

Book 1  
The Abyss

*“I don’t suffer from insanity.  
I enjoy every minute of it.”*  
~Author Unknown

Chapter 1  
Firelight Burning Bright

Tammy Reynolds felt relaxed as she sat on a makeshift seat made from an old red gum tree log. It seemed solid enough so long as she or any of the other three girls sitting on it moved slowly. They were laughing and joking, and occasionally the log rocked and threatened to crumble or drop them to the grass, which only added to the fun-filled atmosphere.

Tammy sipped from her fourth can of pre-mixed vodka, lime, and soda and had a warm buzz glowing inside her. That was helped by the toasting feeling on the front of her body, which radiated from the leaping, dancing flames. She was pretty sure she wouldn’t get *too* drunk, as she had been eating the sausage rolls, tiny triangle sandwiches, and mini pizzas placed neatly on aluminum foil trays brought around regularly. Sarah’s mother served them. You could hear her making her way around the fire as people said, “Thank you, Mrs. Morris,” repeatedly. Tammy had to admit the food was lovely and welcome. She hadn’t eaten dinner before the party and hoped Mrs. Morris’ offerings might help her avoid driving the *porcelain bus* later that night, which she certainly thought she could have done on an empty stomach. Tammy was spending the night there, sharing her best friend’s bed, as they had done many times over the years. Being the good friend she was, she was determined not to get too untidy. Tammy had volunteered to help with the morning clean-up and didn’t want to wake up with a severe hangover.

It was Sarah’s nineteenth birthday, and as it fell just before the start of the fire ban season, yet still in the warmer time of year, someone had come up with the idea of having a bonfire party. As Tammy looked around at the fifty or more people present, she noted everyone was having a great time, so the idea was brilliant. It was a cold night, and the bonfire flames reached ten or more meters into the night sky, sending out waves of warmth and tiny sparkling embers in the chilling breeze and warming the teenagers present.

The Morris family owned a fantastic twenty-acre block with amazing views of the rolling hills and a lovely home in Roleystone, situated in the eastern hills of Perth. Tammy knew they were well off, unlike Tammy’s own family. The Reynolds had a three-bedroom brick and tile house in Belmont, with just one bathroom, unlike the Morris’ three and a half bathrooms spread over two stories and a mezzanine, and completing the picture were three stables for the horses.

Tammy became friendly with Sarah only because of the scholarship she had won years ago to go to Saint Bernadette's Catholic School, where they had become best friends. Tammy's parents would not have been able to afford the extraordinarily high fees for her to attend such a prestigious school without the sports scholarship she had deservedly won.

Tammy was a natural athlete. She was one of those fortunate individuals who excelled at every sport she tried, and the prestigious school welcomed her with open arms. Once there, Tammy worked hard and excelled at most subjects, but sports were her passion. Specifically, she loved all forms of running. Sprinting or long distances were equally the same for Tammy. She was a shining track star and had won many medals for the school. While on the cross-country running team, she and Sarah became acquainted. It quickly advanced to a close friendship deserving of the title *best friends*, or *besties*, as they called themselves. They became almost inseparable ever since.

They shared a quirky sense of humor, including a fanatical love of everything related to a famous American sitcom TV show. They would annoy their friends by continually copying sayings from the show. They recited phrases such as: "Not that there's anything wrong with that." "No soup for you," or "Again, with the complaining?"

Their best impression, which made them giggle hysterically every time they performed it, drove one of their friends to anger. Her name was Belinda Newman. When either friend saw her, they would put on a heavy Brooklyn accent and say, "Hello, N-e-w-man," dragging out the "N-e-w" part of the name, as the star did when he greeted his neighbor. Both girls almost fell about laughing each occasion, and the more Belinda complained, the funnier it was to Sarah and Tammy. With fierce promises to each other, they vowed that whoever had a daughter first would name her Rochelle, with a middle name Rochelle so that they could immortalize the featured play, *Rochelle, Rochelle*.

Despite their different upbringings, they were extremely close. Some girls at school spread a rumor that Tammy and Sarah were lesbians. Both were pretty, fit, and lean. They wore short hair and were *touchy-feely*, particularly with each other, as was natural with girls in team sports. So, their over-closeness seemed evident to those who didn't know Sarah and Tammy well. They were confident that no two girls could be that friendly and always touch each other unless they were gay. Although this perspective often had more to do with jealousy than observational skills, Tammy thought. Some girls might have gone to the principal to complain because the jealousy could have been interpreted as bullying. Or worse, the girls could have lost their tempers and fought the ringleaders who spread the rumors. Instead, Sarah and Tammy did the opposite; they played up to it.

At sixteen years old, it became a joke between their true friends, and the girls often held hands when they walked, dirty danced with each other at parties, and even pretended to kiss each other in greetings. They allowed themselves to get caught making out to fan the flames of rumor ever higher. That's how they were; everything was funny, but some things were more comical than others. The stories of them being lesbians was, to them, hysterical. As the rumor mill spread, Tammy and Sarah laughed at how stupid some people could be. To them, laughter was what life was for, and that people thought they were gay if anything, brought them closer.

To some at school, the rumor made the pair more popular because bisexuality was considered fashionable. Some made it clear that if Tammy or Sarah wanted to, they would be more than willing to participate, too. One or two, tired of their overtures being ignored, asked if they could join in, to which both replied, with gleeful smirks, they were exclusive. They would giggle hysterically about the proposition when they were next alone.

To their detractors' chagrin, Tammy and Sarah's group of friends grew more extensive, as to be the friend of a bi girl was seen to be the height of coolness. This was especially true for the girls who were closeted gay and lacked the courage or practical experience to come out. They seemed to feed off Tammy and Sarah, not caring if the rumors were true but hoping they were. Tammy and Sarah maintained a neither confirm nor deny attitude, content to let people draw their own conclusions.

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One Saturday night, just over a year before the party, Tammy was invited to sleep at Sarah's. They had spent the afternoon riding Mr. Sloan, Sarah's horse, which she had been given for her thirteenth birthday and adored every day since. After dinner, the girls showered, went to Sarah's room, and watched two episodes of their favorite show. They were in a giggly mood when Sarah suddenly became serious and said, "Hey, Tam, you know I love you, right?"

"Yeah, I know that, stoopid. What's up?"

"Do you ever think about trying it? You know the lesbian thing?"

"Not that there's anything wrong with that," they both said in synch, then spent two minutes giggling at their perfect timing. When they calmed down, Tammy realized how warm Sarah's hand was as it rested high on her bare thigh. They both only wore long T-shirts and panties, having gotten ready for bed after their showers, and suddenly Tammy looked at Sarah in a different light. Sarah tilted her head to one side, which made her look even cuter than usual, as the light from the bedside lamp glittered off her hair. Tammy found her voice first.

"Not really, no. Why?"

"Ah, well now, if you had said a more definite *no*, I'd believe you, but you are saying *not really*, so I reckon that kind of means you have. It's okay, Tam, cos, umm, I have too."

"Really? With anyone I know?" They giggled again though Tammy knew who Sarah thought about. She needed time to process it because, deep down, she *had* wondered the same thing on more than one occasion. Usually, those intimate thoughts occurred at night, while in bed alone, as her fingertip caressed herself.

"With you, stoopid. Who else would I have the hots for?"

Tammy felt staggered that her best friend would have the nerve to admit her desire. Tammy could never have been *that* brave. She tried to hide her innermost feelings with humor. "Let me repeat, *really? You want to make love with me?*"

"Yeah, well, it's not like I've stopped thinking about boys. It's just with people believing you and I are getting it on. Well, it got me thinking about what it would be like. So, umm, I just wanted you to know the thought of that isn't, like, horrible to me."

"Wow, kiddo, I don't think anyone has ever propositioned me in quite so lovely a way before. *The thought of sex with me isn't horrible?*" They laughed again, but this time, when they stopped, it was as if they were drawn together like magnets.

They kissed. When their first kiss ended, they parted and looked at each other, neither saying a word. Finally, they kissed again, with tongues moist and touching, hands exploring, learning, and loving, with neither feeling anything like it before.

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It had only happened once, although Tammy would have loved to do it again, as she had been in love with Sarah for years. Tammy only truly realized how deeply she loved Sarah as they lay wrapped around each other's naked bodies in the afterglow of the biggest orgasm of her life.

Tammy was mature when Sarah insisted it shouldn't happen again. They understood that their friendship was paramount. If they became lovers, their friendship would inevitably change, and neither wanted to risk that because Tammy acknowledged that any change might be for the worse, not the better. They agreed they had experienced something extraordinary and felt their relationship was better for exploring it than never having tried it. Sarah insisted she didn't want to stop because she hadn't enjoyed making love with Tammy, quite the opposite. Sarah realized she could become addicted. Plus, acting gay was one thing, but she didn't feel ready or willing for the whole world to know she was a lesbian. And then, what about their parents? If they found out, might they stop them seeing each other? No, it was better if what they had experienced was a one-and-done; wonderful, but too good to be repeated.

At a party the following weekend, Tammy and Sarah hooked up with two boys, and they moved on so willingly that it was as if they both had a point to prove. They never spoke of their evening of passion again. While they stayed the best of friends, they never felt the need to try sex with each other for a second time. But occasionally, like the night of Sarah's birthday, while sitting by the roaring fire, Tammy looked at Sarah and remembered how her body responded to Tammy's touch, how she tasted, and how beautifully Sarah moaned when she came.

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Tammy snapped out of her daydream. She realized that her sexy thoughts were caused by too much vodka. *Or maybe, not enough*, she mused. Her can was empty; ergo, it was time for replenishment. The combination of the drinks, mood, and thinking about the time she made love with Sarah made her feel just a bit aroused; she realized and smiled. *Not that there is anything wrong with that*. She grinned.

She approached one of the big, ice-filled cold boxes of drinks when Greg grabbed her by the hand. He dragged her to the makeshift party-hire dance floor near the DJ and forced her to dance with him. Not that it took much force. Greg was just about everything a girl could want in a boyfriend. He was tall, fit, blond, and delicious looking. Only one teensy little thing spoiled the image, which was his surname. How could anyone take him seriously when his last name was Brady? He had been teased about being one of *those* Brady's for years, but he was such a good-natured guy that it didn't upset him. Greg always said it was better to have a name people could remember than one they could too easily forget.

Greg loved to surf, and his hair was bleached from long hours in the sun and ocean. The muscles under the gaudy red and blue Hawaiian shirt he wore stood out as he danced. Tammy felt herself getting more turned on as she admired his body after her earlier thoughts about Sarah. Tammy watched his lithe body move to the music, and her thoughts became more erotic. *If Greg plays his cards right, he could have me six ways till Sunday later tonight*. Her cheeks flushed as she imagined him taking her.

An hour later, Tammy had drunk another two cans and danced non-stop with Greg. They drifted back into the shadows, away from the glare of the fire and party lights, which Mr. Morris had set up, and they kissed like school kids. The escalation had started with Greg touching Tammy between songs. Greg put his arm around her while they waited for the next

one to play. Then it progressed to touching her sides and hips as they *dirty danced*. Tammy loved how his caresses gave her unspoken promises of naughty things to come.

Greg whispered how hot she looked in white jeans, which showed what a great ass she had. In reply, Tammy giggled sexily, danced away, glanced over her shoulder, and winked. She loved the attention and wanted to reward him, so she turned her back to him, bent slightly, and shook her tush.

Their mating ritual had begun. The touches and looks between them became urgent as they became more intimate. Tammy slowly licked her lips while leering at him, and he openly stared at her breasts as she shook them. Not that she was well endowed there, she did way too much sport, but Tammy knew it was amazing what a padded bra and tight T-shirt could do for a girl.

The school where she first met Greg was a long way behind Tammy. She now worked as a doctor's receptionist but still played competitive soccer and did cross-country running with a club called the Western Harriers. She wanted to work her way up to triathlons, and while Tammy didn't see herself as a slave to sport, she loved being fit. She always ate healthily, ran four times a week before work, and didn't carry an ounce of fat anywhere.

She thought that Greg realized he had won the lottery with her, making Tammy feel special. They had known each other for years but had never been an item. One or the other had always been in a relationship when their paths crossed. He mentioned, while hugging her between songs, he thought the night would end up as just another drunken one with the boys. He hadn't believed there would be a single girl there worth staying sober for until he saw her. Tammy took it as a compliment and one which should be rewarded.

Greg kissed her for the first time during a particularly sensual slow song. While hugging Tammy's body, his tongue entered her willing mouth, and his hands cupped around her bottom. She moaned into his open mouth to let him know she liked it while he used his hands to grind her lower half against him. Tammy could feel his hardness pressed against her tummy, which turned her on more than she thought possible.

Tammy wanted him desperately, but she didn't want people at the party to see her rutting like a dog in heat. She lifted his hands back up and shook her head at him. Like a typical nineteen-year-old male, he pouted for not getting his way. Tammy laughed and mouthed, "*Not here*," to let him know she was willing, just not in public. He nodded and danced away, then slowly worked her toward some trees during the following two songs. He guided her farther toward the darkness, never stopping touching or fondling her body.

She was breathless with desire when they reached the darker area of the property behind an ancient oak tree. Greg kissed her with a hunger she hadn't felt for around seven weeks when her previous boyfriend Brad broke up with her after an argument. Tammy responded to Greg's ardor by slipping both hands inside his shirt, loving the feel of his bare skin and the defined muscles of his back. Before she could stop him, he undid the button of her jeans during a particularly long tongue kiss. Tammy knew he did it to distract her so he could slide his hand inside them. She didn't want to stop him then as his fingers eased under the elastic of her lace, seethrough panties, over her hairless mound, and down to her velvet wetness.

"Oh God, I want you," she moaned as she gently bit his ear. "But not here, Greg. Take me somewhere private. Have you got condoms?"

"Yes, I do, but why not here?"

She pushed him away with a hand on his chest and stared up at him. “Seriously, Greg, really, are you kidding me? Right here? You want to do me up against a tree at my best friend’s birthday party, where anyone can see us?” she asked incredulously.

“Okay, okay, I get it. Where can we go?”

“Anywhere quiet, dark, and private, Greg, I don’t care. Have you got your car here? Let’s go parking somewhere. You live around here, don’t you? For God’s sake, you must know a place; we’re in the hills. Trust me, Greg; I want you as much as you want me.” And she did. Tammy couldn’t remember the last time she felt so horny.

“Yeah, okay, I know somewhere. The old gravel pits are close.”

“Good, we can only be gone an hour or so. Sarah is my best friend, after all. I’m supposed to be spending the night with her. Grab some drinks from the ice box, and I will see you at your car. It’s the black sedan with the red flames on the wheel arches, isn’t it?”

Greg nodded eagerly and raced off to raid the ice box for drinks while she watched him go, softly shaking her head as she grinned. As horny as she felt, Tammy had to smile at how malleable guys were when they thought they would get to screw a girl.

Five minutes later, they were in his car, and Tammy stared at him in the dash light glow while he drove just a little too quickly. *He is a good-looking guy*, she thought, knowing soon she would be naked for him, and she hoped he would like what he saw. Her hand rested on his thigh, and she loved the firmness of the muscle beneath as he changed gear. Slowly, unable to resist it, she raised her hand until she fondled him through his denim jeans.

“Slow down, tiger,” Tammy said softly, her voice husky with passion. Tammy gripped his length and squeezed it. “We do want to get there in one piece, don’t we? There’s no rush. You’re going to get lucky; I guarantee it.”

He eased his foot on the accelerator, and she rewarded him by undoing his button and zipper. *Turnaround is fair play*. Tammy remembered where he had put his hand earlier as she opened his jeans and felt him through his boxer shorts.

Within a few minutes, which felt longer for them both, Greg drove through a broken gate that looked as if the hinges had been rusted wide open. The place seemed deserted, and she watched as he backed his car into a corner of the long disused blue metal gravel pit. He stopped between a few small hills, shut the engine, and turned the lights off.

He switched the interior light on as he turned to her, but she shook her head, so he turned it off again. Simultaneously, they clambered over the back of the front seats and, within moments, were kissing frantically while Greg pulled at her clothes. Between hungry kisses, Greg helped Tammy wriggle out of her jeans and panties and tossed both onto the front seats. Her T-shirt and bra were already on the floor, and he worked her into a frenzy of need.

Tammy spread her legs for him, willing and ready while he attacked her body. She pulled his shirt off and helped him push his jeans and boxer shorts over his behind as he knelt on the floor between her spread thighs. She gazed at his hardness in the moonlight streaming through the windows as it sprang free from its confines and licked her lips in anticipation.

After as much foreplay as either could handle, she lay back in the corner of the seat, panting and ready. She watched as Greg ripped open the packet and fitted the condom. She licked her lips and lifted herself a little to help him enter her.

Then, they heard an approaching car scrunching across the gravel. They froze, and Tammy could feel her heart crashing inside her chest. There was no reason for her to feel petrified, yet she did. Thankfully, Tammy was grateful she had made Greg turn off the interior light, making it hard for them to be seen, especially as Greg's car was black. Tammy couldn't explain, but she felt terrified and trembled, clinging tightly to Greg. Visions of past horror movies flashed through her mind, and she regretted leaving the safety of the party and her friends.

"It's okay, Tam. It's probably just another couple looking for some privacy," Greg whispered in her ear. But she could tell he was scared too, as his voice quavered. His penis shrunk inside her, and she felt it slide out.

The other car drove into the depths of the pit two hundred meters or so away. She heard the engine switch off and saw the headlights extinguish. Slowly Greg turned away from Tammy and perched on the seat, his jeans around his ankles. They peered above the dash to see what the occupants in the other car did.

In the distance, two shadows exited the large station wagon leaving the doors open so the interior light stayed on. The two shapes stopped momentarily and looked around, seemingly in no hurry. Tammy thanked her lucky stars that Greg's car was black and wouldn't be easy to spot at the distance they were away, but she still felt icy cold with fear. The two men seemed to look around, then walked to their car's rear and opened the tailgate. The next moment they had what looked like shovels in their hands, which they put down on the ground and then leaned back into the car again.

"What the fuck are they doing?" Greg whispered, not sounding as scared as Tammy felt, more as if he were interested. Tammy didn't answer. She was still too frightened to move.

The shapes stood up again, with what looked like pickaxes by the moonlight glinting off the blades. They backed away from the vehicle and used them on the ground, the muffled clangs echoing across the landscape.

Firstly, they used picks to break up the surface, then shovels to dig. The men appeared to know what they were doing as if they were well-rehearsed and worked solidly for around ten minutes without a break. By then, they had dug quite a long and deep hole.

Tammy and Greg sat still, watching silently. Tammy wanted to put her T-shirt back on as she was cold but couldn't find it, so she folded her arms across her breasts and shivered. She was so fascinated with what the men were doing that she worried she might miss something vital if she moved. Suddenly, the two men stopped. Though she couldn't positively state they were men, Tammy assumed by the shapes that they were. The *men* walked to the back of the car and leaned in the rear compartment again.

Tammy gasped and put her hand over her mouth to stifle the scream which threatened to break free. They dragged a large bundle out of the car, dropped it on the ground, and rolled it into the hole.

"Maybe they're farmers around here, and they are burying a dead animal," Greg whispered.

Tammy knew it wasn't that. She didn't understand why it was rubbish, yet she knew it was. It was a corpse; no one could tell her overheated imagination differently. "It's a dead body," she hissed back. "Oh my God, they're murderers."

"Settle down, Tam; this is real life, not a movie," he insisted, but Tammy didn't think he sounded convinced; she thought he was as afraid as her.

The men grunted as they shoveled gravel back onto whatever they had buried. It took a lot less time to fill the hole than create it. Before long, they had roughly smoothed the excess gravel out, leaving a mound indistinguishable from the ten thousand other small bumps over the surface. With one last scan around, they put their tools away and closed the rear tailgate.

“We need to get out of here and get the police,” Tammy whispered, reaching down to the floor, trying to find her panties. They would not be having sex that night; making love with Greg was the last thing on her mind.

Her movement shook Greg out of his lethargy. He grunted in agreement and started pulling his jeans and boxer shorts up. “They’ll be gone soon. Then we will take off back to the party and phone the cops, but I reckon they will laugh at us when we do.”

The two men climbed into the wagon and started it up. At that distance, to Tammy, it sounded like a diesel motor, but it could have been petrol with a faulty exhaust. Either way, in the still night, it was deafening. They turned the car in a wide arc to head back the way they had come. It was at that very moment that Greg and Tammy’s luck ran out.

Perhaps it was the moonlight glinting off chrome or the windshield. Maybe the sweeping headlights as they turned caught the car in its sight. Whatever it was, Tammy knew the men had seen their car when the other vehicle lurched to a halt. Their parking spot had been discovered.

Suddenly, the other car started again, spraying pebbles as it slewed across the loose surface. At the gate, it skidded to a halt, so it sat sideways across the narrow driveway. There was no way that Greg could get past it, and Tammy realized they were trapped in a gravel pit with the two men who had just buried a body.

“Oh, my God. They’ve seen us,” Tammy screamed.

Greg sounded nervous, his voice near breaking point, as he replied, “You sit tight, Tam. I’ll go and see them. I’m sure it’s not what you think it is.” He lifted off the seat to get his jeans up the rest of the way, not realizing the condom was still in place. He yanked open the rear door and stepped out. The interior light came on, which momentarily blinded Tammy. When she could see again, Greg was twenty meters away, quickly approaching the two men who had gotten out of their car and were walking toward him.

She felt helpless and terrified. Tammy’s intuition was on hyperdrive, and she knew they were in a lot of trouble, despite Greg saying otherwise. She looked around for her clothes. As she struggled to find her panties to put back on, she noticed Greg’s keys dangling from the ignition. She clambered back into the driver’s seat. As her fingers closed over the key to start the car, she suddenly realized it was futile, with the other vehicle blocking the exit. With a sinking heart, Tammy knew that wasn’t the only problem. Greg drove a powerful V8 manual shift car, yet Tammy had only ever driven an automatic. The one time she tried a manual, it had been a dismal failure when she stalled it repeatedly. Filled with embarrassment, she vowed never to do it again, despite her father lecturing her to mark his words. “*One day, Tam, you will regret you’ve given up so easily.*”

*Guess what, Dad?* she thought. *You were right, as always.* Tammy looked up to see what was happening and screamed. The three people had come face to face, and one swung some sort of weapon: a club, tire iron, or spanner; Tammy didn’t know what, but it looked heavy. It hit Greg squarely on the side of his head with a sickening *clunk*. He fell to his left, rolling on the ground, clutching his head in his hands, and the two men stood over him and hit him again. They were both armed with the same type of weapon, and the sounds of the metal hitting his head and body made Tammy want to vomit. She fumbled the door open and



screamed at them as she half fell out. “*What are you doing? Leave him alone.*” They stopped hitting Greg’s now still body and looked in Tammy’s direction. Then, they rushed toward her. In a blind panic, Tammy turned and ran into the darkness, screaming as she went.