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Nicholas Blacksmith

A
WALKING
APHRODISIAC

BY
NICHOLAS BLACKSMITH

INDEX

PART ONE 4

PART TWO 60

PART THREE 107

PART FOUR 162

**PART ONE,
GORDON MUSCAT**

I

“Kale’s face is just begging to be abused.” I say to Edward Ambrose, who is closely listening to my monologue on the other end of the phone call. I continue “Yes, she is just thirteen years old, but God should have considered guys like me before ditching her ovulating cunt on to this vulture world. He must be the ultimate masochist or cuckold who likes to jerk off while looking at his beautiful daughters being raped or used. With a redhead succubus like her, the only thing you can do is to drop the best load you got on her freckles. I will do it as soon as I get the chance to, I promise.”

“That’s good for you!” He responds “But you must remember that all women are Medusas, they mislead you with radioactive eyes and then turn your testicles into Chernobyl.”

Edward has always been a very misogynistic fellow, but he’s really releasing his whole persona tonight. I just laugh but he continues.

“It’s no joke at all, my dear carotenoid friend. After shooting magma to their cunts, you turn into a Pompeii human sculpture!” He sounded so passionate about it I could even smell his strung-out-alcoholic-in-denial breath behind the phone.

“Relax.” I respond “You must be suffering from some kind of delirium tremens or a manic episode, just take Zoloft or something.”

“I’m serious,” He says “it will happen to you too someday if you’re not careful, it might be happening right now without you even realizing! Don’t you know that sentimental relationships were never necessary and that it’s a way the governments on Earth drive the individual to spend more money and work longer than he needs to? You are getting too attached to that girl. She’ll turn you into stone!”

“No,” I respond “Kale is truly great. She’s my Lilith drinking from a shell.”

“Bullshit.” He says “True love ain’t real here or anywhere. Besides, don’t you think certain porn genres are just getting too old to ever become legal on Earth again?”

I shake my head, disappointed for his ignorance, and say “Pedophobes will soon know that they may be persecuting pedosexuals just to compensate for their own latent sexual deviance. Most of the judgmental people are very sexually repressed. For example, many alcoholics may be self-medicating with booze for their own pedosexuality. History has shown that persecution always leads to acceptance. The persecution against the mentally ill, women, colored skin people, homosexuals, etc. They all ended up in acceptance. This will happen with pedosexuality too, it’s already happening as we speak.”

“Hey,” Edward says “what if I told you there is a spot on the universe where all of what you are proposing is already perfectly legal?”

“You must’ve been reading too much fiction lately,” I say “because it’s still too soon for it to come true. Listen, I have to get up early in the morning tomorrow for my pitiful job, so I gotta go fuck myself now, goodbye!”

He sighs and says “Alright, I got too philosophical there. What is philosophy anyways, if not a bunch of questions and no resolutions?”

II

Kale has been the main subject of my late night phone calls with Edward, my eccentric online friend. She's the daughter of my coworker, Ernest.

It is Friday, midday, and Kale comes to the building where he and I work. She wears her uniform, except the bottom of her shirt is tied to show her pale belly button. That's fine with me, really. Exhibitionism is the best expression of sanity on an individual. Repression always hurts the mind and soul.

Ernest and Kale whisper something on his cubicle, and even though I tried to discern a fragment of the conversation, I really couldn't hear anything. Then she approaches me and says "Hey, Gordon, I need someone to take me home now, my dad is doing another shift and he said you could take me. Would you?"

"Sure." I say, while getting up from the chair and putting on my suede jacket.

We go outside and in the parking lot, before I open the door of the passenger seat for her, she grabs my shoulder and says "Hey, could you also take me to a supermarket and help me choose a bra? The one I'm wearing got...broken."

“Yeah, sure.” I say

As I drive, she asks “What do you think about my hair? Do my bangs look good? I was getting tired of my old hairstyle.”

“Yeah,” I say “you look very pretty.”

“Hey,” She says “thanks for giving me the ride, by the way.”

“Well, you know you can always trust me.”

She brushes my hair with her fingers and says “I like your messy long hair, I think it makes you look very handsome. My dad wears too much gel on his pompadour and I hate how it makes my fingers sticky after playing with it.”

“You know, I’ve never really been a fan of gel either. I’d rather not pay too much attention to my hair.”

When we arrive to the supermarket, she holds my hand and leads me to the female underwear area.

She looks around, puts her hands on her waist, points at a bra and then asks “How do you like this red one? Do you think it could look good on me?”

“I guess we’re gonna have to find out.” I say.

We sneak inside the changing room. She takes off her shirt and before tying up her bra, I rub her nipples with my thumb. Her dick-sucking lips taste like cinnamon rolls.

I finger her pussy, but she says “No, it’s too risky here. Let’s wait until we get home.”

At the cash register, I don’t even bother to dissimulate by getting something else too. I am too horny to care right now.

I buy her the red brassiere we chose with such fine taste. We exit the supermarket and rush to her house. Fortunately I already know the address because Ernest has invited me over many times to have a drink and talk about stuff.

III

As I rhythmically grind my latex-free cock inside Kale's pubescent cunt, I am Yuri Gagarin, Genghis Khan and Buzz Aldrin. I am a Muslim shooting Malala and making her choke on powder. I am the man driving Enola Gay and dropping Little Boy on the Vatican.

After I finish on Kale's belly, Edward, my internet friend, breaks into the room with a girl. Yes, I had forgotten to shut the door, but he must have been following me to know exactly where I am. I had never met him in person, but now I see he's a tall man, with brown hair and a very fine suit, pulling off an extravagant Windsor knot. "She's Elvira," He says "the girl I've talked to you about." Elvira is a more casual woman, with nice earrings and a summer dress.

"Hey," He says "I wanna take you somewhere. Come outside, you'll love it."

We put our clothes back on and go see what Edward is so imperative about. There's a dildo-shaped spaceship in the yard. Edward says it's borrowed and that he'll take us, Kale and I, to that spot on the universe he talked to me about. He drives through 77 planets at the same time while Kale looks out the window and sees how all the spiral and elliptical galaxies get

smaller in the same way buildings become so tiny from an airplane.

“I’ve never been on an airplane,” She says “but I bet this is definitely better than one.”

“Yeah” I said

I feel like the ultimate fist-fucker, son of a walking aphrodisiac. I’m on a stainless steel umbrella while all the people behind us are burning on acid rain.

After landing, Edward and Elvira go away together, leaving us in a bench at a park without saying a word.

I recognize some spots but it feels different. Where is that atmosphere of suicidal commuters farting and sneezing over each other on the subway? Where are those endogamous rednecks who sell methamphetamine to college kids? Where is that Sunday morning feeling of hopelessness and frustration?

I almost feel welcomed here, a mosquito with semen on his wings waves at me. Kale blushes and asks “What is this place?”

“I can’t tell anymore,” I say “but it looks so much like Earth.”

“Let’s split here,” Kale says “I’m kind of curious to find out where we’re at.”

“Alright,” I say “but where do we meet again? I don’t want to lose you, baby.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t go very far away. If fate wants it that way, we’ll meet again, I know.”

As we split I can see her beautiful legs from the distance, she really is special, I can’t afford to lose her.

After walking for a while along the well paved avenues, I go inside a place with pink gargoyles on the façade and a sign above them that says “The Francis IV Zoo and Sex Shop”. The girl behind the counter hides inside a room on the back after giving me a weird look, like if she knew I didn’t quite belong here. I think she called the manager, because a guy who looks older than me arrives and says “Hello there, my name is Patrick. What can I do for you?”

“Nothing specific,” I respond “just looking around.”

Dirty diapers, baby skulls, mutilated vitiligo cunts, cans of earwax and blonde scalps with dandruff. All these toys and none of them have price tags, so I ask him “Why does nothing on this store have price tags?”

“Everything is free for our citizens, provided by Francis IV.”

I would like to know who this Francis guy is but I don’t want to look like an ignorant imbecile, so I ask instead “Is this hall the whole store, or is there more?”

“No, naturally there is more. If you want, sir, I can show you some of our toys in the other rooms.”

“Oh, that would be nice. I do want to see them.”

He gets a key out of his pocket and opens the door.

“Well, here they are, sir,” Patrick says “you can look at them all you want until you find what you like. In the meanwhile I’ll be on the first hall. You can call me when you’re done.”

So there I am on the second room, with lollipop shaped dildos and bamboo sticks to ass fuck yourself with.

The third room is full of balloons and lamps made of opossums, lemurs, armadillos, anteaters, raccoons and other more exotic animals. There are also helium pumps and nailguns.

On the next room I find used tampons and tissues with menstruation blood.

The fifth room has sex dolls of David, Jesus Christ and Buddha with a wide open mouth.

The sixth room is full of naked midgets on cages that wave at me and blow kisses with one hand while fisting themselves with the other.

The next one has only mirrors, full body size and ready to be set on a whole bedroom.

The other one has belts and all kinds of ligature listed by neck size. It also had kind of doorknobs you can apparently stick to any part of your bedroom so it fits your height.

The ninth room has bugs on jars, from praying mantis to spiders and from cockroaches to mosquitoes.

In the next room, there are sample bottles full of piss. On the opposite as you might think, they smell quite tasty, almost like mint, so I call Patrick and ask him “How do these bottles smell so fresh and clean? I’ve never seen anything like this before.”

“Oh,” He says “You can make your urine smell as nice as that one by drinking a lot of mint tea, which you can get on our supermarket, sir. It helps tremendously with golden showers.”

“Oh, I see, thanks for the advice!”

Patrick goes back to the counter on the first hall and looks at some porn on his laptop (I know it’s porn because I can hear the moans all over the place). Meanwhile I walk over to the next room.

There is breast milk. There are also baby diapers, with both piss and shit.

The twelfth room has mutilated armpits (shaved and hairy) and feet, with sweat or not, whatever way you may want it. Feet with toenails listed from none shortest to largest.

Then there is a room with mucus on jars, cans, tissues or mutilated noses of all types; roman, fleshy, hawk, turned-up, etc.

On the fourteenth room there are porcupine quills, octopus ink and skunk piss in jars.

The fifteenth room has exhaust pipes, headlights and gear sticks of different sizes (mechanosexual dildos).

On the last one, there are some aerosol bottles. The label says:

Repellent against earthling females and other undesirable creatures.

Do you want to keep your virginity? Do you want to be so bad-smelling that not even a Vatican priest would dare to rape you? Easy, just get this inexpensive product and you will keep your anus from being molested by fat, ugly, mouth-breathing imbeciles on Earth.

It releases a phantom smell, only detectable by the nostrils of earthlings, that is, our very inferiors.

Do not spray anywhere other than Earth.

Before I decide what to choose, Patrick comes in and, after looking at the time on his cellphone, he says “I am sorry, but it’s closing time now. You can come back tomorrow if you like, sir, we are open from midnight to midday. I believe there are 23 more stores on The CSM that are open the whole day.”

“What is CSM?” I ask.

“Cannibals, sadists and masochists, sir. Have you forgotten?”

“Uh, no, of course not. I guess I was confusing it with something else.”

“Well, are you taking anything with you today, sir?”

I think a little before answering and then say “Yes, I’ll be taking only the mint piss.”

“That’s a wonderful choice.” He says “May I have your name, sir? It’s just for the Francis IV database, your privacy is guaranteed.”

“Gordon Muscat, the fist-fucker and son of a walking aphrodisiac.”

“Absolutely right, sir, thanks for coming by!”

He puts my stuff on a bag and hands it to me. I walk out of the store, being both impressed and horny at the same time. These lovely skies with no rain and just rainbows make me euphoric. I have to find Kale and tell her how much I love her pubescent cunt, we must copulate.

I see footprints on the ground and on the street. They can only lead me to Kale. I then find her sitting on a bench at a park talking to Elvira and Edward. Kale sees me and immediately leaves them behind to choke on my prick as I leave my bag on the sidewalk.

When our copulation ends, I get on my knees and hold her hand as she stands and looks at me. “Will you marry me?” I ask. She doesn’t even think about it too much before saying “Oh my god, yes!”

We are now married in the eyes of infinity, there is a sunbeam illuminating her beautiful transparent wedding dress. Her nipples shine, she is glowing. I truly love her pubescent wet cunt.

Right there on the park, we don't need anything else other than ourselves to become immortal. Not even a ring.

Edward and Elvira admire us and applaud our divine copulation. Edward grabs the bottle of mint piss in my bag and drinks it all.

“We both should have a bachelor party.” Kale says “Isn't it a good idea?”

“I agree, one last adultery fest before our honeymoon.”

After that, she goes away with Elvira, then looks back and blows me a kiss. I open my hand and try very hard to catch it, and maybe I do because I suddenly feel a warm tingle on my arm.

As I wander on the clean sidewalks alone, a little intoxicated with the air, I stop and stare at the clear sky. I stare at the clouds that look like popcorn and I stare at a rainbow that changes its shape as if it was flirting with my pupils.

A man approaches me. He's got a good shave and some bushy eyebrows and his blonde hair smells like coconut.

“Hey,” He says “you look lost, man. I am Pharmacious Bertrand, what's your name?”

“Gordon Muscat,” I say “the fist-fucker and son of a walking aphrodisiac. Pardon my ignorance, but where exactly am I?”

“We’re in your kind of place,” He says “the best spot on the universe, a place without pubic hair on food or lipstick on restaurant coffee mugs. Unless you enjoy it, in that case you can just ask for it. Let me take you to a whorehouse I know, I bet you’ll love it.”

He stops a cab, orders the driver to take us to the place and we talk in the back seat.

“Have you met Francis yet?” He asks.

“No, but why do I hear his name all over the place though?”

“His father found this place. He basically respawned Earth in here except this is actually free and with no discrimination against any race or sexuality. I think the way he did it was basically grab molecules of stuff and clone them to spawn them on another place. This way we have all resources we need as long as the Earth exists. We don’t steal them, we just clone them. He was not a scientist, though. So anyways, he died and left it all to Francis, who is kind of our role model, I guess you could say.”

“I get it. So what’s your preference? If you know what I mean.”

“Masturbation.” He says “It’s the ultimate drug, man. You never overdose on it and if you ever do, your story makes it to the front page of the New York Times.”

“That is quite mundane, Pharmacious, but it’s true.”

“And you know, man... jerking off in front of the mirror is the highest expression of self-love any man can ever do to himself. Narcissism is wonderful!”

“Yeah, what is wrong with narcissism anyways?” I say.

“Absolutely nothing, man, it was the government on Earth that wanted us to believe it’s bad. That’s why this place is so perfect.”

“Oh my God, don’t tell me you have also been reading too much philosophy lately.”

“What?” He said “It’s not philosophy, man. It’s a fact, just listen to me. When you’re a narcissist like Francis and me, you are only doing to yourself what people waste time doing on others; you pitch yourself as the greatest anthropomorphic drop of semen even though you’re not, you buy yourself expensive things, you get off to yourself, etc. Many people act like that with others and then feel frustrated when it doesn’t end up how they expected or wanted to. But if you do it to yourself, then it’s stable and long term!”

“But what if the actual spice of a relationship is the struggle and unrequitedness?”

“Ugh, don’t tell me you are an emotional masochist, man, there are too many of them on Earth. Monogamy is a lie, let alone marriage. They only work out for the government, not you.”

“Pharmacious, it’s like you’re trying to put me down or something.”

“No, man, I am just illustrating my point. Masturbation is better than monogamy. It helps you get a better taste of people. Tell me, how many times have you felt relieved because you didn’t waste your time and money on a girlfriend after ejaculating?”

“Many times,” I say “but what does that have to do with anything?”

“Sentimental partners can be as sticky as dog shit on your shoe.”

“Alright, I don’t want to listen to this, I’m getting out right here. Anything else you want to add?”

“Well if you want to go back to Earth and get a phony relationship, just earn money. Money doesn’t buy you happiness but it’s better to cry with a full stomach!”

ERNEST

My wife died the same day my daughter was born. Her name is Kale and today is her birthday. With the already mentioned circumstances, you might have already guessed it's a bittersweet date for me.

She is now thirteen years old and I think she has some kind of sex addiction. I'm afraid I might have caused it, you see, without any wife to fulfill my perpetual need for sex, the only thing I could do is masturbate. I was jerking off at least five times a day. God had put me on a true tightrope, how can you let a girl like her alone with a guy like me? If anything it's his fault for not choosing a better father to take care of her. Seeing her face every day made me hornier than an estrogen-filled 15 year old. Shit, I wouldn't stand to not stroke my cock at least five times a day, I was a thirty five year old high on testosterone and full of fast food hormones!

Well, so one night, my sweet little nine year old child caught me masturbating in front of the television to a vulgarly eroticized soap opera. She said "What are you doing, dad?"

I froze and immediately tried to pull my pants up.

"Uh, nothing, Kale, go back to sleep, please."

She didn't listen. She wanted me to stretch all of her holes out.

“I can’t sleep, dad, I had too much sugar today.”

“It’s alright, baby, don’t worry, come sit on my lap, you’ll feel better.”

She rubbed her eyes, walked up to the couch and sat on my lap. She then gave me a weird look and said “Dad, I think you peed yourself, your pants are wet.”

“Oh, yes,” I said “it was an accident, I’m sorry. Can you please bring a towel and help me clean myself up?”

“Uh, I don’t know, dad, they’re your private parts.”

“Don’t worry,” I said “it’s not like I’m a stranger, we’re both family. I cleaned you up too when you were a baby!”

“Ok, dad, I guess it’s good then, I’ll go for the towel.”

She came back with the towel and started cleaning up my semen. I couldn’t help but get hard again. My mind got foggy due to all the sexual tension that was going on and I shamelessly asked her “Can you lick it? Don’t worry, it doesn’t taste bad.”

She looked at my dick like it was vegetables and then she said “Are you sure dad? It doesn’t seem very tasty.”

“No, no,” I said “don’t worry about it. It’ll be fine, I swear.”

And so she did what I told her. Her sweet lips wrapped around my cock felt glorious. I then grabbed her head and made her blow my dick slowly. I couldn’t help but moan and shoot a big

load way down to her throat. Ironically enough, she wasn't disgusted by it, she did gag but kept on going. She kept sucking me off with no hurry at all, tasting every inch of me.

Our relationship had always remained purely umbilical but that moment changed it all. After that, she couldn't help but keep coming to my balls. I always loved how her small little face could always make my cock seem larger. She never needed braces, her teeth are genetically perfect. After the first time, I thought about putting some toothpaste on my cock to make it tastier for her, but then I knew it was better for her on the long run to get used to its natural essence. I've never forced her to do something when she's not willing to. I always treat her patiently well.

Having a daughter is pretty unlucky in my opinion. You raise her and invest time and money on her, only to have some fucking college boy fuck her before you even get to taste her pussy? That sounds fucking dull to me.

So anyways, today I go to work and talk to my friend Gordon. He's eleven years younger than me. We share some nice pics and porn folders online. He has a very good stash. He's got girls and boys of all ages. Gordon says he never actually sells them, but he does trade them a lot. Today we chat a little while having some coffee on the office.

"Have you seen those videos from the Russian girl?" He says.

“Of the twelve year old one?” I respond “Yeah I’ve seen them, what’s up with that?”

“I’ve been asking to myself, why are they illegal?”

“Are you speaking of all videos in general or just hers?”

“In general, of course.”

“I really don’t know.” I say “Most of the girls that are on those films always seem to be enjoying it.”

“True,” He says “it’s just that I hate all those hypocrite incognito agents and white knights that jerk off to the videos and then arrest or report the ones who make them. That’s double standard at its finest. People see us like they saw homosexuals a century ago. They said homosexuals were predators, rapists and serial killers, but that has proven to be mostly false, hasn’t it? The law should go after predators, not after good and honest people who engage in consented casual sex. I hope someday they’ll tell the difference between sexual preferences and criminality.”

“That’s very true,” I respond “but I guess we’re just men ahead of our time!”

“It won’t be long until people eventually accept those kinds of things, though.” At this point of the conversation, he becomes so high strung and euphoric, that he is almost screaming.

“People now even make jokes about it, we see it being suggested on art so regularly that it isn’t shocking at all anymore, at least

not how it used to be. Hell, we're even talking about it on the workplace! Celebrities are doing it, politicians are doing it. Believe me, in a hundred years from now, you'll be able to marry a cat if you want to! Should we stop enjoying the fine work of an artist that allegedly touched a kid's cookie jar? So many artists are doing it nowadays that we will be forced to either stop enjoying all art or finally accept the facts and respect their sexual preferences, however immoral they may seem. Just look at how many people are accepting the fact that a certain actor was a manic-depressive woman-beater just to keep enjoying his work. If they accept that, what won't they accept in the future?"

"That's a good argument," I say "but we have to go back to our cubicles now. Otherwise The Manatee will come and give us his discipline speech again. But hey, don't worry, the pedophobes will learn someday."

We go back to our working desk and spend hours of boredom, until Kale comes in and talks to me. She sweats like she walked a lot from school to here.

"Hey, dad, can I talk to you for a second?"

"Yeah, sure." I say

"I wanted to tell you that I took the pill, so you don't have to worry about last night."

“Oh.” I say “I’m sorry, Kale. I promise I’ll wear a rubber next time.”

I feel a wave of relief and then tell her “Listen, I’ll be working another shift right after this one’s over, so I can either give you money to get a cab to take you home or you can ask Gordon, his shift is almost done.”

“Alright dad, I’ll go with Gordon. I’m spending too much money on cabs.” She kisses me goodbye and goes to Gordon’s desk. They talk a little and then she walks away with him without looking back.

“Is she upset about something?” I wonder to myself, and then I remember what it is “Fucking dumbass. I didn’t even wish her a happy birthday.”

“Mr. Ernest” says The Manatee “You have no right to bring your girlfriend at work!”

“She’s my daughter,” I respond “today is her birthday.”

“Oh, she’s your daughter?” He says “She’s quite... developed, she’s very hot... uh, no, no, very pretty, I mean. Keep on working, Mr. Ernest.”

Hours pass, I plan to hang myself with the telephone wire on the bathroom but before I actually go ahead and do it, my shift ends. I take the subway home.

I open the door and say “I’m home, baby, would you come down and say hello to daddy? It’s been a long day.”

No responses are heard. Kale isn’t on her bedroom either, so I say “Alright, Kale, these little hide and seek jokes are way beneath your age, don’t you think? Come out now, please, daddy needs your warm hugs and kisses!”

There’s nothing but silence.

“Ah, shit, I guess nobody’s cutting me some slack today.”

I sit on the kitchen table, defeated. I open up a beer, have a few sips and then I hear someone knocking on my door very loudly.

“Who’s there?” I ask, without getting up from my comfortable Swedish chair “Don’t you know what time it is? You’ll wake up the whole goddamn neighborhood, you crazy son of a bitch!”

I open the door and see nothing but a letter pasted on my door. It says:

Kale will be on the custody of Francis IV from now on. Make no attempts to find her, or else we’ll be forced to inform the police about your sexual proclivities.

IV

I leave Pharmacious behind after being naturally worn out by his philosophical ambush. I decide to get another cab to take me somewhere else, somewhere fun. This driver is very unfriendly looking, and smells like he could use a good shower on the Niagara Falls, but I feel bold enough to ask him “Hey, man, do you happen to know where I can find some good girls at this hour? I’m having my bachelor party.”

“Oh, my friend,” He answers with a strange accent “You must be new in town, don’t you know this whole city is one big red-light district? All you need to do is walk up to any girl and grab her by the knickers!”

“Really? Shouldn’t I use at least a pickup line?”

“Just go with her and do what I told you and she will immediately fall for you, trust me!”

“I see, thanks for the information. I’m getting out right here, how much is it for the ride?”

“Nothing for you,” He responds “You must be really new in town, fortunately we’re civilized and peaceful citizens who never take advantage of anyone!”

So I approach the first girl I find, a girl that wears an orange cardigan and some round sunglasses. She’s too old for my taste,

maybe twenty five, but still good enough to make my cock diamonds. She caresses my cheek with her thumb and says “You look depressed, honey, what is your name? Mine is Ursula.”

“I am Gordon, the fist-fucker and son of a walking aphrodisiac.”

Ursula rolls her eyes and says “Yeah, no shit, slick. Well, let’s go somewhere more private now, I don’t get off to this Sigmund Freud shit.”

I obviously fuck her, but with no love or lust, just to drop the daily dose of semen that every man must.

His roommate arrives and Ursula goes to the bathroom to take a shower. His name is Martin. He wears a transparent raincoat, some sandals and wears a bandana on his head. He asks me if I got any good porn collection to share, even though I don’t know if we’re thinking of the same kind of porn.

“No,” I say “I dropped them all off now, I am married. I’m an honest man now.”

“Well,” He says “let’s hope that lasts long enough to keep you coming over here, these women you see on the street are the finest people you will ever know. So what is her name anyway?”

“Her name is Kale, as the edible leaf.”

He laughs and says “Well is her ass as edible as her name?”

“Magnificent,” I respond “the greatest on Earth, she’s thirteen.”

“Nice, when you get tired of her teenage cunt, would you bring her here, with us?”

“No. She’s a once in a lifetime girl, she’s a true deity.”

“Well,” Martin says “You say that now, but let’s see when she grows up.”

“No, this is forever, you’ll see. We’re made for each other. She’s an anthropomorphic pheromone and I’m a walking aphrodisiac.”

Martin yawns and says “I’m leaving now for a drink at the pub across the street. Francis will be there too, do you want to join us, Gordon?”

“That would be nice,” I say “I do want to join you.”

He nods and says “But I gotta make a phone call first, alright?”

V

We order some beer at the pub. This place wears the same façade and has the same architecture as the sex shop, except it's quite different on the inside. It seems like a party over here, some people wear Pinocchio noses and raincoats, rubber wristwatches and ivory necklaces. Other guys just wear black turtle necks and sunglasses. Some women wear diapers and flash their tits for everyone to look at. Martin starts talking on and on about philosophical shit, but after a while, Francis arrives. He is a white young man, with dark and curly hair, wearing sunglasses and a green jacket. His aftershave smells like arnica flowers and lemon juice. Francis really looks like a much more extraordinary guy than Martin. He takes the sunglasses off, like a bohemian punk, and introduces himself.

“I am Francis IV, in person, nice to meet you.”

“I am Gordon Muscat, the fist-fucker and son of a walking aphrodisiac, nice to meet you too. I heard a lot about you recently and I'm new to this place, who exactly are you?”

“I am exactly the son of the deceased founder of this place and therefore the new leader. However, I really don't have to work very hard to maintain it. People on this planet are more civilized than you might think. We don't even need police officers or

military. A safe world is not the one that has too much surveillance, but the one that doesn't even need it."

"Oh, well, it's nice to know that you are real, Francis. So what are your interests, like what gives you the motivation to keep on running this place?"

"Philanthropy and the reservation of humanity. What do you think about that, Gordon? What would you like to change on Earth?"

"I think it would be nice to turn it into a planet full of walking aphrodisiacs."

Francis laughs and says "And what is a walking aphrodisiac to you, Gordon?"

Before I answer, Martin interrupts the conversation and says "It sounds like this will be a long conversation, so I'm gonna go look for a nice young otter now, I'll see you later, baby."

He kisses Francis goodbye and walks out of the pub. Francis then continues.

"Alright Gordon, so what does it mean to you?"

"The walking aphrodisiac is the one that only thinks about sex all the time, what does it mean to you?"

"Forget everything you think you know about it, I will tell you what it really means. It is to know the truth, to acknowledge that the lack of masturbation and sexual relief has caused too much

pain on Earth, I am glad my father got out of there soon enough. You should stay here with us, Gordon. You will find more peace and satisfaction.”

“I may be interested, tell me more about this satisfaction thing.”

“Well, Gordon, as you may have already guessed, sexual frustration is the root of all evil. If people had more orgasms and fought less on Earth, they would be happier than Adam and Eve. Look at all those examples, Chikatilo, Dahmer, Hitler. Why did they do all those horrible crimes? Because they wouldn’t get any sexual relief and had too many repressed desires, that’s why. They needed to find satisfaction in something other than sex, like for example, killing.”

“Keep going,” I say “tell me more.”

“As you said before, it would be nice to have a planet full of walking aphrodisiacs. This is the place, in here there is absolutely no frustration, whatever your desire is, we’ll make it happen. We are not brainwashers, we are tailors of your fetish. We didn’t abduct you, we relocated you to a land that would understand your beliefs and desires. How many times have you felt guilty after sticking your cock up a car’s exhaust pipe or letting a dog hump you? You will never know guilt over here. On this planet you can share your valuable knowledge with people who are walking aphrodisiacs just like you!”

“So you mean that a walking aphrodisiac is just a human being on its most pure form, with no expurgations or limits whatsoever?”

“Yes, Gordon, you finally got it! On this place, teenagers no longer have to clean their browser’s history or fear their mother. If she would ever happen to catch her son masturbating, she would help him finish!”

“And would you accept hebeseicals like me?”

“Absolutely, we would never discriminate people of any kind. This is a paradise, dedicated to everyone who has ever suffered due to hypocrites who look down on them just for being a natural human being that needs to be fucked like everyone else!”

“But what if someone had a killing fetish or liked to indulge in necrosexuality, isn’t that a little extreme, Francis?”

“We have it both ways, as ridiculous as this might sound, there are now millions of people on this planet who would love to be tortured, raped or beaten to death. True masochists that would love to have their pinky toe mutilated.”

“How many people are here, right now, on this planet?”

“We are over 700 million people, with no little kids or people under the age of 15, unless there are exceptions like you and Kale. You see, women here are almost sterile, but we rescue the outsiders from Earth when they hit adolescence.”

“Oh, I see. Hey by the way, did you send Pharmacious to give me all that speech, Francis?”

“No, but whatever he told you is just part of the normal conversation someone on this country would have, you see, you and Kale landed on the Autogamy zone.”

“The Autogamy zone?” I ask “What does that mean?”

“It’s just a crowd of people who don’t believe in monogamy and always bark about it, we’re thinking about getting rid of them but their contradictory way of speaking is hilarious! And they also help us to fully condition new people so they can understand our beliefs. They’re more of a bunch of narcissists that anything, they don’t bite.”

“So what country would Kale and I be part of?”

“Well, as we have observed, you are in a whole different category than her. We might be wrong though, we haven’t made a full conclusion on your case.”

“Then where will Kale be?” I ask.

“With the walking aphrodisiacs, the best place of our planet, which is full of miscellaneous people who don’t have a specific fetish and their sexual preferences are volatile.” He responds.

“Where are the sadists and masochists?”

“They live on the exact opposite side of the Autogamy zone, they call themselves The CSM: Cannibals, sadists and

masochists. I don't actually run that zone, I just own it. Now, that doesn't mean anybody over there is allowed to rape or torture without consent. Nobody does stuff to each other unless they explicitly agree to do it."

"I would like to go over there for my honeymoon. Do I need a passport or something?"

"Not at all, you and Kale are free just like everyone else, I can take you there myself. I am proud of you, Gordon, just a few hours here have made you ready to be a true human being. It looks like you won't need to be on the Autogamy zone anymore!"

"Thanks I guess, but what will happen with our personal records on Earth?"

"They will be permanently erased. Ernest will be notified and warned to not make any further inquiries."

"Looks like you've got it all figured out, Francis."

"Well, we had been observing all of your activities and we were sure you would fit in on this environment."

"Hey, how do you manage to make this all look exactly like Earth?"

"Well, my father didn't need to design much because he basically just cloned the molecules of Earth and spawned it over here."

“If this sounds so convincing, why do people on Earth never talk about it?”

“Because they have suffered from political amnesia, powerful organizations have flooded their brains and turned them into retrograde mechanical beings.”

“So you are saying all of these people are the most intelligent on the universe?”

“No, I am saying their comprehension lies way beyond all false obligations assigned by governments. Therefore their minds are the purest form of a human being which is now a true relic since all people on Earth are now being influenced to become machines and morally acceptable beings.”

“Hey, thank you for your hospitality, Francis. Oh and by the way, will we need to take any baggage?”

“Not at all, I’ll get you in a room with a closet full of clothes, and make the bell boys get you anything you may need.”

“Thank you, Francis.”

“Alright,” He said “now let’s call Kale so she can meet you here.”

He called Elvira, who was with Kale, and then got her on the line with me.

“Hi,” I said “come here at the pub, soon. I’m with Francis, we have lots to talk about.”

“Yeah, I’m on my way now. Elvira has told me plenty about this place. I want to have our honeymoon on the CSM zone, can we? It sounds very exciting.”

“As a matter of fact,” I respond “it’s very funny that you say that because Francis here has already offered himself to take us there when I asked.”

“That’s excellent, baby! I can’t wait until you whip my ass.”

“I swear I will fuck you, I’ll be waiting for you.”

I hang up and then see Pharmacious and Francis talk about something which apparently causes them both to laugh hysterically.

“No way!” Francis shouts.

“Yeah, man, it was the guy I told you about.”

“Well, I guess we saw that coming!”

Pharmacious walks out of the pub while stumbling out of laughter. I think about asking them what was so funny, but I don’t want to gossip too much, so instead I say “You know, I was wondering, if this is supposed to be a wild and sexually charged land, how come there are still some wage-slaves, taxi drivers and people with meaningless jobs?”

“They think this is the original Earth,” He says “and that it got fucked by hypersexual anarchists. They also love the new system so much they are willing to work overtime if they know

they'll get some pussy afterwards. And as a matter of fact, Pharmacious just came and told me this is, ironically, happening right now on the original Earth. That's the reason we were both laughing so hard. Wasn't my father a visionary?"

"Yeah, he was, but how much time has passed?"

"Enough to make such thing possible, I guess."

"Wait," I said "why do they keep working if everything is free?"

"Not everything is free for everyone. The middle class has free sex toys, but rent and other things aren't free. Except for people like you and Kale, of course, you are privileged. You see, in order to keep things as good as they are right now, we still need some people that work for us like cells working for a higher body. If everybody was at the same level and nobody was king, then the world would go very much insane. The middle class is our immune system."

"You know," I say "it's truly great when people fully understand each other's beliefs. I think we're almost identical, Francis. Don't you think I'm exactly like you?"

"Sure you are," He says "and I'm glad you're looking forward to be more like me! You still have a lot to learn, though."

"So tell me more," I say "enlighten me with your infinite wisdom."

“Well, Gordon, your life expectancy will increase from now on, and your intellect will no longer be static. You will collect endless knowledge that you would have otherwise never gotten. As you know, on this place you will never need any drug. You will become the drug, a walking aphrodisiac that will get hard without needing Viagra. All of what you thought was immoral or illegal is absolutely normal here. As history has shown, law is not a moral-based system, neither is it fair. It’s the imbalance of law and morality being mistaken for each other that destroys society. The law cares about making money, not justice.”

VI

Kale arrives and Francis takes us on a ship to the CSM. There we get a room at a luxurious hotel. Kale smiles and says “Such a fine place, Francis! What is that fountain over there made of? It has a strange color.”

“Oh,” He says “it is easier to make than you think. It’s mostly lemon mixed with a little absinth, but don’t worry, if you ever drink from it, you’ll never overdose. It’s practically harmless to your liver.”

We enter the lobby, there are screens with very exciting shows with some flashing images that would definitely kill an epileptic. Francis talks to a very handsome bell boy. After a while, he turns around and says “Alright, my dear friends, you’ll be staying on the room 952, here are your keys, I must go now but Louis here will take care of you both from now on. You have a wonderful stay!”

We wave goodbye and then take the elevator with the bell boy. He opens our room’s door and shows us the place.

“Well, Mr. and Mrs. Muscat, as you can see this bed has Egyptian cotton blankets and two pillows on each side. There is a television right here with special live events or movies, the kind of movies you like. The bathroom has condoms, lubricant, candles and toilet paper rolls. Inside the closet there are

miscellaneous toys that you can use and lots of clothes. On your bedside table there is a phone if you ever want anything at any time, goodbye!”

After Louis walks out and closes the door I immediately take off my clothes and get on bed, waiting for Kale to do the same, but she says “Oh no, baby, I’m kinda tired, it has been a long day, but I’ll be ready to fuck tomorrow.”

“Alright, it’s fine. I guess I’ll just look for porn on the TV. Can you at least take off your uniform so I can look at your body all night?”

She agrees and lies next to me. As soon as she closes her eyes, she falls asleep. Meanwhile, I take the remote and turn on the television. I don’t even need to switch channels, because I quickly find the kind of stuff that I like, as if the TV knew who was watching it. The movie goes like this:

A young man sticks a wrench in a little girl’s hymen. Her eyes cross out of excitement and after she is finished, the man says “Now, here I have some mushrooms. I want you to eat them off my cat’s ass, come on.”

She does, and while she tastes every mushroom, one by one, the cat mews and after a while, the man says “This is nice, but as much as I’d like to watch you do this all day, I need to get some sleep and get up for church tomorrow. You know how good of a Christian man I am.”

This is too arousing for me so I start jerking off. I wish Kale was awake, but I'll respect her, my wife deserves some privacy.

Another film begins:

A shemale drops her pants in front of a kid. He's maybe 8 or 9.

He looks at it and says "Cool! I knew it. I knew some girls had dicks too, everyone else on my school laughed at me when I said it. Oh, but when I tell them about this, they'll see that I was right, they'll see that-"

The girl interrupts him and says "Hey, do you like it?"

"Yeah, of course I do." He says.

"Well, then rub it." She responds.

"Okay," He says "but you gotta rub mine too!"

Then the screen fades to black as they both shoot their load (unfortunately, there was no penetration). Another act begins:

The screen is split and on one side you can see a Tibetan monk using a little girl's armpit sweat as lubricant to rub it on his ass before she pegs him. On the other side, a guy with an orange Mohawk haircut gets a prostate massage from a toothless midget. Maybe the split screen is trying to make me choose between one and another, as if they're trying to see what I prefer.

The film then shows an elderly couple having lunch on their apartment when suddenly an earthquake hits the town. They don't go out and run for their lives, instead they decide to have their last fuck. The camera takes shots of the wife's wrinkled cunt from different angles. They take off their clothes and seize the moment. Adrenaline hits the husband's cock and the tremors help him pound his lady harder than usual. They finish and then lay down for a while.

“Oh, sugar,” The wife says “that was better than the first time! I'll see you in the next life if I'm lucky.”

The floor breaks and they die on the spot.

On the next scene there's a man bragging about the size of his cock while a Down syndrome kid in a strait jacket licks his ass. He then beats him up and throws him out of a window.

“Well as you can see,” He says “my dick is so wonderful that people die for it! I am obviously too much for normal individuals, most wimpy assholes wouldn't stand one second of my cock inside them. But I've found someone new, this dragonfly right here is thirsty, let's see if it can feed itself off my ass!”

And the bug does, it licks the man's ass and then goes away.

“Ah, you see? If I was a dumbass, it would have gotten stuck on my prostate or something, I truly am a genius.”

I ejaculate, even though the last parts didn't arouse me much.
The movie ends.

Masturbation always helps me fall asleep. As the night fades, my
yawns get stronger, so I take a nap.

VII

I wake up to Kale's hips bouncing on my cock. The sound of her high pitched moans makes my dick a bamboo stick. I finish on her mouth and she swallows my load like fondue. I can't help but notice that unlike many other girls, she doesn't have a gag reflex. I wonder who would have taken that away from her.

She's so tight that even after finishing I want her again, so as she stands up to go to the bathroom and take a shower, I grab her waist, lift her up, press her tits against my chest and fuck her some more while I hold her ass and she wraps her arms around my neck.

I am the luckiest man alive, grooving my greasy cock inside her ovulating cunt.

I drop some more come on her clit and while licking her lips she says "You were amazing, baby. Now let's go to a buffet or something, sex always makes me hungry."

"Alright, babe, but remember that since we are on The CSM they will most likely be serving eyeballs, arms, cunts, testicles and other Hannibal Lecter stuff."

"It's fine with me, I won't mind, I'd love to taste a manatee's belly fat!"

We shower together and fuck some more, I enjoy her wet bum. I love how she pours her squirts on me with such ease.

We dress up. She wears a purple dress and some long and round earrings that match her hair. I wear a tuxedo I find on the closet.

We walk downstairs and when the lobby boy sees us, he says “Mr. and Mrs. Muscat! There is a limousine waiting for you outside, sent by Lord Francis IV. The driver will take you anywhere.”

We exit the hotel and go inside the limo. The driver salutes us and says “So how are you spending your honeymoon, fellas?”

“We’re not sure yet.” I say “But for now, would you take us to the nearest café or restaurant? We’re quite hungry.”

“Ah,” he responds “I know just where to take you”

He takes us to a nice place and we instantly get a table. On the opposite as you might think, the buffet isn’t disgusting at all! It’s filled with normal, earthling food: French toasts, bacon, milk, lemonade, pancakes and everything else that forms a nutritious breakfast.

After having such a wonderful lunch, we walk down the sophisticated streets of our new home and hear an old lady shouting outside a big theater “Come in, my brothers! Come inside our glamorous theater and admire the artistic prowess of our thespians! You won’t regret it!”

So we approach the lady and I ask “Hello, how much does the entrance cost, Madame?”

“Nothing, my brother, I dare to inform you that culture must remain free and with no cost! Come in and delight yourself with the infinite wisdom of our thespians!”

“So what do you think?” I ask Kale “Should we?”

“Yeah, I’m interested, let’s go in.”

VIII

We go inside the theater and an usher leads us to our seats. We are the first ones to arrive so before the show begins, I finger Kale while she plays with my balls.

After half hour of foreplay, all seats have been taken by elegant men in tuxedos and women with party gowns. I'm glad to have dressed for the occasion!

A midget stands before the crowd and begins reciting:

“I shit and pissed myself today, on public. Anybody who knew me would be misled by the fact that I am actually a rather elegant fellow! Naturally, in my lifetime I have suffered from digestion problems but none of them detrimental enough to cause such an uneducated act from my part. Then why did I do it? Well, because it's the most rebellious act anybody can do nowadays. Think about it, fellas! After decades on Earth of brainwashing and toilet paper, we take for granted the act of waiting to be sitting on the toilet to take a nine incher, even now that we live in a daily orgy. No! I cannot let that happen. I have never degraded myself to earthling rules made by envious sociologists and never will.”

At this point of the little man's narrative, everyone (including Kale and I) immediately stands up and takes a shit on their seat. The little man shouts out of joy:

“Yes, my confabulated brothers! Let’s all celebrate our current uprising against those bourgeois hypocrites on Earth, let’s make The CSM more exciting.”

People give a round of applauds and the grand red velvet drape closes while ushers hand everyone some blindfolds.

“Before the third and final act, my brothers,” speaks a voice over an intercom “you shall masturbate your imagination first with this tale.”

And so everyone sat quietly and listened to a voice gently begin to narrate:

“Maxwell's toy truck ruins my litter box turd. That’s too bad because it was a true piece of modern art. He is Luna's son, the memento of a drunken night with a Russian sailor called Oleg. She wanted to keep studying, but had to drop out of college and become the landlord’s bitch. Nobody even respected her on college anyway, she breastfed her son in the middle of lectures while the women watched disgusted and the men got boners. Luna had never done anything as reckless as having unprotected sex with tourists, but apparently my feline tongue stopped pleasing her ovulating cunt. She wonders sometimes if the labor orgasm was worth it.

With the money the landlord gives her, Luna can afford to take Maxwell to school but the kindergarten teacher says that the kid can't even spell correctly. He must be retarded or something.

Every morning that she drops him off at the kindergarten, Maxwell cries, but not because he misses Luna, but because he is now becoming too old to keep on sucking her delicious tits. Those milky nipples are the only thing that turns him on.

The little bastard can't stop touching my tail and bothering me. Who would have guessed sperm could ever become so obnoxious? I believe Maxwell wants to kill me so Luna is left alone with him and he can take advantage of her. But that ain't happening, I am too smart and he is too retarded.

The first time I tasted Luna's pussy was when she got home at night and felt very horny for the alcohol so she made me lick and scratch her beautiful twat.

So anyways, after I sleep all morning today, Maxwell arrives from school. Luna helps him with his homework after having some cheap lunch.

'So how do you spell danger?' Luna asks him.

'Uh, is it D-A-N-G-R?' Maxwell responds ignorantly.

'No, Max, let's try again'

And so they go on and on all afternoon until night time.

Luna orders a cheap takeout dinner but it's not fulfilling for both of us because that asshole Max eats it all. He didn't even bother to ask Luna for the last piece of chicken.

Maxwell finishes and goes to sleep. And by sleep I mean he actually just masturbates while fantasizing about fucking Luna's skull.

At midnight I'm still hungry, so I go to the kitchen only to find Luna crying. I try to calm her down by scratching her pussy, but she pulls me back and says 'Ah, that's all you fucking men want, sex. Why did Oleg have to be such an asshole? I told him not come inside, to pull out, to come on my belly button. Motherfucker, now he's left me with this fucking kid.'

Luna wipes the tears off her face and takes a deep breath. 'Alright,' she says 'I'm doing it, I'll do it, it's gonna be very easy and very good for all.'

She then goes to Maxwell's bedroom and says to him:

'Wake up, Max, I bought a little something for you, it's on the kitchen, come on!'

'What is it mom?' Maxwell asks 'If it's one of those cheap supermarket toys again, then you shouldn't have bothered!'

'No,' Luna says 'it's a very life changing toy this time. As soon as it came across my mind, I knew it was the best for both of us!'

‘For both of us?’ Maxwell asks ‘I won't share it with you!’

After an annoying conversation she finally convinces him to go to the kitchen with her. She points at the oven and says ‘It's right there, inside the oven, do you see it, Max, do you see it? Maybe if you hop in you'll have a better view!’

‘Ok, mom, I think I can see it now!’

Maxwell is so small and tiny that his whole body fits in the oven.

‘I don't see it, mom, you are lying to me!’

Luna doesn't answer and just closes the glass door. She turns on the oven and sets the timer to 45 minutes, 165 degrees Fahrenheit. Maxwell kicks and screams. The glass doesn't break because it's a good quality one, the kind of glass they put on modern car windshields. Luna sets the volume of the TV really high to cover the noise. She can't hold the excitement and says this out loud while giggling:

‘Now I will end my poverty and starvation all at once! How didn't I think of this before?’

Although the smell could be trouble she already has a made up story to explain it. I do get quite scared, but before I mewl anything, Luna says ‘Don't worry, I'll share it with you, I bet it'll be quite roasted but still edible.’

The cooking stops. The Baked Maxwell is served. Luna smiles and says 'Dinner's ready! You have never tasted something as glorious as this!'

Luna tries to chew the penis but it's like rubber for her teeth, so she throws it away to me and I naturally delight myself with it as she starts buttering a little thigh.

'Tasty?' She asks

I mewled and nodded a little. No doubt it was tasty, when you're as hungry as that, anything is tasty.

'I'm glad I let him eat that whole cheap takeout,' She says 'I think it made his skin perfectly greasier. Although I think a little of the leftover mashed potatoes we got with the chicken can't go wrong with it!'

I was used to my raw protein diet, but this is definitely a wonderful improvement to my tongue.

She gets up from the table to put the rib she was eating in the microwave because it got cold.

I was hungry, that's why I went to the kitchen, but what a dinner! Even though on any other circumstances it would have been disgusting, it tasted great, we were so hungry that we finished it all.

‘Good!’ She says ‘Now I only have to throw away the bones and there will be no evidence!’

After a while, when our lovely dinner time has passed, I hear Luna making herself throw up in the bathroom. It brings up questions on my mind: Has she any remorse? Is she afraid of poisoning due to all the hormones and fast food on Maxwell’s stomach? Is she bulimic? I guess you never know with these hilarious creatures.

The next day some fellow neighbor called Sarah does inquire about the tasty smell when she finds Luna taking out the garbage:

‘It smells like you had a wonderful barbecue last night! Do you have any leftovers?’

‘No, Sarah, we were too many guests, some of them even left hungry!’

‘What an hour to have a meal like that, Luna!’

‘Oh yeah, it’s just that we all had very bad sober munchies.’

The baked Maxwell was so delicious! I really hope Luna gets pregnant again any time soon.”

IX

And so the second act was over. As I took off the blindfold, I looked to my side and saw Kale wasn't there anymore.

"She must've gone to the bathroom to wipe her ass or something" I thought.

The voice then announced the start of the third act and said:

"And now, you will witness our most valuable Thespian of all time performing a once in a lifetime stunt!"

A silhouette the size of a teenager is seen covered by a sheet. A grown man approaches the body and discovers it. It's Kale. That's where she went while we were all listening to that hilarious story. I wonder what kind of stunt she'll do.

She wears a carnival mask but I can still see her provocative blue eyes through it. I think she is sobbing, but I don't know why. She looks for me among the crowd. The man puts a rope around her neck and hands her a chair. There are big lights flashing hard enough to kill an epileptic. They alternate between yellow, red and purple. She stops sobbing after looking at me and wipes the single tear from her face. A smug replaces her frown and she blows me a kiss.

A tambourine rolls and a piano plays percussively while an electric viola loops distorted and long notes. Her blue eyes, a raised eyebrow, she licks her lip and blinks slowly while her cheekbones shine brighter than those long and round earrings.

As the beat pounds faster and the lights flash harder, she stands in the chair, leans her neck forward to the rope and then jumps. The music stops.

“No!” I shout “How could you do that? Weren’t we happy now and looking forward to our bright future here?”

Elvira, who was among the audience the whole time, approaches me and says “Don’t worry, Gordon, she didn’t suffer, I’m sure. I told her about the third act and she said it was what she wanted, that’s why she wanted to come here, she wanted to die. Kale had a long life, she enjoyed it and then she left.”

“This was a setup by Francis, wasn’t it? I knew this was too good to be true.”

“No, don’t even say that. He didn’t know anything about this. You know how much he appreciates everyone on this place. This happens all the time, people come here to die out of pleasure!” She smiles, as if that’s supposed to make me feel better.

I rush to the stage and kiss Kale's neck a thousand times with my shaking lips. I lie next to her, hugging her body while everyone on the crowd applauds and throws flowers at us.

**PART TWO,
PHARMACIOUS
BERTRAND**

I

As I write this, the ink melts, slips from the paper and turns my bedroom floor into pure mud.

I realized too late though, I always write after masturbating and the orgasm made my mind too foggy to notice or care. My feet are stuck to the ground.

I should have just used a computer, but I guess that's what you get for being an old fashioned writer.

I could scream and call for help, but why bother? I've had a good, long and fulfilling life and I'd rather write until the mud grows tall enough and kills me. Of course when the mud goes up to the height of my desk, I won't be able to write anymore, therefore stopping the mud from growing any taller to grip me enough. So that is my part, to dive my head inside the mud and stay there so I can finally cease living. They will care to find me only by the rotten smell of my corpse.

The stuff you are about to read is just what I can think of through the panic of the whole situation.

II

Before telling details about my life, I want to tell you a story that shows how much influence I can have on people when I'm in the mood.

I had a good friend on Earth. His name was Gaugeman. He was still in high school but already smelled like a baby maker cocktail of horse breeding pheromones. He wasn't very handsome as a teenager, but something about him turned me on a little. Gaugeman would sit in an oak chair on his backyard, under a bougainvillea tree. He lived only with his senile father, so he had the house pretty much up for anything he wanted to do. He looked at centipedes through a magnifying glass and jerked off.

"Hey Pharmacious," He said "they're copulating! I will spread my semen all over them, I'll see if I can make a new species."

After finishing and cleaning himself up, we sat on his empty pool, where he kept a wicker couch and we began talking about art, politics, and religion. At his short age of 16, he was very well developed intellectually and physically.

"Art has definitely evolved." Gaugeman used to say "Look at what the paintings today are about, soup cans and Coca Cola. We have fucked up Earth beyond all recognition. We no longer have beautiful landscapes to paint about, or sweet flower fields

with hummingbirds. Now we are forced to paint about industry and technology. All expensive paintings are just another technique of money laundering.”

“I say fuck nostalgia and relics. They are all bullshit anyways.”

“Yeah, but wouldn’t you like to know what it feels like to sit in front of a sunset, at 5:32 P.M, looking at the beauty of nature? Well, never mind, that’s a rhetorical question. Oh, but look at you, Pharmacious, you’re already sweating chromosomes!”

“No, tell me more, I wanna hear it.”

“Well, like I said, art and science and everything else is evolving, sometimes to be oversimplified. I hate being blamed for global warming when it was my ancestors who did it all, not me. But I’m not a technophobe Kaczynski, that’s the last thing I want you to think of me. In fact, I love technology. Thanks to the internet, we have already seen more tits and assholes than all our predecessors.”

“Yeah, technology *is* great. So what is your view on the future?”

“It’s completely anarchistic. The children on those videos that are being mistreated and spit on, begging for a little mercy and some dignity, they will crave for revenge someday. Someone needs to break the cycle of rape victims becoming rapists. After being manipulated by sick minds and having grown up in a very cold environment, they are most likely to become serial killers and Anti-Christ. Not only they will do so, but they will enjoy it

too! Cold-blooded, suicidal, destructive and hyperactive, they will take zero shits from these politicians with pedosexual breath. I truly support this future I envision. Terrorizing stadiums, malls and coffee shops full of post-modernistic authors that write in public to compensate for their undiscernible talent and mediocre work. Pedosexuals, hebeseuals and epheboseuals are all disgusting beings with low IQ who like to beat their meat on medium term. I really don't understand it, why have such an ignorant and undeveloped beast riding your cock? Children are scum anyways."

"That's poetic, Gaugeman, tell me more."

"Well, I really think we are all just assholes, we speak the same way, we act the same way and always look to agree with each other on everything. I'm getting so sick of people and their hypocrisy, always acting so self-righteous and preachy. Fuck them all."

Gaugeman was a true eccentric. He would let his semen sip and then use it as a face mask. He said it was good for his acne scarred cheeks.

"Why can't we as Americans ever write anything good about angst and depression?" He says "All literature like that comes from England or Russia."

"Well," I say "their weather is awful and it gives them time to stay home and think a lot about nothing. I guess on our side of

the world we don't actually write about it, we just go out and shoot up a school or a mosque.”

“Actually that reminds me of something I wanted to talk to you about.”

“What is it?” I ask.

“Okay. So I have this gun, I got it from the internet. It's a handgun, a revolver, nothing big. The thing is, every now and then when something goes wrong, I know I can just shoot myself. And the thought of it relieves me and I end up not doing anything real about it. Like Vanessa in school the other day, she rejected me when I tried talking to her, she immediately acted like I wasn't there and, I basically just felt the urge to...”

“Do it.” I said

“What?”

“I say fuck it. Go and shoot up your school. You know how fucking great that would be? Maybe a million people would look at your picture on the news and feel morally violated or instantly feel hate towards you, but I promise there will be at least one kid who goes and does the same you did. And if the whole world hates you but at least one kid goes and follows your example, then you've achieved something, haven't you?”

“Yeah I guess that’s a good way of looking at it after all, but sometimes I get discouraged, because I feel like it’s not an original thought, it’s been already done before, right?”

“Well, then you could take it further,” I said “like maybe don’t shoot up the whole school, maybe just take a hostage at gunpoint and make it your sex doll for as long as you can make it last. Maybe a girl or boy you like.”

“Fuck,” He said “I’m actually considering that one. It would make me the first school shooter to not die a virgin.”

“Oh, no, you wouldn’t be the first one. Harris and Klebold didn’t die virgins.”

“What? But all the documentaries and testimonies say they did.”

“Not at all, I’m pretty sure they had their first and last fuck together.”

He laid back, closed his eyes, took a deep breath and then stood up. “I’m gonna do it, anyway,” He said “maybe tomorrow if I get the balls.”

I grabbed his leg and sat him down. “Or what about this” I said “Take the pain now, wait until you get older and richer and then make it on a larger scale. Gather some people and play anarchy on the system. Do crazy shit on the streets and take the world to moral and economical bankruptcy. Wouldn’t it be better? If you just shoot up your school, then the dead motherfuckers’

parents will write a book about it and get rich, all thanks to you. Fuck that. If on the other hand, you do what I tell you, then you'll be a meteorite getting rid of dinosaurs and creating a more evolved species."

He stared at his shoe, closed his eyes, almost teared up and then said "That actually sounds better, thanks!"

"Hey," I said, while caressing his acne cheek "you know I'm always here to help you with anything."

I always felt pity and admiration for him. The thing is, the sexual abuse he suffered as a little child had caused him a major depressive personality disorder. His older brother used to slip his cock into Gaugeman's mouth and forced him to suck it off while he cried and begged for mercy to him. His brother got killed by a vigilante he met through an internet forum, who disguised himself as a twelve year old boy.

Personally, I think the question we should be asking ourselves nowadays isn't who has been raped, but rather, who hasn't been raped yet? I really believe in what he said, the terrorizing stadiums part. Who can dismiss the possibility that many school shooters were sexually abused to the point they couldn't tell memes from reality? It was time for someone to break the cycle.

Even I could have been raped at some point of my childhood. Too many teachers, too many baby-sitters and family members

were close to me. I'm glad to not remember it though. Otherwise I'd be very fucked up.

I remember that on my first year here, I decided to get Edward, a friend of mine, to take me back to Earth so I could find Gaugeman. A few years had passed, maybe forty or more, and the place looked very changed, but I still managed to know my way around this grounds.

The dream-like architecture and the multicolor bright lights shining all over the avenues made the city feel like a big discotheque. There didn't appear to be much crime over there. The buildings were very tall and the streets kind of narrow, and apparently everyone used smaller cars now instead of big trucks. All products and packages were now delivered through special helicopters.

As I was walking around the boulevard he used to live in, my calm arrival and tranquility would be soon jeopardized by two men with trench coats and sunglasses. They walked up to me, pointed me with a gun and lead me to an alley that smelled cleaner than I remembered.

"Don't even try to look at us, you son of a bitch." The first man said.

"Go easy on him," The second man said, while placing a little paper inside the pocket of my raincoat "he's a good guy, I know him."

I recognized the second guy's quirky yet deep voice. It couldn't be anyone but Gaugeman. How else would he know my name?

"Gaugeman," I said "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Hey, the thing on your pocket is my number, call me when you can and I'll come to explain everything to you, I know you've been gone for some time."

They ran away and I checked in a nice hotel to give Brian a call. I tell him where I am.

"Oh," He says "I know that place. I'll meet you at the hotel's bar in half hour."

Before meeting him, I put some gloves on and wear a coat because the day feels very cold, even indoors. I take the elevator and go downstairs, heading the bar. As I look around the place, a brunette man wearing a suit vest nodded me over to his table. He has no company with him. I stand there, confused due to his image. The thing is that now that I think about it, Brian should be about fifty years old and yet he looked deceptively young for his age and his acne had disappeared, I guess he must have taken what Francis takes. He raised his eyebrows and nodded again to reassure me it was him. As I approached his table, he stood up, shook my hand and said "Welcome, man, nice to finally meet you again."

We sat down and he gave me a little background of the new world order. He talked very fast but without stuttering or failing

to articulate words. Anybody could say this man was a drug, speedy and without losing pace.

I just couldn't hold in my curiosity any longer, so I straight up asked "How the hell did you manage to do this? Was it some kind of genetic engineering? I mean, Alexander the Great has nothing on you!"

"Well," he said "at first I thought about spraying something on people from above, from the sky. The substance I had in mind was potent enough to brainwash them but not obvious enough to be noticed. Everybody was busy in the office and indoors, nobody would ever look at the sky anymore. I would have gotten a thousand planes all over the world to do the job, but surprisingly enough, people did a revolution themselves, like when you want to rape a girl but turns out she's submissive. It was all because of things like sexual violence. The more speeches and propaganda or documentaries the government did against it, the more people were reminded of their limits. And that is the last thing they ever want to be reminded of is their limits. We saw it all coming before it actually went down and took advantage of it, we helped people be encouraged to make it happen."

"Wait," I said "how did you get rich?"

"Well, at first I worked in a kind of...let's just say I worked in the barber industry. My partner was called Spencer. He had just ended his relationship with his previous partner and was looking

for another one. I saw his ad on the internet and sent him my curriculum. He liked it and hired me. We did a lot of good deals together and earned a fairly good amount of money. I invested that money in some big companies and multiplied my budget. With my fortune I could buy my way into politics. I never got to be a senator or anything, but I got to hang around with many powerful people. I was a plutocrat. Then I met even more important people and I proposed my ideas to them. Then, as I said before, we saw it already spreading like leptospirosis in a can, and we leaded the revolution.”

“Well, what about the mouth breathers?” I asked “How did you get rid of them?”

“The government took care of them for us. They were spending too much money on institutionalizing mouth breathers. Now you won’t see any of them anymore.”

“How so?” I asked

“I mean the government spent too much time and money on stuff like finding discrete locations where to hide all the technological advancements. They couldn’t let the mouth breathers know about them, or else they’d use them incorrectly. It was a very smart move to get rid of them, at least economically.”

“And what about Peter Pan pedosexuals?”

“All of them are extinct. They were undoubtedly disappointed after acting on it and then moved on from that stage because as you know, that kind of stuff was always just a big business, nothing more. Many men on the old age did it just for money, even the white knights were in it for the money. Like when that Australian filmmaker got caught, do you really think it was about morality? Fuck no. It was always about getting rid of the competition. A bigger lord saw the Aussie’s film and instantly knew it was better than his own product. The solution was to report him to the cops, only to let a manhunt begin and make others get rid of his competition.

Think about circumcision. Do you really think that was all about beliefs and prophecies? It was always about taking away the pleasure in masturbation and therefore taking away men’s sexual relief. Without it, religious leaders thought that the individual would be more devote to religion and less lustful. As it has been shown, it caused the exact opposite. You can’t take sexual relief away from people and expect them not to go mad and develop abnormal fetishes. Now that we took over, none of that happens.”

“Exactly! That’s exactly what Francis says all the time, that the root of all evil is sexual frustration. He also says that about pedosexuals too. He says it’s too overhyped and that after all, it was only a business.”

“Yeah, because it’s true.” He said.

“Genius, man, that’s what you are, a fucking genius!”

“You were the original genius, you inspired me to do this, don’t you remember?”

“Of course I remember, how could I not? I am so proud of you, Brian.”

“Hey, I heard there are more places like ours, is that true?”

“There are plenty, actually. There’s even one where people greet by penetrating each other instead of shaking hands and they say any other form of salutation is considered to be a violent insult.”

He laughs and says “And how do men decide who penetrates who?”

“I really don’t remember.” I say. “But hey, how about here, tell me more, do people keep using drugs?”

“As a matter of fact, it’s flattering of you to ask me that because I am proud to announce that crime rates, obesity, pollution, drug addiction and corruption have been almost erased from our society. Drug addicts have been also handled and all of them are completely reformed.”

“That’s nice, but what else gives you the motivation for this? What were other factors that helped you keeping this idea alive?”

“I kept it going because I hate hypocrisy. I did it because we are children of hypocrite and sanctimonious parents. My father for

example, he was very conservative and religious but look at me now, who the fuck am I? I did this because I wanted to drop napalm on the Louvre and throw Molotov cocktails at the Mona Lisa's face, and all that her self-righteous grin stood for. If it wasn't for you, I would have probably killed myself. Thanks to you I discovered I didn't have to be sad and anguished all the time and that I could start loving myself and stop being such a depressive guy. After all, I discovered that depression is often prolonged by the same individual. Sure, you don't want it to happen, but you get very comfortable around that mind set."

"True." I say "Hey, do you control births and children's intellectual development?"

"Funny thing you ask that because I do. Every time I wake up and jerk off, I shoot my load on a recipient that I then hand to our doctors. They keep it and inseminate women with it. Now I'm doing it more and more so doctors freeze it with the purpose that when I'm dead, I'll still be making babies too. Does the leader of your movement do the same?"

"No, actually. Shit, now that I think about it, he really should. Is it too late?"

"No, it's fine." He says "I just do it so many more children grow up to be like me, not only psychologically but genetically too. Genetic engineering isn't that important, it is the psychological conditioning that they receive, that is the important part."

"Your schools do that?" I asked.

“Yeah. In fact, we’ve replaced many assignments. History, for example, we dismissed it because it subconsciously teaches children to learn how to reflect back in time too much. It conditions them to grow nostalgia as they become older, and that jeopardizes our purpose. We must be on continuous advance, never stopping to look back. On the old age, before we took over, a man would be useless after turning 40, he’d stop looking forward and start reflecting way too much. Why be forever young if at a certain age you’ll become nostalgic for something that wasn’t even that great? So basically that’s why I erased history books.”

Then we were silent, I blushed and he laughed while I rubbed his knee.

“You’re a very handsome guy.” I said.

“Thanks, I think you’re quite hot too!” he responded, while winking.

I stuck my hand inside his pants and stroked his cock, not caring about being in public. “Do you like this?” I asked. He wouldn’t answer. He just smiled and winked again.

I couldn’t help but kiss him. He didn’t pull back, instead he said “Why don’t we go to your room?”

We took the elevator and went up to my room. We undressed each other and he kissed me very hard. As he pulled down his pants, I noticed he had shaved his cock, maybe to make it seem

larger. I penetrated his bladder and fucked his boy-pussy. Before I came, I pulled out and placed his hand on my dick so he could stroke me off real good and taste my load.

We made love in the most umbilical way. We had always been so close. As I thought more and more about him, my eyelids got tired and I decided to get some sleep.

We were very close for some days, but eventually parted ways because he said he wasn't very fond of homosexuality.

I decided to stay a little longer on Earth, and the next day, after looking up addresses on the internet, I arranged a date with an animal trafficker on his warehouse to find some good creature that could fulfill my recent zoosexual desires. Like Francis likes to tell me sometimes "Pedos aren't even the tip of the iceberg. That's a dead fashion, a true walking aphrodisiac likes more complex activities than that. Being a pedo is way too easy."

The seller was a middle aged, café latte man, with a broken nose and a mustache. His name was Jonathan. He showed me the catalogue. As we looked at the cages and all the exotic species waiting for a buyer, his bodyguard wouldn't stop looking at me. I barked to scare him away and he just laughed.

"What would serve best for me as an animal whore? If you know what I mean." I asked Jonathan.

"It depends on how rough you'd like him to please you." He answered "Horses are good for submissive girls and boys who

look forward to get an acute peritonitis. Dogs are great for ass-licking and monkeys are known for really rough sex, but they take a long time to be domesticated enough so they don't kill you."

"So that's all you got for me?" I ask, tauntingly "Just soft and cliché animals? I should've gone to a Brazilian favela instead."

"Hold on," He says "Now that I remember, last week we found a rare silky anteater from Bolivia. It's smaller than the usual giant anteaters and I think he'll do the job for you."

"How much do you want for it?" I ask.

"\$3500, with a month's food included" He responds.

"A month's food?" I asked "How many ants are those?"

"From 750,000 to 840,000 ants"

"I thought you said he is smaller than usual anteaters."

"He is, my friend, but his stomach may be as demanding as a giant anteater's one and you must not risk yourself to him getting hungry and violent."

The sold is made, I hand the man seven \$500 dollar bills and he takes me where they keep my future lover. I grab the cage and before I exit the guy's warehouse, he says "Would you like anything other than animals, my friend? I've another warehouse with burundanga and cocaine."

“What’s burundanga?” I ask.

“It’s a Colombian drug, it works better than chloroform and it makes your victim look normal while you manipulate his mind to get him to do anything for you.”

“Ha!” I respond “I don’t think I need it right now, but I’ll definitely come back to you whenever I do, thanks anyway.”

“Hey,” He says “You’ve got some cute hands, are you sure you don’t want to stroke my cock before leaving?”

“I’m quite homosexual sometimes too,” I respond “but right now I’m just not in the mood.”

I got back to my room and instantly made the animal feed himself off my ass. He was so tiny and sweet, like the size of a squirrel. Some of the ants I placed on my ass went inside me but that just made my friend lick deeper into my anus. He seemed to have a pretty good sense of smell.

His tongue felt very moist but pleasing enough for my taste. Some ants crawled down my legs and my lover instantly got rid of them and caressed me at the same time. He was so small and full of fur, you could even make a nice wristband out of him!

Soon enough, about a week later, I penetrated him and taught him how to lick me so hard and deep that I could exhale through my cock and ejaculate through my nose.

We had 30 beautiful days together. Not one evening went by without him rubbing my nipples and penetrating my ass with his huge tongue (his body was very small, but his tongue was as big as a giant anteater's one). I had grown such a strong feeling for my man that I even thought about smuggling him to my paradise, but the idea of finding more ants to feed him every day just wore me out too much.

I had to find a way to kill him and make his death seem accidental because if I was ever caught red-handed, I would've possibly been charged with animal cruelty.

A few hours later, in the middle of an almost comfortable rest, the sound of a lightning right inside my room woke me up. I stood up from bed with all the lights off, rubbed my eyes and had a look outside.

I went out of the room and tried to find any signs of a recent shower but the only thing I could see was a clear blue sky. This almost felt as peaceful as Francis' place, without mouth breathers and suicidal commuters. In here, they were all replaced with robots.

I returned to my comfy room and suddenly felt like I had stepped on something the size of a shoe. I instantly turned on the lights. While my eyelids recovered from the brightness, I saw something lying on the bedroom floor. It was my man. He had a spontaneous heart attack or something because when I put my ear on his tiny chest, I felt no beats at all. His rather

heavy breathing that always kept me up at night was no longer present.

After looking at the room and seeing a burn on his mouth, I finally understood it:

My man stuck his tongue into the electric outlet and got shocked. The intense voltage must have been too rough on his small heart. His mouth was still hot from the harsh electrocution.

I really don't know why he did it. He must have gotten some sober munchies and maybe smelled some ants inside the outlet. Since I had taught him how to feed himself from my asshole, he must have tried the same method on the socket.

III

I'd no longer keep up with that frenetic pilgrimage because such experience left me with a 3 day migraine and awful jet-lag that prolonged even when I got back to my place, with the walking aphrodisiacs.

I rested on my bed until I fell asleep. Not many years had passed, maybe just two. After waking up (very late at night), I had some orange juice and looked at my laptop.

I have some creative customs: Jerk off and use bee honey as lubricant. I sometimes masturbate by pounding a frozen turkey from the supermarket or a mutilated armpit from the toy store, but that day I used only my hand because I was too horny to go and buy stuff. I've come to realize that bee honey makes your cock smooth enough to actually penetrate anything, so I thought that would do the job just fine. But that day I noticed some honey had stuck in my urethra.

Just before I feel doomed and give up, a funny mosquito goes inside my room through the window and saves me by drinking all the honey out of my dick.

“Oh, but look at yourself, my hero!” I say, with such excitement
“You're not one of those sick and dirty flies that go through garbage and rotten cabbage. You must be a royal creature baptized by divine water fountains of fine hotels and Greek hot

springs! Now tell me your name, so I can remember you forever and thank you eternally.”

He doesn't answer, but I continue to compliment his bravery.

“Ah, you're a man of few words aren't you? I like that. Why don't you join me for dinner tonight, I'm having fondue with my new friends.”

I take a shower and dressed myself up for such a special occasion. We get to the restaurant and the waiter shows us the table. We're the first ones to arrive. The waiter asks if we want to order some food already and I say:

“I'm waiting for more people yet. Will the fondue take long enough to be ready when they arrive?”

“Yes, sir, our chef is an expert on Swiss cheese. Would you like to have a bottle of wine already, or will you wait to open it until they join you?”

“Open it now,” I respond “I'm quite thirsty this evening.”

“That's an excellent choice, sir.” He says.

My friends, Francis and Edward, arrive together. I'd just met them both a week before and I was definitely eager to impress them.

“Hey, who's this new buddy you got here?” They ask, confabulated.

“He saved my life, so I’ll serve him some fondue with bread to thank him. Don’t worry, he’s got very fine manners and I’m sure he’ll behave.”

“Yeah,” Francis says “he definitely seems like an elegant fellow.”

The waiter takes the fondue to our table, places the fire under the bowl and puts the forks around the table.

“It looks absolutely amazing,” Edward says “you have a wonderful taste on food, my friend.”

“Not just on food.” I add “On friends too, would you look at how calm and quiet my mosquito has stayed the whole time?”

“He’s such a gentleman,” says Edward “I think he’s a keeper, man.”

Although my mosquito friend has a sting of the tier of a musketeer’s spade, he feeds himself slowly, with no hurry.

We all have a philosophical conversation about writing and artistry. When everybody has delighted itself with white wine and tasty cheese, we walk up to my limousine and the driver leaves everyone home.

My friend and I have had a long and wonderful day, so we head upstairs and throw ourselves to bed. I smile and snore while my bug rests on my chest.

The next day, he wakes me up by caressing and playing with my earwax. He gets my love going and tingles my brain.

This plants an amazing idea on my head:

What if I pour some honey on my cock again so it comes and blows me again?

I instantly go to the kitchen and grab the same bottle of honey and leave it on the table after making myself ready for the sweet and innocent stings of my bug. I decide I'll refill the same bottle over and over again as it is the one that brought me luck the first time.

The charismatic bug and lover of mine instantly goes inside my urethra and stings it with such passion.

My testicles pump enough sperm to quench a camel's thirst. I make him my submissive partner, he's better than Asian whores or Jerusalem skanks.

I have a meeting with Edward and Francis again, today. In the meantime, I'll keep my friend on a jar and starve him all day so he sucks harder the next time.

I arrive at the same restaurant again where I meet my friends.

"No mosquito today?" Edward asks.

"He's not here," I say "I decided to keep him in a jar while I'm gone so he sucks me off harder than yesterday."

"So what are we ordering today?" Francis asks.

"Whatever," I say "I'm really not that hungry."

They decide to order a meatloaf and some absinth lemonade.

I can't hold it in much longer. I need to meet with my lover again. "Excuse me, gentlemen," I say "but I need to get back to my place as soon as possible. We'll keep in touch."

I walk out and grab the first cab I see.

The second I turn the key and open the door of my house, I go to the kitchen and release my hungry partner. I put the honey on my cock and not a second goes by before he already begins to do the job. There goes my man again, ready to be fed.

I look at the chandelier on my living room while I feel how my mosquito stings hard my urethra. I bleed a little but that just makes me even harder.

I ejaculate, his wings must be covered with my load now.

"Nice session for today, my friend, I hope you perform as well as this tomorrow, you will be my slave now."

I go to take a shower and while I rub soap on my arms, I remember something; I left the door open this whole time. My man has left me. I was so impatient for him to please me that I forgot to shut the door, and because I made him starve the whole day, he must have gotten angry for what I did and ran away.

IV

I remember something I experienced on the old age Earth, before it turned into that semi-paradise, I mean. I was eating some Cantonese chicken by myself on a cheap Chinese restaurant. The shout of a petrified hobo was heard. Everyone on the place rushed outside see where it came from. It turns out that as the poor man was searching for something he could sell among the restaurant's garbage cans, he found the head of a stray cat. Every client felt naturally disgusted and couldn't help but vomit.

People ate all this food with absolutely no despicable approach towards it but then felt morally violated when they were explicitly shown its origin.

I felt more curious than disgusted about the subject. I investigated a little more on the cooking and eating of another "exotic" flesh, human flesh.

I managed to buy a human meatloaf for a reasonable price on the internet. I will not spoil to you the inherent beauty of the first bite as I believe that experience to be easier to live than to describe, but I will try to break down the whole obnoxious process I had to go through to acquire that delicious meal: The first annoying factor was that if your package does not arrive to your location, the seller will always stick to a no refunds policy.

They'd always choose a governmental delivery service, never a private one, and for a good reason too. You see, private carriers like UPS have the right to open your packages anytime they want. If they find something suspicious, then they'll immediately inform the cops. A governmental delivery service on the other hand, needs a warrant to open any box, however suspicious, and most of the deliverers don't give a shit unless they're specifically ordered by the authorities to look out for suspicious packages. The one thing I've learned is that in America you can get away with being a pedo, a cannibal, a rapist, etc. But the one thing you can never get away with is terrorism. So unless there is proof that you're trying to mail a homemade pipe bomb, neither the cops nor the post office will give a shit about your package.

If you were lucky enough to successfully receive the product, once you unboxed it you would notice it was cold. For this you would need a microwave oven to reheat it and have your meal warm.

Another factor was that the seller would most likely never agree to meet you on a dinner to have a fresh out of the oven dish unless he knew you for a long time and you were a close friend of his. Even if you both settled a date, it would be quite pricy.

Two other factors you may find unpleasant are the unusual large size and heavy smell of your feces. Other than those cons, it's a fairly easy to digest meal as it has never caused me no

constipation problems of any kind whatsoever and its taste is very palatable, it reminded me of bacon or pork chops.

It was a stirring process, needless to say. Fortunately, none of this is necessary in my new home. If Francis wouldn't have picked me up on his dildo shaped hyperspaceship, I would have already hung myself on a rafter.

I spent the evening eating cup noodles and watching porn. Then I saw a giant dildo on the lawn of my dead grandpa's house, where I lived, and it took me out of this shitty place.

V

Although my current personality is nothing like the one I had on Earth, I still manage to be in love with myself. I jerk off in the mirror and when I finish, I taste my own load. Sometimes I dress as a woman too. I wear a blonde wig, a yellow bikini and I paint my toenails to jerk off while looking at my reflection. Autogynesexuality. But not too often, I'd rather look at my original image.

I can also even reach my own cock and suck it, not because I practice any Kundalini shit, but because my self-obsession has made it possible. Before achieving such an extraordinary prowess, I almost got scoliosis from so much time I spent on trying to reach it.

One night, while practicing my wonderful narcissosexuality and katoptronosexuality, I stared at my face for too long. With no sleep, I noticed my face changed, my eyebrows thinned and raised abnormally high while my nose got bigger, my lips got thicker and my forehead disgustingly large. I did ejaculate as usual, but such a strange image made me have nightmares about it. I lost myself in the reflection and therefore lost my identity, but just for a few seconds.

The next day, I returned to my self-loving attitude again and forgot what had happened the night before. I discovered this wonderful state of mind when I was a teenager, I noticed that the more I grew up, the more I loved myself, and the more I loved myself, the more I underestimated people.

The only way I can stand a human being is if they've got garlic on their baked belly. A little butter too, maybe. I was never a killer or a misanthropist. I just thought nobody could ever come close to my ankles, not even to my toenails.

VI

As any walking aphrodisiac, my mother also died while giving birth to me, but most of these ladies always die while having the greatest fucking orgasm that not even their pedosexual husbands could ever give them.

That's not the only time I fuck someone to death, though. I did a dirty old slut for money once. Her face was as wrinkled and ugly as her cunt. It smelled like a quarantined beach. She said "If I beg you to stop and you do, I will not pay you shit, kid!" So when I started pounding her, she died on me. I think she wanted to die like that. Maybe she wanted to kill herself, but didn't want her family and children to think she was weak, so she wanted to make her death look like an accident. But in my opinion, I think she chose the best guy to do that job.

I was always a dangerously precocious kid. When I was 9 years old and sneaked into the bathroom to grope my older sister, Molly. She said she wouldn't ride a skinny little prepubescent dick and that I would have to wait until it got thick enough, whatever that means. In the meantime, she would only let me borrow her tampons. The smell of her sweaty vagina mixed with her blood clots was a true delight for me. She would always play the violin on the other room while I jerked off to her menstruation.

When I was 13, with a good enough cock, she “accidentally” walked in on me while I was taking a piss late at night and she grabbed my cock. She did it just to get a feel from it and see if it was ready. Without our mother, she had always been exclusively umbilical, but our relationship was much deeper now.

Although I know she was horny too, she said we should wait after school, when our father is still at work.

We held hands all the way home when school ended, and when we arrived, we rushed upstairs, without our hands ever separating from each other.

She undressed herself impatiently and then said “I’ve been waiting for this all day, I even thought about doing you on the bathroom at school.”

I thrust hard and put a lot of effort in her pussy, after all I wanted to lose my virginity only with her and nobody else.

“Is it you still don’t ejaculate or you haven’t orgasmed?” She said after finishing.

“I haven’t orgasmed,” I said “I almost didn’t feel anything.”

“Well, let me help you with that!”

She stroked it and spit on it, and when I finished on her mouth, she went to the bathroom and closed the door. I got all these questions on my mind, I started to get worried. What if she feels ashamed? What if my come wasn’t tasty enough? I

knocked on the door and asked “What’s the matter, Molly, you wanted this too, right?”

“Oh, yeah” she said “It’s just I’m brushing my teeth and I’m gonna take a shower.”

She suddenly opened the door and, after staring at my cock for a while, she licked her lips and then said “Well, it looks like you might use a shower too, don’t you think? Let’s take it together!”

Needless to say I came twice that day.

The last time I saw Molly was on a night club she worked at as a waitress. Her shift had recently ended, all the college kids were gone and her boss said it was up to her to close the place. So we were left alone and she put on some slow jazz music.

She said “Remember how you used to lick lemonade out of my clitoris and I moaned and blushed so hard I fainted?”

“Yeah, why don’t we do that anymore?”

“Our father caught us, that hypocrite and pedosexual ghoul.”

“Well, we got the whole place for ourselves now! Why don’t we dance a little and see what happens next?”

She grabbed my arms while I caressed her hips. I took deep breaths under her ear. Suddenly I felt her depressed tears on my shoulder, she was sobbing.

We made love that night, on the bar, on my car and on her shower. Then I woke up to a very chilling noise at 3. A.M. It was her, quietly humming “La, la, la, la, la, la. Dee, dee, dee, dee, la, la, la, dee, dee.” over and over. She sounded like if an avant-garde mescaline shaman had possessed her vocal cords. Then I could hear her voice hurt even harder, now almost crying. She sang like a brain-damaged Dracula on Quaaludes. Her taste in music was very strange. It almost seemed like she only listened the kind of songs that made her feel depressed, like if the only happiness she could ever find was in sadness and post-modern melancholy, feeling nostalgia for times you never lived and imagining a future where you don’t need to take drugs to be un-sad. When she walked into the room and laid her naked ass on the bed again, I pretended to be asleep. She really scared the shit out of me, to be honest, with her fucking “La, la, la, la, da, da, dee, dee, la, la, la.”

She shamelessly woke me up to talk.

“You know,” She said “right now I’m not feeling anything at all. As I place your hand on my tits, as I make you suck my nipples, I really don’t feel like I used to. I used to feel crazy, mad, angry, worried or horny. Now I don’t even feel anger. I want to feel something, anything.”

I knew it was her, not me. Sometimes I did feel like that, but after some Viagra it went away. She was a woman, though.

She started feeling depressed not because she had such an overwhelming human experience that she wouldn't take it anymore. On the contrary, I believe she lived her whole life inside her head. But pornography bricked her limbic system and the images kept playing and repeating endlessly on her head. I never suffered from anything like that. I must've grown a psychological callus, maybe. I got horny by looking at that kind of stuff too, but never got truly addicted to it, I always preferred my own image, my very divine shape.

So my father called me one day and said she drove drunk on rush hour and then came out of the windshield like a human cannonball. He was hysterical on the phone, screaming and crying "I'm telling you, son. Her fucking body looks like a piece of modern art! Why would she do this?"

She got frequently aroused by hardcore and illegal pornography. But that day, she completely regretted it and got too drunk.

"Don't worry," I said "please don't worry, dad."

My father agreed to my idea for her epitaph:

Molly Bertrand, a human cannonball and walking aphrodisiac

Molly told me she thought she was bipolar, but who knows, her brain was already bricked anyway.

But I sure loved feeling how fast time flew when her eyes looked at my cock. The white tops she liked to wear over her black bra. I loved her sweet face that made her look like a little

girl, looking for a nice guy like me. She was perfect with those freckles on her breasts. I loved how she used to tie a sweater around her waist to hide the menstruation stains on her schoolgirl skirt.

VII

Earlier this morning, I woke up with a cramp on my left testicle. I tried to masturbate, but the pain just couldn't let me focus on my divine and mythological body shape. It went away after taking a shit later in the evening, but I still wish that I would have jerked off sooner.

All of this reminds me of what a guy I met on a supermarket queue was talking to me about with such passion.

“Man, I really want to take a shit right now.” He said

“Well, if you want I can hold your place for you, it's bad to hold in that kind of stuff.”

“No, it's not like I need to, I just like to.”

After saying this, everyone else waiting in line raised their eyebrows, synchronized.

I asked “Do you mean like you feel relieved or something?”

“No, no, I like to eat it, you know. Have you ever tried it?”

“No, but maybe I will some other time.” I said, with the caution to not make him feel alienated.

“Well, you should really try it. I'll tell you how I started. When I was about 10 years old, I had my nails very long, because I was

too lazy to cut them. So one time, as I was wiping my ass, the toilet paper broke and got some shit on my finger. Normally this wouldn't have happened because my grandma used to wipe my ass for me. So I just looked at my finger, smelled it and finally tasted it. Ever since that day, it's my breakfast, every day."

"I guess that's a limit for many people." I answered, in an attempt to make him shut up.

"It's a rather paradoxical subject." He continued "For many people this may seem the lowest of the low, but I think my kind of people could argue that they have much power, since what many people consider a punishment, we consider it a grand delight."

Coprosexuality ain't my cup of tea, really. But I gotta give it to him, the punishment thing was very true. I watched many teenagers on Earth being blackmailed to film themselves eating their own shit. Many had such a hopeless look on their face, very emotional. However, this guy would have not been the case. He would even take laxatives, just so he could drink his diarrhea like a milkshake.

Francis would have loved this guy. He spoke with the same eloquence and passion as him. I never talked to the coprosexual after that. We both parted ways, as if he was any other random on the street.

VIII

I think of Edward Ambrose, my good friend, a forty year old man, a misogynist, woman-beater and the worst of all, an artist. He wore sunglasses, sophisticated ties and always smelled like rum and Coke.

He was the strange mix between laid back and psychotic.

His house was a big one, with chandeliers on every room and pink gargoyles all over the place. Francis loved gargoyles and he basically just loved having them on every house in town.

Anyways, we were eating fondue at Edward's house while talking about all the rape scandals there used to be on Earth, and he said "You know, this reminds me of a teacher I had on college. He fucked a girl from the class, a student. One day, she accused him of forcing her to blow his dick, but this teacher pulled off a wonderful alibi. Since he had secretly taped every single one of their fucking sessions, the videos served as a proof it was consensual sex."

"Nice." I said "Let me guess, you were in law school."

"No, philosophy actually. A very fine gentleman he was, if you ask me."

Edward liked to share his girlfriend, Elvira, with me. He was definitely a cuck (although he always denied being a cuck). He

would just sit in a chair and look directly at the action, never participating. Actually, sometimes I thought he developed some obsessive-compulsive disorder and that maybe he felt too scared of getting diseases. I thought maybe too much rum and coke was driving him insane. But then it turned out to be something else:

The first time I fucked Elvira, she came before me and then said she had to go to the bathroom, immediately. I talked for a while with Edward and he said “You know, I wish I could fuck her like I used to, but as soon as I put my cock inside of her, it goes limp. I don’t feel comfortable participating on it, at least on real life. On my dreams, however, I always feel delighted while pounding someone.”

The son of a bitch couldn’t get it up anymore, at least not in real life.

Elvira opened the bathroom door and said she had taken a shower. Her impatient clitoris left me quite horny, so I went inside the bathroom to jerk off while looking at my reflection. After finishing, I took a piss and noticed the toilet looked way too clean and it smelled like some lavender deodorant. Elvira had definitely taken a shit, but maybe knowing how neurotic Edward was, she had cleaned it all up. This was killing her and she was still very young.

One evening, she came to my house and told me Edward had gotten too violent with her. I grabbed her arm, took her to my

bedroom, sat her on my bed and kissed all her wounds. I took her to my bathtub and rubbed all her body with hot water. I tucked her in bed and lied down beside her.

I fed her for a week and made love to her every morning. On the night, I always bathed her with my hands and a sponge.

“I regret having met him, I really do.” She said, while sobbing.

“I’ll work it out, don’t you worry. You’ll be safe with me.”

She then calmed down, laughed and told me “I’ll tell you something funny. Edward would walk out of the room and say ‘I’ll be right back, I gotta jerk off.’ And as always, he’d come quickly, but he’d then wait until a half hour had passed so he’d trick me into thinking he was a stud, but he actually isn’t.” I laughed and then kissed her on the neck a little more.

Her Cleopatra haircut and soft hands were so hot. I made love to her and when she fell asleep, I went to Edward’s house. I still didn’t decide whether I’d kill him or just confront him, but I just thought I’d improvise. I’ve made the best decisions on my life at the last minute.

The doorknob was warm and as I turned it to walk inside, the air felt too hot, even for a summer night.

“Hey, Edward,” I said “what the fuck? Are you cooking something or what?”

I went to his bedroom, I noticed his heating was on, but I didn't know why. Why would he ever do that? I found him passed out right on the keyboard of his laptop. He was dead.

I never spoke to Elvira again. She moved on just fine, fucking and sucking as good as always. She didn't need my support anymore.

It was all my way of playing God. I had learned from Francis to take care of the unfortunate. Only a man with such a big heart like his could ever stand to do this thing as a full time job.

Taking care of Elvira was wearing me out, to be honest. Making breakfast for her and bathing her was so stirring. I could never do what Francis does.

Personally, I don't believe in that Christian shit about loving your neighbor until it hurts. It's a shit belief. I would never die for someone who wouldn't die for me.

I really don't respect Jesus Christ, neither do I care about him, but I do admire what he did. He lived up to his beliefs. He must have been a madman or a masochist in order for that to happen.

I don't think Francis cares about him either, he believes to be his own god, but he certainly likes to act like him.

IX

I remember something else of my younger years. At 19 years old I bought a whole seed of nutmeg and ate a quarter of it. I wouldn't say I experienced many hallucinations, but I definitely felt some euphoria.

I went outside and screamed very loud, for no apparent reason other than I just felt like I really could do anything. No words, just a loud and murder-like scream. I got a dry mouth after that, a lot of thirst and a light headache.

I woke up, still feeling buzzed but with no hangover. I had a lot of water, maybe a gallon, I don't remember.

I was intrigued by that experience so much, that I decided to repeat it the following days, but this time with a twist. I still had nutmeg in my kitchen and only needed to get the other stuff I had in mind. Prozac and coffee. Prozac to prevent migraine and coffee to not fall asleep during the trip. It was also good for thirst. I used the same amount of nutmeg, a quarter of the seed. I think it's the perfect dose because it's not as overwhelming as a whole seed but still very efficient.

I used a mortar to smash both the Prozac and the nutmeg and then dissolved them both on the drink. At last, I improvised and added some bee honey for the taste.

After about some ten minutes, I felt it.

At 19 years old, I obviously already had a place of my own and a driver's license. I got out of my place, and the walk to the garage of the building felt eternal. I felt my feet barely touching the ground. I never liked cars, so I bought a bike instead, a Japanese motorcycle. I put my helmet on, turned the bike on and drove with no particular destination.

The highway was near the sea and with no traffic at all, it was a solitary night. Suddenly, I felt the whole ocean at once. An ocean full of tampons, six pack rings and agonizing turtles with straws on their nostrils.

I felt the reefs frowning upon me. With my lack of mental presence and polyester shorts, I thought I wouldn't care about those things, but I did. It was awful.

I got out of my bike, dropped the helmet and sprinted to the beach, even though it felt more like jogging, with less movement but more adrenaline. I apologized to the ocean "I'm sorry," I said "I hope you can forgive my carbon monoxide, sir." I got on my knees, weeping like a bitch. After a while, I stopped crying and cleaned up my tears with the neck of my shirt and blew my nose with my arm. I threw the shirt away, as a gift from me to the ocean. And then I was left with nothing but my shorts and sandals, I even forgot my helmet there, on the beach.

Fortunately, there were no cops around and the weather wasn't cold enough to kill me, but my nipples were still very hard.

After that, the sentimentality was over and my ego was back up. I felt so alive, capable of everything. I got on my bike again and drove even faster. The highway didn't have many curves, and I had drove around it long enough to know it well, so I could allow myself to drive faster.

I closed my eyes and let go the handles for a moment. I stayed in that position for about five minutes. I felt like I was fucking my motorcycle. I was even thinking about stopping to masturbate because my bike felt so hot on my ass cheeks. I still had my eyes closed, and I was almost begging for a car to come and kill me.

On a bike, at enough speed, death is always certain. That's what appealed to me about bikes. On a car, you can still be left alive, but very badly crippled, even with the right speed.

Having so much control over myself made me feel untouchable.

The night was going away, and the drive felt very fulfilling as the sun came up. I got back to my place, and the sheets on my bed were so cool and nice, I slept until midday. However, I don't remember lying down on my pillow and I think I convulsed a little before falling asleep because I woke up with a lot of saliva next to me and my tongue hurt a little.

Well my friends, the mud is tall enough and I must go now. It was nice to spend my time in such a nice place, I really bless you all. I must go with the Gods now, the menstruating cunts, teenage whores, wrinkled cunts and hard ejaculations. But you

can say I died doing what I loved, talking good about myself while insulting everything and everyone and not giving a shit about the ultra-importance and magnitude of hyper-space dimensions.

**PART THREE,
EDWARD
AMBROSE**

I

I made a small fortune on Earth by selling virgin hair with a friend and I, his name was Spencer. We first acquired the product the easy way. I designed a website that claimed to use your donated hair for oncological wigs, cancer kids and other people in need. Gullible hypocrites would send us thousands of inches of hair every month on our post office box. With the money, we got a budget big enough to move into Bangkok for six months. You see, we moved there because Asian people have thicker hair than Americans, and the thicker it is, the better price you can sell it for. What we would do is go around malls and see a bunch of Asian schoolgirls with ponytails, our pot of gold. Schoolgirls always have the best hair, because not only is it young, but they most likely have never dyed it either. That's what makes it virgin. Yes, some of them would already smoke or vape (which sticks around in their scalp and makes it thinner), but it was still pretty good hair.

So I would walk up to them, with sunglasses and a cap, and pull a tourist personality. I pointed to somewhere, ask for directions and they'd laugh at me for not speaking Asian. In the meanwhile, Spencer would go behind them, cut their ponytails and run away. I'd shout "Hey, come back here, you maniac!" and run away too.

We tried doing the same in night clubs with passed out girls, but they all had their hair loose and it would be too slow for us to make ponytails, so we left that method after a week and kept doing the schoolgirls.

The day before we left, we stopped at two low cost schools with handguns and masks. We threatened the teachers. Spencer spoke to them in Asian and then made all the little girls line up with ponytails and we cut their hair. We never killed anybody, we just took their hair. Some melodramatic bitches would cry and complain about it, but Spencer would wisely slap them and make them shut up.

We made a really big fortune, a hundred thousand dollars was our goal, but we made over half a million. We split it and took a small vacation on Cancun.

Even as a grown up woman, you don't need to be Rapunzel to make good money for your hair. If you have long, curly and thick blonde hair, you could easily make over \$500 dollars. If you still have virgin hair or a daughter with nice hair, just make sure to use sulfate-free shampoos and never style the hair with heat because that will lower the value of it. A nice and thick virgin ponytail could easily make your wallet a \$1000 dollars richer.

The buyer was a thing to watch out for. You should never accept any other form of payment that isn't electronic because otherwise you'll get fucked by college kids like Spencer and I.

After our vacation, we decided we'd invest it on something. That was the hardest part, to think about how to multiply our fortune. We didn't agree in a lot of stuff, so we parted ways. I think Spencer kept doing the same for a living. I got a job in a magazine, writing articles and earning about \$500 bucks a week.

II

At the time of working at the magazine, I was 21 years old (I am 46 now). Suddenly, in the middle of the night, while I am masturbating in the shower, before my come drops in the tile beneath me, someone breaks into my bathroom and takes me in a dildo-shaped spaceship. Before I can do anything about it, I fall asleep and then wake up with a boner in a big bedroom. I see a girl naked, with freckles on her chest and with hair like Cleopatra, checking out her make up on the mirror. “Who are you?” I asked “Where the fuck am I?”

“Relax.” she said “I’m Elvira, Francis introduced us on the pub last night, don’t you remember?”

“No, not one bit.”

“It must be the jet-lag.” She said

“Did we fuck?” I ask

“Well, you tell me, I can still feel your come dripping down my thighs.”

“You don’t remember either?”

“I do, but not the whole details, your breath made me kind of drunk, did you take any alcohol on Earth?”

“Just some Lambrusco wine, but how could that make you drunk?”

“Well, we’re not used to real alcohol over here, we all drink reduced absinth with lemon, it’s basically just the taste and no alcohol, but it’s quite good. That means we all have a very low tolerance on Earthling alcohol. Francis told me you were a new guy.”

“Well, then.” I said “Lay down next to me for a while, alright? I need some company.”

“Sure.” She said.

With her nice ass on the bed, I could feel her better. Elvira’s Cleopatra hair smelled like Pompeii fumaroles mixed with garlic bread. Her cheeks tasted like avocado and cucumber.

“What’s your last name?” I asked “I got your first name but not the last.”

“Grandfemme.” She said “What’s yours?”

“Edward Ambrose”

“So are you the real thing, Edward?”

“Well, Elvira Grandfemme, I think you’re a keeper. The way you walk around the room, shamelessly naked, I think you’re absolutely great.”

“You haven’t slept with many women, have you?”

“I haven’t. I’d never noticed how necessary sex is until I woke up to your image on the bathroom. Those nipples are the lifelong dream of any Oedipus complex newborn, I think they’re...”

“Shut up, go fuck some other women and see if you still love me.”

That’s how tauntingly she talked to me, at first. I got her to respect me a little more after I started to beat the fuck out of her whenever she tried to get rough with me, hitting me. Completely correct thing to do from my part, bitches can’t just go around hitting people. I never punched her too hard, I just slapped her on her cheek with the back of my hand.

Elvira squirted rainbows for all I knew, with leprechauns on her pot of gold, maybe.

I cried the second time I fucked her. She pepper sprayed me with her squirts and made my eyelids itch. I locked myself in the bathroom so she wouldn’t see how much of a vulnerable faggot I was.

I really couldn’t control it, I was hysterical. I felt like she was dropping powder on my lungs. Her tits felt warm like the barrel of a revolver just after being shot. She was beautiful on a sunflower field, where bees told me who she was, why she was there and what I had to do.

Elvira smelled like a barbiturate doing yoga by the sea with flip-flops on. She looked so good when she closed her eyes, stuck her tongue out and asked me to put my cock on her palate.

Her twenty year old sweaty fragrance penetrated my immune system and turned my tears into holy water.

She was gone after the last argument. All I remember is I started it. I yelled at her about something I can't recall. I slapped her very hard and then she spit me in the eye and got out of my place. I yelled at her so hard I needed a drink for my sore throat.

We were together for 25 years, technically, even though they only felt like two because time in here is nothing like time on Earth, in here it all goes a little faster, I can even feel it influencing the way I write.

I'm 46 years old and she's probably 43, but she still looks as young as I met her.

III

Enough talking about Elvira, I'm sick of it. I'm sick of that Medusa. It's time for me to keep on telling you more about me and my genius life.

My parents died in a car crash when I was seven years old. Very cliché, I thought God could think of something better than that, but it was also kind of their fault. But I'm getting ahead of myself, let me explain:

They argued a lot that day, before dying. They were only screaming and throwing stuff at each other. Then they took me to the highway. "Hey," My father said, while unbuckling himself from his seat "let's play hide and seek!"

"But dad," I said "We're in the middle of the highway."

"You just close your eyes and count to ten, alright?"

After closing my eyes, I felt his hands pushing me against the traffic. I realized what was happening and screamed while a truck approached me. My parents laughed on the car, sadistically.

Before the truck actually ran me over and killed me, the driver got to turn the wheel. He killed both of my parents, luckily.

It was an odd day, with some cops calling me a hero while others called me a miracle.

My divorced aunt, Lucy, took me in after that. She was a hot woman, like any other divorced mother. I never got to fuck her, unfortunately, she was too busy in work. After masturbating and fantasizing about her every night, I eventually got over them. I didn't give a shit about her anymore.

She had a little girl called Helen. I used to have sentimental relationship with Helen's pacifier. It all started on a midweek morning as I was having breakfast while my aunt was feeding my cousin:

"Ugh" said my aunt "She always spits the peas. I'll have to go to the bathroom and clean myself up."

I was left alone with Helen. I just looked at her pacifier, grabbed it and thought "I wonder what it feels like to use one"

I put it inside my mouth, between my front teeth and clumsily tried to kind of chew it. Helen just chuckled at what I was doing, I guess she thought I was trying to do a silly joke with her or something, I don't know. She always had a good sense of humor.

After that, I couldn't help but to fall in love with it. In the night time, when everybody had gone to bed, I got my fill of that pacifier. My aunt always placed it on a table near my cousin's cradle, so I had to tiptoe across the squeaky oak wood floor to

avoid waking her up. I sat on a chair and quietly repeated the same process from the first time. The fact I was actually getting better at it made me blush. It really made me feel so calm and fulfilled when I learned how to suck on the pacifier without drooling or chewing it.

Whenever something on school upset me or made me feel stressed, I knew I could just rely on that pacifier. Some people drink, others masturbate but all I wanted to do is have another second more with my good friend.

This went on and on until some years later. My aunt was cleaning up Helen's bedroom and when she found the pacifier, she said to her "I guess you won't need this anymore, you'll be 4 in a few weeks!"

"Yes mom. I don't like it, it's boring and it makes me feel like a baby."

"Well," She said "I'm glad you grew out of it!"

I thought about getting another one for myself, but what she said was true, it is boring. Although it was fun while it lasted, I think that kiddie and immature stuff was way beneath me.

I could lie saying I didn't know what I was doing, or that I was too young and that at such age everyone acts like a mouth breather, but I do know why I did it. I just felt like doing something pathetically disgusting and ridiculous, and I did it.

Because that's what I'm all about, just doing what I want to do, when I want to do it.

Helen grew up to be a flirtatious hot girl, but I never had any interest of fucking her. Besides, by that time I had better stuff to think about than some undeveloped hebe cunt.

That's when I moved to a place of my own and met Spencer. Then we did the virgin hair thing and, as I said before, got a job at a magazine.

IV

I like to write the kind of stuff that nobody would ever dare to plagiarize. I like my readers to develop a Stockholm syndrome with me. I promise them I'll only stick the tip, but before they realize it, I've already gone balls deep inside their ass, and they absolutely love it.

But why would anyone want to plagiarize that kind of stuff anyway? Well, I don't know if someone would like to rip it off, but I'm sure that with enough relevance and time, it will get lost in translation, just like God and the bible.

On Earth I was obviously underappreciated. My writing always came to the wrong time because on Earth any time was the wrong one to write what I write. Although, I've heard they're making a revolution, the leader is a guy called Gaugeman or something.

I began writing the way I do since I was 12 years old. You could argue there must have been some form of neglect in my foster childhood in order for that kind of thing to happen, but there wasn't. It wasn't like I could go out and get drunk somewhere. No, it is just that I was too smart for my aunt, she could never be possibly aware of what I wrote or what I did most of the time, and I always disguised myself as a nice child.

I also have very good memory. I don't remember my whole life, but my memory is sharp enough to make emotions like embarrassment and resentment show up at the worst time. Good memory helps me write everything exactly like I remember it. I don't like adding too much detail, but it's good to know what the fuck I'm talking about.

Since I've dedicated myself to writing every day, or at least every week, my mind has been set up to run a thousand thoughts per minute. I had plenty of good ideas every day, but most of the time it was difficult for me to write them down because I kept forgetting. I couldn't carry my laptop everywhere and I refused to write notes on paper. The best thing I could come up with was buying a portable voice recorder, with a microphone attached and all. I bought a very compact one which is small enough to carry it around in my pocket and it's not outrageously big enough for anyone to think I'm an undercover narc. It also has a great battery life too.

Every time I think of something good or witty to write but I'm not in front of my laptop at the comfortable chair in my studio, I just record myself saying the line. I then get to my house, listen to the recordings and type all on my laptop. It was such an easy solution that I couldn't believe I hadn't thought of it before.

Of course, my recordings and writings are always disorganized, but that's easy to fix, that ain't a problem with me. There are certain thoughts and ideas you should never let go. If you let yourself forget that witty thing you had in mind, you'll regret it

for the rest of your life. If ten years after writing your magnum opus, you think of something else good to say, then that's as pathetic as coming up with a good insult after the argument has already ended.

I've hung around with people here enough to study their way of speaking and thinking. I tried to do the same on Earth, but as you may guess, some people are very temperamental about having a writer or journalist as a friend. There was this guy that did, let's say, illegal stuff. When I told him I was a writer he said "I am this close of kicking you. Take back what you said, snitch."

"I'm not a snitch, I'm a writer, a fiction writer, like screenplays and shit. If I ever write about you, I'll skip your name or make up a pseudonym. I would never write about you on an incriminating way."

"Seriously, man. I can't believe you're betraying me like this. You let someone cry their heart out with you and don't even warn them you're a fucking writer? You're a fucking psycho."

I felt so urged to give him a side-eye and tell him to fuck off, but instead I calmed him down and said "Don't worry, I won't write anything with your name on it."

He was so stubborn and kept going on about how much of a "psycho" I am as he ironically kept on telling me more stuff and giving me more wonderful material.

Here I still always surround myself with other writers, and so I found Pharmacious. He approached me after I read a short story in the CSM downtown theater as an intermission. It was a story narrated by a cat that watched how his owner, Luna, burns her bastard son in the oven. “Brilliant!” Pharmacious said “Your story is absolutely great. If you got more stories like that, I’ll buy you a drink.” He then shook my hand and introduced himself.

“So did you really like my style?” I asked

“Oh yeah,” He said “It’s great, I love it, I wanna have more of it.”

We became good friends ever since. I even introduced him to Elvira.

Francis likes to hang around with us too, even though he says he doesn’t believe in writing. He made this clear on our first group meeting:

“You know, gentlemen, I really don’t believe in literature as a whole. In my own opinion, I say it is only truly great in the hands of people like us, but as for the whole universe, I believe there are more relevant ways of expressing greater subjects.”

Nobody made comments about that, we just let the quote stand for itself.

“Hey, Edward,” Pharmacious said, deflecting the conversation “you told me you used to write some stuff on an earthling magazine right?”

“Yeah,” I said “why?”

“Well, were you ever afraid of getting killed by radicals or extremists who found your work offensive? You know, Charlie Hebdo style.”

“Yeah, I received death threats a lot. But if no earthling has ever threatened to kill you some time in your life, then you haven’t achieved anything important in your life.”

“True, man, true.”

We talked about a lot of stuff, but unlike them, who drank absinth lemonade, I decided to have actual booze, a Cuba libre. That caused me to not retain the substance of our entire conversation.

I met a guy called Peter on the magazine. He wasn’t really a friend of mine, but more of an obligatory acquaintance (like any other coworker I ever had). He was a vegan but still read physical books instead of electronic ones. I often confronted him about it in a rhetorical manner. “But Peter,” I said “aren’t paperbacks doing to trees the same that fur coats are doing to animals?”

He then ignored the question and gave me a speech about metamodernism. “Not at all,” He said “let me explain. What I

do is called metamodernism. Metamodernism is all about using self-mockery and jokes to make meditational progress and get to spiritual resolutions in an unorthodox way. Yes, I am killing trees, but maybe I'll get to save a thousand more if I learn something valuable from these books.”

He was always talking about making progress, but at the same time he listened to The Ink Spots and Billie Holiday. He wasn't a stoner like all the other guys in the magazine, but that doesn't mean he was better than them. In fact, if he never took drugs (because he said it would screw up his healthy diet) then that means he was an imbecile since birth.

I remember this stoner I met on the magazine, Charlie. Charlie liked explaining his stonerisms to me. “Oh, man,” He said “you don't know what you're missing. Weed is the most saint plant to ever exist.”

“But,” I said “the fucking smell bothers me. It's awful for me every time you light up a joint in the office. It smells like actual shit, being smoked.”

“No, man, it's worth it. What if marijuana and DMT show you the actual reality? Think about it. When you're sober there are so many filters and chemicals in your head making you linger on the same thing and ignore your surroundings.”

“To me it's very empty. Now you think about this: What if the human mind has certain boundaries? I can't see light and color as it actually is when I'm sober because that's the boundary of

my mind. That means that if drugs help you take off filters and pay attention to everything at once, then you'll be a slave. You can't unsee that other reality and therefore you feel stuck and frustrated. You can't go back to it while sober because you're human."

"I guess so, but don't you think that maybe someday there'll be a drug that helps you see reality as it is and stay that way after the effect is gone? I don't mean like having a bad trip, I mean just growing and transcending as a human being."

"Well, Charlie," I said "I don't think that will ever happen. In any case it already exists but nobody will market it for the same reason that nobody will sell you a lightbulb that never burns out. It's not good for the market to have a drug that you only need to take once. It's better for them to keep you coming on the same shit over and over."

Charlie stayed quiet and then went to the bathroom at work, ignoring my presence. My words were obviously too overwhelming for his stoned mind.

He never attempted to chit-chat with me again. He never showed any anger towards me, but I mind-fucked him so hard that he wouldn't be able to take it for a second time.

The thing is that one day his weed habit would end up killing him.

On one of his usual solitary evenings, he smoked Sapphire Kush and got munchies. He had a good snack on his kitchen that he got on a Mexican-American street market the day before; A box of 40 avocados for the “inexpensive cost” of just ten bucks. He grabbed one, sliced it in half and after looking at it confused, he said to himself “Shouldn’t these come with a seed? Ah, I guess that’s why they were so cheap.” He dipped his thumb on it and tried it. The taste was funny and even the skin felt too soft, but the shiny green color of it made him feel like they were reasonably edible.

He made two big bowls of guacamole out of them. The blender did most of the work. He just added the salt, a little pepper and onion. He had already bought some chips the day before too.

Laughing in front of his desktop, watching videos of people falling off stairs, what a gas it was for him! Time flew without him even noticing he had practically just eaten 40 avocados in one sit. By the time he had thrown up and felt sick enough to call an ambulance, he was already doomed.

It turns out that he was scammed (surprise, surprise) by those sneaky merchants. The avocados were visibly rotten, but marijuana made him see everything more colorful and shiny than it actually was and so it made him ignore the actual unhealthy and wasted look of it.

That’s why I’ve never liked Marijuana or any other drugs, I think they mess with your digestion and sleep schedule.

Everyone on the magazine, except Peter and I, was either a stoner or a junkie. Everyone showed up to the office with their eyes red and their pupils dilated as fuck. They walked around with a ton of tetrahydrocannabinol in their stomach, but the boss never gave them shit as long as they did their job.

For me none of that is necessary, I'm fine with some good asshole. I never met someone there who enjoyed sex more than weed.

However, I did use to be a heavy drinker before Elvira left me. I've quit alcohol now, cold turkey. Alcohol is a sneaky drug, it may not look like it's fucking with you but it is.

I didn't realize for a long time that I'm actually an amateur drinker, very amateur, and not even in a charming way.

I'd have some rum and coke, maybe just two glasses. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I'd wake up from my blackout and go to the bathroom. I'd take a shit, nothing unusual at this point. I'd sit in the toilet staring at the wall like an imbecile before wiping my ass, and then I'd get the urge to throw up. It was a very difficult position. The first time it happened, I didn't have anywhere else to throw up other than the toilet. So the first time, I had to spread my thighs wide open in the toilet seat and kind of let the vomit go inside there. A little of puke would come out of my nose and drip around my leg and stain my shirt, but I was alright in the end. Every time, ever since, I keep a bucket near the toilet, for any reason and not just for hangovers.

Vomiting, for whatever reason, always brings me a strange feeling of euphoria and maybe a little energy. I thought that the more I threw up, the better was the brand. Again, I was very amateur.

I don't remember how I picked it up or why. Maybe when I started having so much money and time that I could afford to pick it up.

Anyways, instead of expensive booze or drugs that will fuck up my stomach, I have now come up with a mystic ritual to use ever since Elvira left me. Before going to sleep, I turn on the heating (even though it's summer). This encourages my body to raise its temperature unusually high, and that way I get fever dreams. The over-heated room causes me to wake up in the middle of the night. I turn off the heating and hypnagogically write about what I dreamt. Fantasies, desires, etc.

Today I woke up in a very Mother-Theresa-can-fuck-off kind of mood. Today would be a really uneventful day if it wasn't for the fever. I always love the euphoria that comes afterwards. It makes me feel much more agreeable with myself and the world, it's really great. It's a stupid thing, I know, but after all, boredom and loneliness makes you do weird and crazy things.

I've been using this method for a while, and the only down sight I notice is the lack of organization in thoughts, which are typed fast, but without minding their order. I guess it's obvious I'm doing that right now.

V

I've become a shameless and disgusting zeta male, but I do like to fuck women every now and then. Some dreams come up:

On the beach, midday. The sand smells like barracuda semen and starfish menstruation. Then I find Sylvia Plath (The woman who lived like a Nazi and died like a Jew) with her feet covered in sand and her knees lying on a towel. A white swimsuit cradles her luscious bum. She instantly rides my cock, while I explain to her why she doesn't need to be depressed in order to write and that my fellows and I always write out of narcissism. I penetrate her bowels and she screams "Daddy, daddy! Come on, punish me!"

My sperm pumps steroids and serotonin into her nervous system. I have turned her into a walking pheromone. Her DNA and polynucleotides forever altered by my load.

Such a rough fucking session almost gave me a hernia so Sylvia and I take a break to walk around the beach. We see baby Jesus on a sand castle. I grab his neck and drop him off on the sea.

"You really didn't have to do that." she says, with her fake British accent.

"Yes, I did. Fuck him. He's responsible for our suffering. Shit, he died for our sins before we even had any."

I finger her throat and then she vomits on her belly button. I sniff it all with a straw, jerk off and ejaculate in her mouth. She kisses me hard and makes me taste my own load like a bird mother feeding her newborn. I truly love this woman and I must show her what a good death looks like.

I push her on the sand and she laughs, inebriated. Her white teeth deserve a good kiss, so I start with that. The night shines and the lack of lamps around here make the constellations rise up. I love to finger Sylvia's vulva and hear her moan. This is the kind of girl you would even love to hear her intestines gurgle as she shits in her old lady diaper. The kind of bitch I'd like to smell her placenta as she breeds a walking aphrodisiac and hands it to me.

"I better hang myself while the noose is warm" she says.

I shut her mouth, place my cock inside her cunt and choke her as I thrust. I put so much pressure on her that she can't even cough. A thousand light years go by as I finish and notice her purple face. Too bad for her, though. She didn't get to read the poem I made for her:

I know you'll love my oyster

It looks like a rollercoaster,

But it tastes like lobster

I wanna put charcoal on your cunt,
I'll use a funnel
And fuck you like a train through a tunnel

I'll make you squirt tsunamis
You'll puke barbiturates on my gullet
And I'll let you eat my shit like chocolate

I like your prostitute sandals,
With the sand between your toes,
And my eardrums echoing your voice,
I wanna fuck your menopause

Oh, well. At least she died with the greatest come in town inside her.

The heat is incredibly strong, I need to put some ice on my head or otherwise I'm going to faint. I know the temperature change can be deadly, but I can't stand it anymore. After I fresh up my temples, I'll continue to write again:

Sister Joan Agnes, the Mexican whore-nun, walks into my room while taking Anne Frank's corpse by the hand. I jerk off while watching them both fuck.

"Ah, Joan, I knew your poems could only be the product of a repressed necrolesbian mind."

"Would you shut up?" She says with her Mexican accent "I'm trying to lick this Jewish girl's clitoris."

As Joan fingers Anne's twat I notice she has a Marijuana tattoo on her ass cheeks. She squirts all over Anne Frank's gas-chambered face and then sticks Chinese fireworks up her ass. She lights a Tijuana match and makes the pyro-show begin while I abuse myself.

William Shakespeare, the man who could barely write his own name, enters the room, walking pompously with red high heels and his homo mustache and bombastic clothes. He carries a plate with dog shit and eats it before my eyes and then tells me how he ripped off a black lady and then gave her no credit for it. "I slapped that bitch and told her to shut up after raping her ebony ass."

"But weren't you a gay male, William?" I respond.

"Ah, well, you know how curious can a man's genitals be sometimes. I craved for a good ebony cunt one night, and then I killed two birds in one stone."

“I think you’re just another misogynist homosexual, there is plenty of your kind over here. I’m kind of a man going my own way too, but I’m not a homosexual like you.”

He slaps me and then says “How dare you, you ignorant peasant, to doubt of my infinite wisdom?”

I got into a fistfight with William and then fucked him in the ass with an anchor. Christopher Columbus came in, glanced at me skeptically, and then said “Where did you get that anchor? I bet it would be very useful for my crew, would you like to go with me on a new trip I have in mind?”

“Sure, I said.”

And so it happened, I ripped off those Spaniards and got away with their gold. After all, Columbus was just an opportunistic, Italian gigolo, who liked to hump the Spanish queen while the cuckold king watched.

VI

Earth was so toxic for me that I always felt the urge to harm vertebras of any sort every now and then, strangle them, kill them, and rape them. All in that order. Again, it wasn't me, it was the awful toxicity of earthling assholes.

There was this Argentinian vitiligo girl I used to fuck back in high school. She said the vitiligo grew on her pussy first before anywhere else. I always liked to come on her café latte cunt every time I could. The vitiligo was on her knees, her elbows, around her mouth and on her collarbone. She invited me to come over her house one night, she was alone. I fucked her hard enough and then strangled her on the shower. Strangling has always been my favorite method of killing, it leaves the body very clean. You can keep fucking it even after a day. I never risk myself to fuck it after 24 hours since I killed it, because I tried it with her, and then the disgusting smell of a dead ass stuck around my glans for a whole week. I am such a hypochondriac I felt my cock itchy every night, like fleas crawling in my testicles and milking my prostate (but not in the good way).

I wasn't always the expert I am now. In fact, I was such a novice, the second time I did it, I tried to iron the body so it could "Keep itself warm for longer."

I did kill another girl on the next months, but don't worry about her earthling ass because I dropped more shit on her than she dropped blood on me!

I went to a burrito van, and this young café latte schoolgirl with a ponytail was taking the orders. I saw her spit a little on my taco and put some boogers on it. I waited for her outside until she finished her shift. I abducted her and locked her ass in my basement. I took a shit all over her until she fainted from the heavy smell of my turds. I took the tape off her mouth and when she woke up, she screamed on her Latino accent "Faggot! What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Oh," I said "you're gonna have to be a little more creative than that because calling someone a homosexual has stopped being an insult ages ago!"

I wanted to strangle her like the others, but she started to talk way too much, so I just shot her in the head.

I've always found my boundaries very strange, I like to fuck warm corpses of girls yet I always get disgusted when I see someone sneeze or pick their nose. Since a few years ago, I preferred to watch people fuck instead of participating. Watching them serves me as a very valuable form of inspiration. I even got better at observing porn, rather than just getting off to it.

If you think my attitudes sound very obsessive compulsive, then you should have met my coworker Leonard.

He would start an argument with me every time I ordered soup on a restaurant and then did what he called “Soup noises”.

“You fucking Neanderthal.” He shouted, not giving a shit that we were in public. “Do you really need to make those annoying noises when you eat?”

“What noises?” I asked

“You fucking know what I’m talking about. Can’t you drink the soup without blowing your lips every time?”

“Blowing my lips? You’re overreacting, Leonard.”

“Just don’t fucking do it anymore.” He said

I took another sip of my soup as loud as I could, knowing how it would bother him. He snatched the bowl out of my hand and threw it against the window on our left. He didn’t break the window, but sure as shit caused a big scene.

“I fucking told you! Now you’re only doing it to annoy me, aren’t you?”

A waitress called the manager. The manager was as young as me, but he definitely knew that Leonard was a nutcase.

“Sir,” The manager said “I’m gonna have to ask you to leave.”

“You’ll see, Eddie” Leonard was the only imbecile to call me Eddie, “I’ll tell the boss how you’re purposely trying to trigger my misophonia!”

He got out of the restaurant, punching the air and mad at himself while I calmly said to the manager “Listen, man, I’m sorry. Here’s a hundred bucks for the trouble.”

Working at the magazine paid fairly well and a hundred bucks weren’t big deal. I never got fired because of Leonard. I actually got a raise after I told the boss I paid the bowl he broke.

I’m getting dizzy now. I can feel my veins about to burst and the heat making my chest too small for my heart, so I go to the kitchen downstairs, put some ice in a bag and let it cool my forehead so I can write something, maybe a short story.

JACK MARICON

Jack Maricon became blind when he was a teenager because of his negligent mother. That means he can't watch porn anymore, so he is thinking about getting some pornographic braille books, of they even exist yet. He stands up from his seat, walks out of his cheap place and catches a bus, guided by its heavy smell of petrol.

Jack became so good at being blind that he never even needed a cane. Anybody who looked at him would think he's just another avoidant agoraphobic wearing sunglasses at night.

He arrives and walks up to the librarian. She's an old lady with dandruff on her bureaucratic shirt, he can smell the cheap shampoo on her dry and thin hair.

"Hello, do you happen to have pornographic braille books?"
He asks, shamelessly horny.

The lady, who was busy looking at her computer and neglecting the poor man, quickly looks at him and says "I don't think such a genre exists, son, but we have a braille translation of the bible available. Would you like to take that?"

He agreed, while thinking to himself "Well, fuck it. The bible is mostly porn anyways, I guess I'll have to settle with that."

The librarian handed Jack the bible and kept an eye on him as he went to the back of the library in an uncrowded area and sat down to “read”. He couldn’t wait to take the book home with him because there was a lot of sexual tension building up on his crotch.

As Jack feels the dots with his fingertips and imagines Mary reaching his cock with her vulva, he smells a young lady approaching his desk and sitting in front of him, she has a very distinguished essence. Not one of those cheap perfumes, no, it had to be her very natural essence. It had been a while since he had masturbated, so he needed to release himself right there, at that moment.

He pulls his cock out and starts stroking it slowly and calmly. Now he didn’t need the bible anymore, now it was Magnolias and Poinsettias masturbating his aroused nostrils and rubbing his winter mucus.

He won’t hold it in anymore, his load shoots far enough to hit the young girl’s ponytail.

“Hey! What the hell are you doing?” The librarian says “Get out, right now, get out and never come back!”

The young girl, ironically, wouldn’t object anything, not one word from her is heard.

“Alright, alright,” Jack says “I’m leaving.”

As he leaves, heading for the bus stop, a soft hand grabs his shoulder and says “I’m actually not mad. Come to my house, I wanna show you something.”

It was the same smell from earlier on the library. Jack could only imagine the wonderful ass she must wiggle.

They arrive to the girl’s house and he sits on her couch while she pours herself a drink. Jack says he won’t drink anything because it often upsets his stomach.

“So tell me your name, handsome, what’s your story?”

“I am Jack Maricon, and my biography isn’t really that interesting enough to tell, unless you want me to bore the fuck out of you.”

“Well, I am Jennifer, it’s nice to meet you and sorry for the delayed introduction by the way. So tell me why won’t you take those sunglasses off, are your eyes not pretty?”

“Oh, no, it’s just that I got some severe conjunctivitis last week and I’m still recovering.” Jack was always such a good liar.

“Well, then leave them on. You look very mysterious but that’s what I like about you.”

Jack wants to know what color is her hair, so he sneakily asks “Is your hair dyed?”

“No, I’m legally blonde.” She says while giggling.

The young girl then takes off her shirt, her bra and finally her jeans while Jack just sits right there, quietly. “Ah” she says “I see you want me to do everything for you, okay then, I’ll strip you, don’t worry.” She undresses him and then spits on Jack’s hand to make him lubricate her tits. Jennifer strokes his cock with her boobs and when it gets hard enough, she says “Now let’s go to my bed, so I can ride you better.”

He guides himself through the smell of Egyptian cotton and lies down on her comfy bed. “Hey, can I turn off the lights?” She asks.

Jack chuckles and responds “Yeah, no problem!”

Jennifer rides him, while he hears the moistened sound of her tits bouncing. Fortunately, his cock does most of the job and he doesn’t have to bother much.

After they both come synchronized, she still remains on top of him and while softly moaning, she says “You know what, I don’t give a shit about getting conjunctivitis, I want to look at your eyes” she takes his sunglasses off and asks “Hey, are your eyes closed? I can’t see them.” She then ignorantly touches them and feels a hole. “What the fuck?” she thinks out loud. She fingers his invisible eyeballs and then falls out of bed screaming “What the fuck? Get out of my house you fucking weirdo!”

He puts his sunglasses on again and exits her house while she shouts some more nasty yet unintelligible insults at him.

“What a bitch, but oh, boy, was her pussy tight!” Jack thought, in an attempt to not feel internally hurt and rejected.

VII

Bob. He was a nice friend of mine and my editor, on Earth. He was the kind of guy who would tell you when there's toothpaste on your lips or when your breath stinks like a pirate. He told me everything bluntly, even about himself.

Bob told me he was turned off by all faces, no matter what color or who it is. It's not like he couldn't go out on the street and not feel immediately disgusted by everyone's face, it's just that he hated it whenever he was getting a blowjob from some bitch with nice ass and sweet curves but then she stared at him.

His girlfriend, Audrey. She had a very symmetric face and perfectly plucked eyebrows. He loved to French kiss her neck and lick her ear, but he would rather fuck her in a position where he didn't have to see her face. As soon as she turned around and looked at him, not only did he feel disgusted, but he would also smell repulsive things that weren't actually there. Cacosmia.

"You fucking bitch." He says "You farted on my cock."

"No, I didn't, what the hell?"

As she kisses him to try and reconcile, he says "Your fucking breath stinks, go wash it, slut."

Audrey thought it was some sick game he liked to play, so she just nodded and tried to forget about it.

The next night he's got the solution for it.

"Put this bag around your head, babe." He says with a more friendly voice. "I like it when my cock makes your twat gasp."

"Well, alright." She says.

He thrusts and has never felt so pleased. Audrey's face was very distracting and always ruined his orgasm. Now that her loud voice is mitigated by the plastic and her face is covered, he can come as he'd never come before.

After dropping his load on her pussy, he loses track of time, he can't tell if it's been one second or ten minutes since he ejaculated. He had even closed his eyes. Now that he takes the bag off her head, he can see that her face is purple. Sure, he killed her, but it was good fuck, like no other.

"Now, how do I make this look like an accident?" He thought to himself.

I never met Bob again after that. As soon as the cops interrogated him, he broke down like a pussy. I never really needed an editor, my stuff always came out as I had handed it to him. Nobody touched my work because they trusted my vision.

VIII

I had a bad dream tonight, due to the fever. The worst of these kinds of fever bad dreams is that like any other fever dream, you can't tell if you're dreaming and therefore you think you've no way out. The relief after waking up is unique, like no other, but on the dream it certainly feels horrible.

I remember it all, fortunately. I had many dreams before the bad one, the first one went something like this:

I was sitting in a bench, reading the newspaper. It was the seventies, because everyone dressed like they were heading the disco.

All of a sudden, a gang dressed like the Village People, the YMCA guys, robbed a comic book store which was next to a restaurant. They yelled at the customers and at the clerk. I left the newspaper on the bench and pulled my gun out. It was a Smith and Wesson revolver.

I went inside the store, took those fuckers by surprise and shot them all. The barrel bounced, but my hands didn't shake. I saw each one of those little cock-suckers drool blood and ask for help.

A pedestrian outside had no idea of what the fuck was going on and stared at me as I rushed out of the comic book store.

I always get such a feel good mood after killing someone, even in my dreams. The endorphins kick in and rush all over my bloodstream. I'm a little buzzed but euphoric at the same time.

As usual, the dream ended and I was thrown inside a worse dream.

I was jerking off, looking at porn. When I came, I cleaned myself up with a tissue and left it under the bed. I lied back on my bed, resting my head on the pillow and stared at the fan on the ceiling for a while. It made such a squeaky noise that wouldn't let me sleep.

Then, I felt something or someone grabbing my feet. It were the tissues, they had turned into anthropomorphic sperm. Homunculi, not too tall, but big enough to reach my ankles.

I sat down in front of the computer, doing what we do, watching porn and masturbating. I dropped another tissue under the bed. Solitarily it grew as tall as the others. This one was a bold motherfucker when it grew. Supersonically touching my eyeballs, falsely bragging about how the Virgin Mary dropped her knickers on his face.

I had to shoot them all too. They wouldn't shut up about the human condition. They'd scream at night, tapping me on the shoulder all the time, waking me up to talk about a hypothetical Quixocracy.

“Oh, Ambrose, you gotta try it, it’s great. Imagine a world where Don Quixote is king! Wouldn’t that be great?”

I just nodded all the time, not giving a shit.

“Oh, no, it’s really great. Imagine a little imbecile thinking windmills are just fans for cows, it’d be great. We could do illegal stuff under its nose and sell drugs all over the universe, without him noticing!”

Then, that dream ended and I was thrown in the middle of another one.

I was a little child, probably eleven years old. I was on school, listening to a hot girl, the teacher, narrating “Cinderella” for all of us. There were some mouth breathing assholes around me, all of them just paying attention to the teacher’s boobs.

I asked to go to the bathroom and then, when I was taking a shit, with corn on the turd and all, another boy, older than me, says “Hey, kid, you got some weed?”

“No” I said

“Fair enough,” He said “but let me tell you something. My grandma died for a week and then came back from the dead-like. She just came back, in the middle of the funeral and threw a big tantrum about the shit she saw over there on hell.”

“She went straight to hell?” I asked

“Yeah, like she didn’t even stop at the purgatory like all the other common people, she just went to hell, no questions asked.”

“Ah,” I said “what was she a Nazi?”

“No, she was a prostitute, actually, a very loud one.”

“Nice,” I said “Maybe I’d fuck her, how much does she ask for a sucky-sucky?”

“Not too much, just ten bucks. But if you’re very horny-like, then I’ll suck your dick right here, right now, for free.”

“That sounds very nice, let me wipe my ass and I’ll open the door for you.”

And unfortunately, as soon as I grabbed some paper to wipe myself, the fucking dream was interrupted and I was cock-blocked by my sub-conscious. Don’t you hate when that happens?

I’ll write something else now, another short story, maybe.

THE KID THAT BECAME A PAVEMENT

Trumeter was on his way to school, with his stepfather, when all of a sudden a big bus hit him. His stepfather dodged the vehicle fast enough to save his own life, but Trumeter didn't have that much luck.

He thought he had died and that he was going way up to heaven, but when he opened his eyes, he had become the pavement. He didn't know what year it was, all he knew is that he had left his previous shape.

His stepfather was obviously glad about the whole situation. He could now continue his life as a bartender, fucking drunken teenagers on nightclubs and leading a single life. He had been forced into taking care of him because of Rachel, Trumeter's mother. He had married Rachel, a woman he thought he could spill gallons on for centuries. He was looking forward to try out the monogamous lifestyle, having a day job and never drinking too much. Needless to mention that he soon hated that boring lifestyle. He got divorced of Rachel after the first month, and the only way he wouldn't pay alimony was if he got the child's custody. The jury believed his bullshit about how much he appreciated the child and how attached he was with him.

He helped Trumeter with his homework, even though the kid was very stupid with math.

He let the internet educate and take care of Trumeter. It was so easy to raise him, even though the kid failed every assignment on school. But, hey, as long as the little dumbass wouldn't break his balls, he could lay back and rest his head on that comfortable Ikea chair.

Trumeter, meanwhile, suffered a lot. His new being made him disgusted the whole time. He spent the days tasting cigarette buds, overchewed bubblegum and dogshit.

All the parking meters and light poles laughed at him, as if they were any better. "Ah, look at that loser, all flat and useless, just being stepped on." The parking meter said.

"Oh, yeah. I pity him, I really am glad I'm not him."

Trumeter had all this anger built up in him, that when he was old and brave enough to speak bluntly and stand up for himself, he said "You motherfucker, don't you know that parking meters are the exact representation of accumulation, a symptom of laziness?"

The benches and light poles stood in shock, hearing him speaking for the first time ever.

"Oh, yeah?" asked the parking meter "Tell me more, you absolute moron."

"Oh, I'll fucking tell you, you son of a bitch. You're a fucking submissive asshole, basically. People put the money on your

mouth, just like a whore. They use you for some time and then forget about you instantly as soon as they don't need you."

"Ah," said the parking meter "so you think you're better than me?"

"No," said Trumeter "I'm just saying that nobody should ever judge anyone else, because we're all the same and that's the truth."

"Fucking communist." The parking meter said.

"Listen, you fuck," Trumeter answered "your sophomoric one-liners won't ever put me down, so don't even try to fucking make me cry or anything, because you won't. Plus, you'll probably be replaced by technology as soon as they find an alternative for you."

Things were very rough for everyone on the avenue, but Trumeter was right about that. Soon those kinds of things wouldn't exist. Trumeter felt so full of himself when that day arrived.

Everyone had a rough day, every day. The benches had to swallow farts from mouth breathers all day and the fences on the nearby park always had spiders and roaches climbing on them. At least the light poles got to sleep all day and rest until night time arrived.

Trumeter also spent the days counting the clouds, imagining them as mythological creatures and hybrids like griffins or

centaurs. He'd try to cope by laughing at all the suicidal commuters stepping on dog shit, but after the first seven hundred times, it got boring as hell.

On the night, they all got to enjoy the view. Some Asian shemales waiting for their man, on miniskirts, earning the buck with their hot and nice ass, ready to be fucked. However, he was the only one who ever got to see all the girls' underwear.

None of this ever paid off their suffering, of course. On the next morning, they would all have the same depression and anxiety as always.

Mr. Light Pole was very religious. He always shared his optimistic views of the afterlife, talking about how someday they would all meet in a higher place and be rewarded with "A bunch of hookers and cocaine."

The worst part for them was not being able to commit suicide. They couldn't even reach a knife and slit their own veins because they had no veins at all.

One day, a very rainy day by the way, they got what they most wanted, to die. The rain soaked them all and no pedestrians were seen wandering unlike other days, where they'd always walk busy and look at their phone, often being run over by unfocused drivers. The thing is, a lightning struck the street, cracking it and burning Trumeter first.

His death was fast, but everyone else had a slow death somehow. They all saw nothing but darkness for a while before finally arriving “Heaven”.

They weren't humans, not even anthropomorphic sperm. Mr. Light Pole, however, did become human again. The others were still on their lousy shape, but now they had many joyful privileges.

No more fatties sat on the benches nor did anybody fart. No more cigarette buds on Trumeter, no more bubblegum or dog shit.

Now it had all been replaced with hot, naked and barefoot shemales, stepping on Trumeter and sweating all over him. They jerked off and came all over the benches.

Trumeter now ejaculated concrete, wetting the street. Sometimes he did wonder if he would have been better off at hell as a man instead of a pavement in heaven, but at least he could taste heavenly feet. Real heavenly feet from heavenly people who deserved going to heaven.

His mother didn't reach heaven and neither did his stepfather. He asked God about them and God said “Your mother was given the chance to apologize about her actions, but she preferred to be a sinner. Your stepfather gave me a long speech, which I could tell was not honest and that he never actually felt sorry for his actions and well, son, I can only explain myself

through this: As you grow up, your tolerance to bullshit drops to zero.”

IX

Tonight I used my sheets as catheter. Never in my life had I wet the bed, not even as a disgusting toddler, but tonight I've fucked up for real.

I go to the bathroom to clean up and suddenly I get a boner. I didn't wanna waste it so I jerked off and dropped my sperm in the toilet. I flushed it with nostalgia, but the idea of impregnating pipelines took off the frown on my face.

I guess you could label my eccentric attitudes and personality as the product of a long-lasting insanity. If that's the case, then so be it. I'd rather be a madman than just being another kid in the choir, going to the psychiatrist and get baptized with Prozac or Zoloft.

Insanity is relative. If an artist goes insane, it's exotic, but if a man in the subway goes insane, people are disgusted.

I guess that only by my look, you can tell how much of an uncommon individual I am because I remember something that a bitch told me when I was on the subway, waiting for the train. It's not that I was a suicidal commuter, it's just that I was meeting a friend at his house and didn't want to walk all the way there, so I decided to use the subway instead.

“Don’t jump.” That whore said, while tapping my shoulder.

“What?” I asked

“There are people that love you and will miss you, don’t do it.”

That pissed me off, I even thought about actually jumping just to ruin her day, but it wasn’t worth it, she wasn’t worth it.

Instead, I harshly kissed her and raped her palate with my tongue. After our long kiss stopped, I could look at her face better. She wasn’t beautiful, but definitely good looking. Nice eyebrows, brunette, and with some acne on her forehead and chin. However, she didn’t wear much makeup.

“I’m sorry,” She said “I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Let’s go to my place.” I said

“No, thank you.” She said.

As she turned back and started to walk away, I slapped her ass and blew her a kiss.

“That’ll show her!” I thought to myself, gloriously.

She was such a whore. She probably loved to hear The Smiths and Joy Division every night before going to sleep. She probably saw herself in me that day. I bet her highest goal in life is to slit her veins in a bathtub of hot water while listening to “Disorder” or “Atmosphere”. Maybe take a shit-ton of Xanax too and fade away slowly. I bet she was the kind of whore that cried after drinking two cosmopolitans.

I bet she was forced to suck on her dad's dick when she was little. I bet her dad left her after she couldn't please him good. I bet he did the same with others.

I bet she's already tried to kill herself. I bet she's not an only child, but still has never met her other family. I bet she's a narcissist cock-tease. I bet she's the kind of bitch that would fuck you and never call you back.

I'm glad I didn't get too involved with that Medusa cunt. Medusas always turn off the lights in bed so you can't look at them in the eyes. Medusas always hide something from you. She had Medusa eyes, those eyes that show insomnia, paranoia, depression and anxiety, the eyes of someone who doesn't sleep unless there's a little light on. Medusas are everywhere, even in your immediate family. Pharmacious' sister was a Medusa but fortunately she died before harming him or anyone.

I used to think all women were Medusas, but now I know it's not like that, not even close, it ain't as simple as that. Some are deceptively beautiful, like Lilith, but as soon as they open their mouth for anything else other than sucking your dick, you can see the demon behind them. You can see their lack of soul and empathy. You can see the femme fatale behind their lipstick. Maybe it's just a psychological thing, like the post-come regret, I don't know.

This whore was definitely a very good looking whore, nevertheless. Something about her face made me want to fuck

the shit out of her. Despite her acne, she looked so good under the subway's dim lights. She looked like a very bold bitch, a very bold Medusa. She had some nice legs and a flat stomach that is meant to be covered in come. But hey, I always get very horny every time I drink, so take my statement about her with a grain of salt.

X

The heat is getting very loud, my ears are ringing. I can hear my neck cracking out of fever. My skin burns at 104 Fahrenheit and 40 Celsius per hour.

I can barely stay in my seat without having the urge to stand up and walk around the room. My back sweats like Baphomet.

I think I forgot to turn off the heating after waking up, but now I'm too tired to get up from my comfortable chair and turn it off. My clothes are soaking and my heart is gradually slowing down.

Migraine, I think. It hurts every time I blink. I start taking my clothes off. I want to go on a jogging marathon outside while Aphrodite pisses on my leg like a dog, but I also feel like just lying down on bed.

Maybe I'll take a shower. This may be getting out of hand. My hands are panicking and shaking as I type this. I can't keep on typing but I want to, I need to.

I feel a rush, not a fear of death, no. It's more of a will to live, yes. Every time I get this kind of fever I feel great afterwards. The raise in temperature releases serotonin and dopamine, or so I like to think.

I've used my bedroom as a sauna. I've never been in one, but I wonder if this is what it feels like. I think my personal sauna is better. It's a big cloud of hallucinogenic vapor.

I feel like becoming a sloth, living in a tree and feeding myself off leaves. I'd piss on the tree and mark my territory. I'd talk to my tree and say "Hey, isn't that squirrel over there hot?" I'd talk to him again at night and say "Hey, I want you to smile more, life isn't meant to be so dry, alright?"

I feel like attending a sad wedding, a wedding where even the cake cries, a wedding where the bulldog-faced groom refuses to kiss the bride with alopecia.

I feel like masturbating with dynamite, I feel like witnessing a pink sunset. I feel like writing braille porn, I feel like reincarnating as a satellite. I feel like bunny hopping on the moon while looking at black holes dragging Earth towards the void. I feel like lubricating my cock with earwax from a dead astronaut.

I feel like fucking brunette girls with sideburns. They are Medusas that sit with their legs crossed, inviting me to open them and taste what's inside. I feel like drinking gasoline with eucalyptus. I feel like burning a forest down with all the bears and squirrels inside.

I am now sitting in my chair, in front of the computer. I lay back and stare at the ceiling. I feel like a blind poet, a drunk pirate,

an agonizing astronaut waving his arms in the middle of nowhere, screaming for help.

I always write with my blue sunglasses on, but I don't know why. Maybe it started after the light of my computer's screen gave me headaches. Now they fall off my eyes and hit the floor. I hear them cracking, I hear them screaming in pain. The Schrödinger's cat paradox has been simplified to dropping my sunglasses and wonder if they're broken before picking them up. I'm running out of time to keep on writing, I have to be quicker. This heat makes me want to slit my eyeballs so it stops hurting every goddamn time I blink.

I feel like a piñata dropping sodium pentathol after being hit with a rain stick. I bleed melodies as I try to glue my thoughts with fever.

I feel like licking a toad's psychoactive back. I feel like jumping in front of a train, I feel like getting hiccups while I kiss a goddess. I feel like driving a car into the ocean and becoming a dolphin. I feel like biting a puffer fish and getting high on his tetrodotoxin.

I feel like fucking a secretary in the World Trade Center right before everything goes down in flames. I'd walk up to her as she decides whether or not to jump. I'd grab her tits, pinch her butt and then say "The day ain't in the mood for trouble, so let's fuck before this shit really hits the fan."

PART FOUR,
FRANCIS IV

I

As any other walking aphrodisiac, I'm a masturbation maniac, but regardless of that, I've never liked porn. I used to spend too much time browsing for exactly the kind of video I want and could never quite find it. No matter how much I watched them, I would never be satisfied with those normal, adolescent, regular, softcore shit films.

I prefer to jerk off while choking myself with a belt. I close my eyes and use my imagination to get me going:

I am Adam fucking Lilith instead of Eve. God feels jealous while seeing her red pubes being filled with someone else's come. "It's alright," I say "you can have her now. I already got my fill of that bitch."

God is no cuck like Joseph, but I think he's so paranoid that he'd rather have someone fuck a bitch before him to know whether or not she has syphilis or any other sexually transmitted disease. I mean, he's immortal but he can still get that annoying and itchy herpes.

Lilith is clean. She prefers me over any other fuck. Buddha was too fat to catch Lilith's attention, even though God talked very well about him to her. But it's not only the fact that he's fat, it

was also that his metabolism is so bad that he can't get it up, however horny he feels.

I open my eyes now and I dedicate this load to myself. That's how much of a narcissist I am.

There are a few things I must confess about my personality before you start adoring me. The first thing is that I never liked, or understood, pedosexuals and hebeseuals. I had always tried to hide my disgust towards them because they were always a peaceful part of our community. I feel more confident saying it now that they're all extinct, both here and on Earth. Thanks to my help they finally moved on from that pathetic stage. I mean, what kind of childish, low intellect imbecile do you have to be in order to relate to an eight year old? I think children are boring. They're just basically ordinary uneducated beasts with a minimal and almost non-existent intellectual capability. It's not that I hated pedos and hebes in particular, but it's just that they were so stupidly stubborn about their preferences. You tried to offer them a midget or a shemale and they'd call you a sick motherfucker. I just felt like they were always beneath my ideals.

There was this earthling hebeseual in particular, Gordon, from five years ago. Edward had told me about him, he said "I met him on a website and I've been watching him like you would watch a monkey or a chimp in the zoo. He is such a boring fuck, he only spends his days watching hebe porn and tasting his own come. Once he acted on it, I intervened and brought him

here.” I grew some interest in the guy and talked to him personally when Martin, a friend of mine, had told me he found the guy Edward was so antsy for. He wasn’t ugly at all, but he wasn’t a walking aphrodisiac either. I thought to myself “Why does he even bother with that annoying cunt?” I mean, the girl he acted on it with wasn’t even that great. Yeah, her doll sized body and tits were kind of attractive, but the bitch wasn’t even that special. I put them both on a hotel in The CSM because they said they wanted to spend their honeymoon there. The thing is that the vibe on The CSM must have done something to that chick, because the next night she volunteered to the final act on the downtown theater, which as you know always ends with the volunteer’s death.

Edward was invited to read a short story over there for the second act, and his then girlfriend, Elvira, was with him. Edward told me he didn’t get to see the final act because he was talking to Pharmacious, but Elvira did see it all. She told me that Gordon cried like a bitch and even tried to blame me for it. The ungrateful son of a bitch said that I had set him up!

The next night in the theater, he did the same as the chick and offered himself on the final act of the theater. I think it was just a simple act with him hanging himself. Or was it the chick that hung herself? Maybe he did the same, I don’t remember and I don’t give a shit, he’s dead too, anyways.

The second thing I wanted to say is that not all of you reading this shall ever aspire to contact me unless you prove to be able to keep up with my demanding libido and artistic stamina.

Well, with that being said, we can now move on to this hypergraphic autobiography.

My name is Francis IV. Never will I mention my birth name as I believe the way you call yourself to define your whole life. Keeping your original name is just another symptom of your mediocre conformity and lazy lifestyle.

I'd like to describe my parents with just one sentence:

My father was anthropomorphic sperm with carotenosis and my mother had an immune system flatter than an anorexic's stomach.

Bravo! Cheers to myself for making that sound really good. A genius phrase, like everything I say.

The statement about my parents may sound like an insult for my father, and it is, but with no undeserved angst. He was absent on my first five years of age and I'm pretty sure he cheated on my mother at that time.

Now I'll avoid talking about him, unless it's necessary.

You know that I'm a very powerful man on a divine position, and you may be wondering if I ever find myself afraid of being murdered. Why would anyone ever want to kill me when I'm

such a delightful person? I don't know the reason but I certainly can imagine who would ever have the crazy idea to end my life; Anarchists.

But anarchy is like monogamy or communism, they all seem like a good idea, but they never work out. So, no, I do not worry at all about it. Anarchy was an earthling invention, an earthling fantasy. Anarchy and rebellion became a marketing scheme, a way of selling t-shirts, a way of drilling a catchphrase inside the earthling's mind. None of that shit exists here, on my land. We don't think like rebels because we are already rebelling. We are rebelling against the past, against the rotation of planets, against the solar system, and so on and so on.

I have knowledge and experience too powerful and big to even consider myself human. I always show myself more humble to people, even on private, because that's what all good leader must do if he depends on people as much as I do. This autobiography is not just an off-the-record document. It is a true piece of art, with no undeserved arrogance.

II

Even though my childhood was so unpleasant and uncomfortable I don't remember most of it, I do recall something I haven't talked to anyone about.

I was five years old and on kindergarten. It was a regular day until a teacher locked me in a treehouse or attic, with no light, alone. All because apparently I had thrown a big tantrum and that's the way they handled things in the school.

I really don't know why I, a very calm guy, would have misbehaved in such a way, but that was their excuse for isolating me and leaving me to cry.

It was scary because the room was absolutely empty and dark. There were some comic books on the floor and some empty shelves, but that only made it even more agitating for me.

I can remember feeling actual physical pain in my hand and a tingling on my arm.

After a while I did stop crying and the teacher knocked the door. "Are you gonna be okay now?" He said.

"Yeah," I answered "I will."

"Alright, then." He said "Someone wants to see you."

Before I said anything else, a girl came in. It was Summer, the older sister of one of my classmates, a green eyed blonde with a ponytail and tanned skin. She turned on the lights and I could see her nice jeans and orange blouse, so seductive.

Summer really was a beautiful girl, very gentle with me. She was about 11 years old at the time, but I wasn't too short for her height, I was kind of tall.

She hugged me and kissed me on the cheek. She then got her cellphone out of her pocket and played some music. She held my hand and asked me to dance. She then placed my hands on her waist and pressed my head smoothly against her chest.

“This waltz is called Over the Waves.” She said, “Do you like it?”

“Sure” I said, even though I just paid attention to her breasts heating up my temples and the way she scratched the back of my head as I held her tight.

“I like you” She said, while finally kissing me. However, when she stuck her tongue inside my mouth, I pulled back.

“Don't worry.” She said “This is how adults do it.”

I went along with it because she made me feel so relieved and calm. With her, I felt like I could walk barefoot on hot coal, I felt like a monarch butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

“You know,” She said, “dancing with you is nice and all, but I’d like to do something else.”

She then told me to lie down on the floor and close my eyes. Soon enough I felt her big woman hands grabbing my penis under the uniform.

I never told her to stop, because it always felt very right. I could somehow realize what was happening, and it was so arousing. Like a sneaky sip of beer you first find unpleasant, but then come back to it because it makes you feel very good.

She sucked me off after taking off her clothes. She tasted my dick for a while and finally said “Alright, let me show you what you have to do, but you need to pay much attention, ok?”

I nodded and so she told me all about how to penetrate a clitoris. She did jerk me off slowly too while explaining it all to me. Nothing I hadn’t already found out by myself, really. You see, at night I got very curious on the television. Even though I didn’t get a laptop until I was about ten years old, the TV had enough good movies to learn about that kind of stuff.

Her cellphone kept playing some other classical music but our dance was now replaced with fucking.

“This is called Bolero by Maurice Ravel,” She said, “do you like it?”

“Sure” I nodded

The beat increased as I clumsily thrust her cunt. I didn't ejaculate because I was too young. However, I still felt the orgasm.

Summer was always very patient with me. We did it some other times on the same empty room, after the same teacher locked me in again and my hand hurt and my arm tingled again. After a while, they put a bed in the room. Now she could ride me without getting cramps the next day, it was a dream for both of us.

I feel as if it was happening right now: I feel her warm hands grabbing my neck while she rides my cock. She stops bouncing on me and starts choking me instead. I almost pass out, but I love it when she stops and lets me catch a breath. She liked looking at my little face and how it got purple as she strangled me. I remember getting a boner and asking her to do it again the next time. I loved that moment where I felt like my head was about to blow up in little pieces, but I also knew everything was under control. It felt so good, but I barely had the words to thank her. Right now I'd tell her "Hey babe, you're a wild bitch, just how I like them. Now put your hands on my neck again before my lungs get bored."

When I got to elementary school, she and her family moved to another town. Sometimes I think about going and finding her, but the only thing holding me back is that she might fall in love with me, even though she may now be married and old and ugly.

FATHER OF FRANCIS IV

My thirteen year old son is a disgusting deviant and a fucking degenerate. He masturbated on his mother's pillow two weeks ago before I sent him to a summer camp. She questioned me about the semen on her hair the next morning.

"It's mine," I said "I'm sorry darling. I won't do it again."

She just nodded with disappointment.

Is my son supposed to be some kind of divine punishment for the sick things I did in my twenties as a male prostitute?

I was 22 years old, living in a good side of town with my female golden retriever I liked to call Dorothy.

I wake up kind of horny, so I rub some peanut butter on my cock and pubes so Dorothy comes and licks it. I ejaculate and the semen scares her away. Now I go outside to get a lottery ticket from the store. It was fun to be a gigolo, and clearly the goal is always to be an old lady's heir, but that takes longer than you might think, so every day I spent a little money on a lottery ticket, just in case you know?

I get back home and Dorothy is sleeping. I scratch the numbers and it goes: 76 87 67 21 56.

They always announced the winner at around two hours before midnight. When the time comes, I sit in front of the TV with the ticket on my hand. The host begins to say “And the winning numbers are 76 87 67 21 56.”

Euphoria takes over me, I won. I won't have to penetrate needy, sick and pathetic grandmas anymore! I am so excited I even think out loud and wake up Dorothy:

“We did it, baby, now we can move to a big mansion with a pool and whores coming over every day! I only have to go tomorrow and claim the money, but before that how about you give me a good old friendly lick?”

I leave the ticket on the table and go to the kitchen for the peanut butter. I come back and rub it on my dick again. I leave the jar next to the ticket on a nearby table while she pleases me. After ejaculating, I go to the bathroom to clean myself up. I come back and, since I can't yet believe I won, I want to look at my ticket again. I can't find it. I am sure I left it on the table next to the jar of peanut butter which is empty now. I get paranoid and think out loud:

“Dorothy, where is the ticket? I left it there, did you grab it? I bet you want the whole prize for yourself, you selfish whore, don't you? Come on Dorothy, what did you do?”

It doesn't take long before I realize Dorothy was hungry. She ate the lottery ticket.

I could've had another kind of life, a perpetual orgy and youth with water fountains and ice sculptures. And what do I get instead? I get to take care of this little horny schmuck. I sent him to a summer camp so he gets back home as a faithful Christian and with no intention of being more of a burden to us. While he's away, I've been studying the unpublished hyperspace traveling manuscript by my great grandfather. I found it on the backyard of the house where my grandmother died. It had a disclaimer on the first page:

The original manuscript was an unfinished draft. However, with my empirical knowledge and developed age, I've been able to correct any mathematical incoherence and to complete the equations.

Apparently my grandmother finished it somehow, or maybe someone else, I guess I'll never know for sure. The manuscript is a guide to making a hyperspaceship out of household items and cloning molecules from animals, planets, etc.

But that doesn't matter, all that is relevant is I've now got the power to make a separate home for my fucking son. Why couldn't I just breed a good kid instead of that bastard?

Recently, another problem has come up, as if the little bastard was fucking with my mind from distance. The thing is that with him out of the house, my wife and I were supposed to go on a fucking marathon, be on 69 24/7, but for some goddamn reason I'm not turned on by her anymore, now I only get off to her childhood pictures album. I'm telling you this fucking kid is driving our marriage straight to hell! I've also started looking for pictures fitting my new kink on the internet. Last week I bought a magazine on the supermarket for the first time in my life. I was looking at the pages on it out of boredom while waiting in line. There was an article about "Consequences of spanking your children" which had an image of a father pulling up his son against the wall by the shirt and it showed the kid's belly button. I bought the magazine and hid it under the mattress of the bedroom. I was so paranoid that my wife could find it. It just goes to show you how low this kid is degrading my good husband status.

All this stress has made my sleepwalking come back. Tonight I dream of a menacing ostrich on my living room trying to kick me and scratch my face with its dirty claws. I grab a knife and then stab it as hard as I can.

I am now awake on the kitchen, not even knowing how I got there, as it always happens when I sleepwalk. I think it was the scream of a woman that woke me up. After looking out the window and finding nothing but silence, I serve myself a glass of

white wine to help me go back to sleep. When I go to the living room and sit on the couch while having my drink, I see a woman bleeding on my carpet, her wedding ring is all covered with her guts, it doesn't even shine anymore. I think I must be hallucinating, so I rub my eyes to give it a better look. She looks like my wife. She has the same Marilyn Monroe hair and wears the same beautiful linen night gown she bought last week with my credit card.

"I must be asleep" I think out loud "This can't be my wife, her face is almost unrecognizable!"

Then I walk upstairs to check on her bed. She isn't there, not on the bathroom, or the basement, or the backyard, she's gone!

I go back to the living room and stare at the body until dawn. She is my wife, but I did not kill her, she's dead, but I had nothing to do with it. Some moron broke in while I was sleepwalking and killed her. I really had nothing to do with it.

III

I'd like to tell more about my childhood, but Summer is really all I remember from it, so I'll continue with my teenage years.

I remember being on a summer camp, at thirteen years old, when all of a sudden my father went over to pick me up and said I had to go back home. "It's your mom." He said, while turning off the car's radio. "Some fucking madmen killed her."

My head rushed. I felt like jumping out of the moving vehicle, but before even opening the door, my father says "I'll get you your own place. The cops are still investigating on the case, and in the meantime, I'll get my own place too."

The place was on a different city. I won't be very specific about the city, but I'll just try to describe it briefly. It was a city that smelled like a bad life expectancy, crime, unemployment and high school dropouts. It smelled like unwanted pregnancies and dysfunctional families. It was a city with statues covered in bird shit, a city that made the headlines every week and got all kinds of publicity, but in which no tourist dared to stay longer than an hour.

At first I thought my father was trying to kill me somehow, but I tried to think of it as when God ditched Jesus on Jerusalem, a

similar place that could easily fit with my description. But unlike Jesus, I didn't die for any asshole's sins.

As for school, a concept which barely survived in my mind at that time, I can only say I was too intelligent for school, and got quickly expelled. My father didn't mind, he knew I was too smart for it. In order to do well at school, you have to be a mind-numbed-no-self-love kind of guy. I was too intense for earthling people. Thirty seconds of me talking to them got them more confused than a hundred hours of scatological pornography.

So my new place was a five-story, archaic brownstone building. The hyperkinetic landlord was called Moe Benson, a fifty year old man with jaundice who liked drinking on an empty stomach.

Moe was very philosophical about his alcoholism, he would say "Some diabetics need to take insulin every day or otherwise they'll faint and never wake up again. My Alcoholism can be explained like that, psychologically. I feel ill every day since I was 15 and the only way to cure my illness is with booze. I feel sick every day, no matter what I do."

Moe used to knock on my door when he was drunk in the middle of the night. "Hey, kid. Let's go somewhere and pick up a fight, I don't wanna lose the habit."

He'd take me to this one bar. The owner let me in as long as I didn't order alcohol or as long as there weren't any cops around.

There was a drunkard in particular. I never got his name, but I remember his image. He was skinny and dyed his hair pink. He seemed older than he actually was, but alcohol does that to many college drunkards. At first sight you'd think he was a crazy forty year old hobo, even though his clothes were very clean and his face was shaved. He spoke to himself and waved his hands in the air, giving summons to an invisible man. One day, while Moe flirted with the bartender (who was a man), I decided to talk to the guy and ask him "Hey, are you a nutcase or what?" He ignored the question and looked at me like I had stabbed him. I repeated the question, and this time he said "Sit down, little guy, I wanna ask you something." I sat down and he continued "Do you really think I'm crazy?"

"Yeah" I said

"Then I'm doing it right!" He shouted, while poorly handling his glass and spilling his drink all over the table.

"What?" I asked

"Yeah, don't you know half of us guys aren't even insane?"

"No, I didn't know. That's interesting, though, tell me more."

“Well, it’s an ugly city, little guy. I just act like this to scare rapists away and keep my ass unfucked. It’s a defense mechanism, so to speak.”

“That’s a bummer,” I said “but what about the other half? Should I be worried about the old guys, the crazy guys?”

“Hell no!” He shouted “Don’t be fooled with their veteran suffering from flashbacks shit. Most of them didn’t go to no war, they didn’t even go to high school. They’re just glue-heads that like to kill their brain cells and drool over the pavement.”

“How long have you been like this?” I asked

“I’m really not like this. You see, I’m a con-artist. I could work, I could be a wagie like everyone else, but I’m too lazy and rather live off welfare and charity.”

Before I could ask anything else, he stood up from his chair and said “Listen, little guy, I gotta go back to my dungeon now. Would you take care of this for me? I only had four Cuba libres, no big deal.”

“Yeah,” I said “don’t even sweat it.”

“You’re good people, little guy. See ya later!”

He stumbled across the bar, and after a minute of clumsy steps and awkward walking, he finally fell on the floor in a drunken faceplant.

In the meanwhile, Moe got his teeth fucked up and his knee cap injured after trying to touch the bartender's crotch. Regardless, Moe would always come back alright the next day, with the same old hangover and the same cravings for alcohol.

He used to give me money to go to the grocery store and said "Here's twenty bucks, bring me a Jack and we'll share it. Remember to say you're Moe's guy."

After some time, the clerks handed me the stuff for free because apparently "The owner had a deal with Moe". I think he let the owner fuck his daughter.

I got back to the building with his Jack, which he liked to mix with Coke. He poured me a glass of Jack and Coke, assuming I was already a heavy drinker too.

After a while, he looked at my still full glass after emptying his and said "Are you gonna take a fucking sip of that?"

"Uh, sure, sure." I said "I'm a slow drinker, you know?"

He poured himself another drink as I stared at my glass, never drinking from it. I finally had half of it but then rushed to the bathroom and threw up. Do I need to add that was the last time I ever drank? You have to be really naïve to get run over by the same car twice.

His daughter, Penelope. She had a nice bum, blue eyes and curly hair, but she wasn't arousing enough for me to pay the buck. I think she was about two years older than me, or at least

she looked like that. Penelope was the kind of whore that is young but still looks very much older after having so much come dropped on her cheekbones.

Then there was a very hot sissy living next door. Her name was Madison. She was just 16 and already smelled like cheap hair dye and perfume. She always tried very hard to be feminine. On Sundays she'd recover from hangovers and smelled like a nun, but the next day she'd go back to her same old binge drinking. Madison wore a black headband on her blonde hair and a choker necklace. Her taste in clothing always turned me on.

“I like to define myself as a unisex being with a volatile sexuality.” She used to say. “But right now I feel like a decent young lady with an inviting asshole.”

We shared a room and slept together on the same bed. I think everybody on the building knew about it but nobody cared enough to interrupt our nocturnal sessions.

Madison was always alright on the day but as soon as the booze hit her head on the night time, she would need for someone like me to bring her self-esteem back up. I don't think alcohol alone caused her to be that way, I think she was self-medicating with it for an undiagnosed bipolar disorder. But that's not something to feel sad about, in my opinion. Even psychologists say that's the common flu of mental illnesses.

I would tell her something like “I want to fuck your asshole and drill my cock into your prostate.” And then she would ramble

about her “unhealthy self-image”, as an incentive for me to keep on complimenting her. “Oh, sugar.” Madison said “I’m not at all worthy of you. I don’t wash my teeth every morning like you do, I can’t keep myself sober like you can, I don’t cover my mouth when I yawn and I don’t read as many books as you do. I’ve also been drinking too much vodka tonight and I will likely have a hard time getting it up for you.”

And then I would respond while kissing her neck “But your suffering is a by-product of the hormones you’ve been taking recently. I’ll make you feel better, you’ll see.” She smoked a strawberry-flavored electronic cigarette, blew the nicotine to my face, giggled drunkenly and then said “I know what you want me to start out with, I’ll go for some tap water. When I come back I’ll be ready to please you, sugar.”

I lied down on the bedroom’s carpet and waited anxiously for her. When Madison came back, she looked at me from above and showed me an empty glass.

“I’m ready, baby!” Said Madison, while smiling “Now open your mouth and enjoy my wonderful gift”

She then pulled her skirt down, took off her blouse and sat on my chest while rubbing her cock. After ten seconds, maybe less, her mythological and pale yellow piss aroused my taste buds and quenched my urophagic thirst. It tasted like a salty peach juice mixed with nicotine. We remained on the same position

for about a minute and a half (still too little time, in my opinion).

“Let’s go to bed now” Said Madison, while kissing me on the cheek “I wanna ride you, bareback.”

She took off the headband and placed it on the bedside table, but I said “Leave it on, I like your casual clothing style” She nodded and then placed it back on her forehead.

Madison’ sweat ran all the way from her collarbone to her nipples while she bounced up and down on my cock. She moistened my dick with her sweaty and blushed ass cheeks and I ejaculated deep inside her asshole. It was great how the bed didn’t squeak, crickets wouldn’t chirp and all I could hear was her moans.

I hate nostalgia, but I must confess that I remember Madison as a true walking aphrodisiac.

I did think about bringing her here about ten years ago, but when I searched for her name on the internet the first result was a news article with this headline:

“Mass shooting on pride parade”

I investigated a little more about the story and found out that the killer had written a manifesto with the reasons of his crime.

Here is an excerpt of it:

That cunt, Madison. How could she reject me? None of the women I’ve ever met rejected me, so why should a disgusting

shemale do so? She's a fucking bitch, anyway. Nowadays it's not enough with taking drugs in order to be special. Now they have to cut their wiener too or do something degenerate to be relevant.

I'll get rid of some of them today. My M14 can handle a few degenerates and obnoxious sinners. At first I thought of killing only Madison, but another greater idea has come up: I will become Mother Nature. I'll be God spawning a tornado at their party and only the bravest ones will run away successfully. They're the ones who deserve to live, not the weak and coward assholes who call themselves human beings. But to make sure that bitch pays, I'll follow her and stab her fucking heart and blow her brains out. Then the real party will start, a true historical event will take place. I'll walk up to a rooftop near the parade and shoot them until I run out of bullets or until the fucking cops find me. Wouldn't they want to do the same? Or are they too lazy to clean up the fucking streets? I am a true hero for doing this. I'll provide some good example for the future generations before it's too late.

That is another example of senseless violence caused by sexual frustration. The guy was a true imbecile. He ordered more than his looks could ever give back. I wouldn't blame Madison for rejecting such an insane individual. Anyways, I like to jerk off to her memory every now and then. The fact that she's dead makes me come faster.

Martin lived on the floor above me. I went up with him, just to get to know him better. He opened the door. With that belt on his jeans, the soft hands and plucked eyebrows, I liked him instantly. I could smell his manicure from the other side of the room.

I felt like telling him how much I wanted him to grow hard on my mouth, but even while rehearsing it in my head I was stuttering, I was too scared that I'd mess up while talking to him.

I got some courage and then I went over to him and shamelessly grabbed his cock. We went to his bed and had fun with each other. It was a candlelight brawl, with his uncircumcised frenulum rubbing my foreskin.

He always loved it when I hammered his prostate with my foot. He'd come in the floor and I'd come inside him. It was great.

Martin looked like a harmless and shy queer at first glance, but he was the kind of guy that would finger you as soon as you turned your back on him.

As a matter of fact, the first inspiration for writing my story originally came to me after intimately sharing my life plot with Martin while we took a rest of such a good session. He was naturally impressed and then asked "Does anybody else know about this?" and I said "No, but maybe I'll make an autobiography and people can read it if they're interested."

"You know, I might write a book myself." He said

“Really? What about?”

“Well I got this idea on my head. I’m thinking about running around in my school, naked and with anarchist statements written on my body. It would be great, people would want to talk to me, I’d get interviews on television and somewhere along the line I’d write a book about why I did it. Something made up that sounds catchy and cool and a little logic too. I’d call it ‘Why I ran around naked in school’. I’d explain that I was against the brainwash of the assignments, the political agenda that biased the school, etc. Critics would hate it, but people would still buy it. Teenagers would think of me as the new revolutionary, the greatest thing since Karl Marx. With the money from my bestseller, I’d make t-shirts with a catchphrase and my face on it. I’d have a website with more merchandise and stuff. I’d make videos about made up stuff that happened in my life. I’d be a fucking celebrity.”

“Yeah, that sounds cool.” I said

Anyways, I did manage to get back for Martin and bring him here. Sometimes we hang around in my place or in pubs and stimulate each other’s prostates like we used to. I never got to know whether or not he went along with that crazy but smartly ambitious project. I don’t think so. Otherwise people would have noticed his sudden disappearance.

So anyways, what he said is not the only reason I write this autobiography. Since I became a king, my life had become so

overwhelming that I even began keeping a diary. On my laptop, of course, I hate wasting paper on that kind of stuff. Despite that comment, I still never felt any urge to write until now, years later.

After some months of living in that shithole, my father finally picked me up and took me here.

“Listen, son.” He said as we landed on his dildo-shaped spaceship “This isn’t like we discovered a new planet or anything, I just cloned our previous one and spawned it on this spot of the galaxy. We’ll both rule this place. I always knew Earth would be too overwhelmed by your beliefs and attitudes, and that’s why I did this. I’ll bring some people that won’t ever judge you, that will understand your personality and that will recognize you as a ruler. But I warn you that someday this planet will crash against another, randomly and without previous announcement. Don’t worry about it, though, because soon your ideals will spread and they will forever float among the space junk.”

He brought people from all around the world that understood what I said, people that actually listened when I spoke. People that kissed my hand while greeting me.

He pretty much saved teenagers from all around the world too. Teenagers that got to stay up at night because their mother had overdosed on fentanyl.

My father died when I was 22 and handed it all to me. I am a king, a god, but I always act humble and never become too full of myself on public.

IV

I turned 30 on the ninth day of January this year. I've now reached the age of the ultimate gentleman, a time in every man's life when he must stop being a wimpy and egoist child to become an actual contributor to the universe.

You could say I'm kind of a philanthropist, a true keeper of humanity. I love all humanity, all at once. I am a philogynist, a philanthropist, and whatever else I can label my love for humanity with.

I rescue walking aphrodisiacs from Earth and take them here, where they belong. In here nobody is rejected, we never look down on any sexual preferences.

I save the hopeless, the ones that believe to be insane but actually aren't. I save the underrated idealists. You will never meet a leader as great as me, at least not until the next apocalypse.

I'm a man too intelligent for the human race, I have knowledge on my head that many people would consider dangerous. I am the man playing the flute for the lepers.

So what did I do after becoming my own God, a ruler and a king?

I decided to travel around the universe and find different points of view and perspectives on existence.

I know I probably left my ego exposed and that I could have potentially lost it as a sacrifice for a greater mind, but my ego has remained the same and possibly a little stronger than before. Many people find their ego easily erased by the tremendous size of the universe, but I actually find it to be a great fuel for my personality. I've never let myself be belittled by it. My mind, however, was being infinitely cultivated the whole time.

I traveled at the speed of light through the hyperspace and drove through 94 places at the same time with the dildo-shaped ship. I land on a different planet.

I managed to travel through time and space to land on a desert hotter than Mother Theresa's menopause. I witness a historical moment:

Jesus Christ, the miscellaneous whore-fucker, chews Egyptian bubblegum and says this to his folks:

“My birth was a godsend, nothing else on this earth has ever been so pure like me, yet here I am helping the worthless cunts.”

I remained skeptical and told him the story someone had been spreading in the future about how the church hired Leonardo, Raphael, Donatello and Michael Angelo (The Ninja Turtles) to

make his image more palatable and white for the racist and xenophobic Europeans of the time.

If the story was true then the descriptions about him in the bible make no sense, the father wasn't Joseph (the cuck) or God, it had to be Balthazar (the colored skin one). Therefore if Jesus wasn't black or white, then that meant he had to be a café latte. He still looked very white to me, anyways.

Mary had always been careful to be fucked in the ass and never on the pussy, like any good religious girl would do to keep her virginity and not get pregnant. But regardless of how careful Mary was, she was such a whore that everybody in town already knew her nipple size. She was so obvious with her long hair and dick-sucking lips. One day, one of Mary's clients (Balthazar) had become so hypnotized by her bum that he forgot to pull out. Balthazar thought it was okay, he thought she was used to it, he thought she wouldn't mind. And there goes Jesus Christ.

The conversation continues and Jesus plays fool and contradicts himself:

“No, brother, my race doesn't matter because we are all sons of God and so we are all miracles.”

“Then you are saying we are all special?” I ask.

“Yes,” Jesus responds “you have finally understood my Preach!”

“Then there is nothing special about being special if we are all special!” I said “I think you’re just some hippie radical like Abbie Hoffman.”

“Who is Abbie Hoffman?” He asked.

“He was a nobody.” I said “Just like you and all of us. What you are saying just goes to show how narcissistic a Christian can be.”

I had forgotten that Abbie Hoffman still didn't exist in that stinking era. Fortunately nobody could ever know I was a time traveler, because I was camouflaging myself with the same rags everyone over there used to wear. I had even become one of his apostles.

Days and weeks went by. It was now the Last supper, I went forward in time and brought some hamburgers and Coca Cola from McDonalds. Originally, Jesus only had some wine and bread, but I wouldn't be fulfilled with that Jewish shit! I had already become a 21st century man, full of hormones and high on vaccines.

The wind moistened the curtains, and the clouds grew in tremendous proportions. There was an eclipse coming. It's almost lyrically impossible to describe the sound of the crows outside singing just for us that night, on the ultimate meal. Such a time and place, when days were mixed between rum and cola, water and wine, cider and vinegar. Chairs are a little

uncomfortable, but it's a pleasure to be sitting next to such a visionary. Jesus and Mary Magdalene chat a little:

“Where did he get this from?” She asks “It is quite tasty but I'm afraid I can't afford to finish it all because then I would turn fat and undesirable for you in the next life, you know, like with reincarnation and stuff!”

“Don't bother yourself, Mary.” Said Jesus “The Tibetan monks with pedosexual breath never knew shit about death, the fatter you get, the thicker will be your turds, and trust me, men will love that someday.” He really was such a visionary!

I drink my soda while looking at Mary Magdalene's sad eyes and big tits. I fucking wish she could let me rape her gonorrhea and lick all of her hemorrhoids and mouth ulcers. Maybe I'll do after this Jew gets nailed in the cross.

Jesus does start to feel curious about the meal, so he asks me “How did you get the money? These buns truly are wonderful! I hope you didn't sell me to the Romans to get these, because then I would be very angry!”

Judas chuckled after hearing such an ironic phrase ahead of its time.

“Oh,” I said, while trying to think of a lie “It's just a family recipe from my uncle Ronald!”

Everybody had a good meal and a good drink, and then went to sleep. I seriously considered kidnapping Mary Magdalene to suck her big tits, but I was falling asleep and my dick got limp, I was getting too tired to bother.

So the next day arrived with the Romans knocking on Jesus Christ's door. He was to be put on the cross. The singing crows didn't even care to touch his eyeballs. Not because he was too respectable for the crows, but because the birds could tell he had some gonorrhoea on the eyelash. The crows were hungry, but not *that* hungry. Jesus thought he would be brave and that he could face things like a man, but he was obviously defeated, so he told me:

“Please don't let me die like this, make up some genius catchphrase and say it was mine!”

I agreed. The original quote was “I am the lady-boy fucker, the walking aphrodisiac and celestial semen dropped by God. Nobody can outgrow my intelligence, you mule-cock suckers!”

Someone would later expurgate the quote and claim that Jesus actually said “I am the way, the truth and the life. No one comes to the father except through me.”

Jesus did resuscitate three days later, but only because he had forgotten to take the shroud which Mary Magdalene used to clean him up after ejaculating.

He couldn't find it. Needless to say, I took it with myself as a souvenir.

Now that I think deeper about the event, I reflect Jesus never asked for my name. But if he would have ever asked my name, I would have played the Odysseus card and tricked him into calling me "Nobody".

Something else happened before I left. I had an existential crisis after realizing how easy it would have been for me to go further in time again, grab a birth control pill and sneak it in one of Mary's glasses of wine or water. Jesus wouldn't have been born and the Vatican would have never existed.

Then I got more lost in that thought. Suddenly I felt the urge to do something like that. I wanted to be the British soldier pointing a rifle at Hitler's head and not sparing his life.

But a voice in my head told me that would have been retrograde, that it was a silly idea and that I'd never contribute anything. "Yeah," I answered "You're right."

I always had that voice somehow. Not always, but more like in the most crucial moments of my life. It wasn't one of those deliriums you get when you're a schizophrenic. It spoke clearly and without stuttering or whispering. Sometimes as I jerk off the voice will tell me "Hey, do you love me?" and then I'd say "Sure, but let me finish first and we'll talk more about it later."

Has my narcissism gone so far that I don't recognize my own conscience? Has my self-esteem become so big and strong that I'm starting to talk about myself in third and second person?

You gotta take it easy, Francis, otherwise you're not gonna make it.

V

Before continuing with my incredible tale, I must answer the long-time question: Why do most of walking aphrodisiacs kill their mother in birth?

The matricidal birth dates back to my father's unwanted conception. As any unwanted child, his mother hated him before he was even born. She did the cliché thing of hitting her belly with a hammer to cause a miscarriage. My father felt the punches hurting him.

When his cock was long and hard enough to do push-ups with it, he perforated his mother's uterus with his eight month old dick. It was odd for him to remember that so lucidly, but as we both know, our brains are very different from the normal, earthling ones.

Now that the long-time question has been answered, I'll continue with my story:

I mess with time again and go through different historical events. Now everybody says Maria Callas discovered radiation while an apple banged Galileo's head and caused him a terrible migraine. There was an old man strumming a cello with his fingernails at the funeral, I was there while Jackie Bouvier looked at the body with tears in her eyes. This was too much for my soul. I had to get out of there, fast.

So I looked on my ship's telescope for another sexually charged land and I went over to the first one I considered worthy of my cock.

I met a transvestite amputee with a unibrow. I fucked her instantly and when we were done, she shared some of her philosophy with me:

“Transgenders for white men and all women for black men. As you already know, a man likes feminine features, even if they come with a big cock, and a woman likes a big cock, even if it comes with awful facial features.”

“That’s a little radical,” I said “I disagree.”

What she said was such a deal breaker. I hate racist people. Before leaving, I stole all their petrol and took it as fuel for my hyperspaceship.

I got a hotel room in another place. By now I didn't care to know whether I was on Earth again or in some kind of parallel to it. I could afford to be careless because the coordinates of my house were set on my ship as the default destination, in case anything went wrong and I needed to get out fast.

They had a good room service. I ate a good lobster and some caviar, the most overrated dishes of the universe. I drank some apple juice box because it was the only thing the hotel had other than alcohol or soda and both of them are very dangerous for my liver. I slept very well.

Someone knocked on my door very early in the morning. It sounded like a very hard knock coming from an abnormally big hand. "Who is it?" I asked

"Your father." The man said

"What?" I said "My father's dead, stop kidding."

"I kid you not!" He shouted "I am the father of all men, the true father, knocking at your door in the very beginning of the day to spread my valuable word."

"Oh, I see. You must be Jehovah, then."

"Yes," He said "Don't waste the opportunity!"

I wanted to put him on a tightrope and test his faith. I wanted to know what he would do if he saw my big dick that is hardly dissimulated under my pajamas.

I opened the door and let him in. He couldn't help but immediately drop on his knees to suck on my balls. I knew he wouldn't take the temptation, I knew he had many repressed desires. Too bad for him, though, I bet he'll have to rewrite most of the bible after this. I bet he'll have to delete the Ten Commandments and say that, after all, sexual freedom isn't that evil.

After I penetrate his throat with my phallus, I do get quite sleepy.

“Tell me a story,” I said “my father never did anything like that.”

“Ah,” He says “I am your true father, everyone’s father.”

I nod sarcastically as he takes a deep breath and begins to improvise:

“There was a Russian king. He had dandruff on his pubes and blood on his glans. He achieved his lowest lows and highest highs during the pursuit of an orgasm. Sometimes nothing would turn him on enough to shoot a big load into the queen’s roasted cunt.

He couldn’t keep up with her drive, but not because she had an outstanding libido, but because this king was too impotent and had a limp cock.

In the morning, he always woke up and asked himself in the mirror ‘Who’s got the biggest cock in town?’ and so the mirror would normally answer with his name, but today the mirror answered ‘Rasputin’.

‘Who’s that son of a bitch? You must be kidding!’

‘He’s the lover of your wife, are you really so blind you can’t see she’s been fucking another guy?’

The king felt extremely offended, he couldn’t help but slap his wife and ask her ‘Who’s this new boyfriend of yours? I want to meet him.’

‘Boyfriend? I have no boyfriend, you’re the only man in my life, I swear!’

‘No, don’t act like you don’t know what the fuck I’m talking about. C’mon, I want to see how much sperm his ass can take before his cock gets limp!’

And so the wife took him to Rasputin’s apartment, the king knocked on the door and said ‘Now open up, you queen-fucker. I want to see how much you can last in bed!’

‘Have you any guns on you, sir?’ Rasputin asked.

‘Just my cock, now open up before I lose the hard on I am carrying’

The king ordered Rasputin to show him the 11 inches that were hardly hidden by the cheap and communist pants he wore.

‘Nice sausage you got there.’ The king said ‘Now, c’mon, we’ll make a competition. Let’s see who can penetrate who for longer. You’ll bend first.’

And so Rasputin obeyed and the king started pounding the gigolo’s ass while grabbing his neck and choking him. The king was unusually hard now. He had never felt such an attraction for any man.

He lost himself in the moment and the strength he applied on Rasputin’s neck got out of hand and caused him to faint.

The queen looked at him afraid of being next, but before any of the two said anything, Rasputin came back from the death and said 'Now it's my turn, sir.'

The king bent over and spread his cheeks wide enough to make his shit crust and brown hole be a huge turn-off to Rasputin.

'Here's an ass that will make your worshipful cock become limp from now on. Every time you see a pussy, you'll remember this ass and immediately feel disgusted.'

Needless to say he ruined Rasputin's drive forever."

Jehovah fell asleep after telling the story and so did I. Such a story could only come from the mind of someone who has been repressed for many years. Someone who finally woke up from an emotional retardedness.

I woke up alone the next day.

I went somewhere else. A nice squirrel turned me on real good. I first fed it some nuts before copulating with it but they were contaminated with potassium cyanide. The animal convulsed to death and I buried him on a graveyard. There I saw a cryptozoologist dropping some sunflowers in the grave of the Yeti.

"Don't you hate it?" He said "When you're in a happy relationship but it's so good for such little time."

"Yeah," I said "but how did he die anyways?"

“I got a cold after he sucked me off, and when I asked him to rub some eucalyptus on my chest, his hand burnt and melted like a wax candle. He then asked me to strangle him because he wouldn’t take the pain.”

“Well, that sucks.”

“Yeah.” He said “In India they cut a thief’s hand, but I wonder what they do to rapists. I always thought coffee tastes like Sprite with peppermint and it smells like rotten mangos. I have always thought that yellow crayons have become outdated ever since the sophomoric camels took over.”

I looked at him, confused after hearing such a word salad. I wanted to ask him “What the fuck?” but instead I just nodded and said “That’s nice, buddy.”

He barely heard my question before continuing to say stuff.

“Just listen.” He said “Wearing a crucifix on your neck is like wearing the electric chair on your wrist. Vampires burn their chest because their heart is too intoxicated with blood. But blood is an enlightening drug when taken in quantities bigger than 355 milliliters. Blood causes a vampire to see life bigger than it actually is. I mean, deliver me a good one or otherwise just shut up and throw another shrimp on the barbecue.

Anyhow, I count some thrilling favelas on the cup noodles and windshields of people. I was a kid, throwing big tantrums and ground beef against the wall and I would never miss, I would always hit it. Ibiza is the biggest discotheque in Europe but

nobody will ever care to throw a flower for the little redskins on the highway.”

Now I was getting pissed, so I said “Alright, man, I got you. I’m gonna go now, back to my suite.”

Then he grabs my arm and keeps on talking. All of the sudden he starts telling me the story of his life. Obviously he was seeing some images and had millions of thoughts inside his head that upset him and triggered his subconscious.

“So basically,” He said “my mom was very drunk and naked and down to fuck that night and while I tried to get her up from the floor so she could cover herself with a blanket, she cried and said ‘Why won’t you fuck me? You used to love sucking on these nipples. Is it that I’m not pretty anymore?’ ‘No, mom,’ I said ‘you are always pretty enough for my cock, shit, you turned me on so hard when I was a baby that I even ejaculated breast milk through my nose.’ Then she started rubbing my balls after pushing me on the living room couch and said ‘You know, I’ve got a surprise for you.’ So she went upstairs, got a condom from a drawer and then went back with me to spread her legs wide open on the couch and we got set in missionary and I humped her and I cream-pied her ass and drank it off there when suddenly my father came in, earlier than usual from work, I guess the secretary didn’t cut him slack that day. He begins to jerk off and moan. Then, before I knew it, it became a yelling competition, to see who could moan louder and longer. Then, when I switched her ass to doggy, it became a spelling

competition. ‘F-U-C-K M-E V-E-R-Y H-A-R-D, S-O-N’ my mother spelled, and then my father went ‘O-H, Y-E-A-H F-U-C-K H-E-R R-E-A-L G-O-O-D.’ I couldn’t help but ejaculate as I watched my father stroke it well, get some feel and jerk it good.”

I rolled my eyes and said “Oh yeah? Tell me more.”

“Well, I was Hitler in my previous life, and some motherfucker kept a torch burning on my Mexican Auschwitz, so I told him ‘Hey how do I know you’re not a Jew?’ and so he asked ‘How do I know you’re not an immigrant?’ and so I said ‘Show me your foreskin!’ and then he replied ‘Show me your passport’ and a few moments later, he became my husband.”

“Keep going” I said.

“Well, when I landed on the moon, my flag turned out to be the wrong one, I planted the Cuban one and I almost made the people think that the soviets and their disgusting communism had won. We basically switched the tapes from another one with an owl and some hooters. I also made Vincent Van Gogh cut his own ear.”

“How so?” I asked

“Well,” He wouldn’t stop saying well before every sentence “I was criticizing his painting, the Starry Night. He didn’t like what I said and we argued a lot. Next thing I knew, he went to another room and cut his ear. When I took him to the hospital

and asked him why he did such thing, he said that he had heard a voice that told him to kill me, and he didn't want to hear those voices anymore so he cut his ear."

"Compulsive lying?" I asked

"Literary chameleon, with hypergraphia and disorganized speech." He answered, knowing the context of my question.

"Oh," I said "in that case, then I'd like to ask you what your take on philosophy and writing is."

It must have been a really good question, because he stopped saying random sentences and began making sense:

"It's an utter waste of time, writers have always been paid for word count or page number, never for the actual quality. The only books that are worth reading are those that are made out of love for knowledge. That is true philosophy. I mean, after all, the word *philosophy* does mean 'love for knowledge' in Greek. Culture should always remain free and nobody should ever pay in order to obtain it. I'm sure a man like you can do something out of that idea"

He was very right. I normally don't agree with random pedestrians on the multiverses and different timelines, but this guy had a point. His idea rang a bell on me.

"And what do you think about artists who claim to be ahead of their time?" I asked, trying to get the most knowledge I could out of him.

“Being ahead of your time is not relevant,” He said “at least not as relevant as being timeless. If you’re ahead of your time, but someday that time comes and you’re forgotten, then your contribution has meant fuck all. The point is to stick around like chicken on people’s teeth, to never let your work become outdated and old fashioned.”

“You’re right, I agree.”

I never felt the urge to write my autobiography. I never even knew where to begin. I felt mentally constipated, even though I had a lot of good stuff to write about, so I decided to ask him for advice.

“Hey,” I said “have you ever written anything yourself? If so, then how do you ever get to invest time on such an occupying task? And how do you overcome creative cock-block?”

“My work is intangible.” He said “I am my work. But if you want to write you have to lose some friends first. Friends are shit anyway, at least in my opinion. They only make you lose valuable time off your short and miserable existence. And about the cock-block thing, I say you can’t just wait for inspiration as much as you can’t wait for some dick-sucking whore to approach you. You have to rape inspiration like a bitch, suck its wisdom off and take advantage from it. Put a leash on its neck, walk it to the park, treat it like a dog and eventually it will start to bark. Then you must hear what he tries to say, you discern its knowledge and rip it off.”

“Ingenious,” I said “excellently ingenious, you are absolutely right.”

We shook hands and parted ways. I never got his name, but I’ll remember him as The Artist. I got in my ship and went back to my land, eager to write it all.

I wrote everything fairly quickly and finished it two weeks ago. Even though I don’t believe in writing, The Artist’s speech gave me great inspiration. After finishing my autobiography I decided to give myself a break and take it easy. I’ll now catch up on my diary which I have neglected ever since I started doing my great autobiography.

VI

I had an autoerotic accident that nearly ends my life. My custom of tying a belt around my neck and jerking off nearly killed me. It happened when I felt so euphoric of having completed my masterpiece and decided to celebrate it that way. But first, I needed to buy a new belt or at least a good kind of ligature because my older one had ripped apart for the use. I went to the sex shop that was closest to me and bought a fine leather belt, the best one I could find. At the counter, I flirted with the clerk while she put my stuff in a bag. The shirt under her sweater said “Cassandra”. She looked exactly like me and I’m not even kidding. Her hair was long and she was very feminine, but her face made me feel almost like looking at myself in the mirror. She looked exactly my age, even though the little acne on her chin and forehead made her seem younger than me. She was the kind of employee that makes you more than happy to pay. I liked how we stared at each other for a second and she giggled and blushed.

As I got back to my home, I noticed I had forgotten my keys on the sex shop, but I was so horny for myself that I didn’t give a shit and just broke into my own house by throwing a rock in the window.

I went upstairs, to my big bedroom, and did the usual thing; hanging myself in the closet and jerking off. I got too involved with myself, with my dick and passed out.

I know that I could have died and in the best moment of my life, but consider this: People die from many things every day, whether it's war, drugs, suicide, car accidents, mass shootings, etc. Why not die while having an orgasm instead?

It's not that I was suicidal, but in my opinion it wouldn't have been a bad thing for me to die that way. I didn't want to kill myself, but I wouldn't have cared if I died.

Actually, what a happy accident it was to lose myself in the moment, because the next thing I knew was being on an ambulance with the girl from the sex shop, giving me mouth to mouth resuscitation. Now I could look at her better. She was a brunette with rosy cheeks, a turned-up nose, the perfect jawline and green eyes with big eyelashes that emphasized her blinks. She looked like the kind of girl that I'd like to chew her dandruff, drink her menstruation and suck on her wrinkled cunt when she gets older, even though she had some acne here and there. She wore didn't take off her sweater even though the ambulance was very hot. I liked how desperately she checked my pulse, how she genuinely tried to save my life, how nervous she looked and how she screamed at the driver to hurry up and that I wasn't gonna make it.

I opened my mouth to say something, but she shut my lips with her fingers and said “Save it, we’ll talk some other time.”

I leaned forward and sneaked my tongue inside her mouth. She didn’t push back, in fact, I could tell from her moaning that she was getting wet.

Then the ambulance arrived to the hospital. As I was on the stretcher, half dead, I could see a kid with a bicycle seat up his ass. I think I saw him the last time I came here to get my prostate checked. I thought very hard about something to say. Maybe a joke, just something witty so he knew there are many more dumbass horny assholes like him. When I opened my mouth for the second time to say something, I fainted.

The next day I woke up to a soft hand grabbing my testicles. The handjob felt good enough, but the hand was too rough to be a girl’s hand, so I opened my eyes and noticed it was Dr. Harrison who was jerking me off, not her. That fucking doctor, he always smells like Valium or Vicodin, depending on what day of the week it is. How can he need drugs when he can get all the pussy he wants? He smells like Vicodin today, it must be Monday.

“I apologize, sir,” he said “but you know how horny one can get with these long shifts at the office!”

“Ah, don’t even sweat it, Harrison. You know I’m as hypersexual as you. Shit, I’d fuck a water heater if it keeps my cock warm. And I also know that whenever Lord Francis IV

enters a room, everybody will instantly be down to fuck. Could you do me a favor and call Mrs. Cassandra to come over here, alright? We have some unfinished business.”

“As you desire, Lord Francis, I will call her immediately.”

While I’m trying to make my dick hard again for Cassandra, she comes in and closes the door behind her. She was still wearing the same sweater. She wore it again even though the room felt very hot, at least from where I was laying.

“How are you?” She asked

“Oh, fine” I answered.

I felt the urge to ask her what she was doing in my ambulance, but I figured she was the one to find me hanging from the closet. “You’re Cassandra,” I said “the girl from the shop. How did you find me?”

“That doesn’t matter.” She said

I immediately remembered: I had left my keys on the sex shop, when I was buying a new belt, and maybe she had them and looked for me to tell me.

“Do you have my keys?” I asked

“Yeah” She said, and then looked in the pocket of her sweater, found them and left them on my bedside table.

“Do you know my name?” I asked

“Yeah, you’re Francis.” She said

I loved the way my name sounded on her quiet voice and how she said it so casually. At that moment, I felt like writing her name in the wall, with my blood. She got the best out of me at that moment.

“Hey, what’s your last name?” I asked

She ignored the question and turned off the lights. I could hear her clothes dropping on the floor. She sat on my thighs and placed my hands on her naked ass. “Does that feel good?” She asked.

“Yeah” I said

“Then that’s all you need to care about.”

Her flirtatious and blue ball attitude was definitely her way of compensating for her sexual immaturity. She didn’t have a hymen anymore, but I could tell she wasn’t as experienced as me.

Cassandra smelled like psychiatric wards and orphanages. At first she talked with a lump in her throat, as if I made her nervous and unquiet and as if she tried to not lose control over herself and act stupid. She loosened up after we made love and fell asleep. I loved how her feet curled and how she scratched my back when I came inside her.

I had tasted her cunt with such passion my jaw almost jammed. However, neither of us rushed or hurried, it was as if we both knew what the other one was thinking about, as if we could read each other's minds. We talked telepathically, as if we were twins on the same womb.

“Cassandra,” I said in my mind, without being sure if she could hear me “I like how you cross your arms behind my back and how your armpit sweats over my shoulders. I like how you close your big eyes and drool on my neck as I make love to you. I like how you don't wear too much makeup and how your kisses don't taste like mouthwash. I like how you don't talk too loud. I like how you desperately checked my pulse on that ambulance.”

The room was dark, and I couldn't tell if she actually said something, but I swear I heard a different voice inside my head say “I like you. I like how you smiled at me in that store and stared at my tits. I like how you remembered my name but forgot your keys. I like how you looked back at me and smiled while walking out of the store. I like how you kissed me at that ambulance.”

Maybe I was going insane in the middle of my sentimental ejaculation, but either way I loved the thought of it.

On the morning, I woke up earlier than her. I went to the bathroom to take a piss and when I came back to bed to lie next to her, I noticed why she had turned off the lights: Suicidal wrists.

Of all the scars on her arms I could count at least two suicide attempts. That shit turned me on real good, enough to think about waking her up on purpose, flirt a little and then fuck her again, like last night.

As I lied next to her and tapped her on the shoulder, she woke up and tried to cover her arms with the blanket. She sobbed and looked at me, embarrassed.

“Don’t worry.” I said “It’s fine.”

“No, it isn’t fine.” She said “This is very fucked up, and I shouldn’t have come here.”

“What’s your last name?” I asked

“I have to go.” She said

“No, please don’t leave. At least tell me your last name or when I can see you again.”

“Are you in love with me?” She asked

“Not yet,” I said “but I desire you. Desire is the most honest feeling that a human being can ever confess. You can live without me as much as I can live without you and move on, but I wouldn’t think twice before fucking you on a frozen lake and dying with you as a pneumonic swan. If we got old together, I’d kill the spiders crawling on your wheelchair and wipe your senile ass with my tongue. But that is not love, that’s desire on its full potential.”

“I have to go.” She said again

I grabbed a paper tissue from the bathroom and a pen I found in a drawer of the bedside table to quickly write my phone number before she left. “At least take this.” I said.

She glanced at it, placed it on a pocket of her sweater and walked out without saying anything else.

I was checked out of the hospital before I could find out her full name. I felt too embarrassed to go to the sex shop and ask someone, I didn't want anyone to think I'd gotten soft.

I always hate hospitals, no matter in what part of the universe. They all smell like blood, barbiturates, domestic violence, and broken body parts. The doctors talk with a disgusting morning breath and calmly give you the bad news while sipping expensive coffee from a pathetic mug. With morphine or other sedatives you do nothing but stare at the ceiling all day.

It was all useless. With her first name alone, I couldn't know shit. There must be thousands of Cassandras on my database.

I still don't know her full name. I'd like to go to her place and talk about her suicide attempts. Make her tear up on my feet. Then I'd fuck her all day until I couldn't get it up anymore.

I have barely left my house all week, expecting her call.

I think about her before falling asleep so often that I even have dreams with her now. I have a dream where she sneezes but just before she can clean it up with a tissue, I steal her liquid mucus to baptize myself with it.

In another dream, she talks to me, almost whispering, then shows me her wrists and says I should meet her soon.

I liked how my ego seemed to dissolve in her legs like a sugar cube in a cup of coffee. I liked how I never needed to act charismatic next to her because I could tell that she could understand how hard life was and how rough it can be, like an anvil penetrating your bowels and escaping through your gullet.

VII

Industrial messiahs turn trees into paper and feed fishes with petrol. Immune systems penetrated and overwhelmed by aerosols. Vultures chew the ribs of a starved Moroccan kid. Sexually frustrated homophobes make mass shootings on pride parades. Envious misanthropists plow the bodies of dimeless hedonistic men. Unemployed youth on the subway end their hunger by eating guts of a suicidal commuter. European philosophers complain about the “horrible human condition” while drinking expensive Dubonnet and smoking from oak pipes carved by Chinese orphans. Anarchists bark about the flawed system while chewing a Whopper.

Francis IV couldn't care less about those insignificant problems. He just thought of Cassandra. He had thought about her all day, making up expectations and imaginary scenarios in his head about meeting her. He hopelessly expected her call when suddenly it struck him; he decided they would meet again the same subtle way he found her.

“How didn't I think of this before?” He thought, with an excited grin on his face.

For him it was the perfect way to not raise any suspicion about him possibly getting soft. In his high and royal position, no self-

respected leader would allow himself to be seen in a vulnerable situation like falling in love. He had to make his encounter with Cassandra look like an accident.

Francis grabs the same beautiful leather belt he used the last time, wraps it around his neck and ties himself to the closet. He leans forward and works hard for an orgasm. He strokes his cock as violently as he can while picturing Cassandra's clitoris being covered with his semen. Francis feels the rush now, his face turns red and his lips are purple. There's too much pressure on his carotid artery.

His vision turns blurry, but after some time of mild blindness, his cock recognizes a face. It isn't his father or his mother, it's Cassandra. There she is, naked in the cold wind that makes her fleshy lips bleed.

Francis rolls his foreskin back, like a singer inhaling before hitting a high note, like God licking his thumb before turning a page on the bible. He could have conquered the entire universe yet never had the intentions of doing so. Everybody dies with some regret, or fear, but not him. Francis dies with his prick on the right hand.

Nicholas Blacksmith, April, 2019.