Clan of the Cave Mountie by Lopaka Tanu

Summary: Where in a drug bust goes bad, Mounties prove that Yanks are not the only rude Americans, Kowalski learns the art of Yoga, and it's Dief's turn to stare.

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Author's Notes: And now, time for something different. A blast from my writing past all the way back in February 03.
Ah Due South Crack Fic!
Disclaimer: I do not own Due South.
Summary: Where in a drug bust goes bad, Mounties prove that Yanks are not the only rude Americans, Kowalski learns the art of Yoga, and it's Dief's turn to stare.
Author's Note: No matter what the warning said, this is not a fluffy bunny, only if that bunny was skinned, deep fried, and made in to a hat! Another thing is that I have no idea about the topography of the region between Canada and Chicago, so if you are going Hunh, get a clue, I know not what I say, this is only for fun.

Clan of the Cave Mountie.
by Lopaka Tanu

Okay, the day sucked right from the start. I take that back, it blew, not only that, its hole family fuckin blows. You take all the hookers in New York, Chicago, LA, and all of Nevada, and you still wouldn't have nearly enough suction. Gettin the picture?

Good. Cause if you aint, yer gettin a kick in the head.

Now where was I, oh yeah, it sucked. So here I was, mindin my own business, waitin for this deal to go down and who do I happen to see come in and ruin it, that's right, little red riding mountie the second. The first was not far behind with Dief, the dog looked like he knew shit was about to happen so he was stayin back.

Smart dog, er wolf, what the fuck ever.

Point is, the da... ief was stayin back from the two gang bangers and the undercover officers and the Boy scouts in red come up and start telling about the evils of drugs. Smart move, the bangers pull guns, the police pull guns, and all hell brakes loose. Instead of firing on the police or the mounties, the druggies dump their stash on'em and flee the scene. I whip out my glasses all cool like, already got the gun ready, and bam bam, they're down, no knee caps, and I'm all good.

Back up comes in, takes away the cry baby perps, and I'm at the side of the two biggest freaks in the history of Chicago. What do I expect when I get there? Certainly not what I got! The cops are off to the side using the butts of their guns to hammer at ants on the concrete, and the mounties are starin at me like I am prime rib. Naturally I am all calm and collected and questioning after their health.

"What the fuck were ya thinkin? Are you insane?" Like I said, I was asking about their health. Do they appreaciate it, no, the ungrateful mounties or as I like to call them, Freak and Freak Jr., start growling at me. I back off slowly and raise my gun like any normal cop with a special interest in staying alive.

They take this as a sign of submission, and move at me. Big mistake, I take aim. Before I can shoot however, grand ma with the big teeth and the frozen ass comes in and blocks my way. So I do what I have to, I cock my gun.

"Put down the gun, detective."
"Get out of my way, Ice Queen, them aren't your mounties."

"I said lower your wea...pon! Constable get your hands off me!" Somethin got a hold on her. Right up between the legs, a hand goosed her. I think it was Turnbells cause the hand was larger than Frase's. She said hands, but I only see the one. The mountie wrapped around her waist sniffen at her pants is blockin the rest of the way.

"I told ya, they aint yer mounties."

"What in the name of the queen have you done to them?" Her eyes were shootin daggers, but her face was contorted in what I can only assume was uneasiness cause it aint a look I want to ever see again.

"We were trien to get a bust on some new drugs that are out on the street. A sample was needed by the DEA. We were just about to broker a deal when the Hardy boys here busted in! Just what in hell were you doin anyways? The consolate is on the other side of the city."

Her eyes narrowed as she spoke with as much venom as possible. "We were out helping the neighbor hood as was requested by your commisioner. My constables saw this drug deal going down and decided to interviien while I called the police. Now lower your weapon, or I will have your badge followed by your head." That low, deadly tone might have made me fear for my life, if she didn't have a mountie's face in her crotch. At the time, she looked like it was the most natural thing in the world for her.

So what was I to do, I lowered my gun. Big mistake, that is when they were on me. I had one sniffen at my pants and the other at my hair, three guess as to which was which. Glaring at the Ice Queen, I was calm. "Are you satisfied? Cause if the back up sees me like this, then I'm a dead man." Speakin of which, where the hell were they, it didn't take five men to shakle two downed perps. Then I remembered that two of Chicago's finest were takin a walk on the wild side, so that left me as the meat in a Mountie Sandwhich.

"I assure you, this will reflect worse for me, than ever possible for you." She clapped her hands together in two quick bursts. "Constables!" They stopped rubbin on me like a couple of hungry tabbys, and faced her. "Let the detective go this instant." When she took a menacing step forward, they backed up, but kept themselves between me and her. "I said, let him go."

Perfectly calm and reasonable. On thing is, these drugs make you rely on your crocodile brain or something. That little something that makes you smarter than a chimp is asleep for the better part of a day on a regular dose. Judging from that cloud, and how deeply the Mounties breath, I would say they took in... You know, I don't think I updated my will since the divorce. Stell, kiss my turtle for me.

She takes another step forward, and again we step back, me because they got me by the arm and the nuts. Just because we are partners, Frase, doesn't mean you got the right to hold the jewels. Let go, no, not tighter. Let go, I said let go. Oh shit, I said let go, that is not letting go! May day, goin down, I am bent forward tryin to protect my guys from the vise known as Fraser's hand. If the Inspector was a cat, her fur would be all puffed out, but as it was, I couldn't care less.

It was in the next instant I was being picked up in strong arms. I was wondering what was goin on when I heard the sirens. Great, the uniforms are comin with the horns blairing, and the Uggs are gettin spooked. I try to struggle for all I'm worth, but they club me with my own gun. My last thoughts were of some sort of cave man bull shit goin on, but I was the wrong sex! Or was I. It was in those crazy few seconds as my brain short circuited that I realized niether Mountie had ever had a single sexual date while I had known them.

And now time for Jerry Kowalski's final thoughts. "Out there, if you are listenin, then take note of this and heed my advice. If you are ever out, and get kidnapped by two crazed Gay Cave Mounties, make sure you
carry lube. Thank you and good night."

When next I came around, we were in god only know what. I strongly suspect it was a sewer pipe because of that strong smell. I don't remember much because the Uggs took one look at my eyes opening and clocked me again. There was no pain, and no goose eggs, so I figure being curteous was some sorta natural instinct for them. You know, I could write a term paper on these freaks, call it 'Mounties by Breeding.' Nah, probably like being gay or bi sexual, never understand what causes it.

After that, I was in and out for probably what amounted to three hours. When I woke up, for good this time, I realized we were in the woods. They had settled down for the night, had a fire going, and game cooking over it. For some unknown reason, I had been able to retain my glasses through the whole thing, that is how I was able to make out exactly what they were cooking. Trust me when I say you don't want to know, but I, being the nice person I am, will tell you any ways. Over the fire was skunk, skinned and roasting. The skin was drying out next to the fire, already treated by whatever chemicals they use to preserve it.

My abducters were over to one side attempting to weave something together. They were arguing over which way it should be done, well as much as two polite Cave Mounties can. When Freak Jr. finally took and ripped it apart by accident, Freak sighed and tossed in on the fire. They were doing something with plant leaves and vines, trying to make blankets I later found out. When Turnbull had ripped it, Fraser decided it wasn't worth the effort because he had another idea to keep warm.

When he looked at me, I nearly stood and bolted. I knew this wasn't going to be a pleasant trip. No sirrie, not with two big, drug enhanced Mounties cold, hard, and horny. What was I to do when they started over like two big cats? The only thing possible, I began to whimper.

Worked like a charm. Their protective instincts kicked in and I was once again in the middle of a Mountie Sandwhich being rubbed and cooed over. This is what a cat must feel like in the middle of a group of two yearolds. My head was the only thing visible, but even my hair was being stroked. I was seriously considering clawing and hissing my way out.

After a while, dinner started to smell like it was burning and they relucanly let me go. I took the chance and tried to escape. I didn't get five feet before I had both Frase and Tumbull on my back. This earned me a sore ass as they decided to spank me. That is one thing I will never get used to, hated it when I was a kid, hated it then. Though it hurt, I learned I would never get far with these two around. I had to wait until at least one of them was away, drug the other, then make my escape.

Where they got the rope from, I don't know, but they tied a knot around my ankle and the other end to a stake in the ground. I swore they would die for this if nothing else. I spent the rest of the night trying to get my foot free of the noose to no avail. In the morning they had rested enough to continue on with their journey. My mode of transportation during this was being tied hands and feet over a poll and hung beneath it like some sort of prey. After the first nips at Turnbulls crotch, they stuffed a foul tasting gag in my mouth. So as it was, I was toted between them as they made the long trek to where the hell ever we were going. Let me tell you, bouncing around by your wrists and ankles is extremely painful on the joints. After a while my body was numb enough for me to fall asleep. All through the day I kept having images of being felt up by Mounties like a basket of fruit. It was pretty erotic except for the part where it was all real.

By the end of the second day, I was ready to give my left nut for a police batan and a free shot at both Canadians. As it was my left nut was about the only part of me not hurting. They had stopped twice to let me use the little detective's room behind a tree. Of course their watching me the whole time defeated the purpose of being modest. I had to force myself to go because little Ray was too shy other wise. As for them,
modesty was nothing to be ashamed of. In fact they were proud to display what they had. Out of curiosity I took a peek, you know, just to compare. I got twenty feet before they got me that time.

I took back what I said earlier, by then I was ready to give both nuts for a chastity belt with a Mountie proof lock. The way they would watch me as I walked made me become selfconscious of the way I looked right away. From then on I tried every thing possible to become less attractive. I farted at all moments, burped, basically did everything Stell had thought she trained out of me. It was all to no avail.

That night was Turnbull's turn to watch, literally.

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We had been running along a creek towards the end of the day, well I had, they had been chasing me. I finally got away for all of ten minutes. Then super Mountie had burst out of the woods, dumb ass grin on his face and wrapped me up in his arms. I thought it had been too easy, Turnbull fall asleep at his post, I don't think so! Fraser had let me be for the most part, the stake was driven in wet earth, right away I should have known it was a trap.

So I waited until I got my chance, idiot that I am. When Turnbull started to snore, I yanked the stake up, and ran for the hills. Not the smartest thing to do with two expert trackers but at least it would take them a little time to get to me again and in that time I might as well get to know the lay of the land.

Bad choice of words!

Now I am wrapped in a Mountie bear hug. He is so strong, and yet gentle as he walk-carries me back to the camp. All the time he is either kissing my neck, or rubbing against me. When in the light of the fire again, I can see he is still in that Serge. And the damn thing is still spot less, Turnbull's too. Damn them both!

They seem to be grunting over something, probably who gets to have their way with the Detective first. Turnbull is getting agressive, he is using those big Mountie lips to pout. Fraser aint buying it, he shook his head no and grunted. The pout is now real as Turnbull turns away and crosses his arms. A few grunts from Fraser, probably the Ugg equivilant of 'no hard feelings, just members'. Turnbull snorts, but shakes his head yes.

After the polite version of chest beating, it is time for the victor to claim his prize. Fraser narrowed his eyes in lust, and zeroed in on the target, my ass. Yes, I now have a new sympathy for women, for two days I have been nothing but a piece of meat for these... animals! This is not what I signed up for, I don't want to be a Mountie's Bitch!

He slowly walks his way over to me, exaggerating his hip thrusts with each step, letting me know he is trying to be seductive. All the way he is slowly unbuttoning that uniform, slipping it from his shoulders when done. He flexes a couple times for good measure, then slips out of the suspenders.

Oh! Is it getting hot, must be the fire.

Fraser turned around and now I am watching him... unlace his boots. Slowly, oh so slowly he is easing them open and then off his big feet. Dear god, I hope that is not a sign of things to come. Bad choice of words, Kowalski! He shakes that tight ass a couple times as he finishes, then stands up erect. Shit, why don't you just spread'em and lay back already?

He is smirking as he faces me again. Bastard. Ifin' I didn't know better, I would say on some level he had planned this. There is a pause, then he slowly trails his hands down his firm abs over that shirt and those oldfashioned long johns. He unbucks the Sam Browne, and leaves it there as he undoes the button and
zipper. A moment more and he is turned around and bending forward showing off his ass as he slips the Jodhpurs down.

I have been breathing slowly during this whole time, I am trying to avoid the large, white elephant trunk... uh, I mean white elephant! The pants are gone and he is starting to slip out of the shirt, but still facing me, the long johns aren't completely buttoned in the back. They are giving me a wonderful peek at those tidy whiteys. It has been too long, I am getting hard over a peek at some guy's boxers... not! I am not getting hard at some guy's boxers.

He is back facing me again, smirk in place. I wanna kiss that look off, just muss up his hair, screw up that perfection with the well fucked look.

Shut the fuck up!

In a bold move, he has yanked the red long johns open in a single flourish. Of course being a perfect Mountie, not a button is missing. In an instant he is out of them and standing at attention directly in front of me. That's right folks, Benton Fraser's Boxers are the kind that only have a button at the top, so that means the uncut version of Canada's crowning achievement was winking at me. That was the moment I decided to be truthful with myself.

Fraser as a Cave Mountie is so hot!

The next moments are a blur of lust induced frenzy. Needless to say he got out of them boxers fast, I had cotton fibers in my teeth, and Cave Turnbull got an eyeful, literally! My clothes migrated from my body to a pile near the fire and Fraser was on me like a cheap suit.

There was licking, sucking, tasting, biting, and that was just the kiss. He had me laid out on my back and spread like a prize banquet in a snap. It was times like this I thanked the stars for cave Mounties for he was ever considerate as he fingered me ready with god only knows what he used for lube. A moment more and he was on the launch pad, ready for take off.

He was very big, I was to learn he and Turnbull were ruffly the same size, so he took things slow, at first. Slowly he stuck it in me, you know, kinda hard, and hot at the same time, wanna make you squirm kinda deal. God it was hot! Push in, slowly, too slowly, I was growling it was so slow. But he would have none of it until he was all the way in, and then not until I had gotten adjusted.

Once we got that out of the way, a few winces of pain, and a general, 'what am I thinking cause yer touchin my brain' moment, we were all set to go. He pulled out, and slammed back in. Let me tell you, it hurt, but felt better the second time. Slowly drawing out, and then a quick slam back. I felt like he was torturing me. It hurt, but it felt so weird, and good. I just wanted to curl around the sensations it produced.

After what felt like a short time later he was grunting and heaving. His eyes rolled up in the back of his head as he groaned and slammed home really hard. I felt it spray inside me, burning everything it touched, sorta like wax on yer dick. That was it, I was curling toes, biting lips, arching back, and screaming as I came. My eyes had long disappeared in my squinting lids.

I don't remember much after that, there was the waking up a few moments more to see Turnbull finish with a grunt. Frase was still passed out on top and in me. Still hard as a rock and slowly sticking to me as the semen solitified. I was too damn tired to care, so I passed out again.

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The following morning, I awoke to my usual traveling position and view, Turnbulls crotch. I was strapped
over the bar again as they trudged along through the wilderness. We were probably going to be gone for a while due to the fact my stick was laidened down with furs and food.

They weren't planning on going back.

Why should they when they had all the comforts a man could want. Good food, clean air, plenty of hunting, prey, a warm fire, and tight piece of ass! That's right, I am a necessity for any wilderness experience. It just isn't a home with-out your own personal piece of Polish ass. Who in hell did I piss off to be stuck playin pin coushin to the two biggest dicks this side of the Prime Midden... or Medea, or what the fuck ever?

Point is... well I got one of them last night and if that bulge is anything thing to go by, Turnbull will be getting his across loud and clear. Just for extra emphasis, he plans to drive it home all night. Well it could be worse... at least I can't get pregnant. Just imagine the hell that would be. Me at home barefoot and waddling as they are out killing things with sticks and rocks.

I DON'T THINK SO!

Not me! No way!

I will be a flesh mattress to them anyday of the week, but I will not be the little woman. Get somebody else!

But like I said, good thing I can't get pregnant.

While I am musing on these things, Turnbull has apparently decided that I am *stimulating* and has become a pain in the neck. Each step I get a poked in the head. And he likes it too. Oh, this is so not good.

When you get back to normal and untie me, Freak Jr., I am going to kick you in the head so hard you are going to be able to sniff your own ass!

In the mean while... poke, poke, poke, poke....

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By the end of the third day, I was feeling like shit again. I was in no mood for Turnbull's overtures, call me crabby, but I just don't think someone should have to have sex while they are not in the mood. So he was doing a good impersonation of a teen guy with blue balls. Been there, done that, call me when it actually works.

So he was put out for the rest of the night cause I wouldn't. I curled in to a ball and slept fitfully as my body adjusted to the weather. This was not something I had ever done in my life, and I had a feeling things were only going to get harsher. To make matters worse, that night it rained until dawn.

The morning found us in an old growth forest with a heavy mist on the ground and a thick fog in the air. I felt like Faieries would come from the mists at any moment. With my luck they would be wearing Serge. Instead my big strong Mountie type people just stuck a collar around my neck and waist so they could lead me on and carry the deer they snagged last night.

My wrists and ankles thanked them. But I didn't. After all, I have a rite to be ungrateful. Hello, they Copnapped me! Greatness, I got an unsympathetic audience who probably thinks it's the best thing that ever happened to me. Yeah, bein the love slave to slick dick Mounties is the coolest, it's just the most!

That was sarcasm, ya lousy, airheaded bitches!
Now where was I? Oh yeah, I was walkin along being led like a dog through the trees by my handlers. Very dignified position. Especially when I have a Mountie spendin most of the time with his hand on my ass, steadying me, helping me keep pace, and being an all around nice guy. What did do to deserve such loving, caring individuals?

I think if I get any luckier I just might have to kill myself. Oh god I am being groped again. From the looks of things, I am going to get lucky again tonight. A horse, my mounties for a horse, or is that hung like one? I sigh, this is all inevitible I guess, might as well enjoy it.

I wonder if he will be as good as Fraser? Which one will be the better one? Will they compete over me, try to prove who is the better lover? Guess they are going to have to use all their skills. Fraser has some nice looking tongue action, but I know where he has stuck that thing.

Oh he is groping again. He must be harder that a rock by now. May be a little flex of the ass muscles. Was that a strained groan? Good, suffer baby, suffer! Squeeze again, more moaning, another squeeze and.... and he is humping me through my clothes.

Get off, get off, down Turnbull, down! Bad Mountie! Let go! Get off! No! I take that back. Let go, no, not on me! Damn you! Great now I am covered in spunk, right through his Serge, he is going to die when he learns what he has done to the sacred uniform. But gotta admit, must have some strong pumping action to shoot through that material...

That is not a good thing. I am going to die! He is going to fuck me to death, shoot my brains out with his cum. Be a little confused, coming and going at the same time. But what a way to go. May be worth the effort.

Hell no, I'm gonna die, and the Mounties are going to skin me like one of their prized pets. Oh man, this really sucks. I wish it were someone who deserved to die, someone like may be... Ray Vecchio! Now if there was ever a man who deserved to die from having his brains shot out, it would be him.

Shit and I am still sore from Fraser the human battering ram. What am I going to do about ta night? I can't fake it again, not after all this teasing. Do you think he would except I am on my period? Nah, he is too smart to fall for that crap. Shit shit shit!

I think I will have to just lay back, spread'em and wait for it to be over, cause there is no getting out of this one. Stell said she did the same when she filed for divorce. If she can fake that good, I think I can to. What was it she said she did to take her mind off it? Oh yeah, she thought about her political career. I aint got one so that means I gotta think of something between then and now. At the rate we are walking I will be too tired to even think, may be I can just sleep through it.

Yeah, that might work. Who cares how responsive I aint, just so long as he gets off and leaves me alone. Boy it is going to be long in coming. Stupid, wrong words! Oh fuck it, fuck me, while I am at, fuck you!

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Unlike with Fraser, Turnbull didn't wait until we got out of our clothes to get at me. The first thing he did when we stopped for the night was pin me to a tree and stick his tongue down my throat as he groped me through the dirty jeans. No floor show, just strait to the main act. I felt like a piece of prime beef rare, and I was about to get eatin.

Okay, enough of the metawhores. Plainly as you can see I was about to get fucked, and that is the polite term folks! Yeah, it was a pretty site for a porno too. Clear late spring day, trees hanging over us, petals from a flowering tree falling around us in a breeze strong enough to move limp hair. Nothing to hold it up, and no
brush for it, my hair was even more unruly.

Near by a creek was flowing water in a cascade, I could hear it, pretty thing normally. Right now all I cared about was... Oh who gives a... Hoooo yeah! That's it!

As I was saying, he had me plastered against a tree, not the most comfortable place to be, let me tell you. But it was totally hot the way he had me there. This is the shit they should be putting on those pornos, not a bunch of copies of the same guy attempting to appear sexy. Hell, even Ron Jeremy is sexy in the right setting.

So here I am, being mauled, and onena his hands snakes down and is unfastenin my belt an' pants before I can say how do. But that is just greatness, here is a guy that knows what he wants. It just so happens I am willin to give it. I know, such a noble sacrifice for the cause, oh the humanity.

His other hand is working on his pants, like I said, right down to business. Nothing is gonna stop this freight train wreck, not even his sacred uniform. He is going to be regretting this when he comes around. I guess not all things are genetic, unlike Frase, he is ready to get it on even in half uniform. My kinda guy.

Finally the jerking on the front of my pants is gone as a breeze takes its place, he got it open. Turnbull is good, he doesn't even brake off from the weird breathing, open mouthed kissing we have been doing the last five minutes. My pants are yanked down, and Turnbull's hands are on my ass lifting me up. So with out further ado, I wrap my legs around mount Mountie.

Unlike me, he is completely naked. Now I know a few things, like how it takes to get a person undressed while making out, even when you know how to undo every piece of clothing in the dark with your eyes closed, a blind fold in place, and hand cuffed, don't ask, but there is no way in hell he could have gotten out of that uniform that fast. Hell I know what the guy wears underneath, I wore his uniform before, I know! There is only one other option...

A cold, slick hand around my ass hole, coating me with the same shit Fraser had used. Sooooooooooo, my evil partner is helping out his subordinant. Guess I was wrong about the uniform thing. Oh well, there are other times for my kinks.

Then I freeze.

How in hell did this happen? I mean three days, and I am already a slut? Three fucking days? Is that all it takes to coorupt one of Chicago’s finest? I mean I was willing to bite the bullet, take one for the home team, but to just sit back and spread them on demand? Have I really sunk that low in my life? Never in all my life had I felt so... dirty.

This doesn't happen to a guy! We are ready for sex, whenever, wherever! We don't care who our parnter is, just so long as they are relatively clean, and open for sex, so are we. So why do I feel cheap all of a sudden?

Another thing, how long have I been thinking of my partner, and... my other partner this way? I have a hard time believing this is just a spur of the moment kinda deal. Now that I think about it, I have been looking forward to this all day, all three days if I am honest. Finally get to corrupt the innocent, naive Turnbull. Damn, that makes me hard all by itself.

So why the introspection?

Well it is kinda last minute conscious check here. Like a 'are you sure' window before you delete somethin on the computer. Well what am I waiting for, click the yes button already!
Click.

Waiting.

Data deleted. Thank you for using Kowalski consciousness, a seldom used product!

Hey, I don't need ya, that is why. See, Turnbull is just... HELLO! Nice to meet ya, Turnbull. My grand ma, what a big dick you have!

Oh, god, get it out, get it out, get it out! Okay, stay calm, don't panic, you have gone through this before, it is just like two nights ago. Stay calm and he will... not give you time to adjust! Hey now! Oh! That one... oh!

IN, and out, IN, and out. And I am going to loose my mind at this pace. Friction is normally good, but he... is... drivin... me... AH!

Body... clenching, fists, and toes... shaking. Back scraping against tree, thanking shirt! Ass scraping, cursing Turnbull as cuming on said Mountie. I look at him, and his face is screwed up, where have I seen the look before... Two nights ago... My eyes bug out as I remember. Too late, too late!

He's cuming!

All hands, brace for impact!

He cries out, and I hold tight with my legs. He cums. And he cums. And he cums. Still cuming. Somebody get the mop bucket, we got a clean up in aisle four. Call the plumber while yur at it, he still aint shut off.

He shudders once, twice and then collapses against me, we slide down the tree, and he's through. Before we even hit the ground he is asleep.

As I lay there boneless, hands are moving the giant off me, and cleaning him up. It is Fraser. His movements speaks of long practice and patience. So this is not Turnbull's first, but it doesn't bother me. Whoevr had him before doesn't have'em now.

Too exhauasted to help, I just lay there looking around. We landed on the blankets we have been using for ground cover, again, I don't know where they got it. There is a Deer skin pillow near by, apparently they smoked the skin over the coals of the fire while I was complaining of a head ache, shrinks the pores like Stell's old make-up.

If the setting sun is anything to go by, I think we are moving north. Great they are taking me home. I used to do that all the time when I was a kid, was the bane of my mother's existance for a while. It stopped when dad had the runs, and took a shit on the duck in the toilet. Got bit on the keester a couple times before he got away from it. Now that was a funny site, my old man holding his pants up and being chased by a shit covered duck. I never brought another pet home after I saw it hanging off the back porch drying in the sun.

Now I am the wild animal bein taken to meet mom. Or as the case may be, to see the wilds of Canada. Oh joy, millions of Frasers and Turnbulls. Dear god, help! I don't want ta speak Canadianese, and tell Inuite stories!

I am tring to crawl away, but Fraser is the ever vigelant Cave Mountie, and drags me back to the blanket. He puts me next to Turnbull, who wraps me in his arms like a blonde teddy bear, and covers us both. I guess he is going to make sure we are not disturbed tonight until Turnbull wakes. This makes me angry for some reason and I glare at him.
He grunts.

I take it that is Cave Mountie for sorry, Ray. At least he is still in there some where, but it doesn't make me happy. Especially seems how I am the one being stroked like a cat. Frase he is doing it again, leave my hair alone, I am not a damn flower!

There is a something you don't see everyday, Fraser grooming himself... like a cat! That's right, he is licking his skin clean. There is a perfectly good stream over there, apparently they like them for navigation, so go use it! He sees me watching and gives me the look. Oh, of course, how stupid of me, animals drink from that stream, so we are not to pollute it with our baths. Bastard!

Hey! So does that mean when he is through, he is going to lick me clean? I get another look, similar to the other, but more tolerant. That is a definit no. Oh well, I will use the stream when Dudley do right over there goes to sleep. He knows I can't go any where, so I won't try to run. That means I actually get to sit watch, in the dead of night, when it is fucking freezing! Yea, me! If he thinks that is going to stop me from bathing, I will show him! Polar Bears swimming teams can do it, so can I. Just be glad it is nothing but a slow moving creek about two feet deep, no swimming required!

So I snuggle closer to the Human heater, and go to sleep. I am going to need it, after that bath, I won't sleep for a week. It doesn't take me long being next to Turnbull as his breathing is so regular I wonder if he is really asleep. When I awake, Fraser is snuggling in next to Turnbull from behind and taking the blanket from me. This is my clue to get up and go tend the fire, as if the first fifteen grunts and pushes didn't say it.

Okay, I get it, I am up. God in heaven it is cold! Okay, got think warm thoughts. Screw that, I need a bath, and the Mounties are out of it. Grabbing what Fraser had fashioned in to soap from what I don't care, I head off to the water. The soap smells horrible, but then again I don't have to lick it from my body, that sick freak!

Okay, it is a full moon, full ass, I am naked as a Jay bird, and standing here in the middle of the creek. My balls are gone, and little Ray is all shriveled. A dunk now would get me wet, but I would probably die from the shock, gotta splash first. I bend forward, splash some on. Dear god that was cold! More. Okay, I am wet, just use the soap and get on with it. Crotch, arm pits, and hair first. Next the skin, and the ass for last. Still sore. I am all soaped up, eyes are closed, and nose is held.

This is captain to engineering, prepare to dive.

We already 'ave cap'n, yur balls are gone.

Dive, dive, dive!

I sank beneath the water fast. And then shot up fast. Fuck that! I go back under roll three times and then shoot up on to the moss covered bank. My skin is clinched tight to my body, nipples could cut glass, and dick.... AH! Where is it? It is nothing but shriveled skin! Gotta get back to the fire. Fire is good.

Racing back to the fire I stub my toe on something and have to start bouncing around as I mutter incoherently. That is how the Mountie found me. No, not Fraser or Turnbull, a new Mountie. I didn't know that some Canadians were Catholic, she crossed herself and muttered a couple prayers as I howled in pain. She probably thought I was worshiping satan, dancing with the devil in the pale moonlight. Oh well, I will never know as that is when my two big Cave Mounties came in and spirited me away. She was in such a shock she didn't even follow.

I think she was only partial Canadian Mountie, cause Fraser would never have let me get away with this. Yeah, on her mother's side too, cause Fraser got it from his father. So it means the true Mountie Breeding comes from the Father. I may yet be able to write a paper on this. But for right now I have to keep my
blanket closed as they still won't give me back my clothes. Every time I ask, they won't look at me.

We moved on for the rest of the night, which turned out to be only two hours. Stopping at midday cause of a heat wave, Fraser got to sleep some more. Four hours later the heat had broke and we were on our way toward Canadaville, population: all insane!

This was not a fun trip, while I slept during the heat wave, Turnbull had been making something from a coupla skins. I now have a pair of squirelly briefs three tails from the fasteners with a little wooden wring like they used in their shirts in the eighties. I look like I am wearing a diaper! At least the beast master got a loin cloth to cover his briefs. When I asked them for something like that, they just looked at me like I was stupid.

I knew it. It is official. I am these Mounties' Bitch! All they need is someone to look good and have sex with. I am a trophy wife for gods sake. After the fourth day, I refused their advances completely. The sixth day of walking in nothing but the squirrel brief and I was ready to kill some one.

My hair was wild, my skin was dark, feet toughened up, the only sign I didn't come from the jungles of Bora Bora was my glasses. But even they weren't immune to the Mountie sex drive, I was wearin a pair of lenses held together by a leather thong over my eyes like one of them Fetishest's masks. Apparently, one of them had stepped on them in the mad dash to get to me in the middle of the devil dance.

So the only way I can wear them is if I got the leather thong on. Far be it from me to remain ignorant on such things.

Here it is the sixth day, going into the seventh night since I was taken from my city by the Mounties. If my geography lessons hold out, we will reach Fraser's home lands in about two weeks. Once there, if I am not rescued first, I am going to hop on the nearest plane, squirrel brief or none.

I am also wondering why that shit hasn't worn off yet. I mean six days, six days! Niether one of them has shown any sign of waking up from the drug stupor. Whatever this shit is, it is strong. I have heard of some drugs keeping people strung out for a week's time, so tomorrow they had better start showing signs of being their normal... their freaks selves or so help me!

We are moving north west, always north west, the birds are becoming more frequent and the guys brought home a moose with only two spears, I was impressed. Of course if I had had my gone, the Moose would not have tried to hump Turnbull. It was their fault for covering their scent in that girl Moose piss. It was funny up to the part where the Moose got a look at Turnbull's dick. I never thought I would see the day something that big would get penus envy. But it was in enough shock for Frase to stick it with that spear through the heart, clean kill. Efficient bastards, very good at poking things with sharp pointy objects.

Not going there.

So we got a moose pelt, and some horns for knives. I think they are planning stocking up for winter. They keep stopping in areas with large root supplies. Of course the short person gets to dig them up and clean them. I make the meals, and clean their clothes. For some reason they seem to keep the uniforms on when traveling. At night they snuggle under the blankets like puppies, completely nude. I get watch some times, but mostly I am stuck in the middle. It is okay, they are warm, and it does get cold. Oh, and I get to grope them as much as I like.

We are stopping again, there are no root plants around. What are they up to? Fraser is taking off his uniform, and Turnbull is doing the same. Nice pressed corners, rolling them up and stuffing them in the satchel made from a racoon. They are spreading the blankets, must be bedding down for the night.
Oh dear.

Fraser has the lube out and Turnbull is circling round to cut off my escape.

Oh shit!

That is more like it. I am not going to be their fuck toy all the way to the North West Territories. Time to come up with some evasive manoeuvres. I feint left and turn right... in to Fraser's arms. A second later Turnbull is pressing something hard and hot up against my backside. That had better be a fire poker, Constable!

He ground it in deeper, nope, not a poker, something deadlier. Oh gods their smell is driving me to distraction. You never notice that kind of thing living in the city, and when you do it is usually bad BO. Not this, nope, this is something different. Pure male arousal. Nothing else like it.

Fraser is nibbling at my one side of my neck, while Turnbull is on my other side playing with my ear. I know what a cat feels when you scratch the inside of the ear. Boy it feels good, something down south is starting to take notice to the heat, scents and all sorts of other good things that are going on.

No, bad dick! Stay flat. Fraser keep your hand away. Turnbull that is not a place to put yours! Oh what the hell, why not? Oh yeah! Because I don't want to be fucked again. I said no! No, bad Mounties, no biscuit! This is so embarrassing, just imagine if someone walked in on us. I mean it's not like we are in the middle of the woods. Ooops my mistake, we are in the fucking woods!

Again, no body cares as I am dragged over to the blanket. Who's first to top me? I know I am not going to be the one topping, that isn't done in their minds. Big strong hunters always take the little gatherer, it is tradition. But what a tradition, rowr!

It turns out to be Turnbull as he is a little too impatient. I can handle it though. I am sitting on the blanket, and he is trying to push me back. He's as horny as a goat with two dicks. Well I got news for you, pal, I aint spreadin 'em with out a little foreplay.

Well at least it was a thought. He got impatient, picked me up, stripped off my briefs, and wrapped me around him like an octopus. He is already slicked up, again Fraser ever the busy bee. When he slams home, the scream isn't too loud. But it was enough to startle him in to letting me adjust before he continued.

This time it was all stimulation, and he slid out easily. We are in missionary position, me on top of him. What a work out, my thighs are already killing me. I go up, and he pulls my hips back down. Up and down, the motion is familiar already, and it feels good too. Each downward thrust I grunt as he fills me.

After a time I start to feel the effects of his pressing against my prostate, it is a strange feeling. Every bit of contact sends a sensation all along my dick. Let me tell you enough of this, and Mr. Happy gets pretty excited. In fact, oh oh oh oh AH! My ass clenches and I cum on Turnbull, not very pretty, but it felt good.

But old 'Bull don't let a little thing like a tight ass and an my orgasm stop him. He keeps right on sticking it to me. Six, seven, eight, nine, and... he groans. Another slam and I get the sensation I am being filled with hot lava. I love that feeling. He does it again and again. Then he stops, eyes roll up in his head, and he falls back asleep. Like clock work with that guy.

I feel like joining him, but there is an incessant hand rubbing my back that I realize has been there all along. Fraser wants to play too.

My thighs, butt and groin muscles hurt too much for me to be strattling him, but he doesn't want that. He is
the old fashion kinda guy, always has to be on top. So I let him.

He pushes my legs apart and sets himself between them. Boy is he happy to see me! All slick and glistening in the sun, he looks pretty good. Harder than I would have liked after my current bout, he penetrates in one thrust. For about two minutes we lay there, face to face. He looks at peace, for the first time in the two years I've known him.

Arching his back, Fraser pulls out to the tip, then pushes back in. We are doing it slow, he likes it that way. I can go either way as long as I get off. He makes sure he hits my prostate with each thrust. We are both moaning with every motion. My breathing is becoming labored as I am get hard again.

He is going to kill me, I just did this, and am about to do it again. As he pulls out again, a hand, not his, starts to stroke my chest. It appears Turnbull has decided to rejoin the living. I finally see him as he starts to kiss on Fraser's straining face. So it appears they have been doing other things on them hunting trips. When Turnbull's tongue presses on a spot behind Fraser's ear, he grunts and slams into me. A sweet spot!

Turnbull takes this as encouragement and increases his actions. Fraser likes it and increases his pace, but is still going slower that Turnbull and I went. Harder, that time I felt like he was drilling for oil. Deep, steady motions keep causing me to lose focus on the action above me as they are now making out like teenagers. In the next moment, two things happen: Fraser's face scrunches as he groans and cums, we hear the click of a shot gun hammer.

Of all the times of for someone to find me, it would be now. Murphy's law should be changed to Kowalski's.

"What in fuck are ya doin 'ere?"

Greatness, in all of fucking Canuk land, we happen to end up in the place with the only god damned hic!

"What does it look like, genious?"

Dumb ass looks at me, he is missin more teeth than he's got. He has this look on his face that makes me glad Fraser is holding me down, cause this shit would be dead other wise. However if the state of my Mounties is anything to go by, he hasn't got much longer anyways. That is something I forgot to consider, that they might not let me go. Right now I couldn't care two shits less.

Sick'em Turnbull! I didn't get to cum 'cause of that bastard.

Dip shit is backing up, got that gun trained on Turnbull but is switching between all three of us. He is slowly going away, if I don't stop Turnbull, he won't make it. There is only one weapon that I know that doesn't require me to physically move from this position. I whimper. Works like a charm, both Mounties are back at my side and checking on me.

I can do no more, just hope that his knowledge of these back woods is enough to keep him away from my Mounties. My Mounties, there is a new idea, since when did they become mine? Since they started tappin my ass for oil! Speaking of which, I still am hard as a rock. When I shake it at them, they look from one to the other, shrugg, and roll over. Damn them! After a quick jerk session, I am too tired to clean up, so I pull the blanket up around me and go to sleep.

The next morning there is a heavy dew on the ground and my hair is the only thing that is coated in it cause that was all that was sticking out from the roll. I look around though bleary eyes, they are no where to be seen. Figures, means I gotta get things set up to go on today. About noon is when they finally strolled back into the camp. They are covered from head to toe in blood. For a moment I felt sorry for the nosy hic, but
them I noticed they had a buck with them, or what was left when they were through.

Seems he challenged Frase for dominance of the territory when he had been taking a piss. They take high
offence to that, or so he would tell me later. Bare handed, they had tore the poor dumb animal to pieces, but
not before Turnbull snapped its neck from behind. Never piss off a Cave Mountie! The skin was the only
thing they took any time in removing with care in their anger. That night we spent cleaning ourselves in the
stream, and me cursing as I soaked my sore ass. Did I forget to mention a victorious Cave Mountie is a
horny Cave Mountie?

So it was not until the next day we moved on. As always Fraser was in the lead, I was second and Turnbull
was in the lead. Each of us was loaded down with supplies, but I got the brunt of the load due to my position
as homebody. I was dragging a stretcher loaded down with most of our supplies like that horse off of old
yeller. Felt like it too. I wonder if I am going to have to be shot... no that is the dog. Fraser once told me that
the dogs used to hall around the crap for the Indians, but when circumstances changed, they ended up as
dinner. Ah crap! I guess I better keep spreadin for the guys before I join the deer.

Things remained uneventful for the next week, it got colder at nights and warmer during the day Summer
was coming fast to Canada. Life had become more frequent and birds became our main staple aside from the
roots and whatever they gathered while hunting. There was a time on the third day, Frase and Turnbull
brought back mushrooms. That lead to some interesting times. I finally got to watch them go at it. Turnbull
puts me to shame on responsiveness.

After that they laid off the mushrooms, and focused on stashes they found by watching squirrels before
killing them with a sling shot. That was nice, squirrels and nuts brought to me by a coupla postasios. We had
them for about two days before we came upon hills covered in wild mushrooms, Turnbull actually broke
down into tears. I pocketed a squirrel skin full for dinner. I don't remember what happened after I ate a
handful, but I woke up covered in bruises, bites, and hickies. Guess they weren't safe either.

The guys came back around noon, Frase was limping, and Turnbull actually froze when he saw me. They
were covered in bites and their backs were clawed up. Guess that means I had a good time. Funny thing
was, I wasn't sore at all, and my walking felt a little easier, like I was used to gettin it regularly. It had also
been three days. So that finished the second week I was out here.

After that I was watched constantly. They even leashed me to a tree while they were out hunting. May be I
had more fun than I thought. So here I was tied back to my tree of the day. I felt ready to chew my own foot
off. It wasn't until after I saw it, that I heard the bear. I think the bear was more afraid of me than I was of it,
but I did one hell of an impression of being scared.

It wanted our food, and I wasn't about to let it tear open the only thing that kept me warm at night to get to it.
We had wrapped up our food in the blankets to keep the animals out of it, turns out we weren't thinking big
enough. Now I had a dumb plan, I was going to fight this monster off our food, and make it sorry it ever
tried. Lovely in thought, terrifying in practice. But never underestimate a desperate Chicago kid.

He hit me on the third swipe, not cuts but a hell of a lot of bruises. So I wasn't a kid anymore, but that damn
bear wasn't about to get my blankets or food! By sheer luck they picked this time to return. They came up
behind him and distracted him while I dove out of the way.

He turned on Turnbull and started to charge. Fraser hit him with a spear to the belly, but he batted it away.
Then it turned on Fraser. Fraser was closer to him, and reached the Mountie before Turnbull got his spear.
Fraser tripped as he walked backwards away from it. Turnbull rushed forward speared the bear in the side,
only to be knocked in to a tree and unconscious. The Bear was almost upon Fraser again so it was up to me.

I grabbed the only thing I could get my hands on, a broken log eight inch wide log we were going to use for
tonight's sleep watch. I brought it down on his shoulder while aiming for the head. The beast howled in pain and rage as I broke his shoulder. Before I got him he had swiped Frase across the chest, leaving superficial cuts. When I saw this, I got pissed. He turned on me, intent to scream his anger. Don't ask how, but I found the strength to swing around, bring that log up, and smash in to his snout. A sickening snap, and the bear's muzzle flew from his body. See this, his eyes went wide. I roared at him, then let loose another swing with this over two hundred pound log against his head. This time I swung down, and slammed his head into his torso. He blinked once, then fell dead. But I wasn't through yet!

It took both Fraser and Turnbull to pull me off his broken body. There weren't any protruding bones because nothing was solid enough to poke through. Never in all my life had I shook so badly as when I saw what I did to that bear. I didn't eat for three days, and Fraser let me lay on the stretcher as he pulled it along. At the end of the third week, I still wasn't ready to speak, and by the looks of them neither were they.

Frase wouldn't stop looking around with glee as we tried to keep moving. Finally Turnbull and I let him wonder off on his own. It was okay, he was finally home.

We reached the cabin almost two weeks later. The rains had started two days before, and I was miserable. My Mountie escort were at home in their natural element, which is funny because I thought Turnbull was from some place like Toronto. So they were ready to have celebrate reaching their destination, and I was ready to go to sleep.

Following morning after we arrived I awoke sick as a dog, and spent the rest of the day trying to keep down the soups Fraser made. I thought he looked more himself today. He seemed more than happy, he was content. This made me smile. After attempted lunch, Turnbull spent an hour with me. I felt a little better, but not much. They spent the rest of the day setting up the fire wood, and the supplies they brought back from the woods.

Three days later, Fraser said his first word. It was one that made me kiss him thoroughly and senselessly. Turnbull said the same, and got a peck for his efforts. Over the next two weeks their vocabulary increased to include half the words in a trashy slut novel. The things children pick up when you are sick.

"I guess I am a bad influence."

"Yes, you are." She smiled at me. "When I arrived yesterday, I nearly had a heart attack when my brother's subordinate sniffed me up. How long do you think before they are back to them oldselves?"

"It's hard to say, Maggie." I smirk at her skeptical look. "From my experience, which I will not discuss with you, it will take another two months before they are fit to pass as Canadians, right now they could pass as one of us Yanks."

She had the decency to look uncomfortable over that one. "Well, it appears as though they are making excellent progress. At least Constable Turnbull didn't bash me on the head and drag me away to have his way with me."

I didn't say anything, I didn't have the heart to. What was I to say, for the past seven weeks after being done the same thing, I have been having an off and on affair with her brother and his fellow constable. I told her about being kidnapped and the trip, but nothing more than PG-13 graphics. She finally caught herself over the kidnapping part and blushed again.
"Oh dear, I am terribly sorry, I forgot again. Please forgive my slow memory, some times I think I like the taste of my shoes." Times like these I see the family resemblance and wonder why neither Frase or myself saw it before. She has his dimples when she blushes.

"It's fine, don' worry 'bout it. We are cool, Frase does it all the time."

She perked right up. "Really?"

"Yeah, in fact I was just thinking that you both have these cute dimples..." Okay, did not just say that. Too late, she is blushing. Say something before she pieces it together! "Of course they look much better on you." Close, but now she thinks yer interested. Get rid of her before she gets too close. So I pretend to gag, and it turns into the dry heaves. Big mistake as she is now at my side pounding on my back.

The sounds of my gagging brings the guys. Instantly they are at my side, grunting and making sounds of concern. Turnbull's hand is a little to high up my thigh, but I take it in mine before Maggie can see. I think I got nemonia or somethin. May be it is a delayed reaction to being out in the wilds for so long. Whatever it is, Maggie said it is going to get worse before it get's better that it has been going around a lot. Just my luck, I am going to be stuck in bed for the next several weeks and Maggie is going to be right here by my side.

When the worse of it is over, she is going to take me in town to get checked over. She has a Radio Transiever in the bedroom, underneath the floor boards to prevent being stolen. So she called in my location, and the condition of us guys. They told her we are quarantiened for three months, that the Embassy in Chicago will be informed of our status.

I am now on a say-bat-ankle to the great North for as long as this takes. Fraser, Maggie, and Turnbull were given the same thing. The Ice Queen is milking up the publicity for all it is worth, saying that drugs are a problem of the world over. Seems she kindly left out the part where her Mounties were sniffing her crotch like a dog. While her people are here, she is taking a tour of the States speaking out against the use of Drugs and the negative side effects on those around them. Oh the humanity!

Do you suppose I can trick her into going out hunting for dinner? Well not trick exactly, more like get her to go, while leaving my Mounties behind? I mean I am sick, and need two big strong men to take care of me. Nah, she would probably say that if I was that sick, she should stay too. I will just have to send one of them off with her. Who to choose... Fraser likes to bite hard, but Turnbull likes it rough. Turnbull leaves the less visible marks of the two, so...

He just walked in the room and seen my grin. Yeah, he's happy to see me too. Things are starting to look up. I think I am going to like being stuck here for a while.

Isn't Canada Grand. Canada, where they grow everything big, from the Mounties, to colds. They should change the slogan to, "Canada, if not for the Nature, at least Cum for the Mounties."

The End.......