

# Apocalypse High: Prologue Part 1

Written by Letwri  
holetwri@gmail.com

## **\*Month of July, prior to the start of school: The Spirit Festival\***

You look around the school grounds, the carnival-like atmosphere of Delmonte High's annual Spirit Festival somewhat wilted by the impressive heatwave. The grass is withered and crackles beneath your feet, in some places disappearing completely to leave cracked, hard earth that issues a furnace-like gust of heat when you approach it. Your eyes wander among the booths that the school has set up, selling hot dogs and (more popular) funnel cakes and other types of festive foods as well as handing out things branded with the school's cute little mascot, Delmonte the devil, in a vain attempt to boost school spirit and togetherness.

You catch sight of a pair of toughs making off with a box of spirit items out of the corner of your eye. Moments later that same pair displays the usual form of school spirit by bumping into another group and launching into a heated argument that rapidly metamorphoses into a half-hearted brawl. The fight breaks up shortly after it begins though as an shell shocked teacher arrives and begins yelling, the heat being such that not even the local punks aren't too willing to exert much effort.

Your eye wanders to the school buildings in the distance across the fields, a series of surprisingly tall, well made structures (well made is a necessity, given the general chaos they tend to enclose). Frankly, you always felt it was overkill. Your entire student body has only ever occupied half of one of four large buildings, with another smaller one housing the pool and indoor gym area. Around the grounds are spacious fields to the west and south, where you stand, and thick shady woods to the east with the main entrance to the north.

As the last dregs of the fight break up you find yourself wandering across the field, drawn by what appears to be a halfhearted attempt to start a soccer game. You notice a group of girls off to the side that appear to be taunting a short black girl, a cheerleader by her outfit, one taller girl holding the pompoms up high while the short girl struggles to jump up and grab them. This continues for a while until a pale hand reaches up and snatches the pompoms from the taller girl's grasp, the group clearing somewhat to reveal a pale girl with pale blond hair tied up in a ponytail. No mistaking that complexion; Anka Phillips, your old next door neighbor.

You watch the blond girl for a moment as she exchanges what appear to be sharp words with the girls, though partway through you find your gaze wandering somewhat. Anka is wearing her soccer outfit, a tight fitting pair of red shorts and yellow tee that doesn't quite meet the waistband of her shorts and reveals a pale, flat belly. Your eyes are drawn to the reason for her ill-fitting shirt; the massive bulge of her bust, which improbably seems to be even larger than last year. You suddenly realize you are staring and force yourself to walk away before someone notices.

You look in the direction of the gym, hearing cheers inside even from here, but quickly dismiss it as your next stop; you had heard that some kind of event for the volleyball and gymnastics teams was supposed to be going on but that promises to be a bit noisy and hot given the attention those teams tend to draw. Your eyes drift to the woods, the strong, ancient trees there promising a reprieve from heat and noise ...

You begin the long trek across the school grounds, wiping your brow more than once as the arid wind pulls droplets of sweat from your skin. The south building, infrequently used aside from occasionally hosting local events, provides a sliver of shadow that you walk along to keep away from the worst of the heat. You glance inside as you walk, eyeing the locked, dark classrooms with a slight feeling of envy. The thick stone walls might just keep it cool enough in there to be bearable, at least down here closer to the ground level. You emerge from the partial shadow all too soon and hurry your way across the remaining scorched grass toward the woods.

You cast a glance back at the smaller gym building, planted nearby to the east school building, as you proceed on the final leg of your journey. A handful of stragglers navigating the paths between the buildings to a long dried up fountain before making their way to the gym itself, a small ramshackle building humming faintly with straining air conditioner units. Your eyes wander a little further toward your destination and you spy the empty east building just past the gym before settling on the dark, yet somehow inviting woods.

You slip into the trees and sigh with relief as the shadows embrace your skin, granting welcome relief from the sun. The air becomes somewhat humid as you wander into the line of still growing younger trees but soon after your feet crunch on the fallen leaves of the giant arboreal monsters that make up the bulk of the woods. You close your eyes for a moment as a welcoming coolness surrounds you along with the chirp and buzz of the various insects and animals that make their home here. You settle on a log and lean back against a fledgling tree to rest for a moment to soak in the peace and quiet. Most people aren't too fond of the woods, something about it supposedly being haunted, but

you've always found it rather welcoming ... particularly as an escape from some of the rougher elements in your school.

You close your eyes and lie back, enjoying the coolness and the quiet. You figure there is no reason to hurry back, the Festival never really held much that appealed to you anyway and this year was fairly lackluster thanks to the haze of heat stroke that hangs over the festivities. Your breathing grows slow and even as you allow yourself to relax and close your eyes....

....

....

"Hmhmhm!"

You frown, a haze of sleepiness falling ever so slowly away. You could have sworn you heard someone giggling ... a woman? The sound of leaves crinkling cause you to open your eyes and gaze around dazedly. The sky has grown dark and you actually feel a little chilly all of a sudden as you sit up and swing your head to and fro in search of the odd noises.

"Hmhmhm!"

You hear that muffled giggle again, the sound of rapid footsteps on crinkly leaves punctuating it. You turn toward the noise and see leaves still settling into place but no sign of what disturbed them. A chill runs down your back. Okay ... so you've never been here at night before ... that whole story about a haunted forest suddenly seems a lot more plausible, especially with the laughing ghost girl running around.

You swallow hard, slowly standing up and orienting yourself, noting the direction of the tree you had been leaning against. Okay, so the school should be this way ...

You try to keep yourself at a fairly sedate walk while at the same time moving as quickly as you can from the odd noises. You hear dashing sounds once or twice as you walk and struggle not to turn your head .... until you feel something brush across the back of your neck and turn sharply to see what it is. As you turn you feel something soft and warm collide with your front and stumble, falling forward onto whatever had collided with you with an ungraceful *uff* sort of noise. You shake your head and reach out for

something to balance yourself with and find something soft and squashy beneath your palm ...

"Oh!" a soft gasp comes from your new handhold. "What the hell!?"

You look down, everything coming into focus suddenly. A latino girl with a cherry red shock of hair and a mildly annoyed look on her face lies beneath you. You look down and quickly find at least part of the reason, your handhold appears to be a fairly substantial handful of boob that you are squeezing through the girl's white tee. Well, this is awkward.

"Oh, uh, sorry about that ..." you say, letting go of her.

You stand up and offer her a hand, which she looks at doubtfully for a moment before accepting. You manage to keep your eyes from wandering down to her chest and meet her stare head on. After a moment or two she seems to nod, almost disappointed looking at your assistance.

"Thanks, I guess," she says, starting to say something else when the sound of heavy feet on the crunchy leaves sends her looking back toward the way she came. "Shit!"

"Hey, she's over here!" you hear someone call.

"Fuck!" she curses again before turning to you. "Get out of here, idiot!"

She starts moving in deeper into the woods and you dart into a nearby bush to hide. You hear the sound of heavy footsteps and peek out to see several large, muscular looking guys, most of them black, following the girl. You frown, thinking. Those guys looked like they were from the Bulls ... a local gang, one of the toughest in the school.

You hesitate, wondering if you should follow, when a sudden chorus of angry bellows sound from the way the girl originally ran, from the entrance to the treeline. To your practiced ear it sounds like a fight of some kind. You weigh your options for a few moments. Those muscular hulks chasing the girl didn't look like they were in great moods but ....you can't just leave her, can you?

You struggle with yourself for a moment before following the girl and her pursuers deeper into the woods, temporarily forgetting about the odd chuckling noise that originally drove you toward it's edge. A high pitched shriek fills the air, stopping you in your tracks and drawing your gaze upward to a starburst of lights just visible through the branches. Fireworks? Strange, you thought the school banned those after last year.

A series of shouts from up ahead brings you back to reality and you resume your trek, moving as quickly as you dare. Fortunately the Bulls seem to be making more than enough noise tramping across dead foliage, making it easy to follow unnoticed. Another shout sounds ahead, closer this time.

You peer through a dry, crackly bush and find the boys on the other side in a clearing. There are four of them you can now see, all fairly bulky. They are holding the girl from earlier with ease despite her struggles, occasional pops of light from above illuminating the scene.

"Dammit, I said no! Mikey already got his, that was the deal!" She snaps, trying to pull away.

The girl's shirt stretches out across her chest as the fabric pulls and tears slightly, exposing a little more brown skin. The boys all seem to grin at each other and the largest of them speaks up.

"Yeah, but that's for the standard protection package, for the deluxe well ..." he trails off suggestively. "Besides, we saw Coach earlier having a bit of his fun with some of the girls; can't be blamed for getting a little hard, can we? We're young guys. We need a girl to help us relax a little Maggie ..."

Maggie continues to struggle, an angry and worried look on her face.

"Not my fault Wexler is feeling up cheerleaders in the locker room," Maggie spits. "Why punish me for it? Besides, you assholes won't even pull out of I let you ... so no, goddammit! You want me to tell Mikey about this?"

The boys frown, looking at each other, and a flash of anger visible on their spokesman's face as a flash of light illuminates the clearing. He slips a hand down the neck of her shirt and tugs, tearing it further to expose her left breast cupped in a red bra. Maggie gives a shocked and angry noise before the boy grabs her tits.

"Sorry girly .... wrong answer," He grunts. "We're the Bulls you see, so we ain't known for being subtle. So we're going to take what we want and if you eve-"

The clearing explodes in a blinding flash of light and a thunderous boom, blinding you and knocking you back.

You slowly pull yourself to your feet, looking around and noticing the clearing is now lit by a number of small, struggling fires. You look over to see the Bulls collapsed on the forest floor, out cold and mildly scorched, but you don't see Maggie anywhere. You walk into the clearing where they Bulls are tentatively, crushing out some of the small fires to keep it from spreading, and quickly look the boys over.

The Bulls appear to be bruised and somewhat burnt, the leader's clothing still smouldering slightly ... a firework that went off mark maybe? But there was no sign of Maggie ...maybe she ran away in the confusion?

You shiver, remembering the noises from earlier ... maybe she was rescued by some kind of forest spirit or something? Wouldn't make a bad story for your creative writing class but as reality goes it's a bit odd. A groan comes from the collapsed boys and you quickly decide to get moving before they wake up. The Bulls aren't known for being very pleasant even in the best of circumstances and this certainly isn't that ...

Upon exiting the treeline a few minutes later your phone chirps and you find a text waiting for you from your sister Steph, asking where you have gotten to. You notice the time indicates that it was sent nearly ten minutes ago ... reception isn't particularly good in the woods for some reason. You eye the message, musing that she actually might have had reason to be worried if she had known what just happened. Of course, she doesn't know so to your mind that just makes her a worrier. You stop as you walk, catching sight of another burnt patch of ground. Man, whoever was on the fireworks detail was drunk tonight, two shots landing this close to a dry patch of forest.

Your attention returns to your phone and you send a quick text to Steph letting her know you are still just wandering around, hoping that will satisfy her. You keep walking as you do, stopping when you find a pile of groaning, rough looking young men a few feet from

the large scorch mark. Well, looks like there was a fight here too ... two minor brawls in one night might actually be a new low record for the school if nothing else has happened yet. Two minor brawls that result in literal explosions may be around the average though. You put away your phone and think for a moment.

Part of you wants to go looking for Maggie but given how dark it is you are doubtful that you'd be able to do much aside from lose yourself in the woods. You shoot another quick text to Steph asking her where she is as you walk toward the edge of the woods. Your phone chimes back a reply a few moments later:

*Steph: GYM. IT'S HHHOOOTTT. =(*

You grin and pocket your phone, making your way around the side of the gymnasium toward the front. You catch sight of a few boys around the back, climbing up on a set of trashcans to peep in through some windows eagerly ... you notice a bit of fog on the windows and make an educated guess that the windows lead to the girl's showers.

Your sister is just inside the gym as you enter the front doors, idly playing with her phone with her glasses slipping down her nose. She is wearing a denim skirt and yellow shirt with thin string-like straps over her shoulders, her freckled skin showing more than a little. You frown, feeling a rare note of worry as you notice one of the male students checking her out idly.

Off to the side you see your friend Sam looking uncomfortable next to her, his hair somewhat disheveled. You note with a frown that his lip has been split; you really hope he hasn't been getting bullied again. He nods to you, looking a little relieved as you approach. He stands up and you notice his jeans are looking a bit dusty and one of the sleeves of his tee shirt looks like it's torn slightly ... damn, you were hoping these jerks would wait for school to start at least.

"Ben! Where have you been!" Steph asks. "I thought you'd passed out from heatstroke or something!"

"He's fine, Steph," Sam says, grinning. "There's cockroaches that could take a lesson from Ben. Bet he was nice and comfortable with the AC blasting in an office or something while we were sweating figurative bullets here."

"He's not entirely wrong, though I wasn't in an office," you admit.

"Don't give him ideas Sam!" Steph says, frowning.

Too late.

"Anyway, you missed a lot of the fun," Sam says. " They had the gymnasts do some things, some kind of pep rally thing from the cheerleading squad then people kind of just broke up into little groups to hang out and play volleyball and ... err, dodgeball."

"Sam got knocked out during the dodgeball portion," Steph supplied helpfully.

"And a lot of the troublemakers were outside roasting cause ..." Sam hesitates. "Err, well, cause there was soccer outside and Anka was ... you know ...."

You shrug, unsure how to respond. You haven't spoken with Anka for a good year or two now, ever since she moved away. Sports aren't really your thing. You know a lot of the guys have a thing for your old friend but ... well, you aren't sure how to feel about it.

"Then things broke up a little while ago and they declared the locker rooms open for showers for the athletes and basically ordered everyone out to eat funnel cake and watch the fireworks," Steph said.

"I think they are hoping to put some of the rowdier kids into diabetic comas," Sam tells you.

"So the school sprang for fireworks?" you ask, clearing the thought from your head.

"Don't think so, probably some of the students. None of the chaperones bothered to do anything though," Sam said. "Think they are still going on. Wanna check it out?"

"Sure," you respond.

"Right, let's go," Sam says, leading the way.

"Oh, but it's hhhooott ...." Steph moans as you loop your arm through hers.

The three of you step out into a blast of warm night air and look up to see that the fireworks are still going. You watch, wondering vaguely where they got these ones; they don't sound like anything like what you've encountered before. A banshee-like shriek echoes your thought and a half dozen twisting arcs of flame rise up into the sky,



entwining briefly before plummeting back to the school grounds. You wince as they flash just before hitting the ground, seeming almost as if they were being aimed to land just above crowds. Definitely seems like students at work to you.

You stumble as someone bumps into you from behind, pushing you aside like you were made of paper. You look up, mildly annoyed, to find a familiar face, gleaming with good looks beneath a halo of perfect blond hair. The boy looks down slightly at you, seeming surprised to see you.

"Hey, sorry man," Rocky says, not looking tremendously concerned despite his words. "Didn't see you there. Crazy light show, huh?"

Athletes pour out of the doors and expand the volume of the sky watching students, quickly becoming caught up in the sight. Steph peers out from around Rocky's shoulder, struggling to get around the gathering crowd as it pushes the two of you apart. You glance up and see a bob of cherry red hair moving through the crowd back along toward the back of the gymnasium and feel a surge of recognition. That looked like Maggie ...

"Hey, Rocky, do you mind ..." Steph asks distantly in the background.

You glance over to see Steph and Sam struggling through the growing crowd, unfortunately both of them are more or less toothpicks when compared to the students from the school clubs.

"Hmhmhm!"

A strangely familiar laugh issues from the crowd of students and you freeze, shivering a little. No one else seems to react to the odd laugh ... then again, the odd laugh is in the middle of a crowd on school grounds rather than an empty forest so you suppose that's relatively normal. You look around nervously, unable to detect the source of the laugh and deciding after being shoved out of the way a few more times that you would prefer quieter area without creepy ghost laughter. You force your way toward the back of the crowd, squeezing through meatheaded thugs packed together like sardines, and breathe a sigh of relief as relatively cool air greets your skin. You catch sight of a cherry red bob again and glance toward the back of the gym to see it disappear around the corner.

You glance at the growing crowd and fail to see Steph and Sam. You make a quick decision and slip away along the side of the gymnasium after the redheaded girl and turn the corner.

You can see several trashcans lined up beneath the windows, a relic of the peeping boys from earlier, and spy lights shining through them; one of the windows actually appears to be open slightly and you can hear faint noises coming from within.

You frown, looking around and failing to spot a girl with a head like a lit match anywhere. You take a few steps along the back end of the building looking around for hiding spots before realizing that there really aren't any unless she is hiding in the trash cans or can jump a good ten vertical feet to the roof.

You stop and glance at the open window .... no, she probably wouldn't be able to fit through there, and besides it would be a bit of a climb. You can hear water sloshing about from the cracked window and see a faint trail of steam. You glance at the window, curious, then eye the trash cans. Well, if a bunch of macho meathead types can do it ...

You carefully climb up onto the can and slowly stand up, peering through the window carefully. You freeze as you catch sight of a single figure within; ivory white skin glistening with soap bubbles, a curvy figure bending forward as a shower spigot cascades steam and droplets of water ...

A memory flashes before you of a pale, smiling girl, laughing as you chase her ...

You duck down, swallowing nervously. Anka sure has changed a lot since you last hung out. You slowly raise your head again and find Anka's breasts thrust out toward you, back arched and eyes closed as she rinses shampoo from her hair. You swallow as your eyes latch onto those heaving breasts capped by cute, pink nipples. You slowly look down at her trim belly and wide hips, cursing the patch of bubbles that hides a particularly interesting area from your view.

A sound causes you to look away for a moment and you see a stocky figure step into the room. Skin like a hotdog, belly hanging over a towel wrapped about his waist ... Coach Wexler? You see the stocky man approach your old friend from behind and see her open her eyes for a moment, a nervous sort of look crossing her face. And then, your world stops as Wexler steps in behind her, his hand cupping one of those perfect breasts.

Anka reacts visibly, shuddering as he touches her, but to your shock does not pull away. You see him lean close, whispering something to her, and your heart begins to pound as he grabs the other half of that amazing pair of boobs and begins fondling with a grin on his face.

You feel hot inside, something like anger rising up .... but to your surprise and shame you feel something else rising in your pants. You hesitate, shocked by the thought that this could turn you on. You try to think ... not like you can stop Wexler, the toughest punks in school hesitate before crossing him. And he's basically the main chaperone for the event ...

"There Anka, aren't you glad I'm here to help?" Wexler asks, panting. "Let's get off all the lotion that I put on you earlier."

Your eyes widen as he squeezes and fondles your childhood friend, distantly dismayed to find yourself getting hard. You struggle to think but all you can see is her ivory skin being rubbed by thick, meaty hands. As if in response to your thoughts Anka gives a sudden cry, sagging forward. You close your eyes for a moment, a powerful sensation flowing through you and a hot dampness forming in your pants. Wexler's grin widens and he shifts his grip to around the girl's waist, helping to hold her upright as she sags. Through the red heat in your head you suddenly realize that Anka just came from the Coach playing with her tits .... and you just blew your load by watching.

"Alright then, let's keep this party going ..." Wexler grunts.

"No, Coach," Anka protests faintly. "I should be goin-!"

You see him wriggle his hips, his towel dropping, and Anka's eyes widen in shock as something meaty and red slips out through the foam covering her pussy. She struggles for a moment, big boobs jiggling, and Wexler quickly grabs her hands to stop her from getting away. He slides his cock between her legs and up along her pussy, scrubbing away the interfering bubbles to show you a light patch of platinum blond hair and a pale pink slit. The pudgy man thrusts eagerly, grinding himself against Anka's pussy. Anka bites her lip, a pained look on her face as she clearly begins to struggle with the sensations ...

You breath heavily, unable to look away, as the man thrusts upward, panting, a gusher of white shooting upward and splattering over her belly. Anka gives a low moan, squeezing her legs together at the older man's urging as he hefts her into the air by the

waist. Wexler thrusts his hips upward, his thick reddish hotdog of a prick sproinging up between the girl's legs, shooting a small gusher of spunk each time. You watch as the older man's spunk drips down her belly and pools in the V of her closed legs, a painful sense of lust filling you.

God, this is some kind of dream, right? You can't actually be seeing this.

"Oh, He has little to do with this," A voice whispers in your ear. "But it is a dream of sorts. Or at least a fantasy ..."

You slowly turn, the world growing oddly red and hot feeling in a way that has nothing to do with the weather. You feel hands running up and down your body, one of them settling on your trousers and deftly opening the fly. Your gaze settles on an impossibly beautiful reddish face looking down at you, a fanged smile across it's lips. It's, or rather her, eyes seem to glow faintly in the gloom, their light seeming to bore their way into your head, hollowing it out and leaving you feeling vague and unsure.

"Now then, if this is a dream, let's make it a wet one at least. It looks like he is ready for more ," the creature says. "Let's see what dirty little fantasies of yours we can help with ..."

**To be continued ...**