

What Happened at the RatbagTrash Cabin

Prologue

It was a dark and rainy night in the middle of West Virginia. Where the forest meets the city, a car rides along a darkened road. I look in my rear view mirror and see that no cars are behind me. In fact, I haven't seen cars for a long time. I truly am now seeing the open woods. Untethered, unseen.

Now, I truly am Y/N. I have a firm body, and a kind heart. As I move closer to my destination, I get a phone call. I pick it up, turning on my windshield wipers as the dark rain pours down me. There's a hole in the roof of my car. Times have hit hard, and I intend on hitting back harder.

The man on the other side of the phone answers.

"Hey, you here yet?" He sounds charming. Handsome, even. I know this voice well. It's the man that invited me out to his streaming cabin as a celebration. RatbagTrash.

I answer, *"No, I'm about 30 minutes out."*

I hear a chuckle. *"Not a problem princess. No one is here yet. It seems like they'll trickle in, but for now its just you and me for the first night."*

He sounds alluring. I finish the conversation as the time passes. Even the radio speaks of strange non-societal taboos. The conspiracy theorist on the radio rants about something evil in the dark as the car pulls into the darkened dirty dirty road. There lies the cabin. I have no cell service out here. The cabin seems like it's been hit by a tornado. Maybe it was. Maybe I'm just scared. Maybe my heart is just going, because I see the door open, and RatbagTrash leaning against the frame.

"Hey there, princess."

My stomach fills with butterflies. This is going to be a trip to remember.

Chapter 1

I pop open the trunk and grab my backpack. I go to close the trunk of the car when suddenly another hand gets to it first. I snap my head to the left and see RatbagTrash standing there, suddenly 5 feet from me. How did he get there so fast?

"I'll be taking your bags, princess." He soothes.

I just nod submissively. He smiles and strides towards the cabin. It's small, and I'm not sure how he's going to fit all five of his viewers in the cabin. The interior provides comfort against the rain. There are multitudes of trophy hunts and books lining the walls. It really looks like a movie-esque cabin. There is one couch with an old CRT in front of it. There is a kitchen on the other side of the cabin, and something akin to bunk beds in the final room. The toilet sits in the middle of the bunk beds.

"Not bad..." I stammer.

"Can I get you something?" RatbagTrash asks...

"Just the news please, I'm nervous about these West Virginia woods..." Suddenly, RatbagTrash is in front of me, holding a drink, looking handsome. He smells like roses. He smiles.

"Princess, we don't have any service out here. But I'm sure you heard the news coming in..." He muses.

"Jeff Jones..." I stammer.

"Yes. He escaped. He escaped the prison with all 5+ of his demons in tow. And the police are trying to find him. I'm sure they'll find him. There's nothing to worry about." RatbagTrash seems unsure.

I make myself comfortable on the couch. RatbagTrash sits next to me and turns on Season 2 of Spongebob on VHS. We watch in silence. He smells good, and the drink is nice. He yawns, and his arm stretches over my supple shoulders. Suddenly, the room darkens and I find myself leaning in for a kiss. Just before our precious lips touch, there's a knock on the door.

"Must be the first viewer other than me!" I muse, wishing for more time with RatbagTrash alone. Perhaps I'll get it.

RatbagTrash steps up to the door and opens it. The rain pours outside, not a star in sight. A dark figure steps through the door. I don't see a car, nor any hint of how they reached this place. Perhaps they walked the whole distance? It's impossible to tell.

The hooded figure steps into the room. They are of average height. A voice mutters from below the hood, feminine in nature.

She speaks.

"You are not safe here." This catches both RatbagTrash and I off guard. She takes off her hood, and we gasp. Doll-blond hair fills the room. Lip filler, makeup, and an attitude that takes everything by storm.

"Trisha..." I whisper...

She smiles with a smile only decades of plastic surgery can pull off.

She waves her finger, and two girls walk in. Her friends.

You recognize them from the way they met up in real fucking life.

You know these people as friends. Doll and Blair walk in.

We all gasp.



Chapter 2

The silence was defining. I didn't know what to say. I loved Trisha Paytas, but I also loved Bliar and Dior. They were amazing people. Not as handsome as RatbagTrash though.

"I'm dropping these girlies off. Make sure you take good care of them, I have heard rumors that these woods are dangerous to your average man." Says Paytas...

"I'm not your average man." Boasts Trash. And it's true, he really was something special. I felt safe with him. I knew that as long as RatbagTrash was here nothing bad could ever happen.

Blair and Doll gave Trisha Paytas a kiss, and she was on her way. She drove off in her pink G-Wagon.



We all watched her leave. She had a grace about her. But this story isn't about Trisha, it's about how Trash saved the day.

The girlies all shuffled into the cabin. They were worried, scared, cold and wet from the rain. The fire was lit, and everyone gathered around the fireplace. Spongebob played in the background. Blair and Doll seemed unsure, especially with everything going on in the dark.

RatbagTrash had a shotgun above the fireplace, and he eyed it.

"When does everyone else arrive?" Asked Blair.

"Soon enough, Princess #3." Trash soothed. Blair seemed content, and she blushed.

"Whatever you say Todd..."

The time passed. Everyone huddled together for warmth, and ate popcorn that was found in the 70's style kitchen. I had a dark feeling that one of the paintings on the wall kept looking at me. Scooby doo style.

I stepped up to it. It seemed to be an old victorian british painting. The eyes followed me no matter where I went. I looked at the plaque. It said:

El Britz. 1842.

I looked over the painted features of the creepy painting. She was pretty, with a pink gothic dress that covered her masculine muscle features.

Trash stood up and stood behind me. Placing his hand on my shoulder, he whispered.

“Look close princess.... This is the painting of the woman that originally owned this cabin. Her name was princess El Britz. Some say, if you look closely, you can still see her ghost walking the halls...” He cooed.

I stiffened my back. I could have sworn, a cold breeze flowed through the cabin. RatbagTrash warmed me up with a smile.

“But surely... It’s just a rumor.” He smiled.

I felt reassured. It was time to sleep. We all gathered in front of the TV with sleeping bags and alcoho. We all gave each other respective space, and Trash was very much a gentleman.

In the night. I could have sworn that I heard a strange knocking sound. I looked up, and out of the rain-dripping window, I saw a face staring at me. He had the visage of being probably like a top 3 gooner in the world. He was wearing nothing but a loin cloth and his nipples were out. When he noticed that I had seen him, he scampered back into the woods on all fours.

I didn’t say anything for fear of waking up the other campers.



Chapter 3

In the morning, I woke up and stretched my supple body. I let out a gassy little fart. RatbagTrash, Blair, and Doll were all cooking breakfast. They were making gnocchi. It smelled incredible in the cabin. Suddenly the TV turned on. And the news was playing.

On it, there was a tragedy that had occurred. Apparently, the escapee from the prison – Jeff Jones – had broken into and MURDERED the qckiott residence. They say that the whole place stunk of rotten food. I’m not sure that qckiott lived in a clean house. The police report said

that qckiott did nothing but age milk in the window and eat the whey curdles that were made. He was on the loose still.

I sat at the dinner table and began talking with the group. RatbagTrash was handsome as always. Blair and Doll were too busy complimenting him. He began talking about the plans for the day.

“As new invited viewers shuffle in, we need to make sure that we have enough firewood to last through the winter.” He started.

I gasped. *“What do you mean winter?”*. It’s only late august, right?

He nodded grimly. *“Here in Beckley West Virginia, the winter starts early. If you’re here now or in the next few weeks, you will not be able to leave until it is 2026.”*

I thought on it. A whole winter trapped with RatbagTrash in the woods? There’s nothing more a girl like me could ask for. I looked out the window. Suddenly, my heart jumped.

“M-my-my car!” The car had had its tires slashed. I quickly ran outside into the crispening, coldening air. I ran out to the car.

My Vauxhall Corsa was trashed. Absolutely trashed. And not in the good way – like RatbagTrashed.



Blair and Doll ran up behind me. We looked over the car, and realized all windows were shattered. The paint was keyed. And written in it, was the words...

IM COMING FOR YOU.....

I looked back at the window. RatbagTrash was staring at us from the window, and stepped back into the darkness. My VW Polo... Did he do this?



Blair and Doll looked at each other. They were dropped off by Trisha Paytas. There was no way out of here. Blair and Doll looked at me, and they spoke up in unison.

"We should call a mechanic." Their voices were nearly perfectly in sync. I noticed they were even holding hands. The closer I looked at the hands, the more I noticed that their hands were... Fusing together? I shook out of it. I was just tired and I was just nervous about my VW Beetle58.

"What mechanic do you know?" I asked, fluffing my hair and letting the wind flow through it.

They smiled. There is only one mechanic they knew.

Her name...

"Bella?"

Chapter 4

I looked to the woods, the crisp supple air filled my lungs. I looked back to the cabin. RatbagTrash was there looking as handsome as ever. He was pacing back and forth from the windows. Did he know something?

Blair spoke up. She had just hung up the phone.

"That should do it. Bella is the best mechanic around, they say she can fix more things than just cars..." I looked to Doll. She was shaking and sweating. Their hands were clasped together, and they began to hug.

I walked back into the cabin while Doll and Blair hugged. Trash was looking solemnly at the floor. He seemed... distant... worried...

"What's wrong handsome..?" I asked.

He looked so gorgeous in the sunlight.

"I'll... tyell you later...". He soothed.

The whole day was spent lounging around. Blair and Doll kept hugging harder and harder. It was getting me worried. They didn't even stop hugging to go to the bathroom! It was strange.

As we all tucked in for the night. Trash grabbed my hand and led me into the empty kitchen.

"Y/N... I need to show you something..." He looked so uncertain. I just nodded and followed his rotund ass down the hallway. He knelt down, and I did the same. Our faces were so close....

"You know I rented this place. Right?" he said.

"Yes sir..." I answered. He simply pointed as he pulled back the rug. Underneath the rug was a rotten trap door. The wood was peeling and the metal hinges were rusting. He seemed unsure of what it was.

"I heard noises coming from it last night..." I gulped as he slowly creaked open the trap door.

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUhhhhhhh went the trap door.

I looked down into the darkness. There was dust in the air and a bad foul smell coming from within. Trash encouraged me to go first, and he took my hand and lead me down into the trap door.

It was dark down here. A torch suddenly flared up upon my entrance. I gasped, but Ratbagtrash held my supple body and I felt secure. Type 1. I heard quiet sobbing coming from the darkened cave we were now in. Water dripped onto my face, and it made me wet.

We cautiously approached. In the torchlight, my heart was throbbing with fear. Was anyone else throbbing, I wondered? There was three figures chained against the wall. Blood surrounded them.

Author's Note: TW!!! BLOOD! Also interesting takes on ERP.

In the darkness, three figures were chained up. Each of them were covered with blood and fur. Written in blood and other fluids, the words:

DO NOT LET THEM AROUND WITH THE FULL MOON, THEY WILL TAKE PLEASURE

I gasped. I recognized these chatters!

It was: Chuchoes, Tinny ,, and someone that was in wolf form. They seemed to be the alpha of the group. They were still in wolf form and it was handsome.



I knew him from his scent. It was... John Fortnite, the creator of Fortnite! How did he get in such a precarious situation!

Trash throbbed with fear. We had to make a decision.

Help these creatures of the night...? Or leave them in this dark dungeon that is dripping and making me wet from the condensation on the walls of the cave because the air is like evaporating and there is probably a river somewhere underground?

Chapter 5

“Supple creatures, aren’t they....?”

I gasped. Trash held me tight as a figure stepped out of the darkness, smoking a cigar. It was lowkey aura farming. As the tall man in a lab coat walked closer, the wolves howled in ecstasy at him. They were rabid.

“The name’s Dr. Scott. I am a friend of yours, I do promise.”

I looked him up and down. He had a sort of manic bad scientists crazy scientist smile. He gave me a weakly reassured voice:

“Come now princess, I’m not gonna hurt them...”

He reached out his hand.

I slapped it away and Trash stepped between us. He looked so handsome and powerful in the candlelight.

“No one calls me princess but RatbagTrash!” I ejaculated. My voice echoes in the cave.

“Understood ma’am.” He shook with nervous tension under the power of RatbagTrash’s handsome bulging features.

“Let me explain myself, from the beginning...”

Dr. Scott began to talk. I looked at RatbagTrash. He looked so handsome. So pristine. SO ravishing.

Some time passed.

“... and every time I applied the serum, the next full moon became even worse. I was saving them, you see! But when I used a mixture of zinc and...”

RatbagTrash was closer to me now. Was he leaning in for a kiss..?

I didn’t know what to do. RatbagTrash droned out the nerd near us. The doctor laid his hands on me.

“HEY! Are you listening? This is of the upmost importance! It’ll be the full moon soon, and...”

RatbagTrash pushed him backwards with the supply force of strong handsome man.

“NO ONE touches my princess!” Trash exclaimed. God he was good.

Dr. Score stumbled backwards from the push. And fell. Fell too far. Too close to the wolves chained on the wall. They had their way with him.

Dr. Scott was torn limb from limb. Blood splashed upon the walls. It was so fucked up man. Once the wolves had had their fill and their stomachs were full and bulging. They sat back, big bellied, and burped in their chains. Not a scrap was left.

“Damn, that’s bud luck!” Trash exclaimed.

“Don’t worry, it’s not your fault.” I said. He couldn’t have known. We got scared of the gassy full and just engorged werewolves and ran upstairs. We closed the trap door. There is simply no way anyone must know of this. We push the rug over hte trap door and agreed – we would tell no one of this.

Princess #2 and Princess#3 were hugging in the living room in their sleeping bags. Strangely, they looked almost merged? Like conjoined at the hip? Hm...? That’s quirky. Trash took no notice to Blair and <Doll.

He quickly made his way to the bathroom. I followed. He opened the door, and I was shocked.

“That wasn’t the only thing I wanted to show you tonight, Y/N...” He blushed.’

Lit candles scattered the room. Bubbles lightly overflowed the bath. Perfect size, for two. This was going to be a romantic time with RatbagTrash.

Chapter 6

It was ethereal the way that ratbagtrash moved me to the bath. There were a couple of floaters from the previous bather.

RatbagTash chunkled “*Sorry, princess, we reuse water here.*”

I told him it was fine.

I began to undress.

He stopped me suddenly before I could take off my socks.

“*What the hell are you doing?*” he exclaimed. “*I drew this bath for you! Let me leave before you get in, you creep freak.*” I blushed and apologized and trash left. I dipped into the warm epsom salt bath mix.

Some time passed.

RatbagTrash walked around the cabin, I could hear him humming a beautiful tune as he walked around.

I looked out the window. The moon was out, because it was nighttime. The hot bath drew steam against the window, so I couldn't see very well outside. Suddenly, I heard an EEEeeer. Eeeeeiirrrrr. El El IE IE IE eeeiir. What was that squeaking noise? What the hell was that?

I realized suddenly, it was the window! It was making a squeaker noise. I saw the imprint of a finger writing on the steam of the window, but there was no hand. How was this possible! The g-g-g-g-g-g-ghost wrote on the window.

YOU CANT TRUST HIM. HELP US.

I whispered out loud. *"Who is there....?"*

The EE IER EIEE IER continued and the writin said:

HE MURDERED US . HE MURDERED US . HE TOOK OUR BALS AND MURDERED US.

I groaned and moaned and grunted punted.

"What is your name?"

GOTTI_KING, THERE ARE A FEW OTHERS HERE. YOU NEED TO FIND OUR BODIES AND BRING US TO JUSTICE. GO OUT AT NIGHT WHEN THE SUPPLE MOON IS IN THE SKY AND ASK FOR THE GUARDIAN OF THE WOODS TO BRING YOU TO OUR BODIES. BRING US TO JUSTICE.

Holy fuck that was a big window. How could this ghost fit all of that writing on the window. I dried my supple body and snuck outside. As I was slowly closing the door, sneaky as a mug, fingers suddenly BLAM stopped. It. the fingers gripped the door with a strong sexy grip and opened it slowly. The door went
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRR?

It was RatbagTrash.

He looked ominous in the dark. *"And just where are you going, princess?"*

I gulped. I had to lie. I had to say something.

"I'm gay. And I need to piss. And I might go get us a pizza. I hunger too. And yeah."

He looked at me, his mogging face casting dark shadows from within the doorframe.

"Okay princess... Come back soon. Daddy needs cuddles."

I gulped. He let me close the door. And just like that, I was in the dark of the woods. I called out *"Is the guardian of the forest here..?"* That creature on 4 legs wearing a loin cloth I saw the other night crawled from the darkness. It grunted at me. It grunted at me.

“Lead me to their bodies, lead me to their graves, topgooner2.” He turned on dime, and began galloping into the darknes...

Chapter 7

I began following topgooner2 into the woods. He galloped on all fours, like a dog. Or like, a creature. He had a single loin cloth, and his skin was grey and sullen. It took us 10 minutes to climb around the wet wood of Virginia, washington. There, we found a small hut in the distance. It was overgrown, and vines were groping the wood at every angle.

Topgooner2 moaned towards the door. I was unsure. I stepped inside, and he galloped away. I felt lonely without him. He was my rock. Lightning cracked out overhead as the storm grew worse. Lightning, and the thunda cracked out. A single broken window had rain flooding in. It was such an incredible storm, I was so fucking wet.

Inside, there was a collection of alchemical devices. Various glass pots and burning baubles. There was clear evidence of chemical creation. I perused over the notes. It seems that whoever was working in this hut was obsessed with one thing. Creating life. Through a man.

This hut had a sign, which said WITCH HUT, but the h was worn way from time so it just said WITCH UT. Interesting, say that again. One of the notes, said

Such alchemical creations in order to make a man pregrant must require taking the life essence of another. I have taken the lives of those that come to my cabin, in order to one day create the perfect MPREG.

I shuddered. I didn't know what that meant. I gluped. I gloped. I glaped.

The note trailed off:

I have left their bodies buried under the floorboards...

The thunda cracked out overhead! **THUNDA**

I grabbed a shovel and tore into the floorboards. I began digging as the storm picked up even fucjkign more.

Eventually, my shovel hit someones humerus bone.

I shuddered. After the course of about 3 hours, I uncovered THREE BODIES. I recognized them from their nametags. Gotti_king, RoseSpresso, Munarina. Suddenly as I groped in horror at the bodies, the thunda clapped, and the door SLAMMED OPEN.

RatbagTrash was standing there, staring down at me. The lighting illuminated his backside.

_____ *He* looked SO handsome. And scary.

“Y/N”, he moaned.

“You best come back to the cabin, I wouldn’t want you to miss dinner.”

I gulped. Dinner? He wasn’t preparing anything last I remember.

“W-What’s for dinner, handsome?”

He grinned. His tooth was healthy and not cracked or chipped.

“A delicacy...”

Yakyaj.”

Chapter 8

I walked back to the cabin with RatbagTrash. Anything could happen, I was supple and vulnerable and scared. What if trash had a knife? What if Trash... I couldn’t think about it . He was too handsome. And as we walked back in the night, cold rainy night. He gave me his jacket. No, the jacket did not smell like shit. It smelled handsome and like roses.

I entered the cabin, he held the door open for me. The dinner table was already prepped. He made all of this? There was 4 seats. RatbagTrash sat at the head of the table, the alpha that he is. Doll and Blair sat in one chair for some reason. In fact, they were hugging so hard, I could have sworn their skin was starting to fuse. Strange!

Trash pulled out my chair for me. I sat down. Trash said *“Princesses, I’m going to go get the meal. It’s done in the oven. Sit tight.”*. God, he was so jacked.

He went into the kitchen.

I sat there awkwardly. I looked at Bloll. I said, “Are you okay?”. Bloll just made an inhuman groaning noise. Classic Bloll.

I heard the toilet flush. Someone else was here? The bathroom door opened, and someone I recognized stepped out. OMG! It was sebastian! Sebastian said “Heh, sorry about the stink...”. It did smell rancid!

He stepped out and took a seat. Sebastian smiled – “Wow, it was hard getting here! I had to walk all the way from Australia!”. Bloll just moaned at him.

Trash brought out the feast. It was perfectly cooked Yakyaj. Finely seasoned with salt and exotic spices, well roasted on both sides. The blue mouse was on a platter with an apple in its mouth. Sebastian yelled out, "*Boy that looks yummy!*" _Bloll moaned in agreement.

"*Eat up princesses!*" Trash gleamed! He had a little chef hat on. His bulging musculature was about to burst his apron open.

Everyone began eating. I didn't. "*What's wrong, Y/N? You've barely touched your Yakyaj.*" I didn't know what to say.

"*Trash, I saw something out there... I saw dead bodies...*"...

Trash looked at me.

His pretty much hazel like really handsome brown eyes looked through me.

"*You see princess #1, heh.... Heh.... Heh.... Those bodies, they were hospital volunteers. I work on MPREG research. It was completely voluntary.*"

I understood. That makes sense. No further questions!

I still didn't want to touch the yakyaj, it was perfectly cooked and all, but I just.. I don't know.

Trash expelled after a long time: "*Wow! You guys ate alot! I hope you saved room for the second course!*". Bloll burped, and Sebastian had food all over his fucking shirt.

"*Whatdya make, Trash!?*" Sebasty asked!

"*My favorite desert! Bambozle Sandwich!*" Everyone exclaimed with glee. I'd never had it before, I think it was a british dish. Bam was pressed between two pieces of hardtack? We gobbled him up! So yummy!

I had a suspiciously bam sized bump in my stomach.

Some time passed, and we all watched Spongebob VHS Season 2.

These were the good times. These were the happy times. I cuddled up with RatbagTrash. I enjoyed the smell of his deodorant that he applies religiously. I enjoyed the company of Sebastian and the pained groans as Bloll continued to merge into one entity.

That's before everything changed.....