

Crab Legs: END

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Published on Stories Space on 17 Jul 2011



The way out

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/horror/crab-legs-end.aspx>

I turned left following the path that led away from the corridor outside the dusty room. The walls were tinged red and cast a ghostly glow. Walking further down the path the faint odor of vinegar grew stronger. When I reached another turn I was surprised to see something within the walls pulsing. The walls quivered and stretched. I knew I should run, or at the very least stay away from the throbbing wall but I was drawn. I put my hand on the wall before I had a chance to delay my action. I immediately regretted it. My hand was circled by a branch that looked as if were covered in a thin layer of flesh. I knew it was a branch because it was sprouting leaves. The branch tightened its grip to hold me, but did not hurt me. The wall spilt and a putrid, vile refuse poured out. I tried not to breathe in or look but eventually I had to. Something started stinging my feet. Tiny ants crawling around my ankles and spread throughout the corridor. In their wake the floor and walls were peeling away and turning red. They resembled a raw, weeping wound. I had been so distracted I had not noticed the ants had made a journey up the walls and onto the branch. They slowly advanced and ate away the tiny bit of flesh that layered the branch. When they got to my hand, the first touch made me howl in pain. I felt a million needles jab into my finger tips and my entire body jolt as if being electrocuted. My body flooded with adrenaline fighting to keep my organs from shutting down and going into shock. I was shaking uncontrollably and felt my eyes roll into my head. Then suddenly the pain was gone. I fell to my knees panting. Looking back towards the wall it was now sealed. There was a pinkish white band like scar tissue. What is happening? I thought. I could not understand this situation or what I was supposed to do to make my way through it. Getting to my feet I grabbed my bag. Then a thought occurred and I set the bag back down. I opened it and grabbed the first thing my hand found. I took out a tube. It was antibiotic ointment. On a whim I decided to rub some on my hands and leave a little on the scarred walls. As I rubbed a strange thing happened. The wall flushed and infused with a dark blue liquid and my mind felt lighter. I felt that my head was clearing. I had done something that changed the course of this way for me. A new understanding dawned, and I knew what was ahead for me. I understood what I had to do. Keep moving forward and trust my first instinct. The path seemed to stretch on forever but I was not discouraged. I had to take a break. I stopped and took a deep breath. And another. And another. The smell of vinegar was gone. The air never quite smelled fresh but the vinegar stench was gone. I opened the medical bag and rifled through the contents. I saw a

shiny silver object. I grabbed it and brought it closer to my face for inspection. I turned to use the light from the wicked sconce. It appeared to be some sort of auto injector. A moan broke my attention away from my examination. It was not a moan of pain but of pleasure. It was not too far away. I let the auto injector in my hand fall to my side and left the bag in the hall. I went towards the sound. It went from a drawn out moan to panting. "Yes! Yes! Faster! Harder!" I became aroused because I knew I only had to find the source to get a free show. I walked faster and the noises got louder. Slick, slapping flesh and grunting. Not just one couple but dozens. I even smelled sex in the air. I had to grab myself, readjust and keep walking. I was practically jogging at this point. "Harder!" I turned a corner and walked into a twisted sexual nightmare. The walls were lined with genitalia. Hardened male flesh jutted out and flushed with blood. Female parts were pasted up and glistened slickly with juices. Breasts and even lips, no, mouths decorated the room. All shades and sizes. The noises emitted from a section of the wall that was fused to enable a sex frenzy. Just genitals, mouths shouting pleasure. My erection deflated and I fell back, stumbling. I turned to run from the room and saw I could not leave. The slapping, moaning and screwing intensified. I was stuck in the middle. Then I remembered the injector. I held it up and pressed the engage button. I ran forward and jabbed the nearest tit and released the liquid inside. The moans turned to screams and I faded to black. ***

"He has been showing signs of improvement. I believe the treatments are working. I hope that you can bear with me on this Ms. Roberts." "Thank you Doctor." I recognized the muffled voices. As I swam up from the depths of my submerged mind I felt myself tear away from the dream world. The air was chilled and smelled antiseptic. I heard the beeping and whirring machines. My vision swam into focus and I tried to speak but I was cut-off. "J-john? John! You're awake! Oh My God! Ok, ok I am going to call the guys. They have to be here." I felt myself drifting back into the depths. Not so deep. Not so deep. "Eh John. John you deh?" I was roused and able to open my eyes without the delay of a brain on hold. "Umm.I'm here." I mumbled. Before me stood an ox of a man. A face chiseled from stone but softened with concern. "Cheryl called us and said yud came out of it but when we came you was sleep again. We waited but that was 2 days ago." The man's lisping voice was quite familiar to John. Friend, his mind reassured him.I saw that there was a room full of people. I blinked and swallowed. I smacked my lips loudly and cleared my throat. "Water, please." Once my thirst was quenched I tried to make sense of the situation. "Let me explain." A short blond man came forward. He grabbed my hand and looked me in the eyes. Tears shimmered but went unshed. He released my hand and described a tale fit for heroes. "We were in an accident. We were out sailing, just on the water having fun, when something struck us and we went down. We had to use the lifeboat. John, we lost Ben. We made it to a rock crop, like an island. But there was no comforts. We were able to catch crabs for food but the rocks pretty much shredded you up. Your calf got the worst of it. You were knocked out and we had to drag your sorry ass around for a week." The blond man shot me a weak, watery smile. "A virus set in and the Doctors used an experimental procedure that implants a device in you and monitors your healing. They said they could tell you were drifting close to waking up several times because you would respond to noises in the room." "So which one of you was watching porn?" The blond man did not look embarrassed but the dark haired giant suddenly found something

interesting on the floor and would not make eye contact. The treatments, visitors, crab legs, weird corridors were all apart of some coma induced wonderland. One which I am glad never truly existed except in the recesses of my mind. END.