

Off the Rails and Into the Woods

Chapter Two

December 2022

"Unnnbbbb." "Mmmm-hmm?" "Okay, just a bit further-" "Hmm, let's try this-" "Uh, nope..."
"Hang on a bit longer-"

Things weren't going so hot in the bedroom tonight. Will sighed and adjusted position, feeling his semi-hard erection already wilting down within its rubbery confines. Part of him wanted to complain to Hannah about how bone-dry she was down there, and how the hardest cock in the world would have had trouble forcing its way into her thoroughly unenthusiastic pussy. But that would have sent her into tears, most probably – or worse, into hysterical accusations about how he must not find her sexy anymore. And god knew he didn't have the emotional bandwidth for *that* right now.

"Sorry, honey," he finally admitted, and slipped awkwardly over onto his side of the bed. "It's just, you know. It's been a long day." Hannah pushed back the covers with an air of mingled vexation and relief, her full bosom naked and exposed in the light of their little bedside lamp. "Really? You're sure it's not anything else?" She half-rolled onto her side, and now her naked breasts were slumping heavily forward to sway, full and provocative, before his lowering gaze.

"No, really, I swear," Will protested, slipping one leg out and half-rising to begin tugging the unused condom free from his now thoroughly flaccid member. "Honey, I promise – it's not you, it's me. I just... I think we're both stressed. I'm trying not to... you know." He pulled the sad little rubber free and slid out of bed to pad, stark naked, to the bathroom and its waiting trash can. "Not to think about all this shit going on..."

"With work? But you said you can keep on working remotely, right?" Hannah was up on one arm now, her dirty blonde hair hanging loose and unkempt around her shoulders. "You said it was all those *other* folks they were letting go-" "And it *is*," Will maintained, and now he was reaching for his boxers, trying not to let his irritation show. "But I just- it can only be a matter of time. God knows how long we're gonna be shut down because of this *stupid* fucking virus-"

"I know, I know," Hannah shot back, and now she was fumbling for her nightgown, a look of irritation now evident on her own face. "But there's nothing either of us can do about it, is there? Things are depressing enough without worrying about them when we're trying to have sex-"

"Yeah," Will sighed, slipping back under the covers with a grimace. "Yeah, you're right." "Of course I'm right," Hannah maintained, only partly in jest. "Now look: if you want to worry about something, why don't you get started deciding whether you agree with me about moving?"

Ugh, this again? "Oh... that?" His tone had all the enthusiasm of a patient scheduling a root canal.

"Yes, *that*," Hannah snapped, and now she was sitting up, clearly ready to press her point and win any argument before calling it a night. "I know you're not crazy about it. But look: I'm going to have to start working remotely, and you are, too. And the news is saying that this freaky SARS COVID thing is absolutely *devastating* cities. Cities kinda like the one we're living in right now, dude."

She paused for breath, and Will took the initiative. "So, what?," he asked, a belligerent note creeping into his voice. "So we just leave everything behind and move into some tiny little shack in the woods? All because of a little flu bug? And you just said we need to work remotely now. You seriously think we can do that back in redneck-ville somewhere, huh? Like, they're probably still using dial-up-"

"Oh, quit being such a drama queen!" Hannah cut in, and now she was upset. "It's not a shack, it's a real log cabin – *with* central heating, I might add. My cousin Lenny goes there regularly for vacation, and he's bougie as fuck. And as for the stupid internet..." She paused for breath, her chest heaving with pent-up anger. "Look, I already told you. Lenny said he has everything ready to hook it up to satellite. It's no big deal! Honestly, why are you so against it? You want us to stay here like-like in that story? About those fucking *frogs* in a pot of boiling water? Just waiting to fucking *die*!?"

No. No he did not. But more to the point, neither did he have the guts to argue with Hannah any further when she was like that. And so, here they were: not two weeks later, riding silently beside one another in their rented U-Haul while the still-bare trees flashed past and their backwoods destination grew ever closer.

Not just their destination. Their new home... for the foreseeable future.

"Isn't it pretty out here?"

"Umm-hmm."

"Perfect place to really get in touch with nature, huh? Oh, I'm so looking forward to just relaxing... getting back to basics..."

"Yeah. I guess."

"Ooh, look – I think that was a bald eagle!"

"Probably just a vulture."

"Oh, what do you know? So you're some bird expert now, huh?"

"Hmmpf."

And on it went: Hannah's enthusiasm versus Will's disgruntled sulking, with both egging one another on into a fresh spate of mutual irritation. So when they finally arrived, their little truck bumping and rattling over the uneven stones of the weed-covered dirt driveway, it was an enormous relief to both to finally be set free.

"Not too bad," Will finally had to admit, after a tour around the inside of the cabin showed him an unexpectedly cozy and welcoming space, replete with two bedrooms, a kitchen, a little bathroom with tub, and even a living room with large-screen TV. "I honestly didn't think it was going to be so, you know. Decent."

Hannah was humming in satisfaction, as much at being vindicated as at the sight of what in her eyes was a safe and beautifully rustic haven from the frightening pandemonium of the outside world. "It's incredible, isn't it? And look: with the rent being less than half our old apartment, and no need to commute, our expenses will be cut in half – at least! Not to mention we won't be spending so much on eating out, and on your fancy-ass craft beers..."

She had to go there, didn't she? At any other time those would have been fighting words for Will, amateur beer connoisseur that he was. But now, after the long ride and constant tension? Well... it simply wasn't worth it. He merely sighed and rolled his eyes behind Hannah's back, then clomped out, rather more loudly than necessary, to the waiting truck.

It wasn't going to unload itself, after all. And besides: he'd already checked online and found that his favorite microbreweries were willing and able to ship right to their door. Honestly, things could definitely be worse, right? He'd brought their gaming consoles and laptops. He'd have his favorite

beers whenever he wanted. Hannah could get in touch with her inner garden gnome or flower fairy or whatever the hell she wanted to do. He could focus on work, then lose himself in video games and alcohol the rest of the time...

That way they'd both be happy, right?

And really, he had to admit, pausing for breath beside the little moving truck and stretching his tense back muscles. It honestly *wasn't* the worst. Maybe here they could be away from all this COVID stress and nonsense. Maybe, with a bit of time to themselves, they could finally patch things up. Hannah would be less stressed, after all. She wouldn't be so damn worried about him and his silly female coworkers. She'd be immersed in her beloved nature, and she'd have him all to herself whenever she wanted – both which would make her happy.

And as for Will? Well, *he'd* finally have a girlfriend who wasn't just hot, but who was actually pleasant to be around.

That had to be a win-win, right?

(To be continued!)