

Contract Bundle: Rough Apocalyptic Alpha Male

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The Signing

Contract #1

by

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All characters are above the age of 18

CHAPTER 1

It had been three days since Anna had eaten last.

She took a swig from her canteen. It too was getting low. That was dangerous, but she was an optimist. At least now it was easier to carry. That optimism had served her well in the last few weeks, as she tried to put one foot in front of the other, sun up to sun down, to find her next meal or her next shelter.

It had been less than a month since the bombs had dropped. In that short span of time the fabric of civilization had unraveled. She often lay awake contemplating the thin threads that had held society together. That, and her rumbling stomach. To think, six weeks ago the only things that concerned her were impressing her boss and catching a husband.

Now she'd traded off secretarial work and zumba for skulking and survival.

The Anna she was before would not recognize the nameless girl she'd become. She saw herself in a broken mirror several days ago. Her light brown hair was pulled into a tight bun, but fly aways went everywhere. Her dark brown eyes seemed even larger than before, no doubt because of the weight she'd lost, everywhere, even her face. She had achieved a hardness and tone from trying to survive that no matter how much time she spent in the gym, she never seemed to achieve.

Her clothing had been mostly scavenged as she wandered. A good pair of boots were her pride and joy, even with the two pairs of socks she had to stuff in them to make them fit. Her underwear

was too tight and she knew it, but she just felt more civilized having it on. Her pants and shirt were far too big. The only reason the pants weren't falling off was the bit of rope she kept tied around her waist to hold them there. Every morning she had to cinch it just a little tighter.

She had been trudging through the swamp for six days, keeping her direction by the position of the sun. Eventually she had to come across somewhere she could set up as a base camp. She'd yet to find a home that wasn't gutted of everything useful, and the houses were few and far between. But she was unwilling to follow a road or go back into a city. Her first week she'd tried that, tried staying in her own home. Bad things had happened.

The last cabin she'd happened upon was the worst. It had seemed promising, it was a fairly large home set in the middle of the forest. She thought perhaps the looters had avoided it because of how far out it was. She was wrong.

Inside, every cupboard had been tossed. Broken china littered the ground. Still she searched every inch of the house, hoping for some food hidden somewhere. Instead she found a couple lying on a bed of blood, each one shot directly through the head.

There was an awful moment when Anna considered building a fire and roasting the couple. She even went so far as to pull her knife to cut off the leg of the woman, but the smell of the meat turned her stomach. They'd been dead for too long. Just her luck, saved from cannibalism by rotten meat.

That was the day before. Now she wished she'd been a more outdoorsy kid. If only she'd learned about the land, she'd know what she could eat and what she could not. But this is where she was now. She could change her knowledge of the land as much as she could stop the bombs from hitting. There was no use in complaining. Just put one foot in front of another.

She thought it was a mirage, a mirage for scent when the smell came to her. A cook-fire for sure, but what was roasting? She couldn't tell what animal it was, though the smell was most like pork. The smell took over her senses. Her legs changed course, despite her brain warning that it was most certainly a trap.

It seemed like hours before she could see the fire, even though the thought of food had certainly quickened her steps. Anna wondered if her senses were heightened now, at least her sense of smell, after her time in the woods.

She was no hunter, and knew nothing about moving through the land stealthily. But she figured that if she could smell the campfire, she must be upwind from it. At least, that made sense to her. So once she could actually see the orange flames leaping into the darkening sky, she slowed down her pace so as not to attract attention until she could see what was going on.

Slowly she was close enough to make out the camp. Two tents were erected next to a large fire. A spit had been set up, and an animal was turning over it. A large man squatted next to it, turning the animal.

No wonder he had no fear of the blaze or the smell attracting people. She could make out two guns on his hips, another large gun, perhaps a shotgun, strapped to his back, and a machete strapped above. She saw two arm sheathes for knives, and a bandoleer crossed his bare, muscular chest. His head was shaved clean. She suspected, because he did not appear over forty, that he was shaving it.

If he was in a good enough position to still be able to tend to that sort of hygiene, he must have quite the setup, she decided. She needed a plan.

She cautiously continued to make her way to the camp. She was strong. She'd been doing strength training ever since college, and though her lack of nourishment had weakened her, sheer adrenaline might be enough. She was not armed as well as he, in fact all she carried now was a long knife, her canteen, an empty backpack she once used for food that was now depleted, and a shovel. The shovel she mostly used for a walking stick, but she'd taken out two snakes with it too. Turns out snakes don't really taste like chicken.

If she could just get close enough to this man, if she could just hit him hard enough with the shovel, then that hog would be all hers. She pulled the shovel to her chest, gripping it tightly. Despite her fears of stepping on a twig, she'd somehow managed to reach the perimeter. She slowly drew the shovel over her head and waited in the shadows for the man to move close enough.

"That's close enough, little lady." She heard the sound of a hammer being pulled back on a gun, then felt the cold metal being pushed against her back. She froze in place, and her malnourished arms began to shake. The burly man turned from the fire, and frowned into the darkness.

"Well, lookie what we got, partner?" The deep voice behind her chuckled softly. He pushed the barrel into her back. "Step into the light, darling. Oh, and drop the weapon."

"It's a shovel," she stated, her voice hoarse from lack of use.

"Sure, darling. And you weren't gonna assault my partner over here with it." The deep voice behind her dug the barrel more deeply into her back.

She let the shovel fall to the ground and stepped forward. "On your knees now, girl, let me get a look at ya." She slowly sank to her knees, her eyes daring the large man in front of her. She knew they could very easily kill her, and put her on the same spit.

The commando looking fellow jerked a knife from one of his arm sheathes. He knelt in front of her, and put the tip of the knife under her chin. He tilted her head up. "You aren't too bad to look on, girl. You alone?"

Anna's dark brown eyes flashed. "No! I'm with a party of seven, they're back at camp, they will be coming to find me. In fact, I think I hear them coming, can you hear their footsteps?"

The man with the gun on her snorted. "You may be good at sneaking up on folks, but you are a terrible liar, darling." He loosened the hammer on the weapon and she heard him sheathe it. He stepped into the light, a far different man than his compatriot. He wore a brown leather jacket and jeans on his thin frame, as opposed to his burly friend's camo and bare chest. He even wore a cowboy hat.

The cowboy looking one pulled out a twig and lit it in the fire. The burly fellow kept his knife and eyes on Anna.

"Well, I think you're just hungry, aren't you darling? You have a name?"

She swallowed. "Anna."

"Well alright then Anna. My name's Charles. This here fellow is Joseph." He took the lit twig and used it to light a cigarette, then threw the twig back in the fire.

He took a long drag off the cigarette before continuing. "See, you almost had my boy here, and

that's got me rather impressed. You think if I ask him to pull away his weapon that you can sit here all peaceful like for a bit?"

She was afraid, but that's the strange thing about fear. Eventually you stop letting it rule your decisions. Really, she had no choice. Despite her desire to run, she nodded.

Charles nodded his head to Joseph, and he pulled his knife from her chin. He suddenly looked at the pig with concern and walked to it to rotate the spit.

"Foods about done, eh? You feeling hungry there, Anna? Some nice wild hog would cheer you up quite a bit, I bet." He was cutting into the pig now, checking the temperature.

She nodded more eagerly. Joseph cut off a long slice from the pig, put it on a plate, and handed it to her. She was impressed they had plates. It was in her mouth and down her throat before she could register how hot it was.

"Careful there, let it cool," Joseph urged, his deep voice strangely calming.

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Three books in one!

Anna had been surviving the wasteland, barely.

Thinking she was starving, she tried to steal from Joseph, a muscular ex-military commando and Charles a cruel cowboy. She was caught, but instead of punishing her, they devised a **contract**. In exchange for their protection, she would tend to their **EVERY** need.

In *The Signing*, Anna meets the two men in the woods and has to negotiate for her life and safety.

In *Hard Negotiations*, the three have found a cabin in the woods. The relative safety finally allows the three of them to explore their sexuality in privacy. Anna learns that it will take **all of the skills** that she has in order to **please these two men**.

In *Hostile Takeover* the group encounters a **huge, disgusting merchant** who is making his own way through the wasteland. He offers them goods, but Anna must provide an **intimate service in return**.

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