly into a little ecstasy. I almost answered him with a sigh, but I pulled myself together while I still could. I noticed that his lips were slightly parted, and how delicate they actually were. Too delicate for a man I thought. I put a hand under his chin to turn his averted face to me, but then I eagerly slipped a finger between his lips, felt how warm they were and began to kiss his neck, almost automatically. He was covered in mud, but that did not bother me, it

made the experience even more exciting. With my mouth I felt his skin, the string which was wonderfully smooth and pressed hard against his neck and I pulled it again to elicit him to this sweet tone again and I felt his lips tremble a little. The bliss that it gave me was fantastic.

I looked at him again, saw how my finger played with his lips and enjoyed the sight and the warm, gentle feeling.

"That ...", I wanted to say something, but it was immediately forgotten.

His eyes were still open, staring into the void. They seemed incredibly bright and wide with all the dark mud on his skin.

I became aware of his scent, which hung subtle around us in the air and I could not resist to let my hand, which was just playing with his lips, slip under his sodden shirt to touch what was underneath. My fingers stroked damp, hot skin and wet hair which slipped through my fingers. I fondled it and followed its line on his belly down to his waistband, where I kept my fingers circling for a while. Willard swallowed and closed his eyes. I imagined he would enjoy this, maybe he did, who knows.

However, when I opened his pants to fondle even deeper down, he opened his eyes again, and I heard his breathing grew louder.

"You will regret this", he threatened me unexpectedly with a quite pitiful voice.

"What are you going to do?", I asked him, without thinking of what would be in the next coming days. I felt so superior and Willard, unable to act, responded with nothing.

My hand already slid deep down his crotch and I felt that he was pretty aroused. That was probably inevitable.

I gave him a wonderful massage while I pulled his shirt up to under his chin, bent down and fondled his chest extensively with my mouth. My God, I was so horny, but I did not dare to touch myself. I only enjoyed him.

After a while I heard some pitiful little sounds that Willard made. I looked up at him and saw the slight ecstasy in his eyes, on his lips ... I finally dared to kiss them and God they were so wonderful, so gorgeous, so soft, so tender, I almost lost my mind! I enjoyed them. I enjoyed their fantastic shape, taste and I enjoyed that he did not defend - would not, could not, just was not able anymore... Something very warm moistened my fingers that massaged him and I moaned satisfied as I still kissed him gently. His lips trembled. I took my hand back and let my fingers slip between his lips again. Then I put the same fingers to *my* lips. I instantly felt an incredibly pleasant agony, I closed my eyes as if tormented, jumped up and ran away. I did not run far, and turned again to face him. He was slightly shivering, breathing heavily, staring bewildered into nowhere. I felt pleasure, overshadowed by guilt.

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While everything went down the drain (Kurtz death), I got away. Alone. Of course.

Now and then I still could hear a voice, a cry, a signal ... I did not know, the sounds were difficult to classify and were almost completely swallowed up by the pounding rain.

When I could not hear anything except the rain, I finally stopped. I had almost lost my way, but I could see the water and I knew after I was running downstream for so long, that somewhere was a shelter nearby, a cabin which I had built myself. That was a long time ago and as it was raining now, I feared it already could have been washed away by a landslide or the swelling river. The rain that had begun seemed heavier than ever

before.

I was not scared, at least not of what was surrounding me, I had more fear of a terrible revenge.

I heard his voice in my head:

'You'll regret this! '

I had to continue to reach my cabin, but the mud was getting worse and I already sank knee-deep into it. I struggled forward, every step demanded great effort and I was so busy that I notice too late that I had already been discovered. Suddenly the wet swamp before me was lit up in a blinding white light. I looked to the river and was blinded by headlights. I knew the engines noise, it was Willard's boat which was now driving down the river. Sooner or later we had to meet. Blinded as I was, I could not see him, but I was sure.

I raised both arms as a peace offering, even though I knew how absurd it was. The engine stopped and the boat came slowly to a halt. I heard a thud and winced as the lights went out. My eyes adjusted to the darkness, and finally I saw the outlines of two people on board.

One took off his shirt and jumped or climbed into the river and I could hear a voice that constantly cried:

"Why, why, why... "

Why was I not shot at once? The whole situation seemed to be afflicted with madness. The voice was now alone on the boat, and fell silent. My eyes scanned the gleaming surface of the water, gushing from the rain, but I saw nothing. I heard a splash quite close to me which alarmed me to immediately haste further, on all fours if necessary. So I groveled forward. The stinking mud was everywhere. I had already lost my boots, and I felt frightened that Willard grabbed my ankle and I could not crawl any further. Frantically I turned around. His hand let go of me and I saw how he rose in front of me. I could only see his blazing eyes and heard how he panted with rage. I could hardly breathe, the mud was spilled into my mouth and nose and I had no strength left.

My heart was pounding. I was lost.

Willard put a knee on my stomach, and pulled us both closer together as he grabbed my shirt upon my chest and then he reached to his belt with his other hand. The next moment he had put a knife to my throat. I could only see his eyes which did not even once desisted from me. He did not say anything, I did not say anything, we just stared at each other and then his eyes faded, like glass marbles swallowed by the darkness.