



Waiting for the end
and two others
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Waiting for the end and two others by D.A.Sanford

(Betrail and Android)

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Waiting for the end

It had been untold years since I gave up drinking and smoking. I am on my front porch enjoying my fifth beer and a cigarette. The ash tray is full of butts. But there are still seven beers to go and a half dozen cigarettes left.

All this while the sirens wale.

This is the day that this world comes to an end. A small petty squabble escalated to a war. Then they each pushed the button. Mutual destruction. When it looked inevitable, I bought the beer and a pack of my old brand of cigarettes.

I gave them up because the scare of cancer but now, what the hell. They are not going to kill me. I love the view of the ocean. I own a house with that view. I can also watch the Navy ships coming and going. That is why I am having my eighth beer. I am in an area that I will just vaporize. I'll be dust before I could feel anything. Just in case, I want to be drunk and enjoy the fireworks.

There was no flash. By now I should be just ash blown it he atomic wind but I am not. Could this all be a dream?

"It's not a dream." The person now sitting beside me drinking one of my beers. "The bombs did fall. Your world is at an end. You are the last one here. We have a bubble over your home. You have been chosen over all the people to go to other worlds and tell them about what your world went through."

He reduces the bubble to just my home and I now see the devastation. There before me was nothing that I would recognize as being anything but a mangled and burnt landscape. Even the greatest of the Navy ships are wreckage.

"Well, what do you mean by me going to different worlds? I am interested only because I see that there is no future here." I tried to be light but I was failing.

He took me to his world. There were people, little six inch people calling him boss man as they pass him. He says hi back to them. We turn the corner and there is a pool. He panics and jumps in. I see some of those people floating face down, drowned so I jump in. As I hit the water and come near one, I see all of them laughing and walking on the water towards the pool edge.

"Damned imps! You have to stop that. You're going to kill me."

"You are immortal, you won't die. You do keep on falling for it and this time we got a new one." They laugh and run off.

“They get me with that prank every so often. At least now, it will be a while before they try again. I have posted signs warning me to disregard the floating imps but they take them down.”

“When they take them down, use that as a warning.” I tell him. I notice that, even though I just got out of the water, I am completely dry. Imps, dry, pranks, “This is not an ordinary world, is it?”

“No, this is our home. Home of the gods.”

“Gods? I do not believe in the gods and after what just happened, there can’t be any, otherwise things like that would not happen. This place proves it to me. Imps playing pranks on gods.”

“We give everyone free will. We do try to guide but sometimes, like your world, we let themselves end it all. We have saved quite a number of your people, all of good nature. They have been placed on other worlds that want only peace. The rest were corrupted.”

“You are trying to distract me. Straight answers. I will acknowledge that there is something weird about you but when you can be fooled over and over again. Nope, not a god.”

“I was just like you but the god of time bumped me and I fell out of time. I then advised worlds with my family. Those gods decided that they wanted to retire and chose us.”

“Stop right there. You just proved my point. You were knocked out of time? Then advised worlds with a family? Put me back just before the blast and let me become ash. That reminds me, you drank one of my beers.”

This is getting nowhere. A green woman comes out of the mansion and introduces herself as the god of mercy. It has to be a joke. Not because she is different. It’s because of the phrase that was used quite a lot of times of trouble.

“Lord have mercy”

She has me sit in a pool chair. “He has a tendency to make the simple complicated. First of all, there is the Supreme God, the creator of the universe. We are his minions. My husband is the foreman so to speak. We help those who need the help but the word comes down that a world is so corrupt that it needs to be left to perish, it is our task to rescue those few that are worth saving. You are one of those.”

Another woman comes over. She tells me that she is the god of wisdom. She further explains.

“It is the Supreme God, the creator, who gives us our powers and knowledge to be able to rescue those on worlds that will perish. The bigger task is for those worlds that do stand a chance to correct their course to a place of peace, we send people like yourself to impart lessons. You will become a sage of sorts.”

She holds out her hand and my brand of beer appears in that hand. I pop it and it is the best that I have ever tasted and it was just above the freezing temperature.

“You see, you have the right demeanor to sit on a front porch, drink beer and impart wisdom and warnings to those who are worth saving. You will be given the ability to spot those who are trying to use you in nefarious ways.”

She sees that I have finished my beer. The first one always goes down quick. She hands me another and tells me that, no matter how many I drink, I will not get drunk.

“Can you at least let me get a slight buzz?”

“Nope. You mostly will be that wise man who also gives dire warnings to the fools.”

Now a third woman is here. Just how many women does he have?

She introduces herself as the Watcher.

“I will be the one that shows up and takes those fools to one of my special places to correct their thinking. Now that your old world is dead. I want you to tell them about it. Those who you see as idiots, I will take them to your burnt world and let them stay there for a while. As my predecessor put it, for a vacation.”

She laughs, but I hear those imps laugh.

The god of all grabs the beer out of my hand and pores it out as I am given another.

“They like to flavor it when people are not looking. I need to call time and have him talk to them about that.”

Mercy tells me that they peed in it so hold your thumb over the opening.

Now I understand what they want me to do but I do have my concerns.

“You have got to know that once I piss off a self inflated ruler. They will kill me.”

The watcher tells me that they can't kill me, I will be immortal if I take the job. “My children are a race called goblins and some have produced another race called

gargoyles. I will have three mated pairs of gargoyles assigned to you. I can get you a mate of any race.”

I stop her right there and tell her thanks but no thanks. “I have had the perfect mate and don’t want another. Any other would not be able to compete with a dead woman. As long as I can have a good conversation with the gargoyles, I’m good.”

With that I am sitting again on my front porch. It appears that I accepted whether I wanted to or not.

There’s a cooler next to me. I open it and there is what looks like an endless amount of my brand of beer. Sitting next to me is the blackest vestige of a monster from hell but it is sipping a beer looking out on a view that is not an ocean but a village.

“I’m Garez, one of your protectors. The others will introduce themselves later. You will never be harmed.” He has me step off the porch and look at the house.

From the outside, it’s not my house. This is a three story Victorian mansion. It is awesome. Tan with black trim. It has all the trim that they call “ginger bread” everywhere. There is a tower on each corner. Instead of a pointer roof, there is a platform on each tower.

There on the towers, there are two extremely larger versions of Garez. “We can change our size to be able to live inside. The reason they are up there is that usually the ruler is a uscle brain. They always send troupes up here to challenge. You now can mess with them.”

He tells me to think skunk while I hold out my hand. I do and a stream comes out of my palm but it has no smell. I look at him with the what the hell look.

“If we could smell it, do you think you would ever be able to use it? We can not smell it or get the smell on us but those who are coming for us in a hostile way will be literally soaked and may never be able to get it off them. That will depend on how forceful they are. There should be some coming soon. If they do not smell what you just put out, they will be seeking wisdom. If they smell it, we will notice and take appropriate measures.”

It did not happen like he said. There were two young children coming up to the porch. They did not smell the odor or care about the gargoyles.

“Excuse us sir, do you have any scraps that you could give us to eat? We were cast out as useless and told to never come back. We are scared and hungry. Anything please.”

Their condition hurts me. I invite them to come up. It seems that I know all my guardians.

Garez's mate Bedda, comes out with food for them and drink. "Eat slowly and you can have more." She also gives them milk to drink.

She looks at me and tells me that we have plenty enough rooms and clothes. I think, maybe, just maybe, there are gods.

"Children, first. What are your names?"

The boy is David and the girl is Angelica

"There are enough empty rooms here. How would you like to stay. Warm, food and totally safe. Our gargoyle friends will protect us from any harm. I can tell that Bedda already wants you to be hers. Bedda would you please come back out."

She does. Again, these children do not show any sign of being afraid of her.

"Bedda, would you like David and Angelica to be your children if they want to stay?"

She looks at them as only a mother can. She gets down to their level "I would love for you to be my children. Would you like to be mine?"

They both hug her for a very long time and then she picks both up. She takes them inside. No need for spoken answers. I yell to Garez, "It looks like you're a father now."

Dedra and Freske come out and tell me that the next ones will be theirs. Dedra is Chulka's mate and Freske is Chaz's mate so I call all three down to the porch. All four of us are sitting and sucking down a beer.

"We have just accepted two children that were thrown out. Is that common? It is so barbaric."

Chaz confirms that it is very common. "On one world, the dragons had to take back rule because the nobles were given money to take care of them and were keeping it for themselves. The Watcher has made a wall there with the thousands of children who died while they got sick."

"This house has now become a refuge. Bedda has adopted these two. Your mates have said that they want to adopt. We do need a plan if we are going to take them in."

The Watcher is now here. "Most of them I will be taking. I will find them loving homes. These two are special. They touched Bedda's heart. Know this. Each mate will accept two children that I send to them. At age twenty, each will find a mate. They will stay mortal and change this world. Then you will move to the next world where more children will find you with the same results. The three mates will also have babies of

their own but will never feel any difference between natural and adopted. I will find them mates and they too will stay with their brothers and sisters.”

She is gone. We are quiet for a long while.

“I guess we have our marching orders.” I was going to say more but we heard.

“What the hell is that odor?” There is coughing from quite a few people. You could hear the sounds of horses that want nothing to do with this area. They walk into our sight.

“You can stop right there.” I yell, “You will not conquer us, bully us or frighten us. Tell your rulers that if they come in peace, we will talk but in the mean time, you can see my friends on the towers. We cannot be killed or harmed in any way but you can.”

I raise my hand and soak them. All are puking and running. I can hear the children laughing but I also hear those imps. A man is here and tells me that he is time.

“I just wanted to check in with you. We are going to cause some mischief but it will not affect you. You will be able to walk in their village safely. Go in and look around. Those of them that are friendly shops, spread some money around but only fair price. They will try to give you everything but you will give them a fair exchange of money for goods. Your three men will fly cover and the three mates will come with you. They want to show off their new children. You will see their birth parents. They will be bruised but will try to make false claims on them. Bedda can respond to them. There is a bottomless money pouch on the table by the door. It feels like there is nothing in it but know this, only your group, excluding the children, can open it. If someone was to try to take it, they will drop dead instantly. Act wisely but you must go now.”

We all go and find that the village has suffered a tremendous amount of misfortune.

I was able to tell which shops we should go into. We go into the general store and the three mates are picking up most of the fresh fruits and vegetables. Meats, we will hunt as needed.. The children were meek but with a little encouragement from mother Bedda, they told her that they never had any thing to call their own. Angelica was caught in awe of the dolls that were there. I went over to her and told her that she could have any of them that she wanted. She did not go for the most glamorous one. She picked the one that looked like it had been there forever.

“This one needs me. Can she come home with us?”

I give her that doll “Give her all the love you can spare.”

David is looking at the assortment of knives they proudly displayed.

Bedda asks him. "What would you use a knife for?"

He points to a hunting knife. "With that one, I could help our family. My father can teach me how to use it properly. Not in anger but in beneficial ways and defense."

She grabs the one and gives it to him.

When we had picked the store almost clean, I ask the owner to tally it all up. Being frightened, he told us to just take it. I saw most of the prices and what we had would be around eleven gold. I pull out fifteen and place it on the counter.

"Sir, I do thank you for the thought but you need to treat us as any other customer. Your family needs to eat. Now I ask you, is this enough?"

He tells me that it would be a little over eleven gold. "Good, put the rest towards those who are having troubles. Next time I am in, I will start to cover some of their bills but do not tell them where it comes from."

We get our goods and make it a point to visit the other shops but not in a certain district. We start to shy away and there are a few people nudging each other then two women come forward. I was a sailor. That's why the ocean front view. I can tell ladies of the night and these were them.

One looks at Angelica. "Oh thank you. She just wandered off." The other said the same but I was watching the children and they were watching their new mother Bedda grow to the size that would make anyone soil themselves.

She bellows, "DON'T EVEN THINK THAT THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN. You tossed them out like last week's rotten meat. You cast out my children to die."

They tried to argue but Dedra and Freske each grabbed a woman.

Bedda asks David and Angelica if they wanted to say something. They, in so many words, told them the same story about abuse and starvation. Angelica said that her mother was talking about her being of an age that she could start bringing in some money. They both say that they never want to have anything to do with them.

At that moment, the Watcher appears to the gasp of all that were following us.

"You women have done great harm to these children and this world. You are coming with me. I will just say that you will be on permanent vacation."

With that they are gone. I know what she means.

Now we walk back through the guards that were here to capture us but after seeing someone appear that could only be a god, they parted so we could go home.

We have had some of the people come to us with questions. Especially questions about the Watcher's comment about vacation. I sit there on the front porch, sipping a beer and relate how bad my world was. Then told them that the gods had given up on my world.

"The gods had taken only the good people and placed them on other worlds. I was left to witness the destruction. You see, we had bombs that were so powerful that all the [people were reduced to ash in an instant. I was protected by the gods to be able to relate this story. My world is now twisted metal and ash. Absolutely no life exists there and will not be able to support life ever again. Those two have been put there as immortal. They can feel thirst and hunger but never die. That is the vacation she promises."

Some say that it is cruel but I answer them "Which is crueler, to live on a dead world or be a child cast out to die. You still have a chance to change this world. Learn this lesson and you can get a future that may just be paradise or not learn and find your world destroyed. The choice is yours."

I have them come back saying that they will make laws to enforce proper thinking. I actually did a spit take and call it as I see it.

"That would have the opposite effect. Telling someone they must think a certain way will only insight an opposite reaction. Explain, as I have to you. Let them see what they have to gain and what they have to lose. That is all you can do. Forcing will only cause war. Especially if you start locking people up."

I almost shot stink at them.

As promised, the other two found their adopted children and all three had their born children. The nine children grew up and he adopted ones came to become paired on their own to others in our family. For some strange reason, each mother has both a boy and girl that came to them. The watcher. There were a few years difference from the adopted and the gargoye children.

First one couple came to us and said that they were in love and have chosen to be mates. They also said that they wanted to go off on their own and spread the word. They would become adventures to support themselves.

We gave them our blessings. I had other money bags and gave them one but this one only had fifty gold in it. It could hold more but they even protested the fifty.

"This is for the hard times, which there will be. Use it wisely."

Angelica came over to me and gave me a long hug. Then she gave me her doll. "She wants to stay with you. You can give her to the next one that needs her."

They leave and occasionally they return. The last time she was almost ready to give birth. I forced them to take a hundred more. "Use this to buy a large plot of land and settle down. Raise that child with love.

We send the other two couples off in the same way, with the same advise.

The Gargoyle children were one son and two daughters. They fell in love with each other. Since none were blood related, we let them be mates. They also wanted to stay on their birth planet and help the three other couples.. "We are family."

Now this house is empty again. We are all both sad but happy. All of us are sitting on the porch having a cold one. The cooler never runs out and never needs ice. Now though we have more here. They are not people of this world. We don't get very many questions anymore.

The god of all has us come inside to talk.

"You have accomplished your goal on this world. You gave good advise but more important are those children you raised. They are the ones that will finish bringing this world to where it needs to be. So you know, all of the human couples will die of old age and will meet you in the final life. The gargoyles will be the guardians of this world. There will be mates for their children but there will be others brought here. Together they will watch for us. We will defend this world."

Then he says, "Lets go back out on the porch."

We all go out to find that we are on another world. Same house.

"This world has different but the same problems. Children to rescue, they will be guided to you. Another rash of questions. Now I need to ask. Would you three like to have more babies this time or skip. All three ask to have children.

Freske said it best.

"Children are to be loved and cared for . Nurtured but prepared to go out on their own. For humans, death is inevitable so us moving on is like that. It hurts to think that we will out last our human children but knowing that we gave them a good life is all we need. We will always remember them knowing that there is going to be a very large village in that final life."

We were told that all had been told that we had moved on. They all thanked us.

“Could you just this once, let us get drunk”

“Nope”

That sucks”

Betrayal

I trusted them. These are the ones I grew up with. This was my town.

Upon my reaching my twentieth birthday, I was required to go on an adventure. This was to make me a man. Some never return here. I think that they wanted me just to go and not return. You see, I am not the typical male. I don't have the average body. Only a few inches short of six feet tall and a slight build. I was not popular with the girls. They were taught that the perfect male is over six feet tall and muscular. They needed to be tough and bold.

I was never anything like that.

There was no great celebration sending me off. Even my siblings just said nothing more than, "oh, you're going?" I was the youngest of four brothers. They had, at best, indifference. Like the village, they mostly taunted but also took it to physical.

I actually like this village and want to at least come back to show them that I can succeed and survive.

My journey had begun. I actually felt free. For the first time, most of the people I met were friendly. I now see why some never came back. I was invited to stay at a home of a friendly farmer. We sat after a very nice meal and he gave me some advice after I told him where I was from.

"I will impart to you some old man's rambling. That village you are from, is nothing but misery. Muscle brains. Strength rather than reason. You are the size that would be picked on. You don't fit their image. Don't go back there. You find a mate and settle as far away from it as you can get."

He spoke true. I tell him that it has entered my mind but I wish to visit them to show them that I was happy and then leave forever.

The farmer stiffened, then said "You are the one. You will find your true self and mate. I still advise you to never return. If you are set on returning and you will have a mate, you must plan for the worst and what you are going to do. Be prepared to do awful work."

With that, he went to bed. I slept in front of the fireplace on the floor but I had troubled sleep. What he said struck home, I will need to plan. That thought was always in my mind and caused more than one sleepless night.

In my travels. I actually ran into some of the ones that did not come back. They were like me. They did not fit the ideal. They all told me never to return. That it would not go well.

One of them knew my brothers. "They are the worst there. You have to know that. If you go back they will kill you."

Everyone that I run into, all paint the exact picture of that village. I realize that I should rethink my plans. Do I really need to show them? Even my parents are a product of the village. I got the feeling that they wished I would have runaway way earlier than my trip. I may just not return.

More than one night I have had the same dream. I see a giant, a goliath. He is so impressive that I am in awe. He is accompanied by what could be a succubus. She is so beautiful and so deadly. She can change her arms into swords or spears. They both are in love, deeply. They exude confidence in their abilities. Merciless against enemies, they are genuinely kind and caring to those who are the same. They defend the downtrodden. I am envious of them.

It is really a pleasure meeting people but it is an even greater joy to be alone. I have decided not to go back. I intend to walk until I find myself walking towards me. I just hope that I will like him. I start talking to myself about myself. I need to see who I really am if I am to find myself.

There are a number of travelers that gave me a wide birth. Crazy may be contagious.

It was a day of walking, I had that dream again, when I heard a voice in my head. It was my voice but more confident. "Take this trail. Down this way, we will finally meet."

I want to meet myself. He is close.

I start to walk the path.

Fated meeting

It has been quite a few months since I left. I have forgotten about returning to that village. No longer really interested in returning there. I like the people I have met along the way.

I have no real destination so when I see a trail, I will walk it until it runs out. Then I can explore. It was one of those trails that I felt a strong pull. Walking down this path, I knew the real me was only a ways further.

I have been on this one for more than a day when I see a cabin. It looks like the typical settler's cabin. Log walls with a hand made door and stone fireplace. At some time in it's past, someone bought real windows.

Standing outside on its porch was a middle aged woman.

"Peter Carleton, It's about time you got here. I felt you days ago. Get up here. You are staying here for a month or two. Someone else is coming but you need that time to adjust."

She tells me her name is Sara.

Time to adjust?

I go up to the porch and she knocked me to the deck with just a touch that felt as if lightning struck me. She woke me up by throwing a bucket of water on me.

"You were the weakling that they told me about."

"What did you do to me?"

"I touched that part of you that you had been shown in dreams. You were born different. You were chosen to do a needed role. It will be a good role but you also will be merciless in retribution. I am the one that will train you and your mate when she shows."

I see this woman morph to an extremely large goliath.

"Do you mean that those dreams I had was me?"

"They were of both of you. That woman was born to be with you. The two of you will be justice and terror. One further thing, your first task will be going back to your village. I will prepare the both of you. That will establish your terror. The next ones will be a mix. Now let's get you set up inside. I might just put you through your paces."

Put me through my paces? As soon as we got inside, she was all over me. I was forced to the floor as she said that it has been decades. My clothes were torn off of me and she had hers gone when she shifted.

Sara looks at me and then grabs my penis and really squeezes it hard. It hurt. She yells at me "Get mad and change." She shoves one of her very large fingers up my ass. I am very mad right now. I now flip her over and I am holding her wrists above her head. Now I am looking at her and seeing my large hands.

"That's right, this is you. Now punish me and pound me into oblivion."

She wraps her arms around me and drives me into her. It feels good. I lose myself in the feeling. I felt wonderful and I did just that. I pounded her like a rutting bull. Unlike a bull, I went on forever. Sara was screaming in delight.

"This is what I needed. I knew you would be a stud. Fill me. I'm too old to have one of your many children but I am going to be your first."

She squeezed me hard and almost like a vice, she caused me to explode as she did the same. When I thought I was done, she wrapped her strong legs around me.

"Not so fast. Did you not hear me say it was decades. I want to ride you this time. You need to be my big stud until I am sated."

The day went like that. I never ran out. She finally said that she needed to cook supper. Still coupled, I stand with her in delight. "I will have to get down but we can continue tonight. I will ask if you would take me in my human form? I want to remember this."

I tell her that I will also do it in human form. "No you won't! I want that goliath in me. You will not break me."

She had her wish. She was broken, mentally.

She was brutal. Showed me no mercy but she did show me the way. I was super fast in this form. She needed firewood so I was to practice my speed by attacking clusters of trees. My hands were now passing through thick trunks with absolutely no harm to me.

It was frightening when she had me stand still and attacked me with a sword. There was not so much as a red mark on my skin. All she said was, "Iron skin" She is right. Nothing that she attached me with had any impact. I barely felt the blows.

She handed me a sword and told me to flex it. It snapped in two.

"I am bad ass."

Sara bent over and said "Show me."

I did but that ended todays training. Enjoyably so.

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