

SPACE CAMPERS

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Synopsis: Something strange is going on at Camp Graystone. Weird uniforms, weird food, weird staff, weird everything. Could aliens be responsible? Will Matt figure it out or will he end up as a slave on the planet Xentron?

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Get out of there.

This is too easy.

Matt turned the words over and over in his mind as he looked out over the water from the cabin. He felt like he was missing one key piece of the puzzle that would make events make sense. Without it everything refused to fit together properly.

Why hadn't the counsellors noticed he, Darren, and Eric were missing earlier for what had to be half an hour or so? No one seemed to care that they'd just shown up on the football field long after all the other guys had. Instead they were just whisked out and made to start playing. No coach, no counsellor, asked any questions.

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The glaring gaps in Matt's knowledge were making him crazy. Slamming a hand down on the wooden railing, he decided right then and there that it was time to leave. To stop playing Scooby-Doo, as Darren put it, and scram.

Matt went back into the cabin. Luckily the nightly jerkoff session was finally over. Darren was resting shirtless on the bottom bunk, his shorts streaked with drying semen that probably wasn't all his.

"It's time to go," Matt said matter-of-factly before pulling Darren up and making him get dressed and wipe himself off.

"I thought you wanted to stay?" Darren asked as they left and began walking up the path.

Matt shook his head. "I don't have all the answers, but I have

enough. And that guy said to get out of here. Then no one noticed we were missing. It just seems fishy."

"Well, alright," Darren agreed. "If you've made up your mind, let's do it."

"First we should get Eric, bring him along. He believed us. He's earned it."

"Yeah. Cabin 3, I think."

"Right," Matt said as he picked up the pace going up the hill.

Cabin 3 was at the top, right near the football field and buildings. Matt looked in the window. Like the guys at cabin 12, the ones at cabin 3 were also lying around looking blissfully post-orgasmic. Eric was not among them. "He's not here. Let's just go," Darren said.

Matt ignored him and knocked on the door before walking – more like barging – right in. "Alright," Matt announced as the Cabin 3 guys stared at him blankly. "Do any of you know where Eric is?"

One red-headed guy answered in a slurred drawl: "I think they, the people took him to the, uh," he said before pointing out the window to the medical-training building.

"Thanks," Matt said before turning and leaving.

"You can't be serious!" Darren protested as Matt started walking straight for the building across the football field. As they had been the night before, several lights were on inside.

"I said that if something happens, it'll happen to him first, right?"

"Uh, yeah," Darren agreed reluctantly. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"It means we're going to do something. We're going to get Eric out of there, then we're going to get the fuck out of here. Then it's over, for good. We call the police, we go home. Okay?"

"Okay," Darren agreed hesitantly. "But be quick."

Matt rushed through the building's main entrance, which was unlocked. But this time the place was far from deserted. Hushed voices could be heard coming from behind the door to the video room, speaking quickly as if rushed.

Each, putting an ear to the door, Matt and Darren tried to listen. Whoever was in there – there had to be more than three people, that much was clear – was not speaking English. They weren't speaking Spanish, French, or Chinese or anything else either Matt or Darren recognized.

Darren pulled Matt away from the door. "Come on," he said

tersely. "Let's just do this."

The two of them went down the stairs as quietly as possible and started looking into all the rooms. There were technicians working in lab coats at chemistry equipment and at computers. Matt recognized them as counsellors. Clearly there was more to them than bashing in guys' heads with footballs.

One counsellor-scientist-whatever was working on the computer the three had been using earlier. Darren put a finger to his lips as he gingerly leaned through the door hoping to get a better look. Matt was confused.

Darren pointed to the guy again. Matt was about to ask what Darren was seeing when he finally wised up and caught it as well. It was the back of the guy's elbows, which were bright blue. The counsellor-scientist wasn't wearing blue sleeves – the *skin* on his elbows was bright blue but otherwise everything looked normal. Like the stuff the campers were all being fed – the exact same colour.

Matt gently pulled Darren back and they continued to silently tip-toe down the hall praying they wouldn't be heard. Until Matt got an idea in his head and suddenly started shouting.

"Hey you fucking assholes!" Matt shouted at the top of his lungs. "We're right down here! Come and get us!"

He ran back to the room with the guy working on the computer. Darren looked confused and terrified out of his mind. But the guy with the blue elbows was still sitting there typing away as if nothing had happened.

"Well," Matt finally said. "There must be a reason they didn't hear us. But I don't want to know what it is. Let's go find Eric. Now."

Matt and Darren found Eric alright, in one of the rooms they hadn't looked in before. They also found out why the basement smelled like dick. Eric was standing on a platform naked, jaw slack and drooling while a round, bulbous hose-suction device attached to his genitals was forcing him to produce semen through pleasure, milking him so to speak. This was also happening to four other guys in the room.

As soon as Matt and Darren looked in, they were treated to the mind-bogglingly revolting sight of seeing the tube suck, jiggle, slurp, and finally dribble a little around the edges as it sucked up Eric's ejaculate like a hungry leech, then channelled it away to a waiting tank. Eric didn't flinch or even move when this happened, just stood

there like a zombie. The same thing happened in sequence to the other four guys before the process started all over again. For at least a minute or two Matt and Darren just stood watching the whole scene silently in a moment of disgusted awe.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” Darren said, covering his mouth with one hand. Matt could tell he wasn’t exaggerating. He himself felt like he’d walked into a *Give Yourself Goosebumps* book and chosen the wrong ending. They both left.

But not before Matt got another idea. He went back to the lab with the guy typing away at the computer. Striding brazenly across the room he went right up and leaned in to look at the screen. The guy didn’t see him. He kept typing – in Egypto-Sumerian. Matt waved a hand across the guy’s line of vision, but he kept typing away like a robot of some sort.

This was no ordinary counsellor. This was no ordinary computer. “Let’s go,” Matt said. “There’s nothing more we can do.”

Darren agreed eagerly. The two went back up the stairs and out of the building. They were about to cut across the football field to the property line and the highway, but were stopped dead in their tracks by a pair of glowing blue angelic figures dead ahead on the gridiron. Instantly and unnaturally, the field lights suddenly switched on, as if cued.

They were humanoid and male, though their genitals seemed to be a little underwhelming. They stood in the middle of field staring back at Matt and Darren almost lifelessly. Their expressions were solid and fixed, eyes black and completely dead. It went without saying that they weren’t from around Earth.

Then Matt noticed something. “Look,” he whispered to Darren, “they’re floating an inch off the ground.” It took a bit of keen observation to see it, but Matt was right. The aliens were floating, but not by very much – only a little.

“C’mom,” Matt decided. “Run!” He grabbed Eric and turned around, running towards the front of the camp.

There were another two aliens standing together silently in front of the cafeteria. Matt barrelled towards them, determined to escape. Darren followed at his heels.

Matt realized after a few seconds he and Darren were floating just barely above the ground. Trying to run just made him look silly. He was stuck in place, trying desperately but failing to reach the ground.

A minute or two later the two found themselves gently gliding back to the training-medical building guided by an invisible and inexplicable force.

The weirdest part was floating back down the stairs. Matt and Darren both tried to grab the bannister. It felt like being trapped in a hurricane about to be blown away – without the hurricane. After a few seconds both lost their grip and flew away down the hall towards the huge metal door, which was now open and waiting for them.

So much for trying to escape!

As soon as Matt and Darren were passed the door's threshold, they were unceremoniously dumped on the floor of a cold, steel room. The door immediately slammed shut behind them, trapping Matt and Darren. Matt got up, pounded once on the door, then gave up.

"They could at least tell us what they want," Matt said angrily. "Fuck. Now what do we do?"

"Well, coming back here was your idea," Darren replied.

"Blaming me isn't going to get us out of this mess. Our parents sent us here. Now what do we do?"

Just then, as if to answer Matt's question, a white steam-like gas started pouring out of jets in the wall and sinking to the floor with a loud hiss. Matt and Darren instinctively put their backs up against opposite walls in a futile attempt to get away.

"Oh, God," Matt exclaimed aloud. "Now what?"

The gas quickly rose to Matt and Darren's chests. Matt started to feel woozy when he breathed. He tried to hold his breath for as long as he could. Darren was doing the same.

Matt coughed a little. "I guess this is it," he said. "Now how I expected to go."

Just across from him, Darren went limp and slid slowly down the wall before slumping onto the floor. Matt closed his eyes without even really thinking about it. He felt so sleepy. A few minutes later he followed Darren to the floor, unconscious.

When Matt awoke it was like never having been asleep at all. He knew instantly he was naked. His warm skin was touching cold air and colder metal. On the ceiling round white lights passed by slowly overhead.

He was in some kind of long hall. On a conveyor belt moving ahead. Trying to move, Matt quickly found he was restrained and

spread-eagled to the metal slats on the belt. His heart skipped a beat.

“Darren?” Matt asked tentatively.

“Yeah,” came the reply from “above” Matt’s head. Darren was just behind Matt on the belt. “Where are we?”

“How the fuck should I know?” Matt replied, not really knowing what else to say. As soon as he finished the sentence, his mind flashed to the thought that someone might be watching him and Darren restrained, their genitals exposed. Correction: *was* watching, but exactly who was for the moment a mystery.

“If you’re out there,” Matt yelled. “At least tell us what you want! Why are you doing this?” he demanded. “Why?”

There was no answer.

Matt passed under an overhead laser that scanned his body from top to bottom as he passed by. Next the conveyor stopped momentarily as a robotic arm moved in and swiftly, precisely shaved off his pubic hair. Then the same thing happened to Darren. Matt almost felt like he was about to cry, but he was able to hold it together. The weirdness of Camp Graystone had prepared him well.

The conveyor moved ahead a little further. Another robotic arm appeared and moved in. This time it had what looked like a clear funnel or suction cup on the end. It lowered itself to Matt’s crotch and quickly vacuum up his flaccid penis, locking in the glans at the top.

“Oh, God no,” Matt said.

“What?” Darren answered.

Matt didn’t answer. The machine worked very quickly to get him erect, and then to force him to ejaculate. This it did by using brush-like rotating nodules to stimulate the most sensitive part of his glans. Matt scrunched his hips up and pushed, but he was held down so well he couldn’t do very much. After coming in three squirts, Matt was released and Darren took his place.

It was as efficient as sticking a prod up a cow’s ass, only much less painful.

Matt’s restraints clicked open and he rolled off the end of the belt, sliding down a round chute. Darren was close behind. The system of slides branched and intersected in several places and each time Darren and Matt were kept together despite numerous places where they could be shunted off and separated.

Finally the two fell onto the floor of a white, cylindrical room shaped a little like a beer bottle through a hole in the wall. Matt

looked up. It seemed like whoever was running this place could come up to the edge and look down at him and Darren.

Matt cupped his hands and yelled up to the top of the room: "Hey! Whoever's up there we'd sure like to know what the fuck is going on!"

Again, no answer. Darren had sat down on the bench going around the perimeter of the room holding the wet head of his limp penis. Matt joined him, sighing.

"We're here, now what?" Matt wondered aloud.

To be continued?

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