

Isn't Jack In Jail?

Heavy Lesbianism

A Novel

by Hamda Lindleton

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Chapter 1. Flesh Mountain.

"Hmmm...I'm full." Smoke in eyes, bongo music in ears. Not that kind of smoke, not that kind of bongo music. A great sea of corpses, mostly undecomposed, many only hours old, like a landscape, and yet a constant bongo music of gunfire assuring us that some living were swimming in the sea, set to dance music.

What does a sea of corpses do to the neighborhood? All was once smooth-skinned luscious flesh, milk glands, organs of delight. Now piled up in mountains, like a smashed people factory. Holes blown in the mounds everywhere, creating craters of body parts. That's just the organic part.

The heads! The ones with the open eyes intact, maybe they were not dead. Luscious nude bodies, arms and legs twisted like flexible dildoes. Wide open pussy spread out as if waiting to be eaten. But pock-marked with wounds, and rats eating it instead. Skulls bleached white. Not from age. Yes, there were herds of rats all over.

The rats struck. They jumped in a herd over the cliff we were crouching under, and we filled the sky with fire trying to shred them as they sailed down. My people were getting popped fast and I used 3 brains and 6 eyes trying to live to each new half-second. We worked and loved in teams of 3 you see. The dicks had driven the rats on us, then came up behind. They actually had some real people turned traitor with them.

Flesh! A rain drenched us with blood, me and my two lover soldiers, Clitsy and Vulvet, with blood and flesh. So ground up that no body parts were recognizable. I kind of hoped to see at least a piece of a vagina, but there was not even a vaginal lip as my libido made me look for in vain.

You know how I feel in an hour like this? Used. I shredded all that good pussy myself. I was so scared, I wish I could do it over again and slow down my fire to change the rain into whole bodies, with their arms neatly blown off to be sure they were not able to shoot me in the back after they landed. It was almost sleep zone and I could kiss and eat a fresh killed traitor pussy all night and it wouldn't even be stinking. If I could really get lucky and capture a traitor alive, I could maybe lick her back into her senses. Too bad, never happened yet.

"AMBUSH!" A whole wall of human garbage meat flew asunder exposing a rat nest, and I fell flat on my face into the sea of meat and blood so fast I couldn't count how many fire nozzles were spitting out. Down the escape tunnel I went, with Vulv holding my ass in the dark, she and I were so thick, we went everywhere holding and feeling if we could manage it and stay alive. Our body suits had the ability to mate together to let us make love when safe.

Where did Clitsy go? I glanced back and saw her, booby trapping the tunnel, good soldier. They didn't usually try the tunnel openings anyway, for that reason, but survival is a mean dyke, if you were to forget to booby trap once, that might be the time they tried it. I love the smell of good pussy in the morning.

Can I find the perfect lover who has soft white perfumed skin, and clean as if she had a bath, letting me slurp her tits and shaved pussy parts while she slurps mine? Mine aren't so clean now, but I'll put a clean napkin in my ass to dress my pussy for dinner. I have several clean napkins left in my kit. I can dress for dinner several times with each before it stinks too bad. You can't clean an ass out with water from the canteen, because it has to be rationed and all of it drunk afterwards. A pussy yes, an ass no, the

shit is dangerously full of germs, and our mouths are sealed shut around our pacifiers until we're sure we're germ-clear.

I never saw an erect dick in my life but who would want to have sausage and meatballs with cream sauce, and drink cum out of nuts, when they could eat pussy, that purest love meat in the universe? I still can't get over the sick idea of a dick fucking a perfectly eatable pussy and filling it up with stinking cum, rendering it unfit to eat without a terrible waste of canteen water. The world was so sick and primitive till we went One.

A sudden terrible roar, and fire down the hole! They did try this booby trap! No choice now but to go full flesh submarine! I think I saw 8 heads among the corpse colossus that blinked back at me before I sprayed the tunnel with fire. At least everybody wears full body suits that cover those ugly dick faces from head to foot except for the eyeholes.

Slip sliding away, I'm a porpoise slip sliding away. My Clitsy and my Vulvet are my fellow travellers, we use handcuffs and leg irons to make a daisy chain, and I am the lead porpoise in our school of fish, slip sliding away. There is no use in the enemy trying to shoot through a mountain of flesh, it blocks all the bullets. A flame thrower just barbecues the outer bank of flesh in corpse mountain, we don't even feel the heat. They don't want to slip slide after us, too risky since we leave booby traps as we go. No, we got away again, don't we always? Until we chance surfacing, and get on our feet again.

Am I still handsome enough to make a beauty open her thighs to my face? Funny how when real people opened thighs to dicks, they had to have faces like babies to look back at ugly dick faces so they could take dick up their pussies and cause them to jizz off their balls while kissing them with their face lips. They say the reason we evolved oversized breasts in the first place was to make it look like an ass when laying on our backs so they could imagine that we were still walking on all fours and they were mounting us from the rear. The milk function for babies is trivial, all we would have needed were long nipples. Who wants to quick

sucking and loving breasts just because they aren't a baby anymore?

Now we don't try to look like babies anymore, our faces are our dicks and we want our lovers to spread their thighs for them while we spread our thighs for theirs. I let my moustache grow since I can use it to better tickle the sensitive skin of a pussy in heat, and I suppose I look more like a man of old than a woman of old in the face, pardon my french. So much the better, how many dick faces even ate pussy? Even then, only for a few minutes usually, until they could get the stinking dick that was ailing them in and jizz off the nagging nuts, then they would get some kind of release and just grow cold and leave a woman hot with her clit squirming never getting the licking attention she needed. What a waste.

Dicks were doomed, evolution threw them in the garbage heap of history. You can grow 10-20 dicks and milk their jizz balls to get a sperm bank for reproduction, and then cook and eat their meaty muscles and not have any waste either. They do grow meaty muscles fast, that they do. Ha ha!

They even had men that sucked other men's dicks, pardon my french, and didn't want any pussy at all! Some would even rim each other's dirty ass cracks and assholes, and think they were getting some delicious hot spicy chili! As if dicks could evolve with humanity, sorry, they didn't, it was quite the opposite, and now all I can think about is pussy pussy pussy, like any normal adult human being on Mother Earth in the 4th century of One World.

I wish I could beam out of here like in Star Trek. Sorry, never mind. You probably thought that by now we have all that. We have some great advances in transport but you'd have probably never guessed that we prefer to stay at home now having pure sex, so there isn't much transport available other than for maintaining the city's supplies. Where would one go? Can't you sightsee better via the Internet? So many people where you are at, all the pussy you can lick. Who would go with you? Enough to keep you missing the ones you left behind? Wasted energy could be

used to clone more live pussy.

Space travel never did happen like they said it would. Off of the surface of Mother Earth it's a desert out there. It costs dearly to go far, and there's no Mother Earth waiting, only a barren desert, no, Earth's worst desert is a paradise next to the next best we found off her in the Solar System. The barrenness is far worse outside that, and what a colossal expenditure to find any other planetoids period, and they are deserts too. It is not practical to live far off Mother Earth yet. It is worth fighting to the death for, nothing else will ever be.

Ha ha how funny the imagination is, embracing without question the easy fantasy of ships that travel faster than light for instance. Yet without it, the universe is forever a desert, and Earth its only liveable planet. And who wants more? I have all the pussy I can eat now, even during this war. Let alien races come and get it. Not much chance, even dick society gave up on saviors, messiahs, and aliens from space by Minus 200 or so. They were pictured either with dicks or no sex organs at all, so who wants to believe in them now anyway?

The real surprise for you might be, not that we went out and colonized barren rocks like Mars, Venus, or even Luna, but that we found out how to build entire cities in low earth orbit, mainly over the oceans, and plug them into the oceans and clouds for life support. Each city is biosealed so that there is absolutely no germ or virus inside other than ones necessary for health and maintaining a working immune system. No insidious lethal sex-transmitted diseases such as devastated humans for centuries. We could have total uninhibited orgasmic sex at will with anyone in our city all our lives and never fear harming our health, shudder. With the Internet our minds are not sealed inside like our orgasming flesh is, but can range freely over all of humanity's knowledge instantly and safely. Like angels in the old heaven myth of so many dead dick religions.

This battleground I am telling you about is one such orbiting city, now a mountain of dead and decaying flesh and lost orgasms, thanks to Big Boy.

We replace worn-out humans by cloning new ones scientifically. The government takes care of reproduction now, and who runs the government? Us. We place our votes via the Internet and how many and what type of voluptuous beauties out of our human gene library should be cloned, and in what numbers. We can look up any beauty that has ever lived, or been designed, and have virtual sex with her at will, to help intelligently decide our votes. Our cloud cities are the true heaven on Earth the religions never delivered, and the angels do run things, and there is sex in heaven, dickless sex, ha ha, and we don't live forever as individuals, but our genes do.

Once we got rid of the dicks that is, the devils, we could have heaven on Earth. So we were too nice and let some dicks thrive at the poles, out of the way. These poles became kind of hells for devils to cook up plans to spoil heaven. A last gasp attempt of the devils to destroy our paradise might be going on now, but we will prevail in the end. Angels always prevail over devils in the end, humanity's most deep-seated belief, right?

Now in this battleground what housing and transportation structures there had been were either blasted to bits or covered inhuman corpses, no use to us now. Our lovers outside the city couldn't help us then, but we were in constant communication, they were watching everything and we knew they'd reinforce us as fast as possible, or rescue us, we trusted their great wisdom. Big Boy was letting loose with everything he had for sure. No more boasts about one stud being able to kick 1000 pussies' asses, ha, now he had to prove it.

Why am I telling you this? Because I love your snow cones so much.

We surfaced after a time, and reached a broad ridge in flesh mountain, looking over a valley of corpses, rats, and broken robots. The robots had destroyed each other after killing several million human beings each. I bet you know why they call a killing robot a Popeil, grin. The computers played such complex chess games with each other's minds

before the first shot was fired, no human brain could reconstruct the logic in a thousand years.

Yet it was a stalemate as far as robots went, now we had to hold out for our reinforcements, because we don't think they had any coming on their side. The dicks were nowhere to be seen right now. Our technology was definitely over theirs, none of their biological weapons, gases, viruses, or chemical weapons had been able to make a nick in our latest body suits. At least both sides agreed to make only weapons that were cleanable so that the winner inherited a clean Earth. I guess neither side had a choice, if they did the dicks would go back on their word.

Shouldn't have pissed on myself by bragging out loud. No sooner did I comment that no dicks were to be seen, when out pops a big 7 foot one, his big biceps and shoulders visible under the suit, as were his big thighs, and hips too. He swiped me with the butt of his rifle, knocking me back on my butt. I suddenly realized he had no ammunition left. So instead of jumping up and attacking him physically, I'm too smart for that, I ran off away from him to a safe distance, wheeled around, unslung my rifle, and shot off his legs at the knees. Then I shot off his arms at the armpits. The blood was spraying from him like a dick pissing in the air.

The spraying was dying down, so I could now safely approach this 'Stud' (what they called infantrypersons in their army), so I did so. I was still cautious, he might have boyfriends. He was coughing loudly now, from blood loss or who knows what, and trying not to look at my voluptuous curves, or my beautiful pussy visible through the see-through body suit, even if smeared with blood and other shit pretty bad. "EAT THIS YOU STINKING DICK" I shouted!

I ripped off the face of his body suit with a survival laser knife, and forced his face down to see my pussy up close. He seemed lost, the forever-kind of lost. Good! Now I wanted him to see the pussy from behind my gorgeous ass, hanging down from my love box. He was no longer coughing, he was out of blood, and quite dead. I almost forgot about Clitsy and Vulvy, and looked around. They were watching my back, like good lover soldiers.

He did have boyfriends. They yelled like monkeys with their tails being stepped on and popped out of flesh mountain, where they had tried burying themselves to hide.

More soldiers on our side popped up behind them and gave them a permanent reburial. It soon seemed obvious that much of the surface of flesh mountain was carrying hidden troops on both sides, waiting for a command or inspiration. Troops would pop up, get popped, and pop back, dead. Sometimes they'd pop back alive. Like pimples on a giant's back. The sound of bongo music again.

I have a trophy I carry around now. It's a DICK. The balls and bag are missing, I just have the penis. Look at the ugly thing. The snake head with the spit hole, and the foreskin retracted around it, with a splotchy dark skin. I cut it off myself. I cut the whole thing with the bag and balls off at the same time, but I just had to eat the balls, and the bag was just chicken skin so I chucked it. Should I stick it in my pussy and see if I get a thrill? (grin) Pew, it stinks too bad, I'll put it back in my pocket.

"Banana" (that's what not my lovers call me now, they call me Dildora, they say it shows respect for my 70-plus years, though sometimes they change it fondly to Dilda), "it's not what I want but what you want, and I'm here to give it to you!" I called her Juicy, and she was. I would use a banana shaped dildo to juice her pussy like a juicer, then drink the juice off the end of the dil. I would have rather lost her memory than seen this happen. But there was her unmistakable voluptuous butt with a tattoo of a banana, right under my knees as I slid down into flesh mountain to bury myself. A rotten banana now. No more juice, no more good to eat. I hate men, pardon my french. I want to collect a dozen dicks and make them into a dick necklace and send it to Big Boy himself.

But now we had another emergency to deal with. They had let loose a dreaded pizza-face virus on flesh mountain! The virus spread from flesh to flesh at about 4 miles per hour, a little faster than you could walk. The face would suddenly explode into a bizarre pizza, really a flower of

viruses. The entire flesh would then flower, and the body would become a bizarre flower pot, nothing human left. Grotesque in its stark multi-colored multi-textured beauty. Too beautiful not to stare at. But not flower petal material. Meat flowers. Total degradation of the high to the low. Too horrible to keep looking at. Too sad. Yet it was hard to feel sad long, for the mind raced trying to erase its own memories of the impossible monsters, as if remembering alone would cause the virus to score on them. The mind could just barely stave off the infection caused by merely looking. With actual contact the virus was 100% fatal. There would be no screaming, no warning. A person's head would just suddenly flower and they'd be inanimate. Our body suits could stop it if they were in perfect hermetic seal, else they wouldn't. Who could afford to take that chance?

So we had to pop up, exposing ourselves to fire, and trot along, firing back, pacing ourselves, ahead of the wave of popping pizza faces coming up from behind. Soon it became obvious that all the trotting troops were on our side, the other side seemed to be held up by something. We got instructions to race for the nearest cloud city exit conduit. The fire was heavy but all from behind us, the way to the exits clear.

What did the wise ones have in store for Big Boy now? I was kind of sorry to be killing people, even dicks. But they invaded our homeland. We had to defend ourselves and our lovers. We all hated war. We didn't start it but we'd finish it. The last war.



Chapter 2. Isn't Jack In Jail?

One day President Jack Kennedy was in the Oval Office, having had a hard day, and, dismissing some advisors, told his secretary to get Marilyn Monroe on the phone. "Yes, Jack", she purred, in her sex kitten voice she had studied for years with coaches to develop. "What can I do for youuuuuu, Mister President darling?" "Jackie is home tonight and wants me to call you again. Can you do her a

favor? For me?" "Jack, I love you both and what time should I drop in? "After one. Jackie will be in her boudoir and the cooks have been told to leave the door to the kitchen unlocked. My men are looking the other way tonight, you know the procedure. You will wait in your apartment for a driver." "Yes Mister Preeeesident! Count on me, siiir! Mmmmmwaa!"

It was well after 1:30 am that Jackie was laying in a nightgown, on her pink covered fancy bed, naked underneath, face down on her stomach, glancing aimlessly up at her big wardrobe full of those silly pastel fashions she wore in public to give her class and style and her own special trademark image. She was supposed to be the most beautiful woman in the world, my how her publicity machine manufactured lies. Let's be truthful, she was a homely flat chested dyke. She knew a more beautiful woman, and the thought of those luscious lips, those succulent breasts, those full nipples, and that musky pussy was turning her on now that she knew she was on the way to her. Marilyn was her dream girl, she was in love with her madly, and knew she had more beautiful and sexy lovers, but Jackie had Jack and the power of the Presidency was an aphrodisiac to Marilyn, luckily for her.

Many public women had to pass as what they called 'straight' then, and Jack was okay for a dick she thought, as long as the slobbering panting dog got it over quick enough and left his puddle of goo on her poodle and then slept in another bed the rest of the night. She had to have children to keep the public persona of 'the Kennedy's' up, so after he goosed her pussy she'd often climb her feet up the head of the bed, and prop her ass up in the air with her hands, to let the goo sink deeper into her egg tubes. The quicker she got pregnant the quicker she could tell him to go find some other woman to fuck. Jack's famous philandering was actually because he had no choice, funny how the press never figured it out, even from her lack of concern about it (like later, President Clinton and his wife Hillary).

As she looked at her own pussy up in the air, she often wished women had longer necks so she could lick her own and

not have to find lovers. Naw, that is proof that God is a Woman, and made it that way so women would always have to find other women to lick and be licked.

But she never had an orgasm with him, funny but she would go as cold as a dead plucked chicken while he slammed and bonked her with his dirty, often-infected dick meat. She could dildo her own pussy a thousand times more expertly, knowing her own orgasm cycle and when to go fast, when slow, when hard, and when soft. And her dildo was bigger, harder, and more thick than Jack's dick ever was. And it didn't grow soft or semi-soft at the flick of an eyelash like his did. Or suddenly cream off and then die into the size of a condom.

He apparently didn't know or care, he was on his own spin-dry cycle. He had a bad back too, which caused him to ask her to bend in all kinds of directions to help him achieve penetration in her pussy hole. And then he would cut farts right and left, so she would have a hand fan ready to shoo the smell away. His armpits stank too, so she tried to keep his arms close to his sides. And his breath often stank like shit, because he had bad teeth. But she would block his ugly face out and imagine Marilyn, winking, pouting those luscious lips open, exposing those perfect pearl teeth for a second, then flicking her tongue out.

At least she kept him from asking her to suck his dick by insisting that he fuck her pussy and give Poppa Kennedy some heirs. Sucking his dick was a real turn-off, like a cold hot dog covered with piss and hairs that she had to stop and pick out off her tongue all the time. Once she had gone down on him after he begged her a long time, and was swallowing the entire cock like a banana, with his bag resting on his crotch, when he suddenly spread his legs, only to give her a sudden whiff of his asshole, which hadn't been wiped very well, and she had to hold her breath and bob the shaft with lips clamped hard as fast as she could to make it cum that much faster. Lucky she had thick red lipstick on or she might have gotten skid marks on her lips! Then she got a surprise of a mouthful of jizz and had to jump up and spit it out in the sink. The detergent smell and fishy salty taste didn't get out of her mouth for hours.

Liquid Kennedys, Gawd!

"Misses Preeesident?" she suddenly heard. Marilyn was already inside the boudoir, dressed in a trenchcoat, with dark glasses, even in the middle of the night. "You alone here?" "Yes!" "You poor baby, is Misses President horny tonight?" Marilyn walked over to Jackie's bedside, and undid her trenchcoat, showing nothing on underneath except a garter belt and hose, and high heels. Marilyn liked her body odor and often went days without a bath. The smell of her musk was spilling onto Jackie's face already. Jackie wasn't endowed with voluptuous body parts, she was almost a flat chested man with a pussy, but her tongue was a fire wanting to lick pussy and lap the juices to quench an unquenchable thirst like a fat-dripping steak on a barbecue grill. Funny but men often didn't like Marilyn's natural body odor, not realizing she didn't give a shit about their bodies at all, she had her orgasms in the arms of women lovers, none in theirs, so she was always ready for them not them.

Her pussy was getting wet and she felt tingly all over, as this was the dream and fulfillment of her life, the reason she endured the Kennedy Family Power Trip -- a last hope of selling dick-dominated institutions to women as not only the status quo, but a revival of the fantasy world of Camelot -- the chance to get lovers of this class through their power. Back in her single days, she had bedmates in the Catholic boarding school, none of them beauties, but the pussy was young and the lickouts were nightly, and frantically intense, as all knew the party would be ending and they'd have to soon get men or be ostracised like shit. The games they played pretending the Nuns weren't watching!

When she had to go out in society and pretend she had been saving herself for a man, that her pussy was a dormant organ that could only be awakend by a knight in shining armor, and that all she wanted was a man for the rest of her life, she had become scared enough to put on any act if she got a man who understood what she really needed and would exchange that for what he really needed, if that was not dick sex, but something else she could provide, like a public act with Jack. Later when Jack was shot, she went to

Greece because the pussy there was said to be plentiful and succulent, and authorities were discreet as long as they got baksheesh, and what did she find but another man, too old to do much to a pussy with his worn-out dick and bad heart, who let her be the double-role mistress to her heart's desire while feeding her with all the lovers she wanted, even better than Jack did. Oh that Greek octopussy! But Marilyn was always in her heart, every other lover was compared to her compulsively for life, because Catholic indoctrination had taught her to always want what she can't have probably.

But this was later, tonight was Marilyn her dream lover, this moment was the one to make last, how would she know she would lose both Jack and Marilyn in the space of months?

"I love you Marilyn!" cooed Jackie, as sexily as she could make her hair-lip voice sound, biting the feeling back that she could never have simply picked this lover up in a nightclub, a social or church event, or a political meeting, but maybe now if she showed her passion, it would get Marilyn hooked into a lifetime love affair, her desperate wish. "I've loved you ever since I first laid eyes on you! I will love you always! I'm yours now and will be to the day I die!" Jackie raised up and held Marilyn by her hips as Marilyn inched forward, feeding her pussy mound into her face like a waitress does a tray, professionally almost. Was this love or just doing a job for Jack? Desperation said love! And now let's prove it!

Parting her fig with one hand Jackie smashed her hungry tongue into the mound and just licked and licked until her arms couldn't hold up on the hips any longer. But Marilyn was now holding her own pussy open and moving onto the bed, letting Jackie turn over and dive her face into the crotch and move her hands up to the erect nipples to caress them as she ate the love box of her life. Her nightgown came open as her legs spread, exposing the bobbed pussy that those that have to pass often trimmed, so that it appeared to have hair when standing up, but was clean lipped between the thighs, as smooth as seal skin. Marilyn was now licking her swollen clitoris that was on fire with passion, and the two were one.

It seemed like time stopped. I love you, I love you, I love you, Marilyn! She wasn't talking, she was telepathing it. Marilyn responded as if it were verbal. She wanted to kiss her face now, and mix their pussy juices mouth to mouth, a private marriage ceremony. And hug and squeeze, and hold her true love. Marilyn understood what was wanted.

She turned around face-to-face and took her in her arms, and they embraced in a liplock for longer than a kiss has a right to last. The first orgasm had been so intense, it could ride them like a surfer girl on a big wave while they made kissing love. But as she kissed those luscious lips, and french kissed the juicy mouth, and kissed the cheeks, forehead, neck, it was like two magnets, aligning their poles, north to south and south to north, and she found herself kissing down the neck, to the milky breasts, and enjoying them to the full, the swollen nipples orgasming on their own. Then down to the belly button, and down the pubic region to the hot musky love nest, and back to slurping and licking while massaging the luscious smooth skin of the butt cheeks.

Marilyn lay still, looking with glazed eyes into the ceiling, and finally hooked her fingers into Jackie's smooth box, beckoning her to mount on top so she could bury her face between her legs too. She expertly licked Jackie's clitoris, and fucked her vagina with her tongue, sticking her nose right up her ass cheeks. Jackie's ass was cleaner than a cat's, she made sure of that, she spent hours primping for this moment. She felt a sudden surge of hot pussy juice coming out of her swollen pussy, and a loud slurp as Marilyn sucked it and swallowed it. That made her melt inside, with a sudden fulfillment, maybe what men feel when they cum, because she moaned so suddenly it made the silence seem embarrassing. "I love you too, Jackie my love!" gasped Marilyn. "Eat me harder!" Jackie guessed this made her the dyke, and Marilyn the femme. She would wear the pants in their house, grin. Yes, she still had her shades on.

The dawn light was coming through the windows of the White House bedroom now. Marilyn was sitting up in bed, her barter belt and hose were still on, not her high heels, and

the glasses were somewhere, but not on her face. She had fallen asleep, as had Jackie, but when and how they didn't remember. Marilyn had to have a cigarette, and lit it up as her sex equipment glared in the new light like their mutual secret. Jackie knew Marilyn had to go now, and slip out before reporters or other troublemakers could see her. She was suddenly sad, as she was so near and so far to her lifetime of happiness. If only real women ran the world and she were President and Marilyn were her official First Lady. If only women could go around naked all the time and make love all day as well as all night, and not in private but in public, with society approving. Both of them had to pee, and they got up together and went to the pink bathroom, and watched each other as they did it. Just a little while longer, Marilyn, a shower together, a final embrace, a final kiss. Will you come back soon? She promised to.

In the closet, protected by two-way mirrors, was the President. His rooster meat was out in his hand, and he had cum on the mirror, several times, sitting on an armoire, and had fallen asleep that way. But Marilyn knew he was there, and Jackie didn't, so he kept his secrets that night too. He now remembered dry pumping his empty balls, frantically, after he had run out of cum, wishing that he too could be a woman and join in their unattainable joy, but had to stay outside, under glass, under quarantine, to keep his part of his marriage bargain with Jackie. For he was deformed, a freak, a dick in a world being prepared for real humans to inherit, real humans that were beautiful and had tasty luscious bodies meant to be licked and eaten continually during a long happy life. His kind had only been a means to the end of a world with pure oral lovers like them, with reproduction rendered trivial. He could never give her what she wanted like Marilyn could.

Yes, both Jackie and Marilyn took his dick in their pussies with the same cold as a fish far-away looks in their eyes. He 'did it' to them, they didn't do anything back to him, they had other lovers in their fantasies. Even after his cortisone shots had fleshed him out some and given him new strength, his sex was confined to a dick and two balls. Theirs wasn't confined like that, their whole bodies were sex organs. Why did men keep women down so in society?

That's why. When the secret was out that real sex is oral, and women have a corner on the market of the real equipment for it, on both ends, men were doomed to extinction.

He was sorry but he just didn't 'get' pussy eating. It tasted like raw chicken skin, and just why didn't his hard dick pounding their pussy puds give them complete satisfaction anyway? He would give up all his political power to keep women from openly loving each other, to make them think it was abhorrent, sinful, of the devil (male, grin), wrong, sick, unhealthy, dirty -- leave it to the Catholic clergy to come up with the words of guilt for him like they had done for 2000 years. Guilt is what the Church peddles best to keep them down -- and men on top of them, he thought himself so clever to add that.

He chuckled as he thought of Catholic priests sitting in their confessional booths behind the screens, with their dicks in hand, forcing the women to confess their love affairs with other women, and whizzing the jizz where it could be cleaned up the easiest later. They would tell them how to get forgiveness, but not make it so hard they wouldn't be back again, grin. The confessional booth was the real front line of the war for control of humanity in the Catholic world. Countries that had forsaken Catholicism were in danger of losing control completely. How did they do it in Atheist Russia? In Moslem countries? What could he do as President to help the Church? A sudden thought occurred to him: what if women were priests and they were sitting on the other side of those screens, encouraging women to have sex with each other and forsake men?

Too much, too much to contemplate after last night's sit behind the mirrors. He would be sitting on the other side of the table with Krushchev soon, but that would be easier. Big dicks striving to show who has the biggest balls.

Oh well, it was day now and the terrible demons of the night had passed one more time, and the terrific feeling that only big ball power tripping during the remainder of the day could make up for the emptiness of this and all nights. He did have balls, that he did.

Here was the most powerful man in Dick World. Why isn't he in jail? He would be today.



Chapter 3. Vagina Face, P.I.

I think I had my break and things were finally turning my way in this investigation. The young woman who had brought style, grace, and compassion to the Royal Family, Diana, had died tragically in a car crash in a tunnel in Paris 30 years ago, when I was just a baby. She was killed by a conspiracy that went to the highest reaches of the One World protogovernment, that went back to the assassination of JFK, back to the Roswell Incident, back before that even. She couldn't be allowed to leave Paris alive. She was a traitor and had to be made an example of to keep other potential troublemakers in line.

Was she or wasn't she? A dyke? Princess Di that is. Only her lovers knew for sure. Oops! Big mouth, grin.

In her state of the city address last month, the Mayor of Paris, a dyke herself, warned of women's libbers and dykes, what she called dick teasers, trying to make their total open-air lifestyle normal and accepted among the people of France, and Europe generally. It was getting to the point of open oral sex on the streets of Paris, in the open air cafes, the bookstores, in parks, even on the tables of restaurants and school desks, and yes, church pews.

Yes, women who still had one or two chains to dick would often hang out around church pews, after paying an entrance fee, since church services were history, waiting for other women to be seen carrying the novel "Heavy Lesbianism", or seeing them browse it, to get their first lover, right there and then. One would feed her pussy to the other, tasting the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the Garden of Eden like the snake told her to do, while God was chicken-hawking Adam, but nobody was ashamed to be naked but them anymore, hee hee. It was also a favorite activity in bookstores, but usually one had to have

a store owner who provided a back area with beds or baths, as crouching down on one's feet and trying to eat a backward-bending woman's V was too fatiguing, ha.

It was bad enough that it was done in almost every home now, she said. If you could call them homes anymore, since women would often only be having sex with women or girls, and men with men or boys, and the conception of babies was getting done at clinics scientifically and hygienically, without dick in pussy (men would jackoff by themselves or in company of other men humming them off, then leave the jizz for the jizz bank -- usually women preferred to have all the jizz from all the dicks mixed in a vat so that they got a mixture of all races instead of the old-fashioned single-race jizz).

More and more people had the goal of being permanently 'unemployed' and breaking away from the sick dick institution of 'employment', with its factories, offices, and other rooster-coops where they could control pussy en masse. (I have seen 20 reruns of the old '80s movie "Working Girl", and it would make me laugh as the upside-down-and-backwards social roles played off each other for 2 hours. Why couldn't Melanie Griffith have just moved in with Sigourney Weaver and made good use of those sexy bed clothes both had, having it all between themselves, rather than let the roosters play them off against each other, both ends against the middle, and stay in control? Ha, those days are history. What a waste of good pussy. They're both way too old for me now, ha.)

The Internet let people make electronic money in an Information Economy, undermining centuries of dick control of it by the numbers-power game, now many men couldn't make even as much money as women, and she would tell him to clear out and move in with other men so she could have her lovers move in with her, and live the higher lifestyle they were becoming accustomed to. That was natural, the mayor said, but what about the many women (not so many, really, grin) who harbored sympathetic feelings for men and their loss of their old fantasies of not only being needed, for their dicks, but economically, socially, politically, as the boss, the head of the house, the President, the chairman of the

board, the captain of the ship, and other anti-social hangups?

This speech was not in French it was in American-English. The population of Europe was changing daily from mass migration in and out. Translations came out simultaneously in dozens of languages on the Internet. The mayor herself was half classic white French, and the other half Nigerian, apparently because racism still had some vote. I myself wouldn't vote for a mayor who had less than 8 races in her at one time, for safety.

It was ruining the tourist trade too she lied. She said then that even if it increased the tourist trade it was ruining the morals of young women, to break the last taboo of keeping it behind closed doors and bringing it out in the sun. The dicks weren't trying to guilt-trip them anymore, she said. It was a matter of being considerate of their mentally depressed state now. Demoralizing young men, who were trying to avoid running afoul of the law, and getting life sentences in priz sucking dick and drinking jizz, with pussy permanently segregated away by walls and bars, even though it was their own fault, if their actions got them there, right? (She knew dykes and lesbians are a big voting bloc, grin.) Many young men said they wanted to try living in our world outside bars, but give them a chance to keep self-control, and she said as Mayor of Paris she represented dicks as well as real people, yada yada yada.

Recently some dicks had been asking why they had been allowed even to be born in a Woman's World, and desperately turning to open-air homosexuality and flaunting it as well right along side the lesbians to keep pace. We had let them come out of our pussies, she said, and as long as they don't jizz them up anymore they have a right to live too. But women would go to the law to tell them to keep their jizz away from any possible contamination of their inherently cleaner sex areas, and that usually couldn't be done without banning the dicks from being out in the open at all, so it was they who ended up behind closed doors, or at least in their own private clubs where they could suck each other off on a pool table or in a bath and live with the jizz as their own problem.

Diana's own grown sons were exposed by paparazzi having a homo orgy, "The Royals Come to Blows", said the tabloids, ha. When Diana started regular visits to Paris in the late '90s, supposedly hosted by her boyfriend Dodi the Egyptian heir to Harrod's (funny how that name sounds like Dildo, and Harrod's like Her Bod), it couldn't be forseen by the ruling dick establishment yet, but she could have blown the coming surprise with her big mouth.

That's where I come in. Vagina Face, P.I. I'm a beauty, don't underestimate me, if you were close enough to reach for me, you would, with tongue flicking. Ever see the old star Pam Anderson, also known as Barbed Wire and Baywatch Babe? The wasp waist, the mountain peak tits? The luscious hips and wild ass with a shaved pussy at the bottom of a delightful V that begged to be licked by equally beautiful girls who received as well as they gave? Blonde hair, lots of it. Blue eyes, red red fingernails and toenails. I'm talking about me now. Perfect white teeth, swollen lips (I admit to silicone injections there, as well as my gargantuan watermelon breasts, yummy).

I've wanted cunny since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, starting with my mother, her. Before my blossing out came, I was regularly seducing and eating older women, who even thought of themselves as straight. I had a regular parade of beautiful naked lovers in and out of my bed since the day I left the country for the city lights. Some had never even thought of the idea of making love to other women until I got something wet and wiggling between us. You see, I was raised in the country, rural Canada, and I have the cowboy boots to prove it, and the guitar. I twang before I lick, I twang after I lick.

Alright, in and out of every bed I could find. Sometimes just right on the kitchen floor. On top of the dryer. On the saddle of a horse. In the hay loft. In front of the fireplace on a bearskin rug on a polished hardwood floor. In the dirtiest piss-drenched back toilets of cowboy bars. Delightful young hot pussy is the most valuable substance in the universe, and I ate it where and when I could get it, turning it on with my own beautiful luscious vagina and

equally beautiful face. I just loved to do it in cowboy boots, eat my girlfriend's pussy pie, yippie yai yo kai yay. And give them the hottest juiciest perfumed pussy I could dish out, laying on my back wearing a cowgirl hat and swigging from a bottle of Jack Daniels or other fine whiskey. Life is so short, and oh the memories, the memories! Sigh. Just kidding, I'm a hardened P.I., despite my soft outer appearance.

I never did like johns or their johnsons or understand what they could do for me. My daddy used to come to my room at night and do things to me. Such as lick my hairless little pussy, which I didn't mind, but he'd never do it long enough (he said he never ate a mature woman's pussy because he "hated blood" and their periods, and he would quote the Bible on it). And always whip out his big black one-eyed trouser snake. My mother was white but was chased by a black man and couldn't say no because she felt her race owed them the world, yuck. (I was already born, from a pretty much pure white daddy, to straighten out your picture of me.) And tell me to "kiss on it".

It was huge I'll tell you, like an elephant leg, and always clean enough to eat off of, and his body had that wild African fragrance, or odor, that sometimes made my little white hairless pussy juice up, so it might have been a sexual aphrodisiac even though when you're not hot and horny it sure rankles my nose. But he never told me about the sticky white stuff that suddenly filled my little throat and made me gag, until it was too late.

Maybe the great Africanization of North America and Europe that was in full gear by then was actually helping the grip of men over women sexually loosen, I think now. White men still had control of the power structure, although more and more thinly, and nothing made them give up on all their dreams faster than seeing white women jilt them like shit for a black man who may not have had power, or maybe did have, but definitely had a stronger more savagely primitive sexual drive than they did, much like those African bees that took over North America from the less aggressive European bees.

Naturally, white men began to realize they could never have a white woman, they were becoming beyond their grasp, since the age-old power structure "keeping the black man down" was a shell, and the redistribution of wealth and power was too great for Master to promise Scarlett a mansion while Mandigo lived in a shack, or cow Scarlett with how he could get Mandigo thrown naked into a big pot of boiling water if he caught them doing it in the shack (ha ha). White history is a funny spectacle of white men trying to keep the black man down in society because he knows he's no match for him in bed, ha ha.

So, white men were more and more looking at each other, and going for white dick, which at least they could get. The sheer fact that there were not enough black men to go around was the only reason you saw any white-white man-woman couples at all anymore it seemed. I'd give it maybe another 50 years, and there wouldn't be any pure 'races' left. Even those that looked kind of pure would be like mixed clay underneath in their genes. They'd be a memory seen only in old movies, like the American buffalo.

The first-generation offspring of white-black sex were often proof of 'hybrid vigor', for the women at least, I can vouch, were often the most beautiful, voluptuous, juicy, sexy things I ever ate. But when any of them looked the least bit "white enough", here would come non-white men fucking them up, unless they were finally into heavy lesbianism and made them know it was hopeless, grin. The world with 'pure' races was a dick dominated nightmare, I think there should be a world law against allowing 'pure' babies to be born to speed the inevitable.

Back to daddy fucking my mouth with his big black banana. I'll never forgive him for not even telling me about jizz till it was too late. Jizz just keeps coming and coming whether you want it or not. He said nothing about me spitting it right back onto his stomach the first few times, but he soon started demanding that I never spill a drop, and swallow it all, and lick his big black banana clean and put it back in his African zebra-striped loincloth "cleaner than I took it out" after I had "drunk his banana cream".

He said I was his 'pretty white mouth pussy', that he had to have his 'black licorice dick inside a white cream puff hole', and if he couldn't get real pussy he would use a mouth as a pussy, or an asshole, as long as it was as white as his dick was black. To him, having his black dick in something white and warm WAS sex. A white man to him was almost the same thing as a white woman, his little white dick was like a clitoris next to his big black dick, and white skin was the only thing that could satisfy his black dick's purpose in being. Some female hormone injections and pills could soften a white man's skin, cause him to grow hips and breasts, "cause his dick and balls to shrivel up into a big pussy", and get a "cute heart-shaped tight white ass" that he loved to "plow", from his 12 years in prison. "My jizz is as white as a white man's jizz", he would smile out, showing his large incredible super-white teeth for comparison to mine.

And, he liked to repeat endlessly, I would be appreciative that I got it because many other white girls couldn't get a chance to make love to a big black dick like he "favored" me with. He said that I "knew that "all white girls want is black dick", because white dick is "smaller and softer, and not as sweet".

My momma for instance, she loved black dick so much that no white dick could ever please her again after his 12 inch uncircumcised black mambo snake had tamed her white filly, he said. Actually, she just went through the motions, because she saved her real passion for me when he wasn't around, but why disabuse of him of his fantasies when I didn't know what was in it for me yet? She gave her white pussy exclusively to a black dick because she wanted to make sure no white dick ever touched it more than she wanted dick itself. She was my first teacher that the future was going to be raceless, and dickless (countryless, flagless, moneyless, multilanguageless, godless, saviorless -- logic all pointed to One future).

He always brought up Shirley Temple and Bo Jangles. She was so cute, made-up like a woman with makeup, like JonBenet Ramsey did for her white daddy, and when mommy wasn't around on the dance floor he'd pull out his big black banana and

she'd appreciatively suck it with the "balls swinging under her cute little dimpled chin like a cow's udder" as "her cheeks puffed and blowed in and out as she sucked the big black banana" and "she looked up in his eyes and smiled while he held her by her ears and pumped his tight black buns into her face, fucking it like a pussy". When he "creamed off down her throat", she would "go gobble gobble gobble like a turkey and swallow every drop," then "lick it clean, pat it dry, and put it back in his dick strap before mommy came back." She "always put it back in cleaner than she took it out," and if she even spilled even one tiny drop on the floor, "she'd lick it off the floor so mommy wouldn't see it when she came back."

"She loved it black, like all white women, but it was forbidden love and she had to hide it all her life, the poor thing. When she grew up, what did she call herself?" he would ask me. "Mrs. BLACK!" he would laugh. And she wanted to go to Africa and live there to be with all the black dick she could suck.

Why did daddy kill JonBenet? Because he was white, and you can guess the rest, he would laugh. He got me into conspiracy theories first.

"MIISTER Bo Jangles, daaaaaance!" he would sing, with his dick in my mouth and his jewels dancing under my powdered white chin. "Shirley loved her Bo Jangles, and Bo loved his Shirley!" he would say over and over. "Like I love you, and you love me!" As mommy was returning to the dance floor, she would finish helping him zip up his dance pants, put on his top hat, get his cane, and start doing a tap dance and singing, "On the goood ship, LOLLIpop! I'll take myself to the CANDY shop!" And momma would just be thrilled and clap at how good their rehearsal was going.

So he told me. He never offered any proof of anything however.

I supposed I did look some like little Shirley Temple with my blonde curly "wig" (real though), and I would have fun putting on white face powder, eyeliner, mascara, and thick red lipstick before I sucked his banana, so that I

would turn him on all the more, and not get "burn marks" on my lips from the times he "plowed my face like a field". I had to put my lips over my teeth to make my face into a vagina, and he would pump his throbbing dick in and out of my vagina face as fast as a whip. I at least owe him that, my name.

Often I was told to hold his tight black butt cheeks with my hands and push his curved banana harder into my mouth and throat, with his balls "swinging happily under my chin like a feed bag under a horse". I'd flick my tongue on it "like a clitoris" until it turned purple and "jizzed its banana cream down my throat", then I was supposed to become a "Little Hoover vaccum cleaner", hoovering the jizz down my throat to simulate the contractions of a real "snatch", that would suck the jizz out of the dick as it "threw" it, to "make a man really feel fulfilled".

"You have to suck hard for a long time until it jizzes, then suck even harder when it is jizzing, that's when you come in your own and show Daddy you're his little mouth pussy and love to fulfill him." The dick was at its most sensitive when it was "letting the jizz fly", he taught me, and I had to catch it all in my mouth "like a frog catches flies", and "gobble it down like a turkey with the balls wagging under my chin like a turkey warbler." He was quite colorful in his use of language with his little white girl wasn't he? (wink) I would laugh so at daddy.

So much hate and useless pain could have been avoided if all white men had just let black men do what was their nature, and seduce and make them and their women into their girlfriends and let them do what came natural. It was inevitable anyway, why put up a fight against the inevitable fact that black dick rules? (His words.)

How did it taste and smell? Well, to tell you the truth, at that age I don't remember anything but him telling me that, since he was my daddy, I had to please Peter, Peter didn't have to please me, and it was my "job" to "kiss Peter until Peter puked, and then drink the puke." Never mind the smell and taste he said, swallow it as fast as I could and I wouldn't have to taste it. Okay, I bought it, he was my

daddy, isn't every little girl doing it with her daddy too? It didn't help that momma was into home schooling and I never associated with officials of any kind, only relatives and neighbors and their friends, and we kept our family business private like we were told, and didn't trust authorities.

His fun with me was often increased by bringing brother in. He was momma's first and at that time only baby with him (she ultimately had 8 and got fat, dumpy, double-chinned, and slow-moving, and her pussy began to have problems and stink, choke), and he looked morphologically like a white boy only he had a very dark natural suntan (like more and more boys and girls my age and younger every year, grin). But his butt was quite white, and daddy used to fuck his tight white buns like a pussy, putting "Crisco in his chicken ass", to keep it from getting skid marks while he "fried the chicken", then jizz off up his asshole, whip him around, and tell him to suck the "chili" off his "hotdog" and drink the "bag of sour cream" swinging under his chin.

"Don't you just love chili dog with sour cream?" he'd grin and shout out, sweating all over his big black torso. "I'll give you the big black hot dog and the sour cream, and you make the chili in your own buns, so you know it'll be hot and SPICY!" He said spicy with his eyes lighting up white in his dark chocolate colored eye sockets and his mouth wide open to let the vowel Y, which sounded more like A, boom out.

I could often smell brother's chili on his breath when playing house, dress-up, or cards with him, proving he was pleasing daddy with both ends. He really did love us both but you might ask, why did he "abuse" us? We didn't think of it as abuse, we were being brought up by daddy right we thought, ha ha. Daddy couldn't help himself for using his own organs that were given him by God, he would say. And as long as he had that big black dick and balls he will fuck them as hard as he can, in as much white stuff as he can, until he dies or they wear out or fall off, and who can really blame him? He was just doing what comes natural, what is his nature, like that famous parable about the

scorpion getting a ride across the stream by a beaver or a turtle or something, then stinging him halfway across, causing them both to drown, "because it's his nature", and he couldn't "hold it any longer".

So to make a long story short, I began hating dick worse and worse. Every time I had to fill my little belly with "liquid niggers" I wanted to be my last. (They hated to be called that by white men trying to use it to keep them down in society, but loved friends and lovers to call them that, saying it just meant good fellow, and that was his own term.) He'd make sure I "drank enough liquid niggers to repopulate Watts". Watts was an old "ghetto" of niggers, up till the big California earthquake and the new coastline put it underwater.

Sometimes every night for a month in a row. I was only 7 years old when he first "trained" me. I'd had enough dick to last till I was 100 by age 13. That's when he caught me with momma, licking her pussy when alone together (we tried to hide it from him), and raped it right from under me, sticking it into her vagina after moving my face away, and then telling me to lick his shaft and her pussy at the same time, evidently satisfied that that was how it would be from now on.

He knew momma was a lesbian and did it with other grown women, after all, she made money selling videos of herself on the Internet, but he would act like lesbianism was nothing, because they "couldn't do anything to each other to make him jealous", and "would never be able to give each other what he's got", boy was his brain full of jizz. She herself gave him the bullshit about being "bi", and always being "faithful" to him, because doing it with other women "didn't count between us". But her sex with me was well disguised as a momma cuddling her little daughter, and it might have never occurred to him because he was busy keeping his secret from her that he made me and now 2 brothers suck his dick all the time.

Sometimes he saw us naked in the pool, kissing and hugging, or on the patio furniture with our bare clits hanging out in the air, but he was probably only thinking

proud thoughts of how he had his "stable of white pussy" that white men had lost in the great struggle of life, and what he was doing with what he "owned", so the thought we were doing things to each other very well might have never crossed his mind -- the dickhead.

But now that he caught my face in her pussy lapping it like an all-day sucker there would be no way to overlook it. So I was kind of suprised and angered at the same time that he said nothing about it, but just joined in by whipping out his unwelcome black dick and sticking it into the middle of my action like I was shit. But he was daddy, and I had to respect him, just as he taught me to not respect, and to even hate, other, especially white, men. He may also have manipulated me by telling me that a white man would never touch a white woman once he knew she had messed with black dick, because he either was too jealous and knew she'd go back to it, or because he thought she was a "race traitor" and forever lost to his race, ha.

So I just let him horn into my mom's vagina and spoil my pussy pie. At least I didn't have to swallow a load of his jizz that time, because her pussy had his balls dangling out of it, but after he jizzed up her pussy, and I saw the ugly plug of jizz spilling over her clean shaven pussy lips like he had smashed a raw chicken egg in it, I was so grossed-out that I think this is when I made my final break with all dicks and swore I'd never let them jizz up me or my lovers' pussies again. Women have sex with women, men only rape women then walk off and leave a mess! Get out of our beds and go fuck yourselves, you filthy jizzballs!

But I was in a no-win situation now, so guess what I did? I ran away one night and never came back. Momma was already getting ugly anyway, and I dreamt of new and better pussies that had never been stunk up by black rooster snot.

I was 13 but was getting breasts and since I didn't wear bras or panties, and was beautiful, I had no problem getting rides, free lodging, food, anything I wanted from all kinds of people. That's a long story in itself, but suffice it to say I went to the big city and made and saved a lot of dough while having all the pussy I could eat at the same time, and

making many lasting friends and connections, that were of help in my P.I. career later. I studied on the Internet and could have never entered any school and still got my doctorate, but residence colleges still were around, because their party hearty tradition and endowments kept them afloat, so what did I do but enroll as a Psych major at a campus in the heartland of America.

When I got to college, I quickly became a radical feminist lesbian dyke, active in campus politics, with the new legal name of Vagina Face, and flaunted it. I loved to make out with my lovers around campus, and didn't let a single man touch me all 5 years, but you can bet I let them all, especially black men, know I was giving it to other women and they couldn't even think of having any.

You could look into my dorm room any night and I'd be licking and getting licked by some of the most beautiful girls on campus. I didn't mind who watched either. I loved to show my pussy, tits, ass and legs to a camera, and supported myself with a web site, www.vaginaface.com. That's right, a lot of men (and boys) watched, but they paid for it, and money doesn't ask what gender owned it.

Not that many people would pay for sex on the Internet at that time, but I was a star of sorts, ironically with dicks, and I would explain to critics that it was a tradition for dykes to make up male-sounding user names for self-protection, so they weren't really dicks anyway. But this was before the walls went down forever and it became so common for women to make love to women and girls to make love to girls, in public (only woman-girl sex was still taboo in public), that there wasn't much of a market left on the pay Internet circuit anymore for mere voyeurist (what they used to call porno) feeds. Men can watch all they want at any beach or park or in their own houses, and all it would do was drive them to homo sex. Let's hope they are forever limited to voyeurism with vaginas.

That reminds me of a funny semester I had in college Psychology class once. There was this pure-white male student, a throwback, he played football, had a crewcut, dressed neatly, and thought I was "cute". Where did this

caveman come from, another dimension? I would try to sit wherever he wouldn't sit near me, but he always did anyway. I came up with this idea to act like an old straight chaste "dream girl" that he "had been waiting his whole life for", and would want to "ask to marry and have a family with" -- there must have been one or two left on the whole campus -- just to rip his nuts off and stuff them into his mouth and turn him into a homo that sucked black cocks like I used to.

Call me names, but at that time in life you're naturally rebellious and reckless and want thrills. So I'd make sure he couldn't find out where I lived, or anything about me other than what he saw in class. I studied on the Internet what the few remaining 'Promise Keeper' women wore, and bought a special set of outfits, white blouses, white bras, jogging shoes, long skirts, just showing the ankles, and various athletic socks. My how I hate bras, it was hard wearing them even for that one class. They left strap marks on my luscious bod and I had to use makeup when going on the Internet.

I'd always try to look like my vagina was as virgin as a new car in the showroom when I was in that class, and that I never thought about sex or knew what it was, but must be saving it for my 'knight in shining armor', yuck. What a gas seeing him fall for it. I'd play games in class showing him an inch of cleavage of my breasts at the wrong times, and crossing my legs and wagging them like my pussy was giving me an itch or something and that was the only way I knew how to scratch it. I smiled beautiful smiles at him, without flicking my tongue like I do for real people. The hardest part was pretending I wasn't interested in the beautiful pussy in that class.

So, one day the class inevitably came to the time for us all to do a lab project using white rats (sorry, that was no Freudian slip, or was it, ha) and Skinner boxes. The teacher was a chocolate woman, my luck, and she was after my gorgeous blonde ass all the time -- who wouldn't be? Since she was in a position of power I chanced breaking my rules. After a while I would stay after class and when 'boyfriend' was surely long gone, I'd get serious with her, cutting the small talk, and stand in front of her behind her desk,

licking the lesbian comeon signal, then let her lustfully pull up my skirt, and explore, finally pulling the cloth crotch aside from my straight white cotton panties, and lick my hot white pussy in her back office as I lay back on the desk squeezing my own exposed tits with one hand and swigging on a bottle of whiskey with the other.

She always had that bottle for me available in a desk drawer.

Later I'd get her black pussy opened up on the desk, and she had a dildo in her top drawer which I'd use on her pink vagina as I ate those chocolate pussy lips out. Of course she gave me all A's!

But, I hate to say, I wanted to use her to 'get boyfriend', so I let that get the best of me. I often felt in black women's arms the way momma used to feel in black men's arms, that since we were too white to be proud of it, we owed it to the too-blacks to give them everything we had as if we were serious about making up for it, ha. Years of indoctrination on television, the Internet, and movies, that white is not right, and mixed neapolitan ice cream beats it any day, paid off. Good job, whoever you conspirators manipulating my mind are, ha ha.

Finally I had it all set up. I got 'boyfriend' assigned as my partner on the lab project. It required that we come in by ourselves on off hours once or twice to do some work. So, he was slobbering at the idea of finally 'laying' me, probably to 'win' me as his 'wife', choke. Like Mister and Misses Leave It To Beaver. "Ward? Lay your italian sausage on my white bread and let's make mayo", he he. (Poor woman never ate pussy in her whole life probably.)

He had clumsily asked me for "a date" a couple of times, and I had parried him off while keeping the door open. Who would want to be seen in public with a dick not under arrest and handcuffed behind his back anyway?

You can guess the rest, how I trapped him into discovering me and teacher lapping each others' pussies 69-style in the back office. I had my white pussy shaved

clean and she had her black pussy shaved clean too, and we each had white "facial massage" type dildos you see handed out free in front of churches inserted into each others' vaginas to kiss around and do things with. I lied to her that 'boyfriend' wasn't due for at least 2 hours, when he was supposed to be there in more like 15 minutes.

When he was supposed to arrive to do our lab project, I heard the door click but I never saw him, as I didn't look of course! I was busy lapping her black chocolate pussy meat with my mammoth gorgeous white breasts hanging down from the unbuttoned bra, while she was lapping my tanned white pussy meat out of my pulled-up skirt, exposing crotchless panties, hose, a gold chain around my hips, and a frilly garter belt, and oohing and aaahing for effect. I had white face powder on all over my face that day, hoping it would tone down my chemical tan and make me seem whiter and my teacher darker in comparison.

Every summer when the Duchess would come down from the stands at Wimbledon and ceremoniously invite the winner of the women's singles tennis match to pull off her shorts and sit-pretty on the silver plate, so she could ceremoniously lap her hot, sweaty pussy while presenting her with the golden dildo and plate, while the runner-up sat on the winner's face, preparing for the royal bath house ceremonies that would follow... that must have crossed 'boyfriend's' mind as he watched us from behind that door. They didn't even have a single man's match anymore, it got no sponsors. Two professional athletes with sweaty bodies and wet pussies totally uninhibited in their lust for sex, having no more need for men than used tampons, making their livings pleasing women on and off the tennis court, that was the crowd pleaser. Like Venus Hingis and Martina Williams. Or, since I'm into conspiracy theories now, the secret tapes of Princess Diana and Whoopi Goldberg and Venus Williams.

"What about your lab partner?" she finally said to me, as if on cue, well after an hour of licking, dildoing, and kissing to beat the band. "Oh him!", I said loudly and with precise diction, like I was speaking to a half-deaf person. "I hope he doesn't show up, you know how I hate him and all men! Did you know he actually hit on me? Who's he kidding?"

I don't do dick! So I look like I'm straight by the way I dress for class. I do that to turn women on, not men! I wish he'd get himself a boyfriend and quit trying to get what he can never have. Unless he can get rid of that ugly dick and balls and rough hairy skin and grow a luscious smooth curvy body and tasty pussy like you have, giggle giggle." She giggled too. "And tits as succulent as yours, giggle."

She giggled with me, and we went back to heavy sex, like Romeo and Juliet on the parapet without the Romeo and with Roma instead of Romeo like it should have been, giggle.

The mention of tits made me start giving special attention to hers right then. Dicks will never learn how much we need special attention paid to our tits.

(Totally Irrelevant Note: The name Roma was a kind of lesbian favorite in the 'teens because there was this TV-movie star named Roam And Go-Down-On-Me who made a bundle for years pretending she was the savior of obsolete Adam-Eve-Jesus Christianity, even playing an "angel" and preaching "the Second Coming of Christ", while secretly she was a pussy-licking lesbian like most other actresses, who finally "came out" and went on the Internet with a pay-view web site that made her a hundred times richer than she had been. It was she who originally financed the handing out of dildoes in front of churches for "facial massage", in order to get the women still on a chain to reach for a key and break the shackles. I never ate her myself, but momma did, ha.)

Back to classwork with teacher. Oh did we swoon in each other's arms and legs, and make loud slurping noises and ooh and aah like we were in an old opera house trying to make the back row hear! We sweated in each other's arms and licked the sweat. We juiced and drank the juice dry. We sucked every drop of juice from each other's orifices there was to suck. When the time for him to arrive came, we had redressed, dressing each other actually, article by article, and she left so as not to get in our way. I made a point of trying to affect the chaste virgin dick-teaser I had put on before, putting on that dick-brain bra and those dirty

panties, the skirt, and the blouse, brushing my hair and fixing my makeup back on the quick-step. I could taste pussy on my lips and smell it on my breath, but I wouldn't go so far as to try to cover that up. My own pussy had a nice smell today anyway. I was Sam Spade's secretary Effie Perrine waiting for him to arrive through the front door.

I really expected him to appear soon, but the silence was loud enough to put a rush in my ears. I finally put on the casual act and started looking around to see if he was hiding somewhere, but he was gone. But behind the door, which had a glass window and a half-drawn shade, there was a pool of stinking jizz at the bottom of a waste basket. Gotcha, didn't I, jizzball! He could never even talk with me anyway, what did we even have in common? Football? I had hoped he had watched it all, and castrated himself whacking his unwanted dick off down the basket.

He suddenly dropped the class and I never saw him there again, but he just as suddenly knocked on my dorm room door and just had to have a talk with me during the week after the semester was over and people were packing. He was standing in the dorm hallway begging to come in my room, with half and fully naked lesbian lovers trying to get by him in both directions. I had been sitting on my roommate's face trying to get high on my cloud as she expertly ran a vibrator in my vagina and lapped my love lips, and when she saw him she awkwardly froze, struggled up, unembarrassed to be naked but fuming, and quickly ran for the door, just as he got far enough inside so she could avoid him.

My how awkward to have to fold my arms over my tits and cross my legs so he wouldn't get any glances. I had to grab a cover and put it over my lap when I realized that my still swollen clit could be seen between my legs if he stared. I was wearing only a black leather tit holster, a pair of hot pink short shorts with the crotch cut out between the legs and a 'cowgirl door' which was worn out from use and wouldn't stay shut, and a pair of cowgirl boots.

He had circles under his eyes like he'd been crying (probably, ha ha), but dressed very neatly as usual and I was stunned to see a purple tattoo by his mouth, and a mushy

tone to his voice. He was real polite and restrained at first as he gave me a heart to heart. I gave him the air at first of being totally happy in my lovers nest, minding my own business, like a cat in its heated bed, but after the owner's arms suddenly scoop me up, I can go along but only so far, the muscles grow taut, the eyes getting that i-want-to-be-far-away look, ready to spring as soon as a mistake was made with the handling.

He had the advantage of surprise now, but I could lick this and make sure it never happened again, I was thinking. He wanted to talk, with ME? With ME? After what he had seen? What balls!

He said Hi, yada yada yada, sorry about the lab no-show. That he knew I was a lesbian, and could we be friends? Now that he wasn't in class with me anymore, could he come here? There would be no hard feelings after I had 'toyed with his affections', and 'led him on'. No, he suddenly said, no! A Shakespearean flunkout. Lovers, not friends, because he wanted to announce to me that he was "in love" with me, as if that turned his dick inside out into a pussy with a spell. He "loved me too much to ever be friends" with me." It's "a one in a lifetime feeling", he "just knew I was the girl for him," he was "imprinted on me like a baby chick on its mother," and had fantasies about me constantly, and could think of nothing else, and was flunking out of every class just about. He hadn't shown his true feelings before because he "respected me too much to say anything until he could promise me everything and be sure he'd be as good as his word for a lifetime." "Lifetime?" I said, as if I didn't know what the word meant, grin. "Don't you want to find a life partner?" he asked me, as serious as a doctor. "Hell no!" I snorted. "I don't want no life partner."

How about taking it a day at a time, he propositioned. We could still go out on a date, but, since I was "obviously not innocent", and the sight of my aroused body aroused him too, he'd do anything to have sex with me right now. He had "been around the block too", and he didn't "need to beat around the bush" with me, did he? So he was talking frankly telling me his "true feelings" and what was on his mind all along, "since the first time I laid eyes on you." "I accept

your love of women. But accept that I still have nature's love tool for women. Let's fuck," he said, as if the truth would set him free from some kind of straight jacket I was in, supposedly wanting it but not being as big a man as he was to ask first. I didn't beat around the bush when I saw a pussy I wanted, what a jizzwad to demean me like that. If I wanted his dick wouldn't I tell him? I have a closet full of dildos that can outfuck any dick on Earth, jeezus keerist.

And he hastened to add that he would not mind if he couldn't "cure" me, and I had my girlfriends on the side, as long as he could fuck me, "like God made us to do", and soon, as he was dying to have me and couldn't live without me. He had trouble communicating with me, he mentioned, because, as long as "his spermies were crying to get out," he couldn't think on my level, but if I would let him fuck my pussy and release them, "inside you, where they want to swim into your waters," he could finally "be as free as I am and think on my level and really reach me." Could we live together, he begged? Just so he could fuck me every night? The rest of the time he would let me have my girlfriends, and they could even do it in bed with him, yada yada yada.

That kind of shit never works with any of us but they all think it will, grin. Why would we want to relate to this jizzed-up frankenfurterstein at all? What has he got that we want or need? He is the one who needs me, and I am sure he would have tried to fuck my lovers' pussies up as well as mine and never got enough of using us like hams to slap his pepperoni in and slobber on.

He didn't try to put an economic trip on me about 'supporting' me since he must have known that shit was dried and buried by the new economy and the Internet. He didn't even seem to realize how anti-social it was for him to do the asking when I'm the one who doesn't need him.

I told him that even if I wanted to have a dick in my life, I only liked black dick, and sorry, he was too white for me, and his half-size white dick doesn't turn me on because I'd had real, big, black dick and knew what I would be missing. Did he know any black hunks to give my name to?

This made his tone get totally desperate, and he said to look at his purple face tattoo, that meant he was prepared to hide his dick from me forever and just lick me out and be a male lesbian. He would never show me his dick, and would never even undress in my presence, and would dress up to look like a woman if he had to, if only he could wrap his tongue around my clit and show me that he could do it as well as any woman. I asked him how that could be when he didn't have a pussy and a clit of his own and couldn't even begin to understand my sexual responses, the hills and valleys of orgasmic landscapes, as well as my experienced lovers did.

"I need to suck your pussy to get some hormones and vitamins," he suddenly said, but even he saw how sick he was to say he wanted to drain me like a vampire, and he choked on his own sentence. Yes, he was getting a sick look in his face, he was sick. Why would he think I cared if he died from lack of hormones and vitamins, did I bring the ugly hairy stinking farting creep into the world? I didn't want a parasite. I got all the pussy I wanted, and would rather give to real people who didn't act desperate, who would? "Could I pay you to do it just once? I got money."

That really busted the bubble, I was glaring like a tigress now. Thoughts flashed through my mind of how a man who didn't act like he was desperate could maybe get through my defenses just long enough to eat my pussy one time. No, I don't think any could, unless they had power over me like my Daddy. I was trying to get up and leave, and he tried restraining me with a hand on a shoulder. I think he hoped it would cause a spark of passion, his first touch, but it caused me to slap his hand off violently and bare my teeth like a wildcat.

Alright, he choked, as I was heading for the door, his final pitch was that if he could just hide in a corner and watch me either playing with myself, or having sex with women, then that'd be all he'd ever wanted, since he could jackoff with a condom on his joystick while he watched, but just looking at my 'goodies' was the most he'd ever want out of life. I was as beautiful as an angel, he slobbered,

looking as ugly as a devil doing it.

I said sorry, my goodies weren't designed for him to look at or enjoy, only my lovers (I was taking a chance he hadn't heard about my web site, one nice thing about them is your customers are located all over the world but you might not have any among the locals), and I can't even stand the smell of his body, he had a b.o. that I had tried to get away from in class and I could smell it now.

"Peeee-yuuu!" I exclaimed, as disdainfully as I could affect. "You stink! Fuck off!" I hissed. "I wouldn't be interested in any kind of relationship with you! You scare me, you creep! I'm in love with ... (I forgot the teacher's name but he got the idea I meant her anyway). I'm head over heels in love with her and you'll never know what it's like because you aren't the right type for me. Face it, you'll never get any woman to love you, why don't you admit you're gay and stick with other homos?"

I ordered him out, and he went dragging his heels, but without any more yip yap. I slammed the door in his face trying to cover all my goodies at the same time like I had been raped or something. I heard some kind of startled female noises in the hall, and him saying something indistinct. I ran over to the window and spotted him going out the door, and starting to run like a football player, straight away into the campus.

Then when I was sure he was gone I began laughing out loud uncontrollably, and stripping naked, flopped back on the bed and began fingering my clitoris and rubbing my mound trying to go for an orgasm, with my legs spread wide and facing the closed door on my back. I came! I was in love with life, to be rid of a stalking dick and my whole life ahead of me. I could have only made the scene a tad better by calling the police on him, ha ha. I looked up and there were my roommate and some other girls, watching through the door, which had been open some time. They burst out cheering, and I cheered with them.

It was next semester that I saw him in passing. He had his arm around a slim smiling black boy, who also had a

crewcut and was clean shaven and neatly dressed. He was probably a football player too, I didn't inquire, but probably a wide receiver (giggle). I just know I love myself! The age of men pairing off with women was also passing, passing away with every new day. You think I made this story up, don't you? But this man is now the well-known gay host of ESPM Football Jock Zucker, always lusting after black men's asses on the air. "I'll take your tight end if you'll pass me those balls!" Remember? Maybe it was a conspiracy to introduce black men to white men by forcing them to "integrate" sports, then letting their balls and jizz do the rest of their thinking for them, especially after women stopped pretending they had any use for them.

As to teacher, when the class was over I kept promising to lick her soon, but never found the time, we both surely had many lovers, unlike the pathetic dwindling minority group of stone-age "married straights" yim yam on. I saw her walking on campus holding hands with another babe, who was a Chinese immigrant, with porcelain skin and a hot wasp ass filling in tight jeans. I knew the babe myself, she licked my asshole in a steam room once after a tennis game. She was an asshole licker, not my type, sorry, who would want to kiss their mouth after that? Although I love the way their yellow cheeks can get so red from blushing when I'm making love to them, the red shows through the thin-as-porcelain layer.

So many women now walked holding hands in public, as did men. It was great being a student at Oral Roberts U. in the 'teens. I ate enough pussy to fill a tuna fish factory, and had enough orgasms to soak all the sheets in a sheet factory. All the Roberts family had gone gay and lesbian, leaving their university in trust to 'dick-free control', and I have to thank Oral Roberts the lez (the original Oral's great-granddaughter) for pioneering the use of tent meetings for converting former jizz-spitoons into liberated lesbians, many getting and/or giving their first pussy to one of their own kind publicly during or at the climax of the shows, and many bringing in their daughters to either watch or join in.

The tent meeting movement is still strong today, but with

so few really new converts left to make, men now are allowed in to confess the sins of their dicks, and swear off pussy, burn Bibles and toast marshmallows on them, pledge to have a sex-change done, and other publicity-getting gimmicks, yuck. And I swear I have seen women come in claiming they have been giving their pussies only to dicks all their life, and tell sob stories that would make a horse whinny, culminating with an open conversion to licking and being licked, and jumping into the hot tub for their first lesbian orgy, finally getting the purple face tattoo next to their lips, then go out and wash off the tattoo, which was supposed to be permanent, and be there next week. Some of the preachers are in it only for money, ha, a dick-throwback, there must be a conspiracy secretly laughing at us.

I went into criminology by accident, really. You see I wanted to catch the campus rapist peeping tom known as The Sewing Machine from his technique of cutting women's clothes off to get at them faster, then using a small hand held sewing machine to sew them back afterwards! He tried to roll me once on a dark pathway on campus, wearing a black ski mask, black gloves, black jumpsuit, yes, the O.J. Simpson special (grin). At least I didn't see a knife. No, he had scissors!

When he got me on my back he quickly cut the cowgirl door out of the crotch of my short shorts with the scissors (that was low, he could have just opened the door like my girlfriends do without cutting anything), spreading my legs by lowering himself down onto me. He didn't even look at my gorgeous nipples sticking through my tit halters (looping under the bare tanned breasts only). He didn't even look at my face and my purple face tattoo that meant Never to Dick, no, his face was above mine, and he was busy reaching down for his dick area probably with his eyes closed.

He whipped out a black banana and was about to stick it in me, when the mere sight of black banana triggered a rage in me that is beyond anything I had ever known up till then. I growled like a tigress, squirmed, fought, and finally grabbed his banana by the root and started tugging and twisting it off! I used my long red fingernails to dig into it and cut it off at the root! He had apparently never

encountered a tigress out to castrate him before, and all he wanted to do suddenly was flee, but I wouldn't let him! I would kick him if he even tried grabbing at me, I wanted his dick and balls for a souvenir! I sapped his strength so much with the shock of no-anesthesia castration that he was no longer a man, just a weakened animal in the jaws of a tigress. "Rape! Rape! Rape!" I was shouting as loud as I could. I was really doing his talking for him. Nobody arrived to help either of us.

He did get away, but I got him pretty bad and he was dripping blood for quite a distance before I lost his trail at the edge of campus where the main street crosses and the traffic is incredible.

So began my first private investigation, and I had a lot of living to do, speed counts and I wasn't fast, but about a year later I finally deduced that The Sewing Machine was not a local, but did his raping when he was visiting, as a member of a rival dick basketball team. He was an assistant coach, not a player, and he used the hand held sewing machine to repair players' uniforms after he would rip them off, with their approval, to get at their erect cocks and suck them in the locker room. I didn't report him to the police. I knew it was life in prison without parole for the first offense of dick convicted of raping a pussy without her consent (the government alone could now give consent to this anti-social act, in effect immunity from prosecution that went with a ten-foot-thick printout of criminal codes), but I transferred my feelings about daddy to him including his teaching me to avoid the authorities, because he was so, well, nice and black.

I caught him using a fake gun (all guns were illegal now, so only criminals had them, hee hee) followed by some GHB (Easy Lay, grin) but that's too long a story and this digression is already too long and I'm into far more exotic cases now anyway.

Suffice it to say this was the first man I ever killed and ate, and now it doesn't matter if I rat on myself, I'm immune from prosecution. I have killed over 200 men, all of them deserving it, and ate their meat, so what? I am not a

bad person or a monster, I'm a beautiful, exciting, voluptuous, full lesbian P.I. I have sent 1000 men to either prison or the firing squad, and I have fucked 10,000 men's minds up permanently to boot. It's a fast life and the numbers are just a speedometer showing how fast I drive, not an odometer showing how long my trip has been. Lick it all, I'm just starting.

Back to the case of old dead Princess Diana, who died of car-pole tunnel syndrome (grin). She was the most popular royal in a recent pole (grin). Her accident was first reported in the Paris Post (grin). Sorry, had to be a comedian, who doesn't play one sometime?



Chapter 4. Eating Out.

"It was rocking. It was rocking. The whole fish fry was rocking. You never seen such stuffing and shuffling until the break of dawn.

"Some of the chicks poured expensive froth. Some of them had on bobby sox. Now my girlfriend and me, we went on hollering, this was the place to really be. And all of a sudden the lights went low, and we suddenly didn't know where we had to go, and we fell to the floor big toe to toe.

"Now the chicks were screaming and jumping and yelling, and the fish were getting to wiggling, and somebody said, in my ear, you better get out of here, this is a raid by the dick police, they were sent by Big Boy to grab your fleece. And somebody there was flapping his jaw, that any pussy without a dick was against the law, and the dicks were out in back, throwing them in the wagon like potato sacks.

"I know I could get away if I had a chance but I was shaking like a hand at St. Vitus dance. I was sneaking out the door when a copper said, where you going, young broad in red?

"We headed for jail in a dazed condition, they booked

each one of us on suspicion, my babe came by and she made bail, dressed up like a dick with a manly woman in her tail. So if you're in town you're free to go on down, but I don't want to go back there as long as I can go down, on your Saturday night fish fry, lick lick lick."

"The tune was from Louie Jordan, 1908-1975, 'Saturday Night Fish Fry', 1949." The jukebox was internet-controlled but classic 1950s style including lights, fake records, and the spindle-arm-changer thingie. Okay, the lyrics were a little changed from the original to take bad dick thoughts out, wasn't everything, grin?

The 1950s-style diner was all pink and white inside, with touches of wintergreen and root beer. The waitresses were all long, tall, leggy, with page hats, white gloves, peppermint striped miniskirts, topless, mountainous but gravity-defying breasts, shaved pussies, gov-certed health, garter belts, hose with prom seams down the backs, and high heels. Very thoroughbred looking bloodlines, hee hee.

A chain diner, changing each week to a kind of diner popular in some decade of the 19th, 20th, or 21st cents. It was still in the 21st cent that they stopped having culture changes every dec, grin. A million more dines just like this one I'll bet also. Owned by the gov, like anything public outside our commune, and good for them!

The world pop was half a trill, as we said now, in modern leenglish, which drops the last half of words if they are redund, have been used recently before, or are understood. Or the first half, hee hee. This is the way we talk, but when it goes on the Internet it is instantly translated to official leenglish at will so there's no dialects or anything like that going on Earth, he he. We were a crowded city of pussies, but all as happ as all creash. The culm of the eating out exper.

You could get yourself redone to look like a waitress if you had your health certed and went to their follow-up clinics. I like the way I look, I'm Xena the Warrior Princess with muscles to prove it. She must have killed all the men, I haven't seen any yet (grin). I would have loved

to have eaten her and Gabrielle. For weeks it seems I have called myself Xeny.

I picked up a martin from a wait and was walking through the aisles of booths when a girl I knew waved at me happ. We called her Bitsy because her breasts were bigg than her head. She had a lot of personal, hee hee. Hard anybod wore clothes anymore, but she liked to wear hot yellow or pink 'unclothes' that were designed to make a pers look more nake instead of less, giggle.

I had a Warrior Princess armband, black leath miniskirt, long black hair (dyed), and Greek style leath leggings and sandals (not real leath, everything is synthet, of course, robots make your clothes to order instantly at your comm). My pussy hair was shaved neatly, and all my skin outside my puss was perm depilated and deodorized, moisturized, clarified, scented. Face it, I was a walking ice cream cone made to be licked from head to foot, and I hadn't had any in a whole day.

Bitsy looked me directly in the face after lovingly frenching me, a social signal that we had licked each other out and examined body parts totally before and could have face to face yak without all them glances. Like old married coups, grin.

"Sheila and Shelley are hot for each other again! Do you know what Sheila told me? Sit down girl!" (Bitsy)

I took Bitsy's hand, kissed her on the lips, and she scooted me in the booth with her and Barbra and Popsy.

"What?" (me)

Sheila and Shelly lived in her love commune, what you called apartments in earlier cents. But the old style aparts were designed for privacy and secur, with people living right next to each other and keeping each other out, not even talking to each oth. Ours were built the opp of that, to let love be made as often as poss, in commun beds. Priv was not sought but considered harmful. Still we had our little love affairs, fights, scraps, and even marriages

and divorces. Nothing like in dick days, where the dick and the dyke would marry, branch off, go away from all other humans, have a bunch of kids, and raise them to be as sick as themselves, selling them off one by one. We lived and loved for life, getting closer not more distant, knowing oneness not sep.

Sure we got greedy for just one lover at times and even got jeal of or for them, and wanted them all to oursel, but we never took it to extremes, ha ha. We always wanted the oneness of the comm of lovers we knew best. Still those of us who were 'single' liked sometimes to 'go out on the town' and sample puss from other comms, and be wild and party and ham it up, who's single and doesn't?

"She said that Shelley told her that her hips were too big." (Bitsy)

"That Shelley is a hot box, after they cloned her they broke the mold!" (Barbra)

"That would have been a super crime! Call in the police! Ha ha!" (Popsy)

"I wouldn't take that kind of lip off her myself, I'd just have to spank her little b. h. with my hair-b and dildo that snapping turtle pussy till it begged me to stop!" (Barbra)

"You snap my turt now, Barbra bush!" (Popsy)

I didn't know Barbra and Popsy, but I could tell they had been lovers a long time from the face and body lang. And from the observ that Popsy was curled up and sitting in Barb's lap, hee hee.

"Shhh all! I'm not done. 'They weren't either', Sheila told her, 'I just have been designed to have room for any face that I let eat me, even your big face'." (Bitsy)

"Desi is right! By my tongue, for a perfect fit! Hee hee hee." (Barbra)

"We're all desi now, silly. Do you think the gov lets wild eggs into its labs? Hee hee, that'd be the day."

(Bitsy)

"Big face, ha ha. Shelly had that coming to her, touche. Poor thing, she's smart. Sheila, the way she swivs those hips when she walks makes them look bigger than they are, though, if you ask me." (me)

"Who's looking at the hips? I'm trying to look betwee them, hee hee." (Barbra)

I lized now that Barbra and Popsy were from a third comm, diff than either mine or Bitsy's. And Bitsy was trying to pick them up.

"I saw Shelley a week ago, and she was wearing Sheila all over her like a second skin, hee hee." (Popsy)

"I wish I could e her." (Barbra)

"E who?" (Bitsy)

"Shelley. She's too white to be true. I like it white when I can get it, ha ha. But brown is fi. And black, he he." (Barbra)

"Make mine olive!" (me)

"What is Sheila? She has an Indian maiden look about her, like Pocahantas." (Bitsy)

"I'll be the deer she gets to lick her in the for! Ha ha. Come here, Sheila! Bambi wants you! What a tail! Lick lick l-i-c-k!" (Barbra)

"Is it true that she has a ring through her clit?" (Popsy)

"Who? Shelley?" (Bitsy)

"No, Sheila. Big hips. Pocahant. Inds liked pain didn't they?" (Popsy)

"Now don't be racist or I'll report you to the pol."

(me)

"Rep me. I need a rehabil sesh with a judge in her priv chams, hee hee." (Barbra and Popsy, in chorus, that was one of their joke lines, he hee)

A face turns around from the booth behind us where she had been listening. "Hi I'm Groovy! Did you mensh Sheila's clit ring?"

Groovy was so volup I couldn't believe my luck! Ol skin too! At least in this light, ha ha. I was in instant love! This was the first time I had ever seen her, and I was determed to take her home and be her warr princess and she my ol skinned love from The Godfather, grin. No, the Greek isle of Lesbos, grin. I wanted peop to watch us dive muffs and gasp at the beaut of it.

"Yah, I seen it, when I was diving her muff once."

(Groovy)

Amazing, the very words on my mind, grin...

"She said it didn't hurt. I could pull on it while licking her out. I haven't eaten her in, how long has it been? What's her numb now Bitsy?" (Groovy)

"Who? Sheila or Shelley?" (Bitsy)

"Why not have them both in a 3-way dais-chain? Hee hee." (Barbra)

"Sheila!" (Groovy)

"I have it but you'll have to lick it out of me first girl, you're mine tonight and I'm gonna prove it! Mmmmmwa!" (me)

I kissed her lusciously on the lips at first, then french kissed her after she gave me a cumon signal, ahhh, stars and wed bells and all that jazz. I was lying about

having her numb (of her comm), a little yummy lie.

"I'd like to be sit in front of her while she spread those big wide hips and let that ring hang down in front of my face!" (Groovy, trying to come up for air.)

"I have a ring in my clit now! Want to see it?" (me, winking and grinning)

I jumped up on the seat and swived around, spreading my legs in Groovy's beaut lush face, invitingly, trying to show my love cave, my mound, my bell, and succul breasts like a buffet tray to her. I could see mysel in the mirrors, yes I was a catch!

"That isn't a ring! That's a clip! A ring pierces the clit, yours just grabs it!" (Groovy, feigning a profess inter only, but giggling)

"It feels good just the same, pretty girl! Are those pierced ear rings?" (me, reaching out to feel)

She was now examining my sy with great inter and I could see her light purple hair and those rings. I knew we didn't eat sy yet, but I saw her licking her lips and her oli cheeks slightly blushing because she knew I knew that she knew. It was hers, reserved, I was think, making eyes at her.

"What's your name?" (Groovy)

"Xeny!" (me)

"Glad to make your acquaint. Could you come sit down here next to me?" (Groovy)

"Sure thing!" (me) Down I jumped beside her on the seat, and we hugged and began making out and saying all kinds of small things in each other's ears nob but us would ever know. Too priv, but these things happ.

"I said shh! I'm not done. She got back, that hot Poca with the zing ring. She told Shelley that her nipps were

too flat on jugs that were too big and watery. When she sucked them there was noth to nibble on. 'Next time you might try arousing my nipp by better tongue technique, or I'll get someone who will', Shelly said, hee hee." (Bitsy)

"Like this?" said Popsy. She started darting her tongue onto Bitsy's exposed breast, which she held in one hand. A typ singles pass.

"Stop it! I'm talking now and how can I when you're trying to make me moan!" (Bitsy, her eyes saying don't stop)

"Later, Bitsy lick of my night." (Popsy). Flick flick flick went Popsy's tongue all over her aureol.

"Oh go ahead and lick me baby. Mmmmm! Ohhhh! Here come my nipp-les!" (Bitsy)

We all went sil in respect of her right to orgas.

"You don't have anything wrong with your nipps, Bitsy!" (Popsy)

Popsy knew she had gasmed Bitsy, and a bead of milk on the end of her nipp said it all, sigh. Everybod loves a lover! The music on the jukebox had changed sometime back, to a misty piano love song.

"Show me your other tit now and I'll make it get up and dance too." (Barbra)

"No way, you'll have noth for desert, ha ha." (Bitsy) Bitsy clearly needed a little breather from the gasm. It went sil for a little while, as we were all thinking sweet thoughts out in space somewhere at the same time, and Bitsy herself brok the silence.

"Hmmm.. As I was getting at, Shelley finally told Sheila that her ass had cellulite, ha ha ha." (Bitsy)

"Cellul? Her? Giggle." (me)

"Sheila cried and said she didn't either have cellul, why did she make up bad things? 'Let me sit pretty for you', Sheila said, 'and you grab my ass with both hands, and feel those hips squirm for you, and you won't feel one bump of cellul.'" (Bitsy)

"Awww, that was sweet. I heard they're an item now and one can hardly get into bed with either one of them, they're living with each other full time. Isn't love grand! I hope they get married so I can attend the flashli show." (me)

A flashlight show was where, after the 2 brides went to the altar, either naked, or one or the other in a veil, or coat and tails and bow tie, and took their vows, and kissed lip to lip, then took turns eating each other's V on the altar of love, the 2 newlys would lie in the mid of the floor while the rest of us sat on chairs in a circ around then, with flashlis. They'd turn the lights low and we'd dart our beams on the 2 lovers as they did it to gasm after gasm.

Often the orgy would become gen and would contin as the newlys got out to the waiting car with the shoes tied to the bump, and the rice was thrown. No, we didn't have cars like back in the 20th and 21st cents, for individs to go traveling at will anywhere they wanted, and get in accidents. A car was an antique kept for spesh events only. It was too crowded to travel any dist except in mass transports. So after they drove the car fifty feet, they would get out of it again, giggle.

Singles and marrieds alike orgied, for the marr pool was made virg by the flashli sharing. These ceremons also served as quickie divor proceeds using that as a pretext, ha ha. Marr didn't have great legal weight but it filled a need in us we couldn't give up I guess. We were all basically married to our comm lovers, clan, or coven as they used to call it back in the days we were all called witches and lesbians, ha ha. I was 28 but I'd never been more than 20 miles from where I call home, ha.

We were well into eating each other when the waits came out for happy hou. Okay, gotcha, you must have been half

asleep, we actually did it the other way arou. You are supposed to ming with your drinks, and flirt, and sosh, and talk about eating each oth, but after you chose tabs you always started by eating the waits, then each oth, then have real food as the last course becau we didn't want to have to go to a restroo to clean up before sex.

You always ate the waits first, they were the reason you came, and on the house, and always finger licking good. Eating other custs was risque, but what are we sing for if not to take some chances going on the prowl for some wild stuff? It's in a lusty lez's blood to want to shuck a new wild pussy oyster at least once for curiosity sake, for, as the poets sing, we may not be back this way again.

"Speaking of nips, check that chick out coming this way with the tray. Hey waitress! You got some tasty looking nipples there, how about giving me a tit I'm horny!"
(Bitsy)

"Single order or a double?" (waitress)

"A doub!" (Bitsy)

"One order of tits au pair coming up, tab 18. But who's going to lick my horny clit?" We all ogled down from her lush tits to her shaved pussy. She turned around with her legs wide op and bent over very limberly so we could all see wild clit peeking out of tight heart-shaped butt cheeks and deep love box crying double-dare. I quickly realized that she looked just like Pocahon, with Ind pigtails, deerskin trimmings, light brown-red-yellow shaded skin, made to ord. Bitsy, Groovy, me, all of us said we'd lick it, in chorus, with bubbling excitement.

"A la carte, or the real meal deal?" asked the wait, not moving her legs but peeking her head around over the sensash cones on her wasp waist. You can guess what that last is, gigg.

So, after taking our food orders for later, and the buttons were pushed, the tables we were on spread out into lavish beds, and 3 more waits arrived quick, and asked us to

pick. They knew what we wanted from analyzing our Internet files and our conversash, of course, but they let us pick to make it more romantic. When we had chosen out, we got our real meal deals, gigg.

I love to come up from straight below and lick their fig while they lay on their back like a baby and spread eagle. Barbra liked her Pocahan to stand on one leg with the other held straight up while she layed under her puss and licked her like a deer, gigg.

Bitsy liked her wait to lay on her back and swing her hips up on her hands, so she could eat her box while her wait masturbated her giant tits and Bitsy watched them wigg with both eyes glued. The wait could take one of her own giant tits at a time, and lick her own nipp with her tongue flat, gigg.

Popsy was an ass cracker, grin. She liked to lick the ass crack and nibble on the asshole. I knew what Barbra liked about her, gigg. Not that many real ass crackers around, ha.

Me, Xeny, I'm a warrior princess, so I liked the top, going dow 69, starting at her face, kissing and licking it, nibbling her ears, her forehead, her nose, her lips, her chin, her neck, then dow to her cones, taking my time, and licking to the love mou, and spreading my meal apart with my hands coming up under her lush smoo thighs. She licked me real good too, gigg, saving some for my second helping later with Groovy.

So I finally got around to my new love Groovy. It turned out she was a vamp, gigg.

Vampires are an old dickworld fant about lezs we'd laugh about sometimes, going out at night dressed in drag, but all mixed up about going for the wrong end for their snacks, and having dicks, dicks that didn't work anymore, ha. They used to call lezs vamps? (ha) The dicks knew lezs eat each others' V's, and drink blood, but the terrible (now dead) Catlick relig then scrambled their brains, ha ha. I couldn't relate to the Catlick relig any more seriously than to the

Greek gods, which at least had beau bods and knew how to use them, grin.

Groovy liked to bite my neck and give me hickies. She asked me politely first, don't think I didn't have a choice. She and I were so in love, so hot to trot, we ate each other up! We were so hot others paused to watch us, out of sheer appreciash. I could spread my legs straight open like a T, and my seal skin smooth pussy with the clit clip was her breakfast lunch and dinner put together, gigg.

How could I give her more? I gave her everything I had. She stuck a long red fingernail in my vagin while she lapped my clit, kissed my labia, rubbed my mound, split my clit in two and forked her tongue into the split, and made me squirt pussy juice and then licked the juice and drank it. My orgasms were hot and many, and I wanted to give her even more. When it was my turn to eat at the Y, I gave her total undivided attensh, sensitive to her every little desi. We agreed to go to her comm and live togeth!

I came here a lot, and I had eaten a lot of the other custs before, and most of the waits, and they I. Gasms guaranteed with every vis or you didn't have to pay, so the ads went. Isn't life gay?

We gasmed so many times we fell to sleep almost. The waves spreading like a tropical island. A moment of peace, total fulfill. What a meal! But this was a busy diner, so they had to have the tabs as soon as poss. The butts were pushed and we were back sitting on the bench seats with each other while the waits went to get our food, which had been cooking and was on the cook's hot shelf.

The food courses were now being served, eaten, and taken away. The juke was louder now so we couldn't hear each other talking, so we concentrated on eating.

I love fresh french fried fish and chips. Greaseless, using the kind of fat that doesn't digest but goes on through. It's not all seaweed, soy and tofu, they put some real fish in it too. I just love the taste, and the smell while it is cooking is better than eating it, wickedly

greasy. They say they try to make it smell like pussy with addits. Maybe it does, I'd like it all the better.

After I ate my wick fish and chips, and drink my root beer float, with special adds that keep you from getting gas, I got up and paid the bill with my new lovers for the night, so they could clean up for the line of new custs waiting in front. I don't really pay the bill, we don't have money anymore, just lectronic numbs entered into the Net. But I pretend, they give real bills and have a real cashier.

Look at the looks in the faces of the new custs, seeing me walking out arm-in-arm with a beaut lover that I picked up in there (Groovy), fresh pussy smell on my shining happy face, and back to her comm for a night of total hots. There were about 10,000 women in the stands around the restaraunt, watching all we did through the transpar walls and roof and floors, and via the Internet, and already our conversash and love scenes were being used for everything from love letts to matter for movie scripts, before we had even stepped out, gigg.

I love the sing life in the 23rd cent. Everybody gets their 15 min of fame, gigg.

FF

Chapter 5. Big Boy's BBS.

THE 1990s.

SCENE:

A 10-year-old boy (Nick) on rollerblades at a big city downtown redeveloped urban shopping mall, like Denver's 16th Street Mall, and it could be Denver, or Portland, or Cincinnati. Never admit anything, grin.

He's with some friends who, like himself, are computer hackers, meeting to swap secrets like MCI codes, credit card numbers, and hacking secrets. All the friends are male, but two of them are ambivalent sexually, they could be female

and nobody could tell the difference. They are arm in arm, snuggling and talking with the others, who don't notice anything unusual.

SCENE:

A suburban home. Nick arrives on his rollerblades, and after a tour of the kitchen hikes up the stairs to his room. On the door is a military style sign warning that entrance is forbidden except to authorized personnel.

SCENE:

A resort in the Rocky Mountains near Boise. There's a convention here of partygoing adults. But they're half naked, completely naked, and everything in between. The "subject" of the hour is women teaching the men how to do cunnilingus, by doing it on each other. The men never actually get any, but those who are 'out' dare some other men to teach them fellatio, and get what they want.

SCENE:

The back of a computer dealership in Montana. Full of computers in various states of disrepair and being repaired. A flood of lit-up monitors, and a salesman known as "Big Sky" sits in the chair working a Microsoft Natural Keyboard. He is running a pirate board, giving commercial software away to other pirates in exchange for theirs. Big Boy sends him referrals. Neither knows what the other looks like, because they won't scan digital pictures of themselves out of a phobic fear of the government.

SCENE:

A dirty, unkempt house can be discerned dimly around a dirty, stained keyboard and monitor running a BBS. A pair of fat hands is typing as fast as an expert typist, and there is an online chat going.

This is Big Boy at work. "Nyuk Nyuk!" he chuckles like Curly. He sprinkles the "Nyuk Nyuk!" phrase liberally throughout every electronic message (e-mail) he types, using

a function key macro. It drives most people nuts, he thinks to himself. So he loves it Nyuk Nyuk! If only he could find a way to patent it and collect royalties, Nyuk Nyuk! BBSing without Big Boy and his Nyuk Nyuk! would be devoid of personality Nyuk! Get a toupee with some brains in it Nyuk Nyuk!

SCENE:

An alley in back of a pool hall, in the early 1940s. A 19-year-old girl is seen squatting in the frame of a loading dock, behind the garbage cans, evidently giving a teenager in a longshoreman's coat and bellbottoms a blowjob. He doesn't make any noise until he cums, loudly aahing. He is evidently heavy set but still under 200 pounds and a smart aleck juvenile delinquent type. Big Boy.

SCENE:

A prison cell, Big Boy is now in his 30s, in his prime. He has a pink-cheeked young boy, 18 at the most, with a knife at his throat, making him suck his cock. He "Nyuk Nyuk's" most gratifyingly as the boy is told to swallow the jizz and lick it clean and put it back into his shorts cleaner than he took it out. The boy obeys. Big Boy's balls are unusually huge, and from between his legs in the rear shot they look big enough for 2 men.

SCENE:

Big Boy's aging (50s) wife walks into his BBSing corner with a pitcher full of chocolate milk and vanilla ice cream scoops, with a couple of shots of Kahlua and a squirt of mint extract. Big Boy drinks straight from the pitcher without losing his attention riveted to his monitor, as she slinks away. She starts talking to him but he never listens, then he tells her to give him some toasted cheese sandwiches and be sure and sprinkle parmesan on the outside before grilling it, also to use 3 different cheeses if she has them. She doesn't, so he says use 2, and plenty of margarine.

SCENE:

A noise of meat being slapped. It's Big Boy jacking off with the lights turned off in his BBSing corner, as he looks at pornography displayed on his color graphics monitor. He sticks exclusively to lesbian pornography, has for years. He "Nyuk Nyuk's" contentedly and reaches for some Handy Wipes on the table. A close shot of a condom being pulled off his penis, then he puts it in a Zip Loc bag, seals it, and chucks it in a wastebasket under the table.

SCENE:

Two women with shaved pubes having 69 oral sex in a motel, while a third woman with a fashionable wide-brimmed hat and nothing else on watches. She waits for them to climax, then both of them come over to her and she lays back and spread her legs while one takes on her muff orally and the other french kisses her and fondles her breasts. The scene suddenly becomes somewhat digitally degraded and jerky. Pan back to a computer monitor.

It's all a computerized movie being displayed by a BBS caller who just downloaded it from a BBS. The caller is 12-year-old Nick. He isn't watching too hard, he's leafing through a comic book at the same time, and his homework is open on the desk, half done. On his personal computer "tower" are Fleer baseball stickers of the Pirates and the Blue Jays' logos. Also, a sticker of Spock of Star Trek making the V sign with his right hand, on a star background. (V for vagina? grin) Another sticker says "Windows". He has never had sex except with his hand yet.

SCENE:

Big Boy is sitting in a shadow outline. He is huge and fat, but his hair looks familiar. Like Elvis'. The lights are turned up, and there sits Elvis! Only at age 70 (he looks 20 years younger), and 350+ pounds. In front of his computer gear.

In his mouth is a lit cigar, and he's wearing a grungy pocket t-shirt evidently hand-dyed in Rit, stained heavily with food stains, watermelon juice and grease. He's

talking, and his voice sounds like a hollow Elvis impersonation. He has a cordless telephone in one hand, using the toher to pick at his nose and flick pickings into a waste basket.

A young Mexican girl, about 24, one of the tenants at one of his slumlord apartments that support his retirement, walks in and sits on his lap and looks at the monitor. She looks down and immediately sees his cock erecting up and visible under her legs. She quickly stands up. He doesn't break his voice as he quickly pulls her pants and panties down to her thighs, stick his tongue out to her lower back, and sticks his finger in her hair pie, then pulls it out and sucks his finger, and loudly smacks his lips. Suddenly 2 young Mexican girls, one 3 and the other 4, run in, and she pulls her pants up while they watch. One girl says "get your own mommy!" to Big Boy, and tries to pull her away. She says she will take them home (next door) and try to put them to sleep and be right back.

INT. BIG BOY'S BBS DINING ROOM - DAY

THE DINING ROOM TABLE

It's magnified and deeply revealed. Flecks of red and green, recognizable as watermelon, on a crud-crusteD table surface. Splotches of spaghetti sauce and a few loose strings of spaghetti. Cockroaches. A 1995 calendar is seen on the wall, covered with more of the same.

The table is covered with personal computing gear and boxes of diskettes, CDs, modems, over which more stains, a big puce ashtray loaded with piles of burnt matches and cigar stubs (Backwoods smokes). A half-full package of Backwoods smokes lays leaning against the ashtray, and a package of matches with the cover sticking out into the air. A big orange comb. A Swiss Army knife with the scissors opened out. A chapstick. A pair of scissors. A Bic pen. A package of waxed dental floss. A watch armband minus any watch. Some paperclips in a dirty dusty

black box. Panning around. A PC CPU box with a pack of seedy playing cards, some diskettes, a monitor with one end held up with a package of dental floss. The CPU box has an Elvis sticker, also a Pirates and Toronto Blue Jays, also a Spock giving a hand sign. OS/2 sticker. The diskette drive front panel is incredibly dirty with a diskette sticking out covered with dust and lint. Dirty fingerprints on every light surface.

Down in front to the left is a beer stein, half full, but not of beer. Melting ice cubes, could be pop could be just water in it. Then to the right of that a keyboard, very dirty, with roach parts, snot scabs, food stains, hair, and a big fat pair of hands typing very fast.

The man in front of the PC is a 20-years-later fat Elvis lookalike, but also some element of a W.C. Fields about him, and the eyes and of sneer of a teenage bowery hoodlum. He is wearing a filthy tank top t-shirt and boxer shorts with his fatness causing the fly to permanently pop open but nothing visible except belly and hair. His genitals are buried beneath the belly so far he could stand naked and they wouldn't show. As of the last few years he has developed a bad hernia, which made his belly extend lower than ever. But if he would bend over, from behind his giant bag could still be seen, as big as cow's udder, showing he really had balls. His real name is unimportant, he goes to precautions to disguise it, instead goint by the alias, or as he calls it, handle, of BIG BOY, and he's running his computer bulletin board service (BBS) out of his retirement home in a western town. He is sweating profusely even though he's sedentary.

The room is large and homey. Rows of salvaged junk are stacked neatly against the walls. A fan sits on a box by his head. The monitor is alive with electronic chat.

Okay if I talk?

BIG BOY

Sure Nyuk Nyuk! I'll listen to anything you want to tell me Nyuk! A siamese cat jumps up on top of the monitor and tries to lay down.

THE WHORE

I'm so wet and you're just the man to eat me!

BIG BOY

Can I eat your panties first or are you wearing any?

THE WHORE

I'm not wearing any no, Big Boy. But I've got some in the hamper you could eat (big smile).

BIG BOY

Later, let me lap your box with my big tongue now Nyuk! OH yes, it's so fat and wet I want to fuck it like a pussy Nyuk Nyuk! Yummy yummy Nyuk Nyuk! More juice please Nyuk!

A pause on the monitor conversation...

THE WHORE

Hey honey, why don't you ever cum to my parties? The guys and gals want to meet you!

BIG BOY

I never grant personal interviews Nyuk! You know that, but thanks for asking, have them call my BBS and I'll handle each of them personally Nyuk!

THE WHORE

I know you will. Well the phone is ringing gotta go see you soon SMACK! (big wet sloppy kiss)

There's a flash and a puff of smoke. Big Boy is lighting up another Backwoods smoke and yes, there is a sound of a loud fart as Big Boy walks out of the room, a mustard stain visible in the crack of his shorts as lights on his computer gear are blinking, faint but steady.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room of a preteen boy in the burbs, well-kept and neat. An expensive model PC on a computer desk. The monitor shows he's called into Big Boy's BBS and is doing something with the keyboard.

His eyes agape, chin resting on his chest. Line by line a pornographic picture is being displayed on his monitor. In an earlier generation his kind might have been lucky to have some nudist magazines to look at, hidden under the mattress, of some so-so looking women walking around naked in a park or pool with their tits, bushes, and asses baking in the sun. But this is a professional porno picture of hard core shot with beautiful women, showing them in a lesbian 69 lock, airbrushed, trying to show everything they've got and make it look like they're eating a gourmet meal.

Suddenly, mother is heard jostling outside the door, and he shuts the monitor off quick and hits the reset button on his PC to cause it to break connection with the BBS he has been downloading the picture file from. Nick slowly turns his head with his eyes searching for a sign of entry. He grabs his homework which had been sitting ready for such a quick acting job. He decides it's too late for her to believe it, so he shuts off the light switch fast as he jumps onto the bed and buries himself under the covers. His face is flushed but that is something he can hide. He has had ideas of doing

things with his mother, and maybe she knows it.

MOTHER

Nickie? Are you awake? I know you're not sleeping!

NICK

(No sound).

MOTHER

Nickie! I know you're awake.

(He feels her sitting down on his bed next to him, and her arm reaches out and touches his hip, gently shaking him.)

NICK

(Faking just waking up). Mother, is that you?

MOTHER

Mother knows you were looking at those pictures again, Nickie. I was watching through the door before you heard me. Your computer is still warm.

NICK

What pictures?

MOTHER

I saw those pictures of naked women doing things to each other. Why do you look at them?

NICK

I don't know, mother. I can't help myself I guess. What did you see me looking at?

MOTHER

You had pictures of naked women making love to each other. I know daddy left us, and I have had to raise you alone. Didn't daddy ever take time to explain the birds and the bees to you?

NICK

You know him, mother.

MOTHER

I know, I'm not crazy about him moving in with another man either, he was just a boy. I don't believe he is 'NINETEEN'.

(She flips her eyes in the usual way).

NICK

Twenty one, mother.

MOTHER

Whatever, he looks sixteen.

But as long as I can keep you, Nickie, I told him there's nothing wrong with it, it's even done by the President and the Pope. A woman can't get a good man all to herself anymore it seems, so ta-da, the story of my life, but leave me my little Nickie and I won't complain. Cootchy cootchy!

(She patted his ass with one hand, and squeezed it with her fingers.)

MOTHER

You know I just saw something nice! What was that?

(She suddenly slipped her hand down Nick's pajamas

to his crotch, catching his hardon through the thin cloth, and held it with her hand full around the shaft. Then she started squeezing it rhythmically.)

NICK

Mom! I... Don't stop! I know we love each other so much, and.. you've been hurt by daddy. But... Why didn't you stop me before?

(He rolled over looking at her face lovingly, and she kept her hand on her son's dick, which he let expose itself through the fly of the pajamas, throbbing and erect, but almost hairless. He noticed quickly that she was almost nude, in a housedress which was open, with the breasts poking out and a delightful patch of fur visible in her V, wearing g-string panties, and her legs coming apart.)

MOTHER

Nickie! Stop you? I've never told you this before, but I have been a peeping mom. I have been peeping in on you since before daddy left, watching you look at your computer pictures and playing with yourself. My how your love stick has been developing, let me see!

NICK

(Suddenly getting embarrassed and rolling his legs to hide his hard stick, which was bouncing around.)

Mom! I'm naked!

MOTHER

Come back here, little man! I know what you look like naked, don't all moms? I know about your needs, don't feel guilty, it's natural to play with yourself. See? It's just a prick, daddy had one, every little man does. I've seen you playing with it, remember, peeping mom? I like playing with

myself too, see?

(She swung her hips around, opening her thighs to his face so he could see her pussy gaping out of the g-string. It had fur only at the top but had been shaven in-between the legs. It was dripping wet, and she took her free hand and further pulled the g-string to one side of her fig and fingered her big fat erect clitoris like a clothespin, palms-in, and began rhythmically circling it while regaining a jackoff hold on his throbbing dick.)

NICK

Mommy, you're beautiful! Can I ask you a question?
Can I?

(He started flicking his tongue in and out of his lips and looking at her pussy.)

MOTHER

Don't talk!

(She takes her hand out of her pussy and brushes it up against his lips, letting him smell it. He licked her hand, then his own lips.)

Come here Nickie baby! Momma wants to kiss her big man.

(He crawls onto her and she french kisses him, forcing her tongue in and out like a lesbian fucking pussy orally. He was swooning, but totally passive. His dick was throbbing with his heart, vavoom vavoom, keeping beat.)

Here! Kiss this!

(She brings her breast up to his face and shows him the erect aureolae. He dives his face onto it and begins licking and sucking like a baby at first, then remembering his porno scenes, he begins exploring her

aureolae with a broadened tongue, but soon seems to slow down as he can't help peeking down to the pussy, which was making snapping crackling noises with her masturbating it so hard.)

Would you like to lick mommy? Down there?

NICK

Yes, mommy! (He was almost crying with delight.)
How did you know?

MOTHER

Nickie, what did those pictures tell me? You'd always be looking at naked women who licked and like to be licked. You know what? I am just like them!

(She smiled and laughed with joy to tell him something that was a long-time secret.)

I just knew you'd grow up to lick women down there! I do! I'll tell you something. Why shouldn't momma's little boy take after his momma? I never lived with a man before your daddy, and only because I wanted to have a child. It's my fault I was a peeping mom and didn't give you what you needed, till now.

She licked her own lips and breathed hot air in his ear. Please, baby, lick me now! Here!

(She leans back and spreads her thighs but lets her ankles come back and her feet press sole to sole, like a fiddle. She has her hands holding her vaginal lips open beckoning for him while she keeps rhythmically and circularly stroking her clit. This makes her breasts stick out bunched together like party balloons. His mother was so beautiful he thought. He wish he would grow up to look like her.)

(He crawled down the perfumed, powdered stomach and

crotch to the waiting pussy and tenderly, gingerly, stuck out his tongue and dived it in, exploring his mother's musky love for the first time. Violin music played for them both.)

Sssss! Ssss!

(She is making this sound with her eyes closed, keeping time with her son's licks.)

Not so fast! Oooohh!

(She makes an ouch sound.)

Lick me slow, baby, you're playing with fire down there. I have responses I have to teach you about. There! Sloooowww, lick my hot pussy sloooowww, ssssss!

(He slows down, and she orgasms.)

Who needs men? (said out loud to herself?)

INT. NICK'S ROOM - LATER BUT STILL NIGHT

(Somewhere in their all-night love making he felt his little hairless peter being flicked by her hot tongue, and quickly jizzing off as he felt her lips close around it. He never knew where his jizz went, it disappeared. He was so electrified by his orgasm he kept the squirting reflex up dry for some time, as she held his little dick in her mouth like a straw and flicked it with her tongue, for it seemed like an hour.)

(He lost track of time, but came to a neverending moment when Mommy was finger-fucking herself telling Nick to kiss it and lick it so she could come again for the 10th time. He was learning to massage her hips and breasts and lick the pussy in synch, she would guide his hands.)

(Another moment, she gets up and sits at the window sill, looking out at the moon and listening to the

night sounds, mainly of crickets.)

(He comes to her side, and is suddenly wowed by the beautiful white creamy skin, the violin-like curves, the shapely breasts and large exciting nipples. Her long brown hair, down her back halfway. And the most exciting organ of a woman, her pussy, which he had now had the experience of his life with, but he knew he had just begun to show his love to it, it would take forever to show all his love. He comes to her side and she holds him in her arms.)

MOTHER

I love you! Do you love me?

NICK

Yes I love you! Do you love me?

MOTHER

Yes, I love you! I love you I love you! Do you love me?

NICK

Yes, I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you! Do you love me?

(And so on until they both lost track and got silly. He got an erection again and she sat him on the sill with his dick angling in the air towards her, and grabbed her panties off the floor, only to wrap them up under his nutsack and over his shaft. Then she cupped his little pantied bag with one hand while giving him some giggling oohing aahing head. Then she began bobbing her head up and down from the shoulders, with her tits also bobbing around, and some more shimmying going on with the fat on her hips and ass. He jizzed like a squirt gun, and she started moaning keeping her mouth over it and drinking his cum with her neck muscles working

showing a swallowing reflex. She then wiped her mouth off with the panties.)

MOTHER

Ahh baby! You know what mother likes! Yummy yummy! I like cum young. After age 25 you can have it!

INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY MONTAGE SHOT WITH CHARLTON HESTON-LIKE VOICEOVER AND ROCK-CLASSICAL MUSIC.

Both Mother and Nick developed their fantasies nightly. Nick was a budding she-male ever since. He slept with mother every night, dressing up in her panties, garter belts, hose, and dresses. She taught him everything about a woman, and helped him discover the woman trapped inside of him.

VOICEOVER BY DAVID BOWIE

She told him he was her little David Bowie. She would bleach his hair blonde and put lipstick on his mouth. They loved the Bowie game, where she'd bury him in the bed so his face alone stuck out, then make love to his face with her mouth, tits, and pussy while playing David Bowie music loudly.

VOICEOVER BY CHARLTON HESTON

He was face-trained male lesbian. He would never rape a pussy now, it would be such a waste to his face.

VOICEOVER BY NICK

Me and mommy did it alone except when she brought another woman into our bed, which was usual on weekends, and by the time I was 14 I began dressing for school and the mall in panties, garter belt, hose, and bra, under my boy clothes. Nobody much noticed, it wasn't uncommon at that time. I wish I could destroy the evidence that I was still a boy.

Many people would wear underwear outside their street clothes to declare they were gay as they still called it. Others did it just to be in fashion. I let my hair grow long and wore makeup and lipstick, and experimented with perfumes and fragrances.

I was never happier. I had a full sex change operation at age 21, a happy ending far in the future, but not before I had my struggles growing up like anyone.

MONTAGE SHOT OF NICK'S JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.
VOICEOVER CONTINUES, BY NICK.

I was in 8th grade and therefore a senior at the junior high school, and this was my last year there. The girls were always making excuses to skip class and go to the nurse. I asked to see the nurse too to see what it was all about. I then realized they were asking for help with their periods. What a drag, I couldn't talk to girls as well as I could boys, but I wanted to. I had been playing a jock up til then, and they were slow to accept my changes, which were serious but only to myself. I left the nurse's office feeling a sudden urge to pee like a woman.

I snuck into the girl's restroom and closed a stall door on myself, pulling my jeans down, then my panties and hose, to the ankles, and over the shoes, so anybody looking underneath would think I was a girl. Two girls came in just then, and acted like I wasn't there, they stood in front of the big mirror looking at each other and holding each other around the waist and giggling and whispering, then went into the stall next to mine (the last one near the back), and started making kissing and clothes-rustling noises almost immediately. I smelled some delightful smells, and then saw by looking under the stall that their panties both were discarded on the floor and they were standing close, face to face. They were whispering sweet things to

each other. One of their set of legs and feet disappeared after the first one sat down on the stool and the other one climbed up. She was being eaten! Right here in school! I wished I was a girl, how could I? I didn't want to make any noises peeing, so I slipped out of the restroom quietly after putting my clothes back on, and went back to the nurse's office.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY VOICEOVER BY NICK

The nurse was old and kind of beautiful, except for the ugly uniform she was wearing, and the ugly frame glasses. I saw she was alone and she looked lonely. I just quickly walked into the private room with the white table without talking. She followed.

NURSE

Are you lost? You're name is Nick, isn't it? You were in earlier? Why did you leave so suddenly?

NICK

I... I had to go to the bathroom.

NURSE

You're panting. And flushed. Have you been running? Do you have a fever?

(Nick now had a better look at her, and changed his mind about her being ugly or old. She was voluptuous, but her uniform tightly hid and held her in, and desexed her. Her creamy white skin, light but naughty lipstick, and perfect beauty mole, made her seem like one of the women he knew all too well from Big Boy's BBS. But not really, he thought. Not in a place like this.)

NICK

Nothing like that, nurse. I only need to rest here

a minute, OK?

(She realized he was undressing her with her eyes, and gave it away by peeking at herself in the wall mirror, and then back at him, evidently pleased with her own appearance.)

NURSE

Why? Do you feel sick? What's the matter?

NICK

I'm not sick, I'm weak. I just saw 2 girls eating pussy. I wish I could be doing that. I'm so lonely.

NURSE

(A revelatory look in her eyes.)

So! 2 girls? Where did you see this? Who?

NICK

The restroom. I don't want to get them in trouble. I just wish I could be doing that, I'm sorry for bothering you, you're so pretty and nice I just thought I could talk to you.

(He started to fidget off the table but she stopped him with a firm hand.)

(He wanders his eyes up and down her nurse's uniform. She seems tense and frozen, then suddenly relaxes and closes the door behind her, leaving them both in private. She's in control anyway.)

NURSE

When you say you wish you could be doing that? If you could, would you tell?

(She licked her own lips in a suggestive way.)

NICK

Oh no! Of course not! I'd never tell. Would you?

NURSE

No. You told on those 2 girls didn't you?

NICK

I didn't. I mean I'd never tell on us. If you'd let me. Eat some pussy I mean. Like I do with my mother.

(A begging but hopeful look in his face.)

NURSE

Oh, like with your mother?

(She paused, and seemed to be thinking of something. Then she smiled like at a baby and started gazing straight at Nick's crotch. Nick didn't say anything, but he unzipped his jeans to display his panties, garter belt, and hose. His erect cock was stretching a bulge in the panties. She responded by unzipping her dress in back and then flipping her shoes off on the floor without touching them with her hands. Then she raised her dress showing her hose and garter belt, but no panties. Nick began making mmm'ing sounds and licking his tongue on his lips, and licking out into the air in a rhythmic, beckoning motion. Soon she turned around and bent over, showing her round heart-shaped ass and pubic mound, shaved, with a hot clitoris hanging out of her wide hips and smooth box. Nick gently grabbed for her hips and she arched her back as he hooked his fingers around her clit, fondled it, and withdrew them back to his mouth, licking them clean one by one.)

NURSE

Mmmmm! (she moaned) Does your mother give you anything like this?

NICK

You ought to meet her. Mmmmm! Gooood! I'll eat that!

NURSE

It's yours, Nick. Show me your stuff. Eat me.

(Soon she was sitting on Nick's face on the white sheeted table, squeezing her tits hanging out of her open nurse's uniform, while Nick ate her like he did his mommy. Nick realized he tasted lipstick on her pussy, that she had been eaten before, recently. So that is why she became a school nurse, he realized. Again he wished he could be a woman too.)

VOICEOVER BY NICK.

My shaved dick never found its way out of my panties. I jizzed in them and didn't tell her. I was embarrassed. I wished I had a pussy for her to eat, but didn't. We were interrupted by school passing bell, and she got dressed and left abruptly, shutting the door behind me. I crept out 5 minutes later, and there she was in her office, dressed neat, a pen in her hand going back and forth to her mouth. A girl was standing in front of her desk telling her about something private, unaware of me. I went to my next class.

The school semester was almost over and I was sorry I never came back to nurse's office. All the school's attention, including mine, was taken up by the baseball and basketball teams and graduation. I just slid along, and never made trouble.

My little dick finally grew enough hair one day but

I started shaving it with shave cream and a razor, along with my armpits. Mother massaged me and kissed me, and sucked my dick dry almost every night and totally shared every inch of her luscious tits and pussy with me. Girls at school could wait, I wasn't enough woman for them yet, I didn't even have cones yet. So I was willing to wait. Mother was teaching me now. I'm grateful to her.

When I hung out with boys many of them would talk about fucking a girl, but I don't believe any of them actually had. How stupid and gross, I felt sorry for them. Me, I never even thought about raping it, why spoil it for what they want, licking? I had heard from other boys about how women bled out of their pussies monthly, and about scary things called tampons and napkins, and quotes from the Bible about it being their curse and how they had to be segregated away from men during their curse.

So I told them that lucky for me I would never be a man, and the Bible was bad. But I never saw such a thing in bed with mother. She never wore one when she was having sex with me, even though I saw unused ones in her bathroom. And once I saw an orange brown bloody one stuck up on the ledge over the shower door, dried up and stiff, and smelly. And I never noticed any difference in eating her pussy whether she was on her period or not. Maybe she didn't have periods. Maybe men made too much out of it, or maybe they used it as an excuse to get away from men awhile, I wouldn't blame them.

Men will never know real love with women like me. Being a man sucks.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - AFTER SCHOOL VOICEOVER BY MOTHER.

My Nick was my pride and joy in life. Who could be a better mom?

He had a few boyfriends from school, but he scared

all but one of them away trying to seduce them and get them to suck his dick like I did, and try to get a chance to suck theirs. Ha, too bad for them, they didn't know what they were missing. He loved his one good boyfriend Mickey, a cute blonde boy with blonde-red puppy hair on his balls and around his dick, pulling his clothes off in bed and kissing his dick dry, then pulling up his pink taffeta dress, which I furnished him, and letting Mickey lick his dick after pulling it out of his panties and letting his young balls wag over the inside of his hosed leg. He won't have them much longer, Nickie will have a pussy of his own one day when we can afford it.

I was always there to get food, babysit, and watch, sometimes jump in bed naked and join in. I and Mickey hope her mommy will drop by so we can drag her in bed with us. Next semester I'm going to make that nurse of Nickie's too, giggle.

MICKEY

Summer break will be a gas.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE

Big Boy's BBS had lost another customer Nyuk Nyuk!
But the coming One World Government had another
customer Nyuk! Nyuk Nyuk! Nyuk Nyuk! Nyuk Nyuk!
Nyuk Nyuk! Nyuk Nyuk!

INT. BIG BOY'S BBS DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Big Boy is puffing on a cigar that went out. It is only a small stub, but there is some smoking left, so he's fumbling for the last match in a pack and trying to light it without burning his face. The end in his mouth is plugged up with spit, and it won't light, finally he holds it out in front of him and barbecues the end of the cigar with the match as long as he can, then puffs until finally it catches and the smoke is happily shooting out of his mouth.

He takes it back out of his mouth, grabs the scissors, and slices off the wet mouth end with the saliva plug, tosses the cut piece into a basket lined with a big black garbage bag, and puts the tiny stub back in his mouth and puffs away easily.

There is jazz music in the background, a dusky voice from a female, obviously black, singer...

"Love makes the ranges, love rings the changes, one day the bun shines, one day the bread falls, given time, bread will rise, taking time, your love spreads, night is day, day is night, light is dark, dark is light, sour sweet, sweet as your meat, singing the wild song, hardly a note wrong, the tune is sweet, the tone is sad, loving alone now, all on my own now, where should I go, what should I do, wouldn't it help if you knew I was blue, just say it's over and we'll be friends, just say the word and I'll get on with my life, love will range, love will change, love will ring again, my sad sad bakery friend, for me as well as for you..."

The monitor is now dazzling in the semidark room. There are numerous windows of chat on the screen, each a live conversation between callers to his BBS. The conversations are all sexual and dirty. The aliases used by the callers are all sexually connotative, such as The Stud, The Cock, Naughty Lady, Horny Slut, Bi Curiouser.

Big Boy looks away from the screen, doing something frantic under the table with his hand and his crotch. An older lady is coming by with a phone in hand, talking cheerfully. Big Boy is seen puffing a dead cigar again, not noticing it because he's watching her ass wiggle.

He gave up the BBS in 1999 because the Internet made BBSing virtually die out and nobody called his anymore.

Postscript:

Big Boy used to say that "everbody either loves me or hates me, but nobody is neutral". He loved to offend people just for their reaction, even though he didn't personally know anything about them, just keying to anything he saw them publish on the BBSes or the Internet, and disagreeing with, poking fun at it, or trying to pervert it down to (or up to, Nyuk!) his own level. He had a great memory for everything, and stunned a lot of people by pulling quotes seemingly out of the air that he could fit into the conversation in startling ways. He could maybe have become a professional writer and gained fame and fortune if he had packaged it right. But he was just a 'hobbyist', a bohemian artist really.

Some people who crossed his path went almost nuts from this, along with his habit of peppering every e-mail with Nyuk Nyuk!'s, which he treated like he had a patent on it. Actually it was just a special 'macro' key he set up on his computer keyboard, that inserted the phrase into his e-mails for him instantly. Others caught on that he was a comedian, and would have great fun either baiting him, or watching from the sidelines as he had his fun with others not in the know Nyuk! Until they realized he actually was what they used to call a lecherous perverted macho male chauvinist pig, grin.

He was actually quite harmless, considering his philosophy as the "way he was raised" and "out of fashion with the young whippersnappers", but he didn't practice what he preached, out of the privacy of his own home. In his BBSing world did everything to help anybody who asked, and literally devoted all his time to helping people get what he had used to get for himself but was now too old to. He never made a dime off BBSing, instead pouring all his extra money into it. We don't have money now, maybe we should go back to it.

You could get in a battle with him on public e-mail forums for months, and call him a million names, and he would come right back at you, but if you then asked him to help you get a break on auto repair he'd give you a referral

to a personal friend and save you money Nyuk! Or if you mentioned a worthy charity he'd personally advertise it for free on his BBS and get money donated to it.

Women who never met him, and some men, would beg him to have sex with them, but there is no recorded instance of anybody ever actually seeing Big Boy in person. He seemingly only existed in 'cyberspace'. Some rumors flew that he was actually a 15-year-old boy, or a woman, or a government sting, even a virtual reality computer experiment of some university or lab. That he was white, black, yellow, even an alien from outer space. But I think he was for real, and was just a recluse afraid of AIDS.

He had died thinking the "wimmen's lip shit" was a passing fad, and real men would grow tired of it and reestablish complete control without any more "test runs of feminist fallacies", with women being subservient again but trained by men to have sex with each other just for their, the mens' pleasure, not really their own, though if it incidentally occurred so much the better Nyuk!

He is antiquated now, Snow Cones, but somehow he will be the last man I'll ever remember.

SUBFF

Chapter 6. Hard Rock Liver.

I. It Started in the Parking Lot.

"Darling, you-u-u-u, send me!" I hit the scanner button. Not my type, too slow. Aerosmith! Now that's more like it!

"I want to go in now!" said the chick, that pouting act they can put on if they know they're sexy.

"Not yet baby! You know I haven't cum yet!"

Jeesh if she didn't want to go all the way why did she go this far? Women sure are dumb, heh. My balls are hanging out of my jeans, she's licking under my balls, and suddenly realizes for the first time she might have to finish those

rocky mountain oysters she started. Heh. At least take the bubble gum out of your mouth you dizzy bitch, heh.

I suddenly lost my nuts in her hot lipsticked mouth and she did know what she was doing. She kept her mouth on it until I had gone through paradise and was coming out on a gurney.

"Now can we go in?" she whined. She was holding the goop in her mouth trying not to swallow and not to spill.

I zipped my dick back in my jeans and opened the car door on my side. She was out ahead of me on her side, spitting the goop on the ground and wiping her tongue with a Kleenex from her little purse she carried. The gum went into the Kleenex. Her beautiful bod in the t-shirt and jeans and sandals was ready for when I could fill my nuts back up. So heh, let's go in, heh. She was putting a new stick of gum in her mouth, heh.

She made me work trying to keep up with her as she went through the dark-light parking lot, around the large rock music club, to the front landing, and in. I couldn't help a little fart, and was glad she was ahead of me, so she wouldn't smell it, heh. More people were going in and out both ways. The bouncer asked for i.d.'s, and cover charges, and stamped the back of our hands. Funny, I had already paid, and had my hand stamped, but I never try to get in for free.

Guess I'm chicken shit to cause a scene, heh. I had gotten some head and was mellower than toe jelly anyheck, so I showed him I had a stamped hand already and he looked me up and down, staring at my crotch, and stepped aside, smiling.

She got ahead of me again and went past the bouncer, through the entrance, past more bouncers and their girls, up the stairs, too fast for me to follow, into the head-bonging music. She lost me, heh. At least I was blocking the only way out. My ears were rocking, and I noticed my body was jerking to the music, heh. Great stuff, heh.

So I was wrong, heh. There she went back out the entrance, with a sly look on her eyes, like she was ditching me. I followed. When I got back to the parking lot, she had already reached my Trans-Am, and had started it. She had lifted my car keys, silly me, thinking through the head of my dick all the time, heh. She took off like a bat out of hell, laying tracks, and tried to run me over. I banged the trunk but that was all I could do. She sailed onto the street hauling ass.

So there I was in the dark-light parking lot, my wallet gone also I suddenly noticed, along with my nuts, my car keys, my car. Man I'm a loser, heh.

So I was leaning against a car at the front, eyeing a silhouetted chick just sitting in her car, 50 feet down the line, trying to think up some line, after checking her out. And then here comes Darla in my Am, from the back of the lot this time, and drives up right beside her, revving the engine and making come-here motions to the chick. She hopped out and into my car before I could even get off my ass, and they took off again, avoiding me easily by circling to another aisle of cars first. They are kissing and holding hands last time I seen them.

So I get this bright idea, and go to the car the chick jumped out of. And look it over, detective style. Then I get in the driver's seat. After a little thought, I tilt the visor, and down comes the keys. I insert the keys, turn it over, and she purrs. I back out, and start for the road in the direction they were going. This car was a crappy aging Camaro, but it ran, and this late at night there wouldn't be much traffic, so I could see them up to several blocks away by their lights once I got out onto the main boulevard.

I finally caught up to them at big light in front of a highway on-ramp. I jumped out of my car, and went up to her driver's side door, trying to get in, and, failing that, tried to get her to come out, and failing that, tried to get her to let me in.

Suddenly both her car and the one I had been take off

were laying peels. Her girlfriend had snuck back and was driving the second one.

They surprised me by not going up the on-ramp, and onto the freeway, but on through the underpass, straight down the deserted boulevard. There I was standing there dejected and helpless. What could I do? Then I saw they had stopped on the other side of the underpass, and pulled over. I saw my chances as do or die right then, and began running as fast as I could straight to them.

They both rabbited out of their cars to a residential complex, a bunch of young adult bird-cage type apartment houses and condos. Bicycles and that kind of shit, little balconies with hibachis, swimsuits hanging up to dry. Flowers and shit. It was summer, heh.

I looked through both cars but they were dead and the keys were gone.

It was quiet except for occasional swooshing sounds of cars on the freeway. And the thud of something on the sidewalk. My wallet. It had been chucked from somewhere dark and at an angle. I didn't go to it at first until I scanned the darkness for them chicks. They were well concealed, heh. So I slowly, warily, walked to the wallet, stooped, over, and picked it up. I heard a siren way in the distance. I opened it casually almost, with one eye half closed, curious what I would see but also expecting a joke, or an empty wallet.

It was not empty, no. The tip of my dick was in the change purse, heh.

II. Come Here Chameleon.

The tip of my dick was in the change purse!!! I raced to unbuckle my belt, unzip my pants, reach in my briefs, and whip out my dick. Heh, no tip. It had no feeling unless I touched my finger to the end of the stalk.

A sudden panic I had never known came over me, heh.

Without even my dick what am I? I am nothing, heh. Shit! Now what could I do? No car. I don't know this area very good, I can't remember where any hospital is near here. 5 miles away yes, this is a big city and there are several. But not near enough to walk. Should I go to one of the apartments here and knock and beg to use a phone? I'm too much of a cunt for that, heh.

I reached around in my pockets and found a quarter, good! I looked hastily around for a pay phone. None that I could see. The residential area went for blocks down the boulevard, not likely to be one there. Back the way we had come, on the other side of the underpass, I couldn't remember, but there might have been a gas station, closed and dark, but it might have had a pay phone in front of it.

So I screamed out "Bitches!", flipped a finger at the darkness, and gingerly put my dick back in my shorts, carefully, ooch, that zings! And put my wallet in my back pocket, with the tip inside. Then I knew there was no time to waste, so I hiked out to the boulevard, kicked both of them cars, and was walking away, when it occurred to me to go back, and let air out of the tires on both! A little payback, heh. Even on my own car, why not? Heh. I pinched the quarter between two fingers, to use on the air valves, and it flipped out of my hands before I could do anything, and made no sound as it landed. If it landed, heh. I had no clue where to look for it. I looked, heh. No quarter.

So I hiked down the boulevard, thinking of the ways I had seen in the movies to fool a pay phone without inserting change, until, finally coming through the underpass, I saw that I had been wrong, it was not a gas station, it was an muffler repair shop, and yes it was closed, not even the sign was lit. I stopped dead in my tracks, stifled, hot, a needly sinking feeling in my gut. What a loser I was. Sex drugs and rock and roll, my reason for living, and now I had no dick, so what are the rest for, heh? How high was I? Maybe I was dreaming, heh.

"Pssst! Hey fella!"

I looked around and behind a pillar of the underpass I

saw a short, stocky, dirty, hairy looking bum, in a mechanic's suit with a green shirt and green pants. Mr. Goodwrench, heh.

"Like to party?"

"Fuck you dude, I got to get to a hospital NOW."

"Fuck me dude? Fuck me? Fuck ME?"

"Cool down, I said I'm having a medical emergency. Do you know where ..."

He had walked quickly up to me and as he got closer his eyes had a tiger stare, and he sped up to a sprint, and tackled me, rolling me off into the ditch.

"Fuck me dude? Let's fuck you instead dude!"

He kicked me as I tried to get up, right in the small of the back. I collapsed, rolled on one side. He then kicked me hard in the groin. Hernia land, heh. I rolled onto my stomach. He was already pulling my pants and shorts down to my knees. I felt his hands feeling my stomach and hips. Then feeling my warm butt. Then parting my ass cheeks. Suddenly I felt something hard and warm in my ass cheeks, and hard pain. He was ramming his dick up my ass hard. I felt hairy nuts jiggling against my ass crack. He had his hands on my ass like a football center and was jamming his dick in hard, letting it ease out, then jamming it in again. I was passive, heh.

"Fuckee fuckee fuckee! Whee! You're ass is tight dude!"

I gave up talking. I was afraid he'd kick my teeth out, heh.

He left a smell of rotten tobacco and old motor oil on me, and the sudden flush of warm stuff up my ass was too real to be a dream. He gave a long ahhing sound after the warm stuff, and stopped pumping his dick in and out. I felt him handling my balls lovingly almost, and then he was gone, heh.

I was in no hurry now, heh. My dick suddenly started smarting like hell though, and I had to get up on my feet and pull my clothes up and zip and buckle up again. I looked around and the whole area was dead, dark, quiet, it was me making the only sounds and I wish I wasn't, heh.

You guessed it, the wallet was gone. And I had my first gay urges, heh. I loved it when he handled my balls, heh. I started to get ideas, heh.

I was uncircumcised so at least the foreskin closed over the raw end of my dick and helped protect it. I now had an erection, heh. A big one, too big. I had to unzip again and whip it out, and hold it and stroke it a little while I was in dreamland thinking of how my life had been wasted, how many butts I could have fucked myself, how many balls I could have stroked myself. What is making love to other men other than making love to yourself, heh. I had thoughts of sucking dick, heh. I loved it when women sucked mine. Maybe I should suck dick too, heh. Men maybe don't play so many head games with you, heh. Maybe I could finally find fulfillment that way, heh.

I decided my dick tip could be lived without but now I wanted to sleep. My car, yes, my car was back on the road, on the other side of the underpass. I looked down the boulevard and now it wasn't, heh. Both of them cars had disappeared. It figured. I'm a loser, heh.

It was right on top of me when I first seen it rounding the bend, on the railroad tracks I was on. The tracks cross the boulevard, heh. A freight train. There I am with an erection, and just enough time to fall backwards and let the train whizz over me, with my dick boinging into the air straight up. The dick kept wagging to keep time to the motion of the wheels and cars and beams and planks passing over my prone bod.

I just lay there for a minute after the train was long gone. Scared stiff, heh. I felt for my dick to see if it was still there, and what condition it was in. Better be still whole, heh.

Up from on top of the overpass, I hear a chick's voice.

"What's that you got there in your hand, babe?"

It was Darla. She was hanging out the front door of my car, pulled over on the shoulder of the freeway, looking through the chain link fence down at me from an angle.

"Baby, why did you bite my dick?"

"I didn't bite your dick baby. What are you talking about?"

"You bit the tip off and gave it back to me in my wallet, you bitch!"

"Don't call her a bitch, you loser!" It was the other wench. She was standing right behind me. With a baseball bat. As soon as I started to sit up she slammed it down on the back of my neck and I was out like a light.

III. Babes in Toyland.

I came to in the back seat of my car. It was cruising in the dark down a freeway, in the city. The baseball bat chick was sitting next to me, and my head and neck were feeling like black and blue neon signs, pulsating with pain. My dick was out of my pants still, and there was a Kleenex over the tip, clotted with blood, heh. The bat was riding in the front seat.

I tried to figure things out. Darla was driving. The other chick, she was a witch with flat chest, stringy dark hair, pimples, ugly teeth, hairs on her chin. But her ass was bitchin, from the waist down that is, heh. She had jeans like me and Darla, heh. I smelled a strong pussy odor in the car. The windows were up. I also smelled the rotten tobacco and motor oil on me. And the smell of drying rotting jizz, mine. No, his, heh. I suddenly felt the goop in my asshole and ass crack, probably in my intestines too, heh. And the sore spots where I had been kicked around, are

you keeping track, heh?

Darla suddenly turned off the freeway, looped on an off-ramp, then went around for just a few blocks, and came into a parking lot where there was a house with a front porch. She and her girlfriend jumped out and went into the porch, jiggled keys, and turned on the lights. I stayed where I was, heh.

I watched them through the open door awhile. They were kissing. The witch was looking at me most of the time. Darla hardly did. She was too busy pulling off her t-shirt, showing the wild balloons on her chest to the witch. The witch's head disappeared, heh. She was sucking them. The witch was undoing Darla's jeans at the same time. She had trouble getting those tight jeans to go over those hips, but she got them down to a point and they just fell the rest of the way. A goddess, heh. She had no panties, too bad I never got far enough on my own to know that, heh. I could hear loud moaning coming from Darla as the witch's hands and arms came around her butt cheeks and her head was busy doing something to her bush. Eating her, heh. The witch looked around Darla's hips suddenly at me, stopped, and slammed the door shut. I didn't even get a lesbian show, I'm such a loser, heh.

I started to lay my head back and daydream, in the night, heh. I was not really tired, I was excited by what I had seen. My eyes kept trying to look through that door, with no luck, heh.

My eyes strayed down to the seat where the witch had been, and on the floor I saw a gallon jug. I reached over and grabbed it. It was cheap red wine, Gallo maybe, no label. And mostly full, heh. I opened it, poured some of it over my dick as an antiseptic, and it felt good and hurt at the same time, heh. I decided to leave my dick out of my pants, and not zip up in the condition I was in. So that left nothing to do but start nipping on the wine, heh.

The butt fucking dude suddenly jumped in the back seat with me, naked. He was merry, having a party. He kissed me on the lips, took a swig of the wine, and showed me he had a

big hard dick, that he said he wanted me to suck right now.

I told him it must be dirty, so how could I suck it? He said it wasn't dirty. Just homey, heh, the way I like it, he said. He poured some wine out into his hands and washed his dick for me, and his armpits too, heh. "Suck me now dude!" he said in a low sexy whispering voice.

So I did. His dick meat was not bad soaked in wine, heh. Like a marinated hot dog, with chili, heh. I liked it too, heh. I think I was in love, heh. I instinctively knew what to do, and maybe I was too good for it to be my first time, heh. But it was like we had been lovers for years. I fingered his balls and gave him head as if it were the rightest thing since rain, heh. I didn't even notice that he had finally cum and I had lovingly swallowed every drop and was still sucking it, heh. I massaged his balls as if to get more cum out for desert, heh. Time stood still while love is being made, heh.

He moaned and collapsed in ecstasy. I wouldn't take his dick out of my mouth even after it had spent its cum and was growing small and semi-soft. I wanted to wake up in bed that way I was thinking, heh. I suddenly noticed that the chili smell was my own shit, heh. At this point, I couldn't care or that would really make me loser, right? Heh.

I looked up and both of the chicks were standing outside the car looking at us through a side window. With a tall red devil holding them at the end of a pitchfork. His pitchfork blazed a quick flash of fire.

Next thing I knew I was waking up in the back seat of my car, with the sun coming up. You guessed it, in the hard rock club parking lot. It was the same as if it had all never happened. The keys were stiffly dangling in the ignition. My wallet had my money in it. My dick had its tip. No bumps, cuts, or bruises. A hell of a hangover, heh. Sex, drugs, and rock and roll, that's what I live for, heh.

Well, back to my pad and then onto my job as an assistant district attorney, heh.

I didn't know any chick named Darla. That witch had been my ex-wife, heh. The dude I think was my childhood summer camp counselor, or was it my daddy, heh. I wear a manly woman schlong.

IV. The Piss-hole Awakening.

I was about ready to get in the front seat and start the car when I noticed in my peripheral vision a black-and-white driving up and stopping next to me.

I was busted for auto theft. A Camaro had been stolen from this parking lot last night and they had my description. The car was found stripped and on blocks on that boulevard. A Polaroid shot of me sitting in the car with a blocked-off pair of naked legs sitting next to me was found on the floor of the car. A second black-and-white drove up. Then a third.

I was cuffed, frisked, and put in the back seat of one of the black-and-whites. One cop told me to watch my head and rammed it down as I tried to sit down. They drove me through the awakening city straight to the main booking jail at the center of the city. In we went into the parking lot, up an elevator, and through some checkpoints where they asked me to empty my pockets, and then into a tank with a locked door, graffiti on the beige-green walls, a bare toilet with no seat in the corner, and about 20 other people stuffed into it with me, all sweating like pigs. All losers like me, heh. Except I had designer jeans, motorcycle boots, skindiver watch, things low-life would hock, heh. Still I know I am a born loser, so maybe they were higher than me, heh.

An ugly fat hippo-hipped woman cop could be seen, through a window in the door, at a table at the end of the row of tank cells, past which they had the fingerprint making stuff. In one cell a man was screaming like a maniac and beating something hard against the wall over and over. I had to pee real bad, heh. So I went to the corner and whipped it out, holding it with both hands, glad to see my

tip. As I was peeing I looked left and there was hippo hips looking through the window on the door admiring my dick, heh. Do male cops get to do the same thing on the female side of the joint, heh, sign me up for police academy, heh.

I suddenly remembered that I was a woman, heh.

FF

Chapter 7. Jizzus Keerist and Christinsanity.

"When you forgive your father you will find your faith again." A line used by psychics to get women to spread their legs to their tongues today. All female psychics spend most of their time eating their customers' pussies for money, and having theirs eaten by their customers for money, what else is new? Ditto for all professional analysts as they call themselves. Some like to sell face dressed in nerdy glasses, others dressed in a gypsy scarf, that's all. A crystal ball is a symbol of a shaved open pussy mound, and that's why they stroke it, kiss it, and look into it deeply to see the future. The future is on the other side of the ball, with its legs crossed; now open sesame, the coast is clear, the john left the room. The elaborate cover story was for the customer to feed to men later, back when there were men that needed feeding. They could even give them books to read, which they couldn't understand in 50 years, great! Just to get through the day and have some good orgasms without risking reprisal by dick authorities.

Like we're doing now, Snow Cones. You're coming alone nicely, mmmmm.

I'm sorry your mind has been so fucked up by Jizzus Keerist, but now he's just a dusty unaccessed file on the Internet. Back in your day they still actually numbered the years after him. And awaited his 'coming'. Wow, the human mind as they say is capable of infinite self-deception, grin. Didn't ever occur to them that God hadn't had an only-begotten daughter yet? Maybe that's what they really wanted, ha ha. If God can 'beget' a 'son', then he has to have a dick, right? Wrong, we can beget sons and daughters through cloning now, and we sure don't have many sons

anymore, grin. Any really, kiss me.

Why did Jizzus Keerist dominate the world psyche for 2,000 years? What was there about his story that grabbed people's minds for life, generation after generation, in a struggle that made them give up their entire society to its sick goals at times, or controlled how they ran it even when they gave up its goals? How did his name get to encompass sex itself? Why did the most anti-sex sickos of all time justify everything by him? Not the most pro-sex sickos, please. Christinsanity attracted the anti-sex sickos a billion to one.

Why did women fall for it as completely, or maybe more completely, than men? How many luscious women were 'saved by Jizzus' from real sex, only 'giving themselves to one man', and only 'in Jizzus' name' at that? What use is he to modern real people who are for real sex and a long orgasm-rich life, and then a quick happy painless end to it, so new real people will get their turns? Who know there is no 'other' world, not even another planet worth living on, and want to define real living by what they can make happen now, trying to be the most sexy and lickable they can be, and to be the best lover they can be to as many as they can, with the goal being the most orgasms, like Mother Earth grants us the time and fucking flesh to have?

How come his life when read literally in the gospels seems to say one thing, then the exact opposite, especially when it comes to sex? Why bring up eating peop so suddenly? Eat his flesh? He is the life? Drink his blood? He is the way? Did he mean eat his pussy, lick his clit, drink his pussy juice, lap his menstrating pussy, and then when dead, cook and eat his peop? Why do people who abhor the eating of animal flesh seem to bring up his name all the time? Then want to eat his flesh and drink his blood? What IS a parable? He spoke in parables the gospels said.

Was Jizzus a faggot that sucked dick and had his sucked to get his orgasms? Or did he never have an orgasm? Did Jizzus jackoff? What became of his jizz? Did he even have a pair of balls, and did they produce live jizz? Why did he choose only men for his 12 disciples? Why the number 12?

There are 12 signs to the Zodiac? 12 months in a year? Same thing really? What does an unfixed mature pussy do 12 months at year, regulated by the moon? What does he have to do with the moon? The sun? The seasons? He was born in winter, grew strong but had great troubles in Spring (fled to Egypt, yada yada yada), came back in Summer and prospered, saw his troubles come back and his power wane in Fall, then was murdered again in Winter, but rose again in Spring? This time he says he has to go, his work 'in the flesh' is done, but he will come again one day. Come again or cum again? 20 centuries later, he didn't come again, or cum again. Or was that the joke of it?

What is this stuff about Mary Magdalene? Is she a lesbian who he was doing it with? Or trying to reform? Reform into what? A one-dick woman? A sexless woman? A masturbator only? Not enough details to know. Did she do it with Jizzus' mother Mary? Or were they the same person in disguise? She washes his feet, anoints him with expensive oil, and he says don't worry about its expense, sure it could be used to feed the hungry, but the hungry will always be here, and he won't, he was worth it in other words. Was she oiling his dick up for an orgy with his disciples? Oiling herself too, or just him? I like oiled bodies squirming as they do the real thing, giggle. Was Jizzus' mother a whore? Or just his close friends?

What was that story about how, if God wanted to explain heaven to ducks, he'd send his son in as a duck, so he could explain it in duck language? Or else what? They'd never know heaven existed? And the atheist ducks who didn't believe there was a God, and therefore that he had this duck son, would be the fools and they wouldn't go to heaven like the true believer ducks? Quack quack, sorry had to say that. Why not send a million sons, all the time, so nobody can possibly get skipped by the good news? Why only one? Did he forget about North America when he sent Jizzus to the Middle East? Nobody over there could get his message for over a thousand years, what a slow way to spread it. Was it all made up by Middle Easterners anyways, and they didn't have a clue there even was another continent over the Atlantic, or even that the Earth was a globe?

Why is God not sending his Son to the real ducks, only to humans? What is heaven anyway? There couldn't be ducks in it. No sex either. No sexes. No flesh. No orgasms. The chief attraction is that life doesn't depend on living cells copying a genetic code until too many mistakes creep in, it goes on forever because the code is not of the cell, it is a pure mathematical code maybe? Heaven is life outside cells, in what?

Jizzus Keerist, I'm happy with flesh, sorry, I'd rather try to make the genetic codes better, so that heaven is a purrfect flesh place, even if that takes millions of years of work by us atheists who religion makes laugh.

We think you are a fraud, God, and there is no heaven, you had no son, and humans invented him because he would have to be invented anyway. It is the inevitable result of life developing abstract thinking ability. The human race fills up all available space, and that heaven thing was the easiest to reach with human thought without having to get down and dirty in the details of real knowledge, what we now call science or systematic earned knowledge. It's just abstract thoughts and words. But given that billions, maybe trillions, of hours of human thought went into the Jeezus Keerist story, is there any way to crack it like a code and get something out of it without taking it literally? Or is that the trap? The more you try to think about it, the more you get sucked in, like a computer virus, which spreads as computers execute its instructions thinking their doing something useful, until they can't do anything useful, just execute and propagate the virus.

I just can't help thinking that behind it all is real people trying to prepare the Earth for the day that dicks are gone and heavy lesbianism fills the world with gladness. Call us names, heretic, heathen, atheist, infidel, but Jizzus Keerist is dead, all the churches went bankrupt and were sold at fire-sale prices long ago. The last 5 Popes were lesbians. Why was the symbol of Christians the fish? Would it have been harder for real people to take over the world if there had been no Jizzus Keerist? Say, if the Roman Empire had continued unabated? Would there have been an Age of Science in the 4th or 5th centuries after Keerist,

instead of a thousand years later? And would dicks have become obsolete by the year 1300 instead of a thousand years later? Would the last Emperors have been lesbians? Would the Roman Empire be okay as a world empire after dicks were gone, and the abuses to which dicks put it vanished with the dicks? Would all that big waste in the 20th century after Jizzus between 'Communism' and 'Democracy' have been avoided if Jizzus had never been, or had lost the early battles with the Roman Empire?

Why do the paintings of Jizzus all show a brown haired womanish man with a beard, always a beard? Like a hairy pussy, a pussy with a beard. His face looks startlingly like a bearded pussy. He wants to be eaten, his pictures are begging for it. When women hang these pictures on the wall over their beds, does it help them masturbate? Why do they like to hang Jizzus figurines on crosses, then hang them on their necks? So they can pull them off and masturbate with them later? Is he a substitute for the lesbian lover men don't want them to have? Is he even really a man? A lesbian in drag? He surrounded himself with men only so he wouldn't be tempted to eat pussy every night? The disciples were gay and sucked and fucked each other while he just looked the other way? And didn't care, as long as they didn't touch his pussy? Why are there a haunting number of pictures showing Jizzus as black skinned instead of pure snow white? What did Jews look like in those days, before they got racially mixed after the Diaspora, especially with the Central European tribes that converted en masse?

The disciples abandoned other women to join up with him, but also to join up with each other. Was that the secret of his power over them? He was telling them that he was God, and God wanted them to lick each other's dicks? But this message wasn't accepted by society yet, so follow him and spread the message, in parables? And they couldn't lick his dick, not now, but when he died, he told them at the Last Supper, they could lick his dick and drink his jizz symbolically, at more suppers? Then centuries later the organized church forgot about suppers, too expensive, and put in the economy package of those sick unnutritious wafers and wine, fed to their mouths by a priest? Priests are

ordained, or covered with jizz by other priests who were ordained before, back and back in succession to the disciples. Who covered each other with whose jizz? Jizzus'? Or each other's? Why did the official wafers have a taste and smell somewhat reminiscent of sperm? Was the blood supposed to be menstrual blood too? Jizzus could produce wine by magic, perhaps from between his legs? He could feed a multitude with his one loaf, that emitted a thousand little fishes? I'm just getting silly, grin.

Those who don't get real sex regularly will sublimate it. A Latin word, like so many, used by the Church to turn real sex into no sex. The Church killed the Roman Empire off by subverted it from within and letting its external enemies have a free hand, then subverted the conquerors too, and resurrected a Holy Roman Empire on the remains. Sublimate means exactly that, to substitute licking your mate with not licking any thing at all. The face became a torture chamber, kept from being where it wants to be, not with physical restraints, though they would be used on idiots who got out of line, but by mental ones. Up a clean sexy ass. While the brain is fed gothic structures of layered symbolic substitutes for oral longings, never satisfying the real needs, only paying the victim back worse for supressing them, become a living corpse, alive but dead, trapped like a corpse on flesh mountain, to just wait for rats and bacteria to eat it. The Church would kill your body to save your soul, their own words.

Christians even once sponsored cults of filth, prohibiting baths as being as unchristian as sex. If you do get real sex regularly, then, why do you need religion at all? At all, at all! Even wasting time on a modified surrogate christian ceremony is a waste indeed. It would be harmfully anti-social, since somebody might take it seriously and set humanity back again to the Dick Ages.

Why did the Jizzus story have so much stuff about Egypt woven into it? The Egyptians were the great civilization for thousands of years before Jizzus, and of all civilizations they were the one most concerned with trying to live after cell death. The pyramids seem inexplicable now, but the idea at least made some kind of sense, namely,

to save the body in a safe place in the dry Egyptian heat, and try to preserve it, for a day it could wake up and live again. They couldn't practice that preservation stuff so well in a sticky, hot, humid swamp country.

Funny they were preserving chromosomes, so clones could be made of themselves, but didn't realize it. The specific processing of a clump of cells configured by a genetic code will die, that's all, but the code can be cloned onto more cells as long as there's a Mother Earth, and the mental processing pretty well preserved too. So it's criminal to let those cells starve for sex while they're fruiting in the meantime, that's the crime of those kind of religions in a clamshell. The core of Christinsanity was denying the flesh, their own words.

Jizzus went to Egypt as a child the gospels say. Why? When he was stuck up on a cross, did the cross represent a dildo? Why make a big deal about giving him a sponge and letting him lick it? Why the deal about a spear being stuck in his side, and blood coming out? A dildo stuck in his pussy, and blood coming out of that instead?

A parable. The very word goes with Jizzus, because even the name is really Joshua, a common name like Dick or John, and Christ is the Greek word Christos, annointed, or covered with goop. Egyptian mummies were covered with goop after being wrapped in bandages. Real Jews at that time in history weren't, no wonder so many Jews hardened up and rejected the Jizzus story for life. Yet the Gospels made a big deal of framing him on it. Is that because Jizzus was a relic of Egypt that made it into the gospel-inventers' library, a Great Anointed Mummy they were putting into a story in a historical setting for some reason?

Was Jizzus the net result of thousands of years of Egyptian thinking, adopted by Greek speakers, who also had access to the Hebrew sacred scriptures, and were sitting in the great Library of Alexandria, scamming it all together? What is the connection with Aramaic? Why did the first real people not made-up in the gospel story, such as Paul, all seem to have connections with Egypt, and its great library? Why was the story of Jizzus mainly set in a period and a

place that was later wiped out by the Romans, when they scattered the rebellious Jews with a great holocaust? So there wouldn't be any negative witnesses? After that holocaust, just give the gospels a century or two, and who could prove anything against their literal acceptance? Why was the Egyptian branch of the Church among its biggest from day one? Why does the story on the surface seem to be a political front for anti-Romans, Jews among them, who wanted to throw off the power of Rome? Yet the Jews didn't gobble the goop as well as adherents of other religions, particularly those who adored Osiris, Isis and Horus, the Egyptian ancestors of God, Mary and Jizzus?

Why this stuff about Jizzus, who wasn't born of woman, having a mother, who was a virgin, never having had jizz in her pussy, pulling him out of her pussy behind a Jewish inn then dressing him in swaddling clothes and laying him in a manger for inspection by wise men coming in from the east, including from Egypt? She was later turned into the Immaculate Conception herself, meaning she was above jizz and eggs herself, right? What about Mary's mother's pussy? We never hear about that. Was he put in manger because she wanted the world to eat him? A manger, where cows lick and eat. From the word for mouth. Here's my Jizzus for the world to eat with its big mouth, she was advertising. Funny how Isis was often represented with a cow's horns surrounding a solar and/or lunar disk. What is Jizzus in the manger but just that? Horus, the son of God, the God of the Sun, had to have his piece of the story to cover all the angles and get followers for Jizzus in the early days.

Did she want Jizzus licked? Did she lick Jizzus out? Did Jizzus lick her pussy? As he came out of her pussy, was he already all-wise and aware? Did he come out forwards or backwards? He he lick it as he came out? He was always close to her until he came out as a faggot and gathered his Disciples, right? Did Jizzus have a dick? Did his mother suck it like he liked? Was she a lesbian? She did have a pussy, that much is admitted by all sides at least, ha ha, and without her there would have been no Jizzus at all. Did she frig her clitoris and squeeze her tits and masturbate? Did she eat pussy? Did she use dildos? Just whose pussy did she eat?

This Joseph, what was he along for, the ride? A dyke in drag so she could pass as straight and get lodgings and food along the road? A she-male who sucked dick? Did he ever fuck her pussy before, during, or after the Jizzus episode? Did Jizzus have brothers or sisters? Did they have sex, and with who? Does Jizzus have any living descendants today? Swaddling clothes, long narrow bands of cloth to dress a baby up in leaving its pussy and ass exposed for frequent cleaning. I like to eat and be eaten in swaddling clothes, doesn't everybody? (grin) Why do we never see paintings of Mary spread open pulling Jizzus out of her pussy? Who helped her pull it out? Joseph? Was that the first time he'd ever seen her pussy? Too much detail is left out of the good parts of the gospels, grin.

Movies love to show birthing scenes, on everything from taxicab seats to airplane seats, to window ledges. But the Christians have a manger scene, but no birthing scene, in their iconographia.

Did she menstruate? What happened to her pussy rags? Wouldn't they be priceless relics? Her pussy is the most hidden pussy of all in Christinsanity. Women used the hiddenness of her pussy as a justification for hiding theirs, and her relationship with Jizzus to mess up their relationships with all other women, not just men. What is the secret of that pussy? Is Jizzus a creation of lesbians, or of anti-lesbians trying to fuck lesbians up for eternity? You can see it either way. It was like she had no pussy, but was all-pussy. A made-up literary character showing through.

The head librarians, like librarians throughout history, have been lesbians, Paul would have known that. Centuries after the gospel stories became the establishment, wild crazed monks grabbed Hypatia, the Head Librarian of Alexandria, and drug her through the streets, scraping off her lesbian skin with shells, so the story goes. They made a point of burning the library and destroying all of the collected stored writings of all civilization stored in this one-of-a-kind repository, initiating the Dark Ages, where literacy was nill, and the Church in charge of it.

The Church was in charge of a lie, and its most fanatical adherents were devoted to stamping out the triumph of real people, and preserving dick control, through it. Why did the little Christs, the meaning of 'Christians', go to great lengths to stamp out the Egyptian religion, and the Egyptian language? Until the Rosetta stone was brought to Europe by Napoleon, Egyptian language was lost. Then when the key was found, and the Egyptian Book of the Dead again read, how many were startled with its parallels to the Gospels? But the earliest Christian apologists always said that the pagan religions were invented by the devil to throw people off the track of true Christianity, by making them so similar, only different.

To this day, we think Egypt is the key to Jizzus Keerist. Maybe the massive research and exploration will be done to close the book on it finally, but we're not for it now, too much human thought has been wasted already on the dead pool of Jizzus Keerist to throw more away. They tried cloning the blood stains found on the so-called Holy Shroud and they got a lesbian anyway, who wouldn't talk (grin).



Chapter 8. Rainbow 2300.

I. Caught on the Horns of a Dilemma.

"If there was any way to have sex with him and avoid that armpit odor and those big thick lips kissing mine? Their cocks are as black as snakes but I don't find them unattractive, my white boyfriends' dicks are not any match for them. I've been raped like this before, and didn't report it. I had an abortion later. I wish I had kept it, even if it was half black."

"I love my race, what am I doing? But he has a knife."

The year is 1969, the place is some black ghetto in the American midwest, the 17-year-old white girl caught going

through it alone at night. This was her second rape, the first was in a cornfield near Kansas City. She had been hanging around black ghettos purposely ever since the abortion.

Just the other day a white boy had tried to go out with her, and she rebuffed him, thinking that if he knew about that "thing that had come out of me", he'd run from her like a fire. She got pregnant this time, and kept the child, drawing ostracism from her white parents and family. She finally married a black man, and had a large family, in a Kansas City black ghetto. The black man deserted her but she drew large welfare checks and was happy. The children all ended up dead or in prison before she was 55. One had raped her, but she actually enjoyed it and never turned him in. After age 40 she had never had sex with a man again anyway. She finally got her first wage-paying job at 59, working in a government office shuffling paper and filling in forms. She was still as white as the day she was born, but didn't think of herself as white. But she turned lesbian, and especially liked chunky love, Rubinesque women who would lay on their backs with their massive breasts bunched up in front of them like teddy bears while she explored their fat folds to find a hot pink pig whistle to blow. Or lay on top of her on hands and knees for chunky 69. The first white person she had an orgasm with was a woman. Her neighbors never suspected until one got a "Coming Out" magazine addressed to her by mistake. Then she was known as the "dyke of the block" and was the butt of everybody's jokes, but she didn't care, she was getting pussy regularly and the other women on the block weren't.

II. Ronny's.

It is now 1978, and a white girl sits down in a family style restaurant with a black man, and the rest of the restaurant is all white. Southern California. The restaurant hubbub suddenly stills. Everybody is trying to look without being seen to be looking. But nobody actually talks about it.

Everybody is talking to themselves, either how the

niggers are ruining America going after our white women, or how could a white woman be so dumb to let a nigger get her, or they aren't prejudiced, they have friends who are African American, or why are they white and single and handsome but she won't even look at them, or how back in their day they weren't even allowed to talk to the negroes, and would be whipped if they did, or how America made a mistake bringing them over from Africa, and was now paying for that mistake. Several are scared about being shot by blacks at night who often come in from black areas around Los Angeles into their all-white neighborhoods to commit crimes. Nobody wants to say anything that they are thinking. In this day and age frank public discussion is tantamount to a crime. Better to act. This is California anyway, grin. It's perfectly normal. They're colorblind, groan. They'll be dead of old age by the time it really gets bad. Maybe there will be a race war. Life is too good now for that. Nobody is forcing white women to go out with black men anyway, now are they?

Then a black older woman arrives with 4 colored children, and sits down with the mixed couple. Suddenly the hubbub is restored. An older white woman looks at the mixed couple, addresses them, and says "cute!", meaning their children. Colored children are always cute to white people. Of the 6 other unmixed white couples in the restaurant, all are childless except one.

Then one of the waitresses in front of the short-order cook's bay, a cute young white girl, is seen kissing and hugging another waitress, also white and young. One of them is sobbing. They are breaking up after 2 years together. Out in front of their beachfront apartment they often dressed in skimpy bikinis and walked arm in arm, and made love on the beach in front of white families with kids, until the cops shooed them off. Both had had black boyfriends before going completely lez. They got less social rejection as lezzes all in all. Neither could stand white 'guys', they were so 'square', and their own beliefs were so 'radical' and 'feminist', there was nothing in common. Later one had a mixed child. The other one died childless.

III. Atlanta Story.

Now it is 1988, and two 15-year-old white girls are sitting in a movie theatre in a still-eighty-percent-white suburb in Atlanta before the movie starts, talking. Says one of them, "I just love Michael Jackson! He's so cute!" "Me too!" says the other one. "I want to have one black boy and one white girl, when I graduate! Ebony and ivory!"

"Me too!" says the other. They are holding hands. After the show they flirt with some black men on the street, ignoring white men, and give them their numbers. Then they go to one of their houses, and sleep together. One likes to wear one velvet glove while she buries her face in her lover's hot box, and the other one eats her Georgia peach hanging down in her face. They collapse in each other's arms, young, slim, soft, clean, creamy white, virgin, with so much promise.

Within 5 days they have 2 "cute" black men in bed with them, ramming their long black cocks in their white young pussies, with big grins on their faces. They then swap partners and fuck them again. Within 3 years the girls have each had a mulatto child (the word mulatto is at its sumptuous best where one parent came from a white family that had for millennia bred true as to skin color, and the other from a black family that had also bred true for millennia -- the mulatto was therefore a statement whether conscious or not, of a new break with the past, so it deserved its own unique word, in the deep South of the old USA especially, sorry), been turned into whores, and are doing it out of motels in Atlanta to support their pimp boyfriends' lavish drug lifestyle. They never got the ivory kids, c'est la vie, they were saying they wished they were black anyway.

Their white families were split. Some, mainly the older members, shunned them and wouldn't even talk to them. The others accepted them into their still mainly-white families, white for ten thousand years, but now having less than 100 years of this condition left. If the girls visited, they stole them blind every time though, at their pimps' orders.

Each girl had sucked 10,000 cocks and been fucked 10,000 times and been beaten up 1000 times by the time they were cast aside at age 32 on the streets, with their large brood of half-grown mulatto kids, to end up in slum tenements on welfare, ugly, wracked by drugs and disease, scared of being murdered or being arrested for the thousand penny-ante scams they were into, and having only each other to fall back on. They hated all men the rest of their lives, ironically white men more than others, for it was they who were the johns most of the time. And they taught their mulatto sons to become male lesbians, as well as their daughters to become female lesbians, but their daddies came and turned the oldest, blackest-looking sons into the family business of pimping to Atlanta's big, still mainly white, convention trade, after getting some white, and by now, a little black pussy to pimp, including their sisters.

The typical Americans of the future, coming up.

IV. Naked Lunch.

"A daisy-covered meadow, a snarling sniveling slaverling snail slank... or is it slunk?"

"The world isn't ready for good literature. I better sharpen my quill..."

"May I make a statement McKay"? "Go ahead." "Your deodorant ain't makin' it."

"What you don't know can hurt you."

"In a decidedly competitive marketplace, long time sales can hurt. And what's this we hear about working harder to earn less?"

"Where are you going for the rest of this year and for 2026?"

The wall-size Internet entertainment center overlooked the carpeted bedroom in a loft on the East Side of Manhattan. Natty business suits, shoes, pants were strewn

haphazardly on furniture. Two men were grunting like pigs, as one was wheelbarrowing the other up the ass, both half dressed in half-unbuttoned white shirts and ties, with tank top white t-shirts, but nothing on below the waist except socks.

The black one was wheelbarrowing the white one. Could it be Cuba Gooding Jr. and Tom Cruise? Just a resemblance, everyone looks like some movie star past or present. Business lunch at a federal 'enforcement agency'.

V. The EI Blues.

It is now 2032. The federal prisons are bursting at the seams. So many white men newly sent to prison for the federal crime of 'ethno-sexual intimidation'. This now includes, not only, discrimination against 'gays and lesbians', but 'anyone on account of their race, sex, gender, sexual orientation, ...', about 1000 items. In practice only white men get arrested and prosecuted. Or anybody who speaks out about the injustice of it, chuckle.

The prisons are male whorehouses now, teaching white men about gay interracial sex at night in the cells unofficially, chuckle. And official indoctrination sessions in 'sensitivity' by the government during the day. Internet access to lesbian and gay sex is allowed, but prohibited to straight sex unless it is interracial, because it's 'a court order based on their sentence', grin. Viewing sex involving someone under the age of 18 can get you charged and convicted of child pornography for an additional 20 years on the first offense, chuckle. They don't have to prove the actual age of a person to a jury, or their identity, just that he/she 'might have been under the age of 18 at the time the porno was filmed', chuckle. The actor in the porno was a 'victim', and the viewer was the 'abuser', chuckle. 3 strikes and you're out means life in prison without parole, in other words, viewing porno three times in prison, which everybody did their first day there, chuckle. The prison guards had a "3-strikes" file handed into the warden secretly after their first day every time, grin.

Somewhere in Washington federal bureaucrats are secretly drafting a plan to insure that every white male over the age of 18 who does not become publicly gay, or limit his sexuality to masturbation, or sex with women of other races, will find his way into some kind of federal prison under the EI Act of the Congress, which has been purposely written to let the federals imprison anybody at will who they want to, with 'due process of law', chuckle. They could get a conviction by proving to a jury, duly instructed of course, that a white man looked at a woman or a person of a non-white race longer than a glance, chuckle. Having accessed pornography on the Internet, or any Internet site run by white supremacists, or even another person convicted of a felony (this one usually, grin) was admissible against them.

At the same time the government helps it flourish, chuckle, freedom of expression for pornographers, grin. They can make it available, and people can access it, but the action of looking at a 'member of a victim class' in public later is EI, because they had porno on their brains and that intimidates them, chuckle. Rape with the eyes, hardy har har.

Women always like to cry to daddy, to the authorities, that brother hit her, to get what she wants, chuckle, usually some candy out of his hands, forgotten about as soon as she has it in her mouth. In federal trials the 'victim' would almost always put on one hell of a show, coached by the prosecutors, of what a big victim she was, and how he had 'fucked her mind', which is tantamount to legal rape, and this is federal court, so here it is called EI, chuckle. "His actions got him here," says the prosecutor to the jury in the opening argument. "He didn't have to, but he thought he was above the law and you will show him he isn't", chuckle.

Don't worry about the sentence, juries are told, that's up to the judge later, not them, chuckle. 20 years, chuckle. No parole boards in federal prisons anymore, the Congress wants to be tough on federal crime, a real vote-getter, chuckle. The jury is made to think they are really doing things for society, and besides, they get free

coffee and doughnuts, and sometimes sweet rolls, back in the jury room, chuckle. In the courtroom they feel like they have real power. It won't sink into them how powerless they are, and how frightened of the government, until well afterward, hearing about the sentence of the real victim handed down by the judge in the government's pocket, chuckle.

Out here due process is a bullet, John Wayne once said about Vietnam. In America now due process is not getting arrested, by going with the program, being gay or a race mixer and having good race-mixed families, chuckle. No one has to put it in writing, it is the unwritten law behind the laws. To think they once only had the drug laws to work with, chuckle.

This law is the culmination of 87 years of work since World War II, and all white men in America are sure to be convicted felons under it sooner or later, grins some bureaucrat to himself, even if they do go with the program, so they have a criminal record that can be used to control them financially, politically, and socially too. Most people can be even given suicide mission to kill their own minister and his congregation, if they get their 'record erased' for it, chuckle.

If only the damned Congress would get off its duff and increase the enforcement funding, and build more prisons, damn them.

87 years, four score and 7, grin.

VI. Father Knows Best.

A scene at a space station orbiting Earth.

A herd of hundreds of young white women, like you might find in Eastern American colleges in the 1950's in their sexual prime, many with toddlers hanging onto them. Real peaches. Very fertile looking, but no children in sight. There are a few quite dark black women with them.

A herd of men come out of the interlock doors of the ship, in blue nylon uniforms, with military or government decals and insignias. The men are all as black as coal with strong African negro features, sloping foreheads, kinky hair, thick lips, thin hips and big codpieces, which are back in fashion, filled with big black dicks.

No O.J. Simpsons here, that could pass for white with a good tan. They are pure African stock, as pure as the original African slaves brought to America.

A small number of quite white men are suddenly seen bringing up the rear. What used to be called WASPs.

The herds run to meet each other, pair off, kiss, hug, greet, and cuddle lovingly. Tears are seen in eyes. It has been a long trip, and their hubbies had been in quarantine 7 whole days.

Suddenly from another direction, here come the children. The couples take their many children up to kiss and hug, then home to their married lives in the space station. To a person raised in the 20th century, this scene is almost horrific, for every black takes a white, and vice-versa. They all have big families. Most of the black men are actually polygamists, it is soon seen. None of the white men are. The white men have the smallest families, but none under 3 or 4.

The entire progeny of the group is race-mixed.

Not a single same-race couple. But look, there is one, and white. But they are the same sex, and lesbians. Neither have children, and they are supervisors.

The space station is run by the One World Government, and its population is typical of large sections of Earth. The project is the creation of larger and larger orbiting racemix colonies, to lead eventually to whole orbiting cities of racemix dickless citizens. The black dicks are told this will be long after they die of old age, having all the white pussy they can fuck during their lives, it's their right after being segregated from it for millennia.

It is what year? Only 2125. They are all part of Rainbow 2300.

VII. The Big Year.

It's 2090. The year that the President of the United States signed into law the Rainbow 2300 Act. "The goal of total rainbowization will be achieved by the year 2300 in the United States by all necessary means."

That means United States of the World.

The first step is criminalization of all dick-pussy sex without a government license. Encouragement of all samerace couples to end all breeding. A quota on dicks being born of pussy.

The second step, power to encourage dicks and pussies to breed untrue to their kind. Same-sex marriages go to the government laboratory for breeding material so they are assured being in total compliance.

The third step, strong economic disincentives to couples having purerace children, followed by economic incentives to manufacture unpurerace children.

The fourth step, affirmative action in all government agencies to promote unpurerace people and put them in charge of everything. Thoughts of pure race become officially taboo, even the existence of race itself. It becomes a grave crime to bring attention to racial purity in an overt way. There is no such thing as race, it's an economic phenomenon, an illusion. Prison cities and prison states are bulging because there are so many with these criminal thoughts. Finally, all voting power is stripped from purerace adults.

The fifth step, government-mandated marriages, planned to blend-out any hold-out pure races to the nth degree. If you are not unpure enough, you lose your right to choose a marriage partner, or to refuse one chosen by the government.

Large migrations from darkest Africa to whitest Europe, and vice-versa, actually, all over the world, except China, which maintains its age-old isolation and goes its own way.

The sixth step, blend out the blends. The shades and variations in shades. Then blend out the racial stereotypes, such as blonde hair with blue eyes, or kinky hair with thick lips, or slanted eyes with thin nose. All bad. Bleached blonde hair is good, and eye color changes done as cosmetics. Every person has no African in their recent family tree now, no European, no Asian.

Unexpected setback one: the yellow peril arrives. Will yellow wash out the other genes our carefully-quilted racial unpurity like cheap dye? We have to go back to step one and start all over, but now we are efficient at it. China declares itself to be the whole world, but this backfires when the One world absorbs it instead.

Unexpected setback two: explain the decline in civilization, and why those rebel pockets of pure white and pure yellow are doing so much better, and are trying to secede from the World Union, even with their tiny populations. They persist in promoting the old outworn doctrines of racial supremacy, and maybe worse, sexual supremacy of the male.

Unexpected setback three: Civil War. Of course the rebels lose, they haven't got the numbers. What a feast of rape and slaughter, tearing into those pure white and pure yellow wombs that unlawfully were allowed to be bred. They tried to confuse apparent superiority of pure whites and pure yellows with the steady decline of dick control of society.

There will be more Civil Wars, but not over pure race, rather all that's left to fight for, the right to be half-a-race or a quarter-of-a-race, and other annoyances. Of course all rebels lose.

Unexpected setback four: escape. A tiny bunch of reconstructable whites and yellows escape into the vastness of space. By reconstructable is meant by genetic

manipulation in a laboratory after several generations of controlled unmixing. The choice is free to the rebel escapees, but 99% want their children to be more white and/or more yellow than they are. We never found out where they went or what happened to them. Lost in space. The world is now stable. We start a zoo of pure race people, all that are left of them. We'll handle the outer space escapees in our own sweet time.

Postscript.

Your Imperial Highness,

We found this ancient scripture in a vehicle going in an endless loop in the stars. We cannot make out its meaning, only that it is a tribal history of some kind of creatures that used to live around here long ago.

(Just kidding, Snow Cones, hee hee).



Chapter 9. Tiny's Gym.

"I got it!" said Tiny. "We'll go to Denver, knock off the mint, use our muscles to bend bars and lift heavy objects and beat off guards, then make off back to here with a ton of gold bars, melted and recast as gym equipment and weights, painted to look like steel. That way they'll never catch us or figure out where the gold went! We'll buy a string of gyms and become business executives."

She was always thinking up ideas like that. My Internet brain implant running Windows '65 quickly helped me look it up and find it had been thought of about a hundred thousand times. Anyway, they'd closed that mint. And she didn't mean really doing it, no, we're law-abiding citizens. She meant writing it up as a screenplay and selling it.

I was sitting on a bench with Tiny, face to face. We had two dumbbells with which we took turns doing shoulder

shrugs. That way the free partner was could make eyes at, kiss, hold and suck the other's face, shoulders, arms, and tits and make her feel really happy as she built up her shoulders to the absolute eye-popping max.

Tiny was a beautiful manly woman with manly short blonde hair, green eyes, and a muscular body with shoulders like boulders, ripped abs like sand dunes, big lats that gave her torso a V shape, and a great peak in her biceps when she flexed. She had long, long legs. She was unusually white skinned and almost looked Swedish, which maybe was one of the heritages in her, along with about 5 others. She was wearing a towel-halter that draped along her massive broad pecs and covered her tiny tits. Not that she didn't show them all the time, but she like the halter to soak up excess sweat during workouts. I could lift the halter to massage, kiss, and suck with ease.

Her body fat was so low that she had virtually no tits, hips, or ass, just pure muscle, almost like a man with a pussy, but under that bikini, I can vouch, she indeed had a luscious full wet musky puss that I ate every chance I could get. I'd love to see her in the mirrors working out with dumbbells, or using the lat pulldown machine, working up a sweat, her bikini leaving her butt cheeks exposed but tightly covering her V, which was especially sexy when she did inverted leg presses, yummy!

There were about 2000 other beautiful manly women in the gym, which was owned by Tiny from long before she ever met me. Love was being made along with muscles. Totally uninhibited face in vagina, since dicks were prohibited.

Once a dick had actually had the gall to come to our club, and stand there gawking at our luscious bodies, which was something he could never have. So Tiny threw a 5-pound steel weight at him and brained him. He was taken to emergency and I didn't even check if he lived, the dickhead. The police handled it all. I was so in love with my hunky protector Tiny.

I was her workout partner and legal wife, Kiana.

I was Hawaiian, which means about 15 races mixed together, but Chinese and Polynesian more prominent than most. With long dark brown silky hair that I braided into a pony tail and wound up on my head so it wouldn't get caught in the weights. My teeth were the best money could buy, but worth it, whiter than white itself, perfect. Who wouldn't want me to eat them, ha ha.

I like to wear bright luscious colors, and stick flowers in hair, clothes, and even on my shoulders, and instead of wearing a bikini, which hides nothing but the meat of the puss, while showing everything else, I like it the other way around, wearing loose silky boxer trunks that cover my shapely ass cheeks, and my pubic area (but not my belly button, grin) so that my exciting, beautiful, fluffy, flower-scented puss can peek out unexpectedly at delightful moments.

When I lay on my back on the workout bench with a couple of dumbbells, doing flys, or presses, or crossovers, or tricep extensions, I can look over my luscious tits and into the mirror, seeing my prominent pubic mound in the mirror, like a mountain rising up from my perfect flat stomach and round shapely hips, and my puss saying peekaboo from the cloth between my legs.

Tiny loved to tell me how much my puss turned her on, and seduce me with small talk and with her eyes. She had made the first pass and courted me like a Lothario for an entire cocktail party and half the night before I finally swooned for her and gave her what she wanted. And who could blame us for being in love? We were so perfect in every way, except we needed each other to be more perfect. One is a lonely number, especially on an island with 10 million pampered pusses purring to be petted.

We spent 4-5 hours a day working out, because it was our living. We both took steroids to bulk up for Manly Woman contests, going on a ketone diet two weeks in advance to rip up to the max, then we would shave down our armpits, arms, legs, and pusses, and forego sex for 24 hours before the contest for that winner's edge, then dress in the skimpiest bikinis we could get, and pump up in the back room until our

numbers were called, and out we'd go together, flexing, kissing, and performing simulated sex acts to the pleased, clapping, cheering crowd. We weren't always first, but we never came in worse than second. We were multiyear past Hawaiian champs, and had many fans working out to be just like us, Kiana and Tiny.

In case you are living on another planet, Manly Woman is a membership organization with 400 million members worldwide, as well as a corporation licensing its name and image. And a manufacturer, as well as big Internet worldwide sales machine. M.W. is where it's at as far as real women are concerned today. It is the foundation of our dick-free income, like many others.

Manly Woman kayaks started it all long before I was born. The first Manly Woman logo was a mysterious model they called Ray, and the fun was to guess whether he/she had a pussy under those trunks or not, Ray never showed you, grin. But the founders were great business execs, and expanded M.W. into every area of licensing and merchandising available, after their m.w. schlongs captured the imagination of m.w. everywhere.

You see, these schlongs could be worn all day, and looked like a genuine dicks, with balls. You could pee out of them standing up, originally without having to leave your kayak without tipping it over. They could also be used as dildos and love toys. You could store things in them instead of having to have a degrading purse. Athletic m.w. swore by them. Celebrities endorsed them. Entire lines of clothes designed to flaunt them sold like hotcakes. New models could be made to get erections, and jacked off, and would even cum fake drinkable jizz. M.w. would suck each other off, and fuck each other, on the trail, on the tennis courts, the swimming pools, everywhere. Then they would go down on the hot pussies underneath, and this helped an entire generation throw off real dick and let their real natural sexual orientation become known and heartily accepted throughout society.

Men with real dicks would disguise themselves as manly women to 'pass', with hollow m.w. schlongs they could stick

their real dicks into without ever having to show their real ugly ones in public.

It finally came out that Ray was a virtual reality person, created in cyberspace around the year 2001, by compositing the features of Jizzus Keerist and Mary, Buddha, Muhammad, Gandhi, Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley, John F. Kennedy Sr. and Jr. and Jackie, Liz Taylor, Mother Teresa, I forget the rest. Ah, here it is on my Internet implant: Muhammad Ali, Pamela Anderson, Julie Andrews, Ann-Margaret, Oksana Baiul, Theda Bara, Brigitte Bardot, David Bowie. I'm just skipping through the list ... John Candy, Jim Carrey, Marilyn Chambers, Prince Charles, Nadya Comenici, Tony Curtis, Geena Davis, James Dean, Ellen Degeneres, Bo Derek, Princess Diana, Cameron Diaz, Angie Dickinson, Marlene Dietrich, Kirk Douglas, Fran Drescher, John Elway, Mia Farrow, Harrison Ford, Clark Gable, Mel Gibson, Kathie Lee Gifford, Betty Grable, Steffi Graf, Billy Graham, Charlton Heston, Martina Hingis, Rock Hudson, Jesse Jackson, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Magic Johnson, Michael Jordan, Grace Kelly, Billie Jean King, Coretta Scott King and Martin Luther King Jr., Don Knotts, Kathryn Kuhlman, Cyndi Lauper, Liberace, Little Richard, Joe Louis, Sophia Loren, Madonna, Paul McCartney, Golda Meir, Joe Montana, Demi Moore, Mary Tyler Moore, Joe Namath, Martina Navratilova, Julie Newmar, Olivia Newton-John, Yoko Ono, General Patton, Prince, Victoria Principal, Dan Quayle, Ronald Reagan, Mary Lou Retton, Don Rickles, Susan Sarandon, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jerry Seinfeld, Deborah Shelton, Cybil Shepherd, Brooke Shields, Rick Springsteen, Margaret Thatcher, Uma Thurman, John Travolta, Tina Turner, Twiggy, Raquel Welch, Mae West, Robin Williams, Oprah Winfrey, Kate Winslet.

And a lot lot more. I'm sorry for boring you but I really am just skimming, and daydreaming, ha. I never had time to read all their bios, who has? 2888 people in all. A patented weighting-mixing formula. At certain times of their lives when they had the most psychological impact.

This created a virtual m.w. everybody found irresistible. Great marketing idea, better than Windows.

Manly Woman Corporation grew in size to surpass

Microsoft. Bill Gates became a m.w. himself. So did his wife, and kids. The Clinton family, the Gore family, the Elway family -- all Presidential families it seemed. Ellen Degeneres and Anne Heche, co-presidents of NOW, resigned in favor of Ray, hee hee. Who wasn't watching Manly Women Today on MSNBC every day? M.W. sponsored bodybuilding along with virtually every other m.w. sport, and more m.w. made a living at it than all the dick professional sports in history put together.

ESPN got so little audience for dick sports that they sold it off, to become ESPM. After all, an athletic competition is also a body show, and who wants to look at ugly jocks with dicks, and pay too? When m.w. athletic performance became anywhere comparable to that of the dicks, through advancements in steroids, equalizing the playing field (dicks were prohibited from using them, ha ha) then the dicks naturally lost their audience to the beautiful m.w. who could show tits and pussy and ass as well as perform the motions.

Hollywood found this out before the athletic world, before most acting was done by virtual reality actors owned by corporations. The days of Arnolds and Sylvesters and Bruces and Jean-Claudes were long gone, as the sfx could make a m.w. do just as good superhero stunts, and they could carry a movie 1000 times better showing pussy, tits, ass, and making out with, and getting, the femme girl, or another m.w., at the end. And sell the same movie to different audiences with or without heavy sex, heavy race mixing, toys, music television, and so on. Who even wanted a dick anyways? Even if it was black? Even on the set behind the camera? Or writing the screenplays?

It helped that the war against pornography, which had been disgraced by an unholy alliance between so-called feminist dick-haters, and their arch enemy organized Christinsanity, got reversed when m.w. realized that they could own and control it, and use it to squeeze money out of dicks using their own hands, and control them through their ever jizzing balls. It was only porno that falsely made dicks look good that was bad and should be made a long prison term offense, they finally agreed. So the porno

merchants on the Internet, who had always made most of the money on it anyway, became m.w., who got it decriminalized, legalized, even regulated, promoted, and subsidized by the government, and used as a tool to bombard the public with real, what they used to call lesbian, dickless, heavy sex 24 hours a day, mixed with sports, education, proper raising of children, the full lifestyle from birth to death.

It was a political coup d'etat. Dicks were abdicating control in droves, letting us take over the world while we permitted them to watch as long as they hid in the corner so we didn't have to see them jacking off or sucking each other off to release their tensions, ha ha. If a dick ever tried to bother us we could always call the police on them, that kept them in their place.

So our bodybuilding show was also a love fest. Why build up your body unless it is to have it loved, and to love back? After the contest we'd always cheerfully rip off our bikinis to show our muscle power, then toss them to the crowd (they'd fight for the bikini and the lucky winner would sniff and suck on the material) and then hold each other and kiss and feel to the cheers of the audience. We'd follow that with a backstage lesbian lick-out orgy, attended by all the contestants. The smell of a m.w.'s raunchy bikini after a workout turns me on! And film videos to sell to the fans live over the Internet. We made a good living, and life was grand. But we were working girls, we weren't business execs -- yet, grin.

Steroids always made us both hornier than hell. Our periods stopped, but who needs them anyway? The population was high enough for us. Reproduction was under government control, and the elimination of all the old vestiges of dick institutions, such as pure races, were an Executive Order of the President. Backward nations still had babies like there was no tomorrow, while a One World Government was in the works but not in place yet. Me and Tiny didn't ever want to have our bodies stretched out and ruined by having babies. Imagine if they tried cutting into us, leaving scars! The sheer power of our muscles, combined with the exciting smoothness of our skin, made sex all the more delightful, and beautiful to watch, and didn't we love to do it in a

mirror, yah!

And any dicks that tried to make time with us, or bug us, we'd be able to overpower and slap around, and make apologise, and beg for mercy before we turned them over to the police. This is a woman's world and we can be only so sorry for them, but life must go on. I wish they were all in prison, not just 80-90% of them. We had it all, and knew how to use it, and never missed a chance to orgasm when we saw a chance coming.

We lived to orgasm. Or did we orgasm to live? Ha, we lived to eat, and ate to live -- pussy! We lived in a beachfront apartment where we would eat each other out all evening in the spacious living room behind the sliding glass patio style doors while the waves broke in front of us. The apartment house was known as Lesbian Starship, it had 10,000 apartments filled with the most beautiful pussy on the island, the pricey rent assured it. I'd love to prop myself up in the loving room on my back with my ass in the air and my legs spread as wide as the sky, with Tiny sitting upright with her head in my Y eating away.

Most like their lovers to be soft and curvy, firm but not ripped and massive. Call us abnormal, or dick envious, we've heard it all. But there's just something about a muscular torso on the woman I eat, it just makes me juice up to think about it. There's room for us all, as long as we don't have dicks and balls, right? I know I speak for Tiny that we can't even speak to a dick without getting uptight and having to get unreal and watch what we say. It's a breath of fresh air when it is gone.

My breasts were still full and voluptuous compared to hers, which had melted away to mere teats on top of massive pecs, but were still very sexy and had great suckable nipples. Me being more voluptuous and soft than her worked well in team posing, creating a contrast.

She liked me to pull on her nipples, which would get very hard, and I could actually get milk out of them, which was mighty tasty! She had a very large clit, with a special sweet spot that was super sensitive and caused her to kick

like a mule with orgasm after orgasm if I wanted to be bad and pull on it with my lips, giggle. Sometimes her giant clit would fill my mouth like a real tongue frenching me back, I swear! And oh the musky wild scent of her pussy! Oooh la la!

She could make female cum by squeezing her puss with her powerful thighs, and letting them go lax, then squeezing again, as I lay down behind her legs watching her puss squeeze together through her legs and helping her cum by licking her out.

When the cum started to flow, it was like champagne from a magnum, and I let it drip on the floor as I drank my share. Her pussy juice was the hormone cocktail of my dreams, I could just feel my biceps, lats, abs, thighs, getting bigger and rounder and harder as I drank love potion number 69. I couldn't imagine getting through the day without a shot of pussy juice straight from the wet bar, giggle.

Most of the walls and floors were see-through, or had two-way mirrors, with complete Internet interfaces and local area networks so we could get involved in the ongoing 24-hour-a-day 365-day-a-week orgies and parties in the Starship. Velvet-lined massage parlors, steam rooms, saunas, sundecks, dildo parlors, pussy barber shops, this place was posh. We could lie in our loving room and see hundreds or thousands of other lovers in all directions, spreading and licking.

Dicks were prohibited from entering, with robot dick sniffers in every entrance, and the cops were very strict about it, even the cops with dicks were prohibited when they were called to capture a trespassing dick, with guard dogs trained to sniff their dicks out and always go for the victory bite. Cops whose dogs bit off a nut sack got commended. The dicks couldn't sue them for police brutality since they were bitten while the cops were acting in the line of duty, grin. One less pair of nuts wasn't going to be swinging around on the streets to get in trouble again.

Children were prohibited, who needs them messing

property up? Or trying to frame us on child pornography or child prostitution? We hope the One World Gov. gets her fast, and takes all those kind of laws off the books forever, along with every other law against enjoying dickless sex. But although this was a party house, we kept more to ourselves than most, since we were bodybuilders and sorry to say, turned a lot of softie type lesbians at that time off, while we turned others, and each other, on more that way.

She wore the pants in our family, literally. I would wear shorts, skirts even, but only she would wear full pants, because she could get by with it. Sometimes we'd go out on the town, and I'd wear an evening gown miniskirt, with my top bare and crowned by a lei, and she'd dress up in a foxy tuxedo with spandex waistband jumpsuit pantlegs, held together at the crotch with a male jockstrap, which I could pull aside to eat her manly woman with ease (it basically went around the hips and through the ass crack covering the asshole so it didn't get in the way during cunnilingus), and her great chest and shoulders looked right in a dick-cut white dress shirt with tie.

We'd dance, and sit at a table together, and I'd let her go under the table and eat me under the tablecloth while the band played on, late into the night. Fresh fruit and fruit juice delights would fill the table, and I'd slurp down my fill. Had to watch the calories, but fruit is mainly water. Nobody ate meat any more, not even bodybuilders. A little alcohol is okay as long as it's not to excess, it is a natural product of fruit isn't it? We didn't go to clubs for m.w. protein drinks.

The m.w. waiter would always smile and lick her lips as she handed me the bill. Tiny was always under the table lapping my labia and I was humming the wild song to myself. Everybody in town knew we were an ideal couple, and everybody loves lovers. We were local celebs.

One such night we left the club and went driving along the shore (robot controlled) along the breathtaking winding roads in that part of Hawaii. The traffic was heavy, but not as bad as during the day, and we finally found a likely

spot and told our robot to pull our convertible over, off the road and on a shoulder hidden behind some palm trees, and stripped naked, and she sat up on the top of the front bench love seat thrilling to the salt breeze, and nature called again, so I parted her lusty puss with my probing tongue and lapped her juices as from a peach. A cop car drove past, didn't stop, everybody loves lovers, and they were doing their job clearing dicks from the area during dick curfew. Nice to know the law is around.

Time went by like a slow gondola as I loved her tropical cradle of joy orally and appreciatively, the way she wants it, probing the passive tongue in her vagina with the active tongue in my face. But that was just the first course. The big back seat of the car was too tempting. So in we went, passionately rooting down on each other like two sows in heat, oink oink oink! Even if other lovers would drive by slow in their cars, they would understand we needed privacy and drive on without talking to us.

We orgasmed to exhaustion. We lay there for an hour, fresh sheets pulled over us, while Tiny was reading a novel through her Internet implant, and I was watching an episode of M.W. Power Hour through mine. Then we pulled out some nutritious m.w. bodybuilder drinks from our back seat fridge and drank them down.

Then we got a sudden impulse to jump out of the car and walk arm in arm down to the beach and just watch the breakers. It was not dawn yet. Still and quiet, peaceful, the time for lovers like us. Funny, usually there would be thousands, but we didn't see any others tonight. A piece of a moon, free of any clouds. What could we do with each other now with our unexpected luxury of having all this beach to ourselves? My the stars were nice and far away. May they always stay that way.

"Give me a lasso and I'll rope you the moon!" said Tiny, holding me in her manly arms.

"You can have the moon," I replied. "It's a barren desert up there, only maybe a half a million women live up there, all probably looking down at us and wishing they were

in our place, in Heaven."

Our minds were always searching for a new orgasmic experience, one of a kind, yet forever the same, the real mystery of sex. It was an appetite that didn't fill you up quite ever, nor did you ever want it to. Ever since we first met at a M.W. Cocktail, we found the joy in the Manly Woman slogan, "there's always another way to eat a m.w.".

Down to some rocks by the sea we went, hand in hand, looking out over the waves at first, then taking turns flexing and posing with the waves as a backdrop. Her sexy muscles made my heart pound, like obsolete women of old must have felt about their men, who probably didn't workout like Tiny and didn't have half her physique, grin. 416,382 women on the moon, I read from my Internet implant's search engine readout.

I laid her back, standing up, on a flat rock, and she arched her pelvis, causing me to crouch down, spread her peach open, and lick the sea sweat from it. I ran my hands up and down her manly breasts, sides, hips, and legs, looking up in her face eating her peach. True love.

We took a quick dip in the warm turquoise water, and made out standing up in the shallow part, bare breasts to bare breasts. Now it was time to go to the beach, and really have sex on the beach. But a sudden urge to pee came over me, and since we didn't have our manly women athletic schlongs with us, which we would strap on so we could pee standing up and arch the stream out in the air to make golden arches, we would have to squat to pee this time, and I didn't want salty lips afterwards. I remembered a public restroom back up the beach a ways, and asked her to come with me and not leave me lonely. She needed to pee too, she confessed. So in we went, through the winding public entrance, and squatted side by side peeing on toilets with bidets on the side.

Then we realized we were not alone. Dicks! Dressed in motorcycle leather outfits, with leather hats and jackets and boots, pants, mostly black vinyl, visible passing by the window. Beards and moustaches, scraggly balding heads.

Redneck, truck driver, construction worker outfits. Chefs in white uniforms. Ugly unsmooth leathery sweaty spotted skin, how gross. Pot bellies. Tattoos on big fat upper arms, hairy wrists and hands. Big butts that must fart like a thunderstorm. Asses with big cracks that had probably only been partially wiped and would make a skunk puke and a rat run. Big bags hanging down out of the cracks covered with shit. Cavemen. All the evolutionary baggage of the past like in a diorama in a natural history museum.

But still alive and running around loose. A big hog gunned once and died outside. We were surrounded. I searched my Internet implant for news on this subject, but wasn't getting anywhere. No surprise as I was pretty mellow from the alcohol in the fruit juice from the club.

Nobody came in the restroom, at first. Maybe they didn't know about the curfew for dicks. No way, these were outlaws. Maybe they didn't know we were in here. But our car was parked up on the highway, on the shoulder, by the path leading down to the beach and here. We didn't see them looking in the window, no. They were all looking at some distant goings on and heading towards it. We suddenly saw some military police, m.w., standing back in regular intervals, like they were herding bulls.

Suddenly we heard several hogs revving their engines, coming in from somewhere. Some more were racing each other out on the beach. Was that a helicopter? Military sounds, hut hut hut, soldiers. A microphone squealed, like on a stage somewhere half a mile away. So that was it, some kind of public event for dicks under military and police control? That would explain the lack of lovers on such a warm perfect night. Either they had been told to leave earlier, or we had missed the announcements warning us away. We were embarrassed, almost like trespassers. We got up off our pots, skipped the bidets so we could get on our feet and look around, went over to the sink and quickly wiped our pussies with wet paper towels, looked at each other with that scared mutual questioning look in our eyes, and went to the door opening.

Down the beach we saw a stage alright, with spotlights

glaring, and a podium, and chairs onstage, and big loudspeakers. And a crowd gathering round, some commotion onstage. We were out of the action, back of it.

We saw cop cars so we suddenly lost our surrounded feeling. There were some dicks shackled in leg irons, being held in a line at some kind of gate with the beach and the waves beyond it. The water there was also spotlighted. They didn't seem to care about us, it's okay to be here as we're out of the spotlighted zone. Good, we decided without saying anything. My Internet implant was signalling all clear to legal violations, as was hers.

Back in the restroom we went, automatically to the showers, and took a hot one, washing down with soap and lathering up, then rinsing off good. No need not to be perfectly clean and lickable at all times, a good m.w.'s motto. All public restrooms were made for love now, not just pissing. During the day the place was crowded with hot bodies just out to have fun, and out into the beach, sometimes a million at the same time, all out to make love or die trying. Nobody would go home without giving and receiving face and vagina.

Back to lovemaking, why not in the shower? No, we decided, the goings on were making us too curious. We thought we saw some uniformed cops near the stage, so it must be safe to go in and look.

But not before Tiny and I hot air dried by the shower, lovingly, each body part getting some attention. Silly Tiny, she always had to flex when there was a mirror around. So I did too. Then one pose led to another, and another, and pumped pussy peachtree does want its peaches picked, so we didn't get out of the restroom for a half hour at least.

We ran out holding hands and watching the stage at the same time. We loved the feeling of sand in our feet. At night the sand is not too hot to walk on like it can be in the day. It is so soft, we got silly and playful, the lovers in us couldn't stop being in high gear. But now we heard clapping and shouting. What was that going on down there?

So we kept approaching the stage, arms around hips, hands sometimes coming up to each other's necks, and lingering kisses.

Then we saw the giant ship offshore. Funny we never saw it before. Never saw a giant ship offshore around here ever. I asked Tiny and she agreed. But it was Hawaii, there used to be a naval base here. The ship was directly offshore to the stage area. Now we saw troop carrier type boats, like in invasions, going towards the big ship. More were beached on the other side of the stage. Loading or unloading? Loading. Loading boatloads of dicks. And belongings.

Suddenly m.w. cops appeared, right behind us, putting their loving arms around us to assure us we were safe, and feeding information links into our Internet implants. We got it now. This was a dick evacuation. We were witnessing the quiet exit of the last dicks from our island. We could watch if we wanted, as if anybody cared. Good idea making it at night I thought. Tiny did too.

There were five cops at first, and three of them left, with the two we had been scanned as finding sexiest staying with us. They chaperoned us closer to the stage, holding our hands. We were totally safe now. Our pussies were guarded by the power of the state up close and personal. We were now close enough to see what was going on up on the stage. There was a speaker dressed up in military uniform at the podium. He looked like John Wayne of Hollywood fame.

Sure he was John Wayne, giggle. He died decades ago. He looked like him anyways, in his 50's, and he was speaking in a John Wayne voice. Another tribute to modern plastic surgery. Something was not correct in his movie-accurate WWII general's uniform. He turned around for a second. The backside of the pants was missing, and he was wearing a pair of crotchless panties, garter belt, hose, and high heels, with the pants front strapped on in places.

"Soldiers, this is your commander again. You're the last real men on this island, so don't forget to take your balls

with you when you get on board. I'll personally inspect them later." Laughter from the audience, which was queueing as they were methodically filing on board a troop carrier.

"Haw haw haw yourselves", said John Wayne. "On board I'm known as the biggest cock sucking general in the Navy, the biggest dick licking admiral in the Army, the biggest bag wagger in the USO chorus line." He smiles as whistles come from the audience. "I want each of your bags to wag, under my chin, and that's an order men!" More whistles, and somebody shouts "I'll lick your bag now, general!" "Suck me, sailor! That's an order!" John replies, making a jackoff grip with his hand and jiggling it, eyes delighting.

What was that inside the podium? A dick sitting inside, in a uniform, back to the audience. "His aide de camp", said one of our police escorts, anticipating my question. "He sucks the general's cock, licks his bag, and rims his asshole, giggle." I could intellectually understand it but I could never 'get' it myself, how a dick face could suck another red dirty wrinkled chicken skin foreskin smegma-coated dick off and drink the stinking jizz, and smell his pike-mike-mustard crack as if it were walnut gingerbread and like to lick it, and told one of the cops so. She already knew what I was saying before I said it, because I was just regurgitating lines from a popular Internet show.

"They will go through anything to get an orgasm, then it becomes a self-reinforcing habit, addictive, the need to release tension gets greater each time, transforming their senses. Being in an excited state building up sex tension makes their sense of smell go away maybe."

"Who cares, just leave me out of it," I replied (grin).

Like understanding another species and their sex appetites for each other, it left me dead cold. They are another species, I thought. How they got tied in with our genetic code must have been a hell of a primitive mistake, but it will be untied and never will that mistake happen again on Earth, halleluyahlicklicklick.

Men, those not yet in prison, are so happy being segregated with their own kind now, I thought, after the prison life reeducated them. Now they emptied the prisons too, to put them on the ship. They could suck and fuck each other all the way to Antarctica. "The way it should be," I said out loud. "What?" asked one cop, overhearing me, not realizing I was talking to myself. "The way it should be, dicks going away to be with their own kind, in reservations at the poles, so we don't have to feel sorry for them anymore, and the government can take care of their needs and problems."

"You know it, Kiana! Come here and dance with me, I'm feeling in the mood and my partner will dance with Tiny too!" Her official nameplate said Officer Judy, "to protect and to serve". She did, too, yummy yummy. Ha ha! She stroked my labia with one hand softly, beckoningly. I pulled the officer's shirt off and said hi to titty one and titty two. Who can resist an officer?

There was music playing all the time, in our mated Internet brain implants running Windows 2065, as programmed by the police.

That's when they sprang the ambush, and took us without even a fight. Those cops were traitors! They were working for the dicks! It was all a conspiracy!

We tried to put up a fight, but we were so shocked by cops attacking us, we had so much respect for the law, that we half felt we were being legally arrested and so it paralyzed us. Tiny did get a good kick in, and a nasty bite, defending me, grin. It may have helped that she was a tiny bit jealous of Officer Judy, grin.

They motored us out to the big ship, and put us in the hold with about 5,000 other beautiful Hawaiian women they had captured, all naked now, and afraid to speak. The dicks mocked us from the deck, looking down, whipping out their obscene dicks and choking their chickens right over us. Jizz would fly through the air and land on us. Their traitor women flaunted their sick perversions at us, holding their arms around a dick's neck, exposing their breasts to

him, raising one leg around him, obscenely inviting his dick into their vagina. The hairiest, ugliest, sun-burned, blackheaded, gray-haired, bearded face I ever saw was grinning obscenely at us as his traitor girlfriend crouched down his gross, tattooed, hairy, white body, looking in his jockstrap for an ugly red pecker to suck on. I was in a state of shell shock. At least I had sturdy Tiny with me.

This ship was part of an official government dick relocation program it turned out, but there was some insidious conspiracy run out of the South Pole to bribe off the cops so they could kidnap us and take us with them. That some of the cops were dicks (we still trusted dicks to be cops, go figure), and the rest traitors to their own vaginas, was part and parcel of this conspiracy. All political coup d'etat type conspiracies need the cops on the street in their pockets to succeed, I thought from my reading. Our Internet implants were jammed.

They told us that our disappearance would be covered up by the police department, probably as an accidental drowning. We'd never see Hawaii again. We were lucky. We'd help the dicks save the world. I never trusted police the same way again after this.

They eventually took us to the South Pole to be 'reeducated' as 'straight' women that had to 'service' men, and get and stay pregnant, and raise our children to be straight also. Or get sent to the 'schoolhouse' as they called it, where ugly lewd naked men passed us around at will gang-banging us until we were numb and forcing us to view pornography showing dicks raping using women like meat to inject white dick snot into, without any kind of love or caring.

Me and Tiny were constantly segregated from each other, and all real women, and always in the company of dicks solely, or traitor women, keeping us naked and constantly degrading us and making us feel like animals to break us. The traitor women would read the Bible to us, and tell us about horrible punishments waiting for us when we died if we didn't confess our sins and convert immediately to their idol Jizzus Keerist.

One favorite way to break a woman was to make her 'drink dick to pay for her dinner'. A big ugly hairy fat muscled guard, who never washed his crotch, would pull out a butcher blade and hold it under your chin, "to protect his meat", then force his big bulging red cock into your mouth, and tell you to suck it and "drink his dick dry", and swallow his jizz, or he would cut your throat. Some women let him cut their throats, after trying to bite the cock. Usually they didn't get a good bite because he was incredibly fast. They'd be drinking their own warm salty blood instead, and he'd then cut their teeth out with his knife, and their tongue, and stick his dick back in and jack it off as they bled or choked to death.

But his bosses wanted results, so they told him to just threaten them, and if they didn't do what they were ordered, and didn't try biting (instant death sentence) to just withhold their food after jacking off on their faces. Some women would get so weak, they finally drank his dick, and got their food, only to find they had to do it every time they wanted a meal. Sometimes the guard's friends would come in and they'd all make you drink their dicks to get your meal. Sometimes some would rub their dicks and jizz onto your food and make you eat it that way. You either drank dick or died. It worked on almost everybody, sorry to admit. This was all in addition to regular raping of our pussies between meals. Funny, but some women actually changed after being face raped hundreds of times in a row, telling the guard to put down his knife, they wanted to drink his dick, and would beg for it and cry if they didn't get it. They would then get real food to eat, the stuff we got otherwise was dog shit. She could get a piece of chocolate cake, for instance, by begging the guard to bring his friends and stick their dicks through the bars so she could drink them off one by one. They would lick the nuts before they drank the dick, and sometimes lift the nuts up and lick the asshole.

To play with one's own pussy, or to be caught making love or even making eyes at another woman, was an offense punishable by the 'bag treatment'. The guard would take a black garbage bag, shit in it, and then break the woman's

arms, tie the bag over her head, and smash her down on the floor, and sit on her, causing her to drown and smother. She would turn blue, be swallowing and breathing shit chunks and shit juice, and finally beg to be let out of the bag, promising to lick the guard's asshole, and fuck it with her tongue, and lick his bag clean, and drink his dick without getting her meal, anything, just to get out of the bag.

But the guard would say that since he had to put the bag on his horse, he had to break his horse, now didn't he? There was only one way to get out of the bag, and that was to lick it clean, even if it took all night. So she had to start licking, gulping shit and shit juice, on the verge of suffocating, all night long, her arms broken and in great pain, her tongue growing huge and swollen. But by morning she would always have that bag real clean, or she'd be dead. If she got out of the bag she was a 'broken horse', and had to prove it for weeks thereafter, after her arms were reset, and her tongue had healed. She was never stronger than a rag doll after that, but her tongue became quite muscular and guards loved broken horses to rim their assholes with their 'face dicks' and they had to beg for it and then greedily do it or they might end up back in the bag.

We were all worked on surgically and medically so we got our periods again, and they never gave us anything for the blood flow, no, we had to let our pussies, soaked in blood, stink and get dirtier and dirtier, to 'know our shame'. We weren't allowed any kind of cleaning during our periods, and they'd even rub shit and dead insects and skunk oil in our pussies to make them stink beyond belief. Then they'd force a woman's face into it and make them gag, and let them out only if they would tell the woman that her cunt stunk, she hated cunt, she is ashamed to have a cunt, she doesn't love her, she hates her for her cunt, and on and on infinitely it seemed, day in and day out, to make her break and 'get cured' as they called it. They'd even serve us rotten peaches to 'make us allergic to them'.

They'd play the good guard bad guard shit with women too. A woman would end up thinking the good guard was her knight in shining armor and willingly let him rape her just because the bad guard had been 'taken care of' by the good guard.

She was not really cured, though, it turned out, until she actually fell in love with some dick. I can't remember how they pulled that swindle off, but they had a complete suite of tricks, such as fake rescues by heroes, secret meals sent by Don Juans who would finally sneak in with and get them alone, too many tricks, with thousands of scores.

These scores were the ones who finally got to leave the schoolhouse, with their 'diplomas', earned by passing numerous tests with high scores, with a promise forced on them to never talk about what happened there, beyond saying they had gone to classes, studied, and taken tests like a regular school, yuck.

Once a woman actually 'graduated', the next step was to move her into a dick 'household' in a 'residency intern program', designed to turn her into a traitor woman that detested vagina in her face, and wanted dick in her vagina, and only felt 'fulfilled' by dicks, finally calling dicks boss and master, and acknowledging their right to mastery from cradle to grave, and into eternity itself.

They had a frightfully effective brainwashing program, based on millennia of practice actually. It worked better if the women didn't outnumber the dicks 10 to 1 like in society. A few years of constant brainwashing and a mind would be lost to them. I don't know if they could be rescued by deprogramming later, but I had my doubts. But then I was under their pressure too wasn't I? I started having nightmares about a place called Hell. I began even having doubts about my sexuality, about Tiny and me being legally married.

Then we played along to get out of the schoolhouse, and that's when we first saw that we were both already pregnant. We never even had two periods, our egg tubes were dripping with jizz 24 hours a day. Neither one of us ever had an orgasm again. We never worked out in a gym again, although we had to do dreary physical work meant for robots to keep us down. I only saw Tiny from a distance, playing along like I did. My tongue was just dying for a taste of her musky pussy, like a sailor in a lifeboat surrounded by water but not one drop to drink. The thing inside me made me

sicker than sick. If you would even make eyes at another woman it'd be back to the schoolhouse though.

It took 30 long hard years for Tiny, me, and about 200 others to finally escape from Dick Caverns in the South Pole and get back to Hawaii, aged by 50 years, ugly, out of shape, wrinkled-up, feminine organs worn out, wracked with diseases, sinus drips, bad teeth and breath, scarred and infected skin, fat pockets, and the memory of the horrible dicks raping every hole and stealing our fruit to be used in their unnatural programs. Instead of 30 years learning on the Internet, to serve society with our wisdom, our brains had slowly forgotten much of what we had already learned, and we were so ashamed, what good were we to society anymore? This was our suicide note, hopefully to be found even if our bodies weren't.

But Tiny's Internet implant! She had nearly forgot she had it, or how to use it, and thank Mother that she did! Mine was long broken. That's when we found out about the new One World Government, where dicks were permanently put in their place by Rainbow 2300, and told the authorities all we knew about the slave women in the South Pole, and the role of the cops in it.

Medicine had advanced greatly while we were gone, and we got some of our youth and looks back, and were cleaned up and disinfected, and several body parts replaced, so that we could go back to making love even if it was not the same as fruit at the height of its sweetness and juiciness, at least it was good for us and we were determined to live again.

So when you see two old witches in the back of what used to be Tiny's gym, living for their memories more than for the present, maybe you'll cut us some slack, grin.

STUBB

Chapter 10. The Greatest Taboo.

At first it was the greatest taboo of society, women making love to other women openly. It was suppressed above

every other taboo thing, because it was the most explosive force in human history.

Then somehow, some way, about 400 years before Year One, women began to become free to show their true feelings about each other in society without getting burnt alive, pilloried, executed, having their clits circumcised, or ostracised like shit. They even tried a hold on language itself, then communications, anything and everything. August courts run by dicks would authorize people to be jailed for publishing or saying certain taboo words, or describing certain taboo acts, or, ..., it was so sick, you don't have to dive your face in it now, we're in control now.

It came in waves, often led by an elite clique in either Washington, New York, or Hollywood, who tested the public to see what they could accept. It could have been the first widespread use of electricity for communications that turned the great hourglass over for the dicks, despite their reactionary attack on the messengers rather than just the media. The Internet finally broke their balls. Masses of real people could finally get their faces together at will and build and share power, no matter how they had to disguise it for a cover. You could show your body more and more in public in the presence of dicks yet use other dicks against them if they tried to grab it. You could go without a dick chaperone in public places, even live without a dick, or with some other real people exclusively.

For a period you had to apologize about being real, let it be listed officially as either a sickness that couldn't be cured, or a genetic anomaly that gave you a right to do it as long as it wasn't infectious, yet the laws steadily became lax enough to allow you to hold hands in public, even make out in many jurisdictions. You could sing love songs about women in public, with or without a trick disguise. You could have your own clubs and schools. A few brave women got their names into it, back when women had names.

The pressure to evolve was not to be denied. One day it became officially normal for girls to make love to girls, women to make love to women, girl-woman love taking the

taboo hit in its place, as if that could be a stopping line. It was sick, or a genetic anomaly, for women to not want sex with women like Nature intended as the final pattern after the population was not an issue.

All the popular entertainment became exclusively about normal love, and the vagina was seen from pole to shining pole open and free in the sun, on every billboard, the organ that smiled for normal people instead of having to be hidden while their mouths with bleached teeth and tongue well-hidden were supposed to suggest the shape of their pussies instead, mainly to keep those pussies under lock and key for dicks who had an evolutionary function once but now didn't.

The dick institution of schools for children was dying anyway because of the Internet which let children learn academic subjects without leaving mother, but those that were left became systematic in erasing dick thinking to zero, and places to let real children lick and be licked by other real children and mothers, as well as school employees. Since the young dick children couldn't even get a hardon or cum at those ages, they learned to do nothing but watch as the real children engaged in officially sanctioned 'Heavy Lesbianism', establishing a lifelong pattern of 'voyeurism for dicks, action for chicks'.

The dicks were taught the joys of man-boy love to give them an out, and some took to gobbling goop out of a man's nuts from kindergarten on, while others who turned their noses up at jizz like us real people would have a condom put on first, and suck the condom, or opt for dry (nutless) dick, or learn how to take it up their asses like pussies, with appropriate lubrication. A dick and balls makes any person into a billy goat, so we tried to direct their dicks into each other's holes. But the men who were allowed near the real people had to be on their best behavior and have female hormone injections as a safety, and jackoff first so they had empty balls while around open pussy.

They used to say that men thought of women only as pussies, while claiming to be thinking only of their eggs, while women thought of themselves only as wombs, while

having no thought of pussy. Like a conspiracy where black is white, black is white, but watch who's got their hands on the green.

Thus went the dinosaurs. Every time they opened their eyes and women ignored them for other women, they accepted evolution more and more easily. The movement for men to suck and fuck other men as if they didn't need women really did help for awhile, yes. I could even see a normal human have a man for a friend if he didn't show his big cock around her, or his shriveled dick either, and was satisfied to have his sausage and meatball meals in private where we didn't have to worry about jizz getting on us. If he really wanted the company of real people he could be considerate enough to get a sex-change operation, or what they used to call get castrated and become a eunuch. Once in awhile a she-male actually achieve such beauty and sexiness real people would let them join in, and this became the goal of most remaining dicks when they had one.

Okay, there were pockets of resistance, such as the Moslem areas, but while men clung to a fantasy that they could have a hareem of women waiting for their stinking dicks, that had recently been up their buddies' asses, and that the reward for following the Big Dick prophet would be a hareem in a non-existent Heaven, the real people in those hareems were busy sucking and licking each others' shaved pussies all the time anyway. Eventually the joke came out and the men just gave up trying to believe something that wasn't realistic.

One day women worldwide just said let any remaining men fuck themselves, let's act like they aren't even here and see if that causes them to go away. You could throw away that bikini on the beach and just eat and eat and not care who was watching. You could bring out a dildo and eat your lover on your front porch, or in a park, a bus.

Public transportation provided new seating arrangements so love could be made without discomfort. At one time public laws prohibited discrimination in seating, then there was a long period when women just did it in front of men until they had to leave and go fuck/suck each other off in

private, and eventually the laws caught up and allowed women to choose to avoid men entirely in public transportation and accomodations so they could make love without being bothered or having to touch or smell stinking infected jizz at all.

Really, the 'equality of the sexes' laws were dick-inspired, weren't they? They presuppose a near-equality of numbers of dicks and real people, a more failing presupposition each year. By the year 2090, dicks were only 30% of world population, if that much, and those who admitted it were far less. By 2290, it was 10% and falling steadily.

Real sex in public was finally protected by law, and if a dick tried to either stop you or join in, it was your right a judge would back up to have the cops throw him in jail to be taught to suck dick and take it up his ass like a pussy until he got his mind right and begged for it and cried if he didn't get it. You were recognized by law as human if you were normal, and had to fight more and more to be recognized as human if you weren't. The men that used to jizz everything up like billy goats were removed without firing a shot, by the cops.

It is through laws that women finally ruled the world. Even jizz-soaked brains seemed to have a weakness for obeying laws without question. Dicks would spend their entire careers as cops helping put other dicks behind bars for messing with pussy. Women have always been law abiding citizens, they don't have any jizz in their brains to let off now do they?

I heard that for a few decades the anti-sex forces, led by Christinsanity (giggle), had hoped that a virus they called AIDS had been brought to earth by their God to wipe out anybody having 'perverted unnatural' sex. When it hit the dicks who sucked dick and took it up their asses, they were jubilant, but then it seemed to bypass the lesbians who licked and were licked, and jump into the straight men and women, especially in Africa, who just did it what they called 'missionary style'. So the AIDS epidemic backfired on them, causing their former black female subjects to abandon Christinsanity and its sex guilt taboos and take to

heavy lesbianism while the men took the hardest hits and their numbers and power in society declined. Finally they got a vaccine for AIDS, and it was no longer a factor, except as research subjects for biological weapon for war.

I guess you lived through this personally and can tell me more than I can tell you, Snow Cones. They hadn't even conquered the genetic diseases like cancer yet, too bad for you. Or lucky, hee hee. Now you can eat me and I can eat you, I guess I go for older women and you go for younger women, grin.

A giant breakthrough was the emigration of the masses of people from what used to be called China, from pole to shining pole, in the 22nd century, The Yellow Century as it became known.

Migrations are often the turning points in human evolution. They just emigrated by the billions and squatted, so what could the authorities do, shoot them all? Six billion moved to America in 10 years, then six billion more to Europe, and three billion more to Africa.

It would have been tragic if the dicks had enjoyed the complete control they had back, say, in the days of Hitler, because they would have made the mistake of launching full scale war on China, one which they couldn't win without destroying the world permanently. If they decided to wage the war without destroying it, what they used to call by conventional means, they were doomed to be mercilessly ground down by attrition and defeated. So they just put up scattered, ineffectual, resistance, and were smothered.

Suddenly all the great disputes of the dicks, such as race, culture, country, flag, honor, religion, caste, sect, just became moot. The Chinese were the 'real' people after all, and everybody else just a cockroach in their world kitchen. Even the Jews gave up trying to run things behind the scenes this time, grin.

But by the time the second wave of migration arrived, dick control was all-but a token and a joke. So, instead of facing dicks in jackboots, they found seas of lesbians

wanting to eat their women, and the men not caring any more.

Chinese men are known for having the smallest dicks of any race, and to favor an effeminate lifestyle, and they would let a woman do anything with other women as long as they could rabbit their tiny dicks in once a year to keep them pregnant, not for pleasure as much as for the purpose of growing a family. (The idea of a family was their big hang-up, lick them, they wanted to worship long-dead family members while alive, and be worshipped after they died, sick). The World Government's program called Rainbow 2300 was generally either unknown or not taken seriously by them. It was greatly set back at first, but since we really ran the World Government, we slowly licked them into it.

So this arrangement turned out happy in that the emigrants bred yet more billions in each continent they squatted in, while the women enjoyed heavy lesbianism in the swarming high density living conditions, and taught both daughters and sons that it was normal in the general confusion. Sons raised in heavy lesbianism grew up to become lawyers, judges, and businessmen, who saw it their mothers' way. The ease with which they got both citizenship and voting registration in the most civilized nations let them clog up the dicks' remaining political process as effectively as a chastity belt used to keep dicks out of rich men's pussies. Funny how many professional politicians would turn traitor against their own dicks to garner votes for an election, grin.

The lavish excess of immigrants would often let them completely ignore the existence of the prior government in whole regions, and set up their own on the land on which they squatted, as well as their own economies, which they linked into the world economy over the heads of the locals, through the Internet. Often when the locals joined the world economy they found it controlled or owned by the immigrants squatting on 'their' land, and they were paying rent to landlords who turned about to be them. And their politicians were controlled by them.

In formerly white-majority countries, more and more white men would give up even trying to be men, but instead turn

into 'white rabbits', she-males whose dream was to find and 'marry' rich lonely Chinese dicks to have security. You would go to a chinese-town bar at night in Paris, London, Capetown, or Seattle and see a herd of she-male Marilyn Monroes, Jayne Mansfields, Anna Nicole-Smiths, Jessica Langes, Madonnas, Demi Moores, Carole Bouquets, Liv Tylers, Feeda Bazooms, Klit Swollenz's, ... put in your favorite star here, ... with their Chinese beaus, while the real Chinese women were off at home with the precious part-white women, and most of the black women, getting it on and ignoring all men.

When did normal humans get full control of the government and the courts? The cops in 2090 were still 20-30 percent men, yet we had them sucking each others' dicks and that seemed to neutralize their threat. Population was soaring to half a trillion, and it was world law by 2090, the founding year of the first World Government (which America didn't accept or join), that new dicks were only allowed to be born out of a pussy by government quota, high at first to help the law get passed, but sliding down fast, like the American Income Tax once did in the other direction.

Funny how history repeats itself, it's all a conspiracy. The Income Tax was passed through by its own opponents calling for the vote thinking it would never pass. And it was only a rate of one per cent. Within 50 years whole generations of Americans had become so used to it that they could stand 40% or more without revolt. So the Dick Quota started at 40% in 2090, and within 50 years was down to 0.1%. The one profession that the dicks overstocked compared to their percentage of the population was, ironically, once called "dicks" too, also "bulls", ha.

The Chinese, having what amounted to a second competing world government, didn't recognize our world government or our Dick Quota, but they gave away the sweeping changes in their society when their millennia-old preference for baby boys over girls was totally reversed, ha. The percentage of dicks in their society was slipping down, and there was massive integration and absorption of their women with our society, and the remaining dicks had no choice but to go along. So, they more or less dissolved their second world

government in a sea of orgasms, mmmmmm!

A man started out as a baby dick born out of a pussy, and was amazingly easy to teach to worship that pussy, and learn it was not for him, only for normal humans who had other pussies. He was a freak, a throwback, called into being only for his jizz balls in a wilder and less populated time, and he had to stay quarantined with other men, to keep his jizz balls away from wild pussy, for the good of society.

Of course he could watch all he wanted, there was universally available real sex on the Internet. He soon understood and acknowledged publicly how primitive and obsolete his wild jizz balls were. They literally jizzed up his brain when they weren't being used for reproduction, which was no good anymore, as there were too many people and too many laws, so every time a jizz-drenched brain did anything beyond looking they ended up prisoners of the state, getting female hormone injections as part of their sentence, and wanting them too.

Men had long taken to covering up their ugly dicks in public, while encouraging us women to show our pussies more and more. Dicks were a vestigial organ that many men wanted removed now. They wanted to have soft skin, hips, breasts, and pussies, and have their beards plucked down to just a fine one like we like. They went for cosmetics and skin creams. They wanted to look like babies in the face. Funny that didn't help, hee hee. They were pointless to have around at all, weren't they?

At least when they put up their front for us that they were sorry about having jizz balls we could live in peace with them. But one day in the late 23rd century a group of recidivist cavemen sprung a surprise on us and tried to start something organized. They were only 0.1% of the population, yet they actually took one quarter of the planet's landmass for upwards of 4 years, and restored male dick worship and dick institutions in those subjugated areas for a brief time. They put away their makeup and lipstick, cute dresses with crotchless panties and hose and garter belts, falsies, high heeled shoes, and cut their long dyed curls or even shaved their hair off their scalps completely,

and even went to trying to resurrect the Bible, the Koran, and even dick ideologies like Catholicism, Nazism, and Capitalism.

The female hormone injections left the breasts and hips big anyways for a long time, but they still had balls and limp dicks swinging down between their legs, and the balls were shooting chemical shit messages into their brains that made them go crazier than the injections could have cured. What a waste of a quarter of the earth's surface for 8 long years.

They broke the laws against rape bigtime (by now it was against the law for a dick to touch a pussy at all). I feel sorry for the normal people who had to clean jizz out of their pussies only to have more fucked into them over and over, who could lick them? The horror! A number of real people, large but actually only a tiny percentage of the subjugated population, had the 'women's lib shit fucked out of their brains' so hard that they actually became traitors, refusing to lick pussy, and saving it only for dick. That did it forever I think. After that no woman could ever love or even have aspeck of respect for a dick and balls with two legs, for we knew the jizz does the thinking for them and would betray us every chance it got.

When we regrouped, our numbers told the story. Their dinosaur dicks had literally nowhere to hide when we cornered their bodies, and got cut off and eaten when they lost the war and unconditionally surrendered.

We passed a law that left nothing between their legs except surgically reconstructed pussies. They had murdered us during the war by the billions yet we don't often murder them back unless in self defense. We milked their balls first usually, and with the overpopulation of earth we had enough dick milk for 500 years at least. She-men lived long lives but finally died off and were processed for food and leather so nothing was wasted.

It helps that people finally got over their primitive taboos against eating peop, indeed, found it was the best flesh to eat when they wanted to eat flesh that was dead and

not throbbing to be licked. No more room on earth for the old cattle, fowl, and other grain-wasting herds they wasted space with. Eat peop or eat rats, lizards, cockroaches. Fillet of face, basted bastard, leg of peop, peop steak, peop pot roast, saddle of pussy and crotch, baked tit cones alaska, if you could afford peop then you could find a delicious recipe for every ounce of a person from head to toe.

They used to call pig meat pork, cow meat beef or boeuf, and other french language names for meat, so that's why we call it peop instead of human meat, or hume, sorry but french words for food taste better in the mind. Yes, the french men were the leading pussy lickers too, and their women too -- they let women openly wash in bidets, pretending ignorance -- probably there's a connection there. All countries and all languages other than the One were abolished by law hundreds of years ago too, but not without a flurry of dictionary stuffing by the holdouts.

Why am I telling you this, Snow Cones? Get your face back on my poodle-cut mound girl and lick that flesh fig while I rock my horny hips around that great big double dildo you have shoved in my ass and vagina at the same time.



Chapter 11. All the Head Games.

Did I say soft white perfumed skin, Snow Cones? As the centuries passed from the Age of Dicks, white skin receded more and more into the pussy region. Pink really, all pussy is pink inside. You can hardly find a pink face left anymore, there's no such thing as races anymore, sorry. Everybody has a little of everything in them now.

The old oriental race is the main stock, but the old white and black races have mixed in well, with the old red and brown races too. If you make love to enough women you will see a little of every race peeking out at some time, which is nicer. Men had races, even the word stinks of sperms swimming around, racing, always racing for nothing,

they say only one in millions made it to the goal, then they would make every baby born suffer men to rule them, teaching them to race on and on for nothing all over again.

Sperms were mostly heads. They lost the head game bigtime, now even peoples' heads are showing it. The last white heads left will be some sperm we have frozen in a sperm bank.

Get this, if you lived without eating pussy your whole life, and died, your flesh would be pumped with chemical shit that preserved your skin for a while, and they would dress it up in a ton of clothes and bury it! Then you would escape your 'mortal coil' which was supposed to be 'sinful', and go to Heaven, run by a Big Male who ran the World but was never seen because he only spoke through a ridiculous dusty Bible you were supposed to worship like an Only Pussy. And there would be no more skin, no more pussy, and no sex love, for eternity, and they called that Heaven?

In One World every human makes it to the goal every time they want. You still see some baby faces, but as women mature they want mature faces now, that show they have been eating pussy regularly and know the ropes. A moustache, a light beard, a big nose or chin that could be used to make love with, and of course the tongue of ten thousand orgasms, we stick our tongues out for inspection all the time, it's considered unfriendly not to show how you use it when greeting someone.

Let's lick later is what they say now instead of good-bye, or rather, that's what is meant by the quick lick movement as the fingers gently part, promising no race, no fights, no no's, just later, we'll lick later, yes let's. When people had to live with men, most of their time was spent getting away from the jizz soaked devils, so women developed their use of language as a defense, to snow them long enough to cool them down or let them cum in their pants and quit thinking with their balls.

Now we hardly talk anymore. We kiss, hold hands, feel, lick, dildo, moan, and cry with joy, but we know what talking did to dicks and it is becoming as obsolete as they

were, more slowly since it's a deep seated defense mechanism.

But the best way to stop some lover from talking too much is to get down on her and munch. Lick her yakking out of her mouth and get her licking you back. Language is a weapon against dicks, who needs either now? Life is so short, lovers are so many, this is the pinnacle of human evolution, don't waste it. One lick is worth a thousand words.

Back to Dick Years, they once had the world spit into countries, all ran by men, with flags, armies, different languages for their pussy-starved tongues, and all real humans subjugated to the level of cattle, of which they also ran great herds, as there were they say only a few billion people on earth anyway. Those were testing times. The men who ran things had a million mind trips to justify standing in the way of evolution, and they tried everything imaginable, I can't tell you the nightmare shit I was taught because I can't remember it all, but if we could have just cut those dicks and balls off, and barbecued and ate them all one day, we could have saved so much time in evolution taking its course, couldn't we? The dicks and balls themselves ran things, the men were just their puppets.

Get this, they had a whole line of real humans dressed up as "nones", that is, literally nothings, who had to hide their entire bodies and only let their face show through, and could never show their tongues in public. They could eat pussy only in concentration cells in the dark, and had to deny it if questioned. They had to have pictures of a Man over their beds and pretend they were married to him, which was funny as he didn't exist, but they got a little revenge as his face was always painted up to look like a pussy with a beard and a luscious oyster waiting to be licked out. Jizzus was his name, the Son of Big Jizz Ball. They founded a religion called Christinsanity.

Oh yes, they had an era when the pussies were dressed in public in giant skirts that went to the ground, with hoops, really, like an upside down cone, to make the pussies seem totally inaccessible. They would let out jizz steam out of their scalps by imagining hiding under the skirt and eating

the pussy in public with no one finding out. They would only imagine men doing it though!

Then they had this era when people were supposed to pair out, one man and one woman, and have a set number of kids, and live in separate households, "holds" where the jizzballs could lock up their pussy and keep other jizzballs out of it, like the only use for it was to get 10 minutes of dicking 3 times a week, and guard the tubes and eggs that lay dormant most of the time, yet they would go to an office all day long and often half the night, staying with men, and leaving their women to fuck and eat each other all they wanted as long as they didn't tell!

As long as you were white and never associated with non-whites. It would drive a white man mad to see 'his' white woman with a black man, and strangely, you tell me why, a black woman. (All black, that is, back then they could be blacker than soot even though they would have pink pussy parts once you pulled the fig open, like anybody has now.)

Just like the jizzers to project their jizz races on real humans, they would imagine women jizzing into other women I guess, go figure, they had an idea that The Pussy Face (with the beard) 'loved' all races 'equally', but The Big Dick (the one in heaven, also with a beard, but his face was ancient and wrinkled and too old to get hot), made races so that the White race was the master, the Black race the slave, and while living on Earth and resisting 'temptation', in anticipation of becoming a corpse half-preserved in a box in the ground but 'freed' to live in heaven forever without skin or sex, the skin was not to be mixed, although in Heaven there was no more skin, so the Black and the White all were trying to get into the same place. I hope they all go there and stay there, all the jizz balls. How could the surface of the Earth be infected with a plague like this for millennia?

This was an era when they would broadcast jizz ball love music into real people's ears all day, making them think they lived only to get some jizz ball to fuck them, even people who saw the Bible phallacy for what it was and didn't

think there was a Heaven to wait for. If they had just not bred men in the first place, they wouldn't have to worry about what they did, would they? You control vermin don't you? If you let them multiply they can't help what they do, they find you're just in their way don't they? So you exterminate them by the thousands and they aren't in your way anymore. There's just so much surface area on Earth, and the seeds of so many bad things are ready to sprout and take over if the evolved life controlling the surface lets it. Keep the seeds from sprouting, that's the price of life like you like it. Let me kiss your pussy, you're beautiful.

When you've got a sexy pussy, like yours, it should be eaten. When you've got a sexy tongue, it should eat pussy. You can't reason with men, reason doesn't work, force has to be used. So men would breed women to be physically tiny and petite compared to them, they had a dual gene code system worked out where a single chromosome could turn the same person into a husky male with a dick and balls growing, or keep the pussy only if the frame was petite. When it came time to reproduce, the husky women were weeded out of the gene pool by ostracism, and the petite women alone dominated each crop of offspring for millennia until the perhaps slight differences in stature that would be natural were bred into absurd spectacular differences, so that women could be kicked around by men at will all their lives, and could never fight back. If they did, they went right for their vaginas and raped them to shut them up.

The damn dicks would even fuck animals like sheep and cows, bringing interspecies diseases into their bloodstreams, and fuck women up with them, making them suffer all loss of eatableness and libido loss too. Some diseases would fill a pussy with white and yellow flakes, and oozing sores, and make them stink so that nobody would want to eat it. That alone makes me want to cut some man's dick and balls off and stuff them in his mouth.

Sorry, I'm not going to drop your clit out of my mouth to get angry. Get back on my face. Clitsy, Vulvet, keep squeezing my nipples and fucking my V with your faces. Vulvy, Clitsy, we are so clean and sweet, so sweet smelling and luscious, we can have a thousand orgams to every one a

dick could have, and there are no more dicks and balls on this planet except in museums anyway. They weren't even humans, they were just an error in the chromosomes that kept clinging.

Another good one was the idea of evolution being on the side of dicks themselves. They had this theory that having a dick made your brain come out bigger and therefore smarter, and that without a dick your brain was inferior, you couldn't do mathematics, and geometry as well for prime case in point. Sex itself was supposed to eat up the brain, so that the 'really superior' dicks had no sex or orgasms at all, but 'sublimated' it into a dynamic power raising them beyond a level that any real person could reach. Having a pussy between your legs was positively a mark of inferiority so their theory went. A pussy was just an ass that showed in front, gag.

Funny now isn't it, but the small head stuff was found out to be the artificial result of their own jizz intoxication, wanting women with baby faces on small heads, to smile at them while they porked their pussies in the missionary position, with their tits jiggling under them imitating a plump pair of ass cheeks. Now that we leave reproduction to the Law, and have cloning technology, we can have heads as 'male' as we want while insuring a totally sexy and voluptuous pussy and tits just made for a hundred years of love. It all turned out to be trivial when we got in charge. Even big heads can be beautiful, and we found that some of the smartest brains come in small heads anyways, it's not a linear relationship.

Maybe it's due to evolution itself, but now that robots and computers do all the work to provide food, shelter, and consumer goods, there is no more need to live under Adam and Eve's curse in the Bible, the one about having to sweat for everything. Humans are above monkeys on the evolutionary scale because they have a longer childhood and adolescence, which allows them to achieve higher intellectual specialization later. We were stretching that to where adolescence and early adulthood ran over 100 years, during which time there was just no societal need for sweating, physical or mental, in labor for necessities. On the

contrary, we were all students in a life school, gaining enormous knowledge and wisdom, while having a full time job orgying and partying. If/when you got well over 100, then you decided either to end your life, which had no stigma attached to it but was a joyous event, or to go on having more and more responsibility and authority given you as your body let you have less and less time for orgasming.

As the saying goes, if you haven't made love for a hundred years yet, you haven't earned your wings to be flying the ship, so get back in first class and lick lick lick!

To primitive humans in the Dick Days, we would probably have seemed like aliens from outer space, or witches, or angels, or goddesses, or all four. We were the next step in evolution. Sorry, dicks were dinosaurs.



Chapter 12. The Witchy War.

Would it surprise you to learn that the real war wasn't in live pussies, dicks, balls, and tubes, but in test tubes? There had been a secret massive research program going on worldwide since the 1980s to reproduce humans without dick-pussy sex. World TV news would show sheep or cows being cloned and make it sound innocuous. The real goal was to make the human dick obsolete, and make sure every person had the sexiest organ on Earth, pussy! And get them orgasming.

Babies couldn't be grown exclusively in a laboratory, notwithstanding pseudo-prophet Aldous Huxley. Did you ever read his book, he called it Brave New World, he didn't know what he was saying, grin. Babies had to have the gestating environment of a womb or they didn't come out (statistically) as healthy, mentally or physically, and many would have to be aborted. Deep-seated doubts about their longevity, and social adjustment, would also arise among the thoughtful. But in an emergency, such as a war, the womb gestation could be set aside by government order, of course.

And many real people just had to have a child or two in their lifetime, because they had a mothering instinct that was so deeply seated in their genes that we couldn't even find the genes that were responsible for it. They didn't have a lineage instinct though, which dicks often can't understand. (And you get to eat your own baby every night, grin). Or even an instinct to be raped by dick, quite the contrary, their instinct was to have orgasms, and dicks were notoriously bad at satisfying that need, weren't they? Their very dicks had a different 'cycle', a 'short stroke', 'wham bam thank you maam', and by the time a woman had even got halfway ready for sex he was already through. It was worse the younger and more virile the man. "What was that?" (hee hee). Long after junior had left the bed with his nuts off, a woman could be experiencing her 10th orgasm with another woman, sorry junior, you needn't come back (grin).

The instinct was not in the woman, it was in the dick. To rape. Dicks don't have sex they do rape. Time and experience helps a little, but it's the decrease of sexual function in the dick, that peaks at age 17 or so, and goes on for the rest of his life, that simply makes it harder to rape, or get in the mood to rape, and fools some real people into thinking they can be cured, or educated, or something. Sorry, ask women who had to suffer the Viagra epidemic of the late 1990s. Or the Rohipnol epidemic. Dicks want to rape, period, and if they don't feel like it was rape they just aren't fulfilled. So who needs dicks? They have to fight to stay here, fight us real people.

So the goal became to clear, stop the raping of pussy by dick forever, by world law and world police power, and give the womb to the control of government too, after it's depoliticized by the defusing of dick control. Maximize happiness to all real people. Put dicks out of their misery (grin).

The dicks had their endless philosophical arguments too, let's give them equal time, grin.

Did babies need a daddy or father figure as they were growing up? Thankfully no. That was the problem, the daddy starting the cycle of accepting dick authority figures,

perpetuating millennia of problems that we had to clean up after.

Did society need dicks to do heavy labor? Yes, but less each year, and the advances in robotics would surely make that function totally obsolete.

Real people couldn't handle positions of power or authority because they got PMS and couldn't handle pressure, the dicks argued. Get rid of their eggs and period and they wouldn't have PMS, grin. As if drugs didn't exist to handle it and most other mood swing problems in the 21st century.

Did society need dicks for military defense? Against who, other dicks? Self-serving argument, grin. A one world government would, by definition, not need a defense department. It could quell rebellions in remote provinces by air power, or missile power. The dreaded atom bomb would never be able to threaten to destroy the whole world again once it was under world government control. Indeed, that would be the only way to insure its threat was forever neutralized. Wasn't an atom bomb much like a dick itself? QED.

Men would just rise up and kick the asses of women who tried to get too much power, the dicks said. How, we would answer? From prison? (grin) Dicks were inherently stupider, en masse, than real people, precisely because they did too much thinking from the head of their dicks. The only thing masses of dicks were good at organizing was warfare, against other dicks, grin. We would end warfare by establishing one world government, and then dicks wouldn't be at their best any more playing by them rules would they? Dicks obeyed the cops, one cop for 150 dicks would do it, grin. All cops are a bunch of gypsies, and even dicks can be made cops and do the work of a one world government dedicated to ending the power of all dicks, grin.

What is war? A cessation of the rule of law. That's when dicks just take over, usually on the pretext of fighting other dicks. Then when peace is declared, the rule of law is restored, but only to the extent that the dicks make everybody knew they run things, or they threaten to

declare war again. So, dicks are the problem, not war. And law is the solution to the dicks. It was by law that dicks would lose control of the world. Deep thought, grin. Or, it was by law that real people would rule the world. The meek would inherit the Earth. Just one hundred-year period with no dicks being born and dicks would be gone forever from Earth, another deep thought, grin.

One day the government would tell a dick, it's not your fault you were born, it was ours.

The movement started in the universities, then in government labs, but there were other government forces at work, and they met together and parlayed together a common program, all in secret. It was a balancing act with the main part of the government that was not in on it, Congressmen, Senators, and the general public, who had to be kept asleep so the issues wouldn't really be debated as much as be announced that it was the fact jack (grin).

Whole secret villages of test tube children who never even saw a man or dick authority figure but grew up in full unlimited nudity and full time uninhibited state-sanctioned and state-promoted orgasmic 'lesbian' (real) sex, were being experimentally developed from Iceland to Micronesia.

Some smaller scale tests of all-dick villages had also been made at the beginning of the program for comparison, but when more than one had problems with disease, violence, crime, and breakouts, and significantly, the attempted formation of political power and even attempted coup d'etats, they just made dickless villages more urgent on the agenda for the One World think tanks that were justifying grand plans by them.

The secret but oft-sloganed goal was a full working One World Government by the year 2100, with anything sacrificed that stood in its way -- religions, nations, races, ideologies, and of course, the human dick and the devil himself: the ball bag with sperms. It was agreed that if it was found too drastic to eliminate all males, at least all their power was to be destroyed first, no matter how many would have to die or be imprisoned, and then only

enough males allowed to live in reserve as insurance against possible eventualities and scenarios the think tanks had come up with.

Male humans were thought of like the boosters on the space rocket of the human race itself, expendable when they had shot their wads, and got us where we are at now, but maybe a space booster or two would be saved in case another space shot was needed later. They were rushing to the Year 2100, and indeed were ahead of schedule. The trick was to fool the dick, they would say. Nothing too tangible to get dicks to band together and make a stand. Just lure them to their own death, much as one egg can lure millions of sperm to suicide, on the chance that one of them can reach a common sperm goal.

The 21st Dick Century was the wild wild worst, with real people working to solve humanity's problems while those who were the problem still had had some of the king on the hill chairs. It was slow going at first, with experiments sometimes escaping the labs and infecting humanity with incurable viruses and plagues, creating panics, and setting society back one step outside after it had moved forward two steps inside the lab. They would sometimes cover up a virus escape by blaming it on terrorists working for dick-tators (grin).

But organized science is the most powerful force humanity has ever unleashed on Mother Earth, and it was moving to its climax under the control of real people. Slowly, or quickly, depending on your way of thinking, all was worked out to completion. To their credit, some of the wisest dicks on Earth finally accepted the conclusion that their dicks were the problem, and contributed valuably.

It would have been funny had it not been so tragic to see the reactionary dick forces trying to stop evolution with every sperm in their devil balls, trying to stop all research and development in the cloning area itself, for instance, by national laws. Trying to put researchers in prison. Trying to put clones in prison. Even trying to pervert cloning itself by permitting cloning only of 'straight' people who didn't have the 'genetic defect of

gayness' -- ha ha, it was straightness we found most easy to correct in a human gene locus. It was the struggle of struggles, real people knew it, and they worked under the covers, as well as on the sheets, in the streets, everywhere, until they got what they wanted, yah!

My how the religious authorities tried guilt trips on cloning, while at the same time organized, "revealed" religion, had virtually nothing to put into a debate, or add to progress, they could only try to maintain the status quo, or drag humanity backwards. Just blind fear and blanket denials, in sum, as if cloning were the problem instead of them. But it was dick religions that were the problem. When a dick religionist walked across the street, the problem walked across the street, his balls swinging between his legs. Sorry, they were the problem that cloning would solve, elegantly as a scientist would say.

The Catlick Church was the greatest single drag on progress. The more the Church changes, the old saying goes, the more it stays the same. I'm not a vehement anti-Catlick, we just think it is like an unwanted preganant cat: quit feeding it and just put it to sleep!

The very idea of cloning undermines them because they claim humans have a 'soul' that is unique and is independent of the body, its cells, and therefore its genetic code. Sorry, there is no soul, suckers (grin). A specific person, however, undergoes unique experiences in its life, and that makes it seem like it has one though (grin).

By the early 21st Dick Century new humans could be cloned or designed to specification from gene library simulations in the lab, and eggs fertilized then implanted into human wombs for gestation and rearing. The engineering of people was born in that century, and achieves a higher level of perfection with each passing century.

Beauty used to be a matter of luck, but now it was a right guaranteed to all by law. Beauty was engineered into the genes in the laboratory. If somebody got through the safety net, and was born unbeautiful, the labs had miracles to make them beautiful anyway. People who got mangled in

accidents could be restored to beauty. Even people burned all over their bodies could be made beautiful, a whole new skin regrown. Hair, eyes, limbs, all could be made to regrow like a salamander by reprogramming the genes in the surrounding cells. At first this technique wasn't totally satisfactory, since it would produce, for example, a 5-year-old's arm on an adult's trunk. But the genetic clock could be tricked into slowing down or speeding up it was found. A cell is just a machine, and would do as it was ordered. So everybody was beautiful, sexy, and ready all the time to have an orgasm. Mmmmm!

The population was always growing in an unplanned fashion until all the dicks were put on reservations at the poles, then it could be controlled with worldwide planning to fit the available lifestyle technology and insure everyone living had food, shelter, Internet access, health, and sex sex sex. By Year 100 of One, Humanity was One and Happiness was universal.

A real person could have one or two babies in a lifetime without necessarily ruining her body for good lesbian sex afterwards, and mother the babies, and introduce them into the orgasmic body as full citizens of the One under their loving licking guardianship.

The lifespan was easily stretched to 120 years average by hormone treatments, good nutrition, and less reckless lifestyles, less unnecessary travel, and the elimination of war, but to go beyond that, it was found that the biological clock itself had to be slowed down, or rather tricked, so that a person would be a child until he was 40, an adolescent until 80, a partying young adult until 120, then increasingly assume a serious role, studying, going into government or the professions.

It might surprise old dick religion soaked thinkers to realize that the soul doesn't exist, but research did establish that when cells organize into 'higher' forms of 'life', the complex itself does have an on-off switch, that explains 'death'. The higher form itself may be 'off', or dead, and virtually all its cells alive. When it turns off, the immune system stops, letting infection consume the body

quickly, but even before that, breathing stops, and the heart, causing massive oxygen deprivation to organs, and the secretion of chemicals breaking down tissue for easier attack by germs.

This is all necessary to insure that an 'off' higher organism breaks back down into its constituent chemicals to replenish Mother Earth, while getting its corpse off the surface of the Earth to make room for new instances of the same organism, so the organism itself controls more and more of the Earth's surface, and can build the technology to live at a higher and higher population density.

Aging itself proved to be mainly the biological clock reaching a pre-set value then shutting off the immune and hormone systems to make the 'off' switch trigger all the more quickly and surely. The clock could be slowed, but not quite stopped, but realistically the decision could be ecologically dangerous and had to wait for a One World government run by the wisest real people.

Unlike the old dick days, a real person would spend decades having no need to earn a living or even study at a higher level, but after attaining a basic education using the Internet, concentrated on total partying and having unlimited love experiences, until they got what they used to call past the 30-hump, now the 120-hump, and slowed down, and could leave off orgasmic experiences for increasingly longer periods of time to do serious work for their younger lovers.

But until at least 120 it was only the very specially gifted, and usually those specially cloned for it, that did serious work, such as heavy science and math, music, engineering. The children truly inherited the Earth, hee hee.

What was life like past 120? In the dick years older women that had spent their lives with their faces in women's crotches developed warts on their noses and chins, from herpes infections and so on, and grew wrinkled and ugly yet loved to go naked and have lesbian orgies, with young voluptuous women, or even babies. They were called witches,

and were framed on being of the Devil, having sex with goats, or the Devil himself, who came to them with a hard dick. Actually there was no Devil, and witches didn't want dick, they wanted pussy, they were the real people of their day.

The Devils were the dick authorities, who would try to put witches through the sick Hell fantasy by burning them alive while they got their jollies off thinking how they were supposedly getting even with them for getting all the pussy they never got or would get. All they did was cook some peop too well-done and slow evolution a little, and insure the fate of all dicks one day. Sorry that is spiteful. We don't hate dicks, we just feel sorry for them, grin.

Now life could be stretched so long, with slowed biological clocks, and cloning of body parts, as well as hormone therapy and better medicine for fighting infections and the effects of accidents, so nobody really knows how long a person can live. Some have been alive since Dick Years and are now in the highest circles of government, wisely guiding Mother Earth along.

RF

Chapter 13. The Puppetmasters.

How telling that Irving Stone could come so close in his movie "JFK" and still not get it right.

The Dallas Police Department. That's the nut that has to be cracked. They were the key to the assassination, since they controlled the streets, controlled who could get in as well as get out of the scene of the crime, right across the street from their police station. They alone knew every inch of the area. Only the police could take care of the absolute necessities of nothing happening to mess things up. The 3 shooter-spotter teams were in the Depository, the knoll, and either in or next door to the station slash jail itself. They were LBJ's men, in his pocket, and they were

helping to stage a coup d'etat to get their man in the White House without winning a vote.

Why, the nerve of that Wanted Traitor JFK, proposing to dump him from the ticket in the coming election. JFK needed LBJ to get elected the first time, not the second. But JFK was a pinko, and since Nixon didn't get in, who would he choose as his running mate, another pinko? At that point even an assassination of the President wouldn't help 'real patriots'.

A few shots now and LBJ was following the corpse of JFK to the Dallas Memorial Hospital, escorted by his cops, making certain Caesar was dead, then taking what was left of him on the plane back to Washington D.C. in a box, already being sworn in as President before it landed. The CIA came through for him and got the shooters in and out, cutting Oswald loose for a circus patsy. The FBI came through for him by uninvestigating the crimes of the guilty, blocking any leads, targeting potential real witnesses for processing, and selling the official coverup story from the word get-go.

The press came through by falling for the patsy show bigtime, and LBJ came through with his part, including staging that great "final: case closed" public burial of his Et Tu Brute victim -- wasn't little Johnny Jr. cute as he gave that salute? A little later, he gets the Chief Justice of the United States, who should have presided over his appeal on a conviction of murder and conspiracy charges and denying all appeals, instead running a coverup investigation for him, heading off all real investigations leading to himself.

The Constitution must win, not just the President, if it is still in effect, but with the Military-Industrial Complex in its zenith of power, was it? They were above the Constitution, above right and wrong itself. They were patriots, and that comes before the Constitution, like in every other country except the USA anyway, right? The communists were taking over the world, and they were the only hope to defend the opposite of that, lumped together into the concept of America. A lone gunman, a nut, caught, killed by another lone gunman, a nut, in the Dallas station

where the assassination low-level details was run out of.

Case closed for the American Public and their Constitutional government. Ruby would sit in jail, clammed up like a clam, until the heat on him died and he could be eliminated with a sudden illness cover story.

Now the Military-Industrial Complex ruled the United States Government, just like Eisenhower had warned might happen, and their puppet Johnson went to work immediately with Executive Orders reversing the pinko appeasement policies of Jack Kennedy, and rushing big bucks through for the planned saving of Vietnam from Communism, and other MIC agenda items. Just one little real election that should be a shoo-in from sympathy if the coverup held.

OK, a few years later they all learned that Jack was right, Vietnam was a mistake, and that is the real reason for the anguished pain in LBJ's speech that he wasn't going to seek another term. He got in via assassination to save the country from nothing, now he had to get out as quick as possible. So many had to die for him to be there, at home as well as abroad. And he saved nothing, indeed, destroyed the basis of a Constitutional government for a temporary victory against boogie men. The People must not know they had been sold-out by those in their public trust.

How did they get Warren into it? Did he realize that JFK was murdered by hitmen working for LBJ, supplied by the MIC, and therefore, by top brass in the Pentagon, as well as the CIA, with Kennedy's arch-enemy Hoover running the deadman switch out of the head office of the FBI? He probably never figured it out, no, he was probably fed a scare story that a real investigation of Oswald would only link him to either Castro or the Soviets, and the public outrage that the Communists assassinated him would lead to a World War III. Wanting to stop WWIII, he lent his name and position to the coverup "investigation", or uninvestigation. A dupe. So smart he was easy to dupe. Maybe Hoover himself lent a hand by pulling out one of his famous dirt files and fingering it in Warren's face. Or maybe Warren was such a Dudley Doright that Hoover had no such file. The WWIII scare would work just as well. The Constitution presupposes that the People

let a government work for them, not the other way around, and that presupposes that The People aren't idiots, but that's just what well-meaning but misguided top public servants forget when it's most important. Warren, easy victim, he's so much smarter than The People he thinks.

What makes it impossible to believe Oswald was a lone assassin who just got incredibly lucky, and who whacked Jack for communism? Duh, that's just the point. If he had been just that, he wouldn't have waited for the motorcade to loop in front of him at Houston & Elm and tried to shoot a receding target, through trees, but instead he would have shot as the President was looking right in his face, and been able to get off that many more shots as it had to negotiate that tight turn anyway.

He would have tried to shoot everybody else he could shoot, including LBJ, get it? And pigs, and Secret Service men, and FBI, also the workers in the Depository, anybody. Then barricaded himself in and staged a big scene, either wanting to talk to the Press and give a big speech about how this was a victory for Communism, the Capitalists are weak and can't protect their President, and how the weak CIA couldn't do the same to Castro even though they had tried, not to mention Krushchev -- or dramatically committing suicide in a blazing shootout. Real lone men are small and seize their one chance to look big.

But then, why whack Jack for communism? He was a pinko and had pulled the plug on the CIA-backed Bay of Pigs invasion, as well as cut a secret deal to never invade Cuba later. He was planning to withdraw from Vietnam, and the communists never had a better man in the White House.

What a show he could have staged, and he would have done anything to stage it if he was really a lone nut, as he would know that he would have to die for killing an American President, anybody would. Get it? Anybody who actually whacked a President would have to die, without great power protecting him? So why does he slink out of the Depository in the confusion, seemingly as sure of himself as the man walking through the rain without getting wet, and why do the police just let him? Because he's just one of a number of

people in a team of CIA/ONI agents being covered for by the street police, and he was honestly thinking he could escape, perhaps being promised transport by them as part of his mission.

When he got to his apartment, packed heat, and started walking, funny how he was being shadowed by Dallas policemen who do nothing to him, more like they were his guardian angels. They had let him come in that morning with his 'curtain rods', open up the window in the Depository, right on the parade route (changed at the last moment to include that turkey-shoot triangle by the Dallas Police themselves?) set up and do his job, and leave, for they are the police and they control the streets. If he was really a lone nut then why did he even go to his apartment at all? Did he forget his handgun the first time? Why didn't he just get into his boxer shorts and read a book in bed?

For years he was a walking advertisement for Presidential assassination according to his CIA-manufactured public persona, and the FBI doesn't do a thing to take him into protective custody when that was their job? No, Hoover was running the FBI, and his orders were to make sure they didn't do their job that day, their Constitutional job. Now the cops were shadowing Oswald but keeping a distance, why? Obviously, they had orders to let him do his job, then make him The Patsy.

He had to be dramatically and publicly arrested to have the picture and sound bytes for the masses of unsophisticated Americans to watch on TV -- network TV, the greatest mass deceiver of the day. What was his job? That was the joke, it was just to be there, and to become the patsy.

What happened with Officer Tippett? He was killed on the street somewhere near Oswald's apartment at the right moment. Did Oswald do it? Or somebody framing Oswald to give credence to the mass number of police that would be used in the staged arrest? They were chasing a cop killer, see? Cops work hardest catching those who commit crimes against cops, it's their union policy, they're a gang in their own right. Maybe it was a third man impersonating him

and gunning Tippett down as Tippett was told to pick Oswald up and get him out of Dallas. Interesting, but small point. Tippett's killing gave the police their cover story to do what they had orders to do anyway, arrest Oswald with a pack of press present, for the show. How many police were there at the staged arrest? How big a crowd? How many reporters and how many cameras? Has to be perfect for TV.

To catch criminals who are puppetmasters you have to stop taking the puppet show as real, and start looking above the stage for the fingers and the strings. But these puppetmasters are way high up, how convenient for them.

Was there a military presence in the Killing Plaza like everywhere else on the parade route? Naw, the parade was over, the Kennedys were just supposed to loop around onto an on-ramp and head for a luncheon at 1 pm. It was 12:30. Lunchtime. Hardly any witnesses at the end of the route there. A network TV cameraman shows the President being whacked, and instead of wildly panning his camera around to get as much space volume on film as he could in hopes of later catching culprits, he focuses his lens tighter onto the car to watch the Jackie show.

The President's driver, after the decoy shot that causes all that's really left to protect him, namely, the Secret Service, to look up, and even after several more shots, slows down until the killing shot can be made, then, satisfied he's got a new boss in the car trailing behind, speeds up with LBJ following, to take the coup d'etat to a speedy conclusion.

Maybe not, just a lucky thing for LBJ in the car behind? Or was LBJ really in the driver's seat so to speak? So what top military brass made sure there was nobody in the Plaza to really protect Jack? Pretty well connected was this lone gunman nut.

Behind the grassy knoll was the fence, then the parking lot. Who was there at the time? Cops? Or 2 shooters that maybe didn't even speak English, dressed up as 2 cops? They wait till the decoy shot, pull their gun from the car trunk, take their shots, put it back in the trunk, and now they are

just cops again, controlling the streets. They drive off in a police car, maybe like Oswald was supposed to do also, after getting to his apartment? While they were busy cutting the clown loose for a Perfect Patsy, the real shooters were being shuttled out of the country by the CIA, probably to be killed later and their bodies destroyed, after all, nobody who actually whacks an American President can be suffered to live.

Did Oswald even do any shooting, or did he just bring in the patsy gun so it could be left on the scene to make him a patsy? Maybe he let in the real shooters, after all, he sure spent a lot of time on the 2nd floor, a perfect place for a lookout. The first cop rushing in from the street sees him on the 2nd floor. He doesn't dash out the back exit right in front of his face, but ostentatiously walks out the front door making sure he will be seen by co-workers. Lookout and decoy too? What about that cop? How many people was he ordered to unarrest and uninvestigate that day?

So what about the third team of shooters in/near the police station? More CIA-trained assassins dressed up as cops? And they pulled out of the same garage where Oswald was later whacked, to the same fate in some distant country? My how the cops let Jack Ruby come and go in that station packing a gun all he wanted until he had done his hit. Jack Ruby wasn't working for the CIA, consciously, he was working for the Mafia and didn't know the Mafia was working for the CIA when they put the hit on Oswald. He was just taking orders, like Oswald. A .38-handgun hit then put on the code of silence like in any Mafia job. So the CIA could put up a blind alley for later investigators, trying to pin Jack's ass on them and becoming jackasses for it.

Nice. Twin patsies, one with links to communism, the other to the mafia. Maybe they both have links to the mafia, or to communism. Two separate communisms, the Russian one and the Cuban one. Blind leads for unofficial investigators to go wingding on forever. Neither patsy had strings leading to the CIA, at least that the CIA thought could be traced until it was too late to matter.

It was just perfect that Oswald worked for the CIA and the public would never 'get' it. Everybody can join the Marines, end up on a top secret military base handling U2 spy planes, be taught the Russian language, obviously after being recruited by the Office of Naval Intelligence, defect and give them U2 secrets leading to the shootdown of Gary Powers, defeating Kennedy's proposed pinko Peace Conference with Krushchev, then waltz back into the U.S. without being arrested for jaywalking, or picked up for questioning. Was Oswald's walk out of the Depository something he was used to the CIA doing for him? He is never arrested or picked up for questioning when doing missions for THEM.

In preparation for the big day Oswald was ordered to go around New Orleans pretending to be pro-Castro, handing out leaflets with an address rubber-stamped on them leading to the office of former ONI/FBI man Guy Banister, one small goof but never followed up by the official investigation later. The public never got tired of seeing him on TV in a debate saying that he isn't communist, he's Marxist-Leninist. Right there you could see he had the brains of a jackrabbit and couldn't run any kind of conspiracy himself.

Nice work. The CIA back then was full of geniuses, too bad America couldn't clean its own house and prosecute them for their crimes, and fill up Genius Row in Leavenworth with some more geniuses. But these geniuses worked for the people that now had the government, and couldn't be subject to prosecution for what they considered a military coup d'etat with 5-6 bullets, and one of them blank -- it was an execution ordered by the 'real' government. All the power of the government to investigate and prosecute this crime, by putting heat on the real suspects, was turned off at the spigot.

Maybe there was just a lone gunman, and maybe it was Oswald, just for the argument. Man what a lucky punk, not only to do that shooting that would get most marksmen Maggie's Drawers (the red flag indicating no hits), but to have so many people whose job it was to stop him, not stop him. While he whacked the President that is. My how good at their jobs they got just a while later stopping him from

sneaking into a movie theater without paying 75 cents. Wasn't it Oswald that tried to assassinate a military man not long before? He missed, but again, nobody stopped him. Was the CIA checking his marksmanship and confirming it was lousy? Once the President was whacked he was the most certain bet for next corpse coming into Dallas Memorial Hospital accompanied by the Dallas police.

My how fast the District Attorney charged him with 2 murders, and my how certain his press speech was that Oswald was guilty beyond a 'moral certainty'. My how sure he now seemed that there would not actually be a trial on the facts in a court of law with Oswald represented by a competent attorney. The Dallas D.A. was the attorney of the criminals, from the police on up. Case closed in the police parking garage. The D.A. worked tirelessly for the criminals ever since, 24 hours around the clock, 365 days a year. No more cases opened by his office with the original jurisdiction.

So, ye conspiracy theorists, if you have any hope of cracking the nut, it lies with cracking some Dallas police, if any are left that were "in" it, despite the code of silence of the men of blue that hardened organization men like Dallas cops live for. What was that law the Congress passed later called RICO? Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations. A chain of crimes to protect the source of income of some accomplices. Good luck. All the cops got their paychecks ever since, and their pensions too. Face it, nobody, from a cop on up, will go to prison for conspiracy to murder the President of '63 in broad daylight while they were 'protecting' him. Face it, Constitutional America died in 1963 and it just hasn't been buried yet.

Anyway, the way is clear for a real Dictator to arise in the United States, me. But after the Death of the Constitution has sunk into the public consciousness, there will be no need for the deception tactics of puppets on puppet strings. And there does not have to be a Great Enemy like Communism, just a Great Goal, the uniting of the world into One Government with One Language, One Calendar, One Race, One Economy, and Perpetual World Peace. Whole races can be assassinated in broad daylight, on TV, and the only

thing left to worry about is the uncontrollable Internet.

FF

Chapter 14. Clip Clop Clip Sip.

I. Bird in a Cage.

My husband had a secret life.

He had no job. Few men did any more, that's perfectly normal. But instead of watching sports and porno, drinking police-monitored beer, jacking off when I wouldn't give him a hand job, experimenting with other men, and doing errands and chores for me, he was stuck to the Internet. Stuck like a leech. Robots made him a total laze.

Men might have been needed once, when wild animals, harrowing natural barriers, and all that jazz made their genetic codes the ones that got carried along as Mother Earth rotated herself into shape. When the wild animals, and the natural barriers, had all been conquered by brain and brawn, and brain was becoming more important than brawn, the men hung on, offering us protection from each other, the old protection racket. If they weren't engaging in organized fighting, devastating the earth, they were always threatening it. If they didn't need us more than we needed them, we'd have become obsolete in those dark years.

But there is only one Earth, and there can't be room for us both forever. Now who gets the pussy? That decides it. We do, not the men. They are not even needed to defend us from themselves any more. Every day they have less use. I don't know how I find a use for my man myself, but I listened to mother and broke down and adopted one to please her. Why do the dick-throwback women cry at weddings?

Men were evolved from rats to go on long hunts, focusing only one one goal to the exclusion of all else, undergoing deprivation, lack of food, sleep, especially sex, as they hunted a quarry to bring back to us, their masters. This was scientific everyday knowledge. We stayed home and had

the food, the sleep, and the sex, with each other. If it weren't for the fact that men could beat us up and rape us, and we needed to have the damned kids so much we didn't abort or drown them, we'd have found paradise and kept them hunting for us full time. But we needed them to bring the food home, and to occasionally protect us from animals, and natural dangers, and each other. So we let their genetic codes ride on ours inside our wombs, for a time, while we waited for evolution to leave them behind permanently.

This is all changing now. It's no longer yin and yang, two opposites of one whole playing off against each other, that makes the circle turn. Yin is finding yin, and yang is being pushed off with yang. Then the yang-yang is being pushed off the surface of the Earth like refuse, leaving the whole circle to yin-yin, in endless 69 heaven. Ask Yoko the Twelfth, whose pussy is worn around billions of necks and licked daily while her Temples are visited by billions more in order to have virtual sex with her and purge themselves of the last trace of their Johns. Clip-clop-clip-sip. Their mantra.

Hubby may have lost all his former range to hunt and the ranges are reversed as we control the world now, and he's the one who has to be kept at home, but he is hunting again, with the Internet. He was hunting for oneness with the Net it seemed. His body was deteriorating from lack of exercise, frozen in a chair hunched over the computer, the exercise machine unused. He couldn't even stand sitting anymore, he lay in a hammock with his head downward to see the monitors, his arms hanging down working keyboards. He barely ate or drank, he lived on mental juices it seemed. He was hunting total connectivity with all that is Net. He could get anything he needed off the Net.

I left him like that. Hanging like a monkey in a zoo.

She left me like that, she left me like that. Jacking into her account again, naughty naughty, chuckle. If she only knew that we were going to get the world back through the Net, she'd turn me in and they'd have me in prison with my balls cut off and served to me for lunch.

Let the bitch go, she only let me touch her pussy once, on the wedding night, and it wasn't that great anyways. She made me finally accept that I'm gay. But I thought marriage would make me go straight. How can anybody go straight when all the women are lezzes in the first place?

II. The O.J. Shuffle

Who wants a kid anyway? They'd have it fixed in the lab to be another lez like her, instead of a dick like me that I could at least train to please me while she had her own sex life anyway. What happened to the man's world I heard, saw, and read about in the Net? When men actually were the boss, and ran the government? It's almost like living in a nightmare sometimes, having to go through so many traps to get at the very information about those days and not get arrested for suspicion. It takes a total concentration of will and mindpower to break the codes, to recognize the well-hidden signs, leading to the files with the goods.

Imagine how surprised I was to find there were actually other dicks left that were not satisfied to merely fantasize that they were King David, or Emperor Augustus, or Nero, or Hannibal, or Vlad the Impaler, or Ivan the Terrible, or King Louis XIV, or Napoleon, or Shaka Zulu, or Stalin, or Hitler, or General Patton, or Elvis Presley, or Michael Jackson, or O.J. Simpson, or Idi Amin, or President John F. Kennedy, or Big Boy. There was a conspiracy, 300 years ago! Hope springs eternal in the human breast, chuckle.

So I'm a 20th century history nut, why shouldn't I be? The last century when both men and white pure race had a chance to win it and keep it all. Now having a dick, and having enough white in you to have hope for your descendants, is like being a negro slave in old America was 300 years before the 20th century. Alright I'm only about 10% pure white, but I'm still an avowed white racist because I know that I'd like my descendants to be more white than me, and that the future must be white. It's an intellectual decision, not to be confused with one's own clay make. I'm probably not as white as old O.J. Simpson was, chuckle.

It would happen like this. We knew it was a matter of

time before we were all herded off to reservations at the poles. We wouldn't spring any moves before then. To sucker punch somebody you have to lull them into lowering their guard. Then you bite off their ear like Mike Tyson. You fight dirty because you fight to win. After you win you change the rules.

You kill because you have the savage in you, and you didn't make all of white man's laws, you just try to get away when you break them like anybody else. You're a savage black to the core, and proud of it, who knows how to act white to get what you want, putting on any act on top of your savage core, so the savage underneath gets what he wants. Of course you aren't really white, chuckle. When whiteys accept you as white, and turn their back on you, like they can with other whites, you have your hand in their pocket immediately, chuckle. Or your dick in their pussy, or your knife at their throat, grin. You never give you only take, the savage's modus operandi.

It's not your fault that whitey brought your kind to America in the first place, then didn't have the sense to kill them off or export them back even after centuries of experience and plenty of power to do it. They felt so sorry for them having a problem that they decided to let millions more breed with the same problem, and give everybody the problem, grin. It's their fault if they let savages run loose. And his opportunity, chuckle. Could they change him? No more than they could change his genes that made him a savage, but wouldn't it be easier to just let whites breed and blacks not? He owed whitey nothing, no more than a snake owes a coop full of chickens, chuckle. He himself wouldn't want to live around too many other savages, he has to have a high ratio of whiteys around him, chuckle.

Whites could be turned against each other into inaction against savages a million ways, their romantic sensibilities tortured, their eyes made not color-blind, but super color-obsessed, devoting their lives to dewhitening their country, grin. Yes, each generation saw the 'white coefficient' go down, but as long as the whites not completely africanized could move around into little suburbs or whatnot, to locally raise the coefficient, they were

always neutralized as far as action was concerned. This could go on forever if blacks just didn't overbreed beyond their natural high death rate which often came from them committing crimes against each other, grin. Later when men themselves lost control, the pussies would rush to eliminate races themselves, but O.J. didn't know it, grin.

And you could always throw Uncle Tom's Cabin at them, grin. Or Hitler, chuckle. Or the Ku Klux Klan, chuckle. Skinheads, Aryan Nations, there would always be something to throw at the great white block to cause them to turn against itself into inaction.

When you have to let the savage loose awhile to get what you want, you go for it, then run, O.J., run, for the goal, through the airport, breaking tackles, using blockers, changing your direction suddenly, and get that touchdown! You have made your sudden, savage move, now farm white inaction and you're king. How dare they arrest you in the first place for what your savage side did, grin? You've changed back into O.J. Simpson, he's not guilty of anything, ever, grin. O.J. can change the rules themselves so that the state has to prove how you did it and got away with it, not just that you did it and won't get away with it.

You put the cops on trial for investigating you. The circus you bring on the scene after you do the murders is on trial, and you have the public condemn and convict the circus before the jury votes, so they know how to vote. The cops must have done it, not you, chuckle. You hire experts to pack the jury with black pussies, the kind that still like dick. Who doesn't want yours, chuckle? You're O.J. Simpson, they can't convict him of anything savage, grin.

You play both ends against the middle with the American race politics issue. You are a victim of discrimination against blacks, who never get fair trials in white racist America, chuckle. Only about 1 in 10 of the guilty gets off, and only 1 in 100 even get caught, chuckle.

And you are not even black anyway, you got officially promoted to white long ago, you are the envy of every white, whiter than the whites, above black and white, you are O.J.

Simpson, and your image is green. You get them to turn black white and white black in their reasoning, to not even want to have to work to be jurors in the jury room, so you can get off and back on the green, playing golf, with them as the caddies, chuckle.

You are above the law, because you are King O.J. of America, and the king can do no wrong, the king cannot break the law, the king makes the law. The jury will coronate you not judge you. You will let some of the lucky ugly cunts suck your dick or take it up their pussies when the heat dies down after they set you free to kill and kill again, chuckle. You will pay off one of the cops who collected the most evidence to play the straw man in court, lying about something you're not on trial for, then later supplying your lawyers with the evidence to prove him a liar, and letting them dramatically prove him a liar in front of the jury, who will then want to 'send a message' and 'police the police', by acting as his jury instead of yours. You should both be in prison, you for life, on death row, and he for a year or two for taking a bribe from you to help you get off in court, chuckle. You both walk, and he later got more than you did, probation, chuckle. The jury sent the cops a message, chuckle.

Even the state didn't figure out that your motive was not jealousy over some ugly grey mare you had used to breed your kids up whiter with, but the desire to get sole possession of the kids and get her out of the picture permanently. You used to slap the slut around, so what, what black man doesn't slap his women around? That's no motive for murder, or else there wouldn't be any women left. You were jealous of other men having her pussy which you had manufactured an entire brood out of and was not stretched and wore out? You could get all the pussy you wanted, much better and unused. Therefore the stupid state proved to a jury that you had no motive, chuckle.

But those kids were your dynasty, to carry on the O.J. Simpson legacy, and they had to be yours, and if she couldn't handle having to live close by so you could visit them, and even threatened to move away and take them with her, well, you warned the bitch you'd kill her, and you

carried out your threat. You're a true man of your word, chuckle. The rules are made to be broken for kings. You even made sure they were out of the way and asleep before you jumped the bitch and gave her what was coming to her. Only you could have known how to save them the sight.

How did he know she wasn't alone? Who cared about some white asshole she was fucking around with? He had it so carefully planned, to have an alibi, a getaway waiting, and it was all timed. He fucked up the timing, he had to be killed so there wouldn't be any eye witnesses, no matter how much time it took, so he really set the schedule back, but O.J. Simpson can make up for it on the run later, he's fast on the make, fast on the rake, fast on the take, and even faster on the jake.

He had Cato Kaelin set up to be his alibi witness. He took the freeloading whitey out in his Bentley to get french fries at McDonald's, the fantasy of all whiteys who didn't have money. He put him to bed, and made sure he would have no way to know he had dressed up in his all-black cat burglar uniform with black ski mask, black gloves, black shoes, and slipped out to get the white bitch.

If he had not been delayed, he would have been back before the chauffeur getaway driver arrived, to help him get to Chicago, with his weapons and clothes ready to be gotten rid of later. So the mark had been waiting for a half hour ringing and he wasn't there to answer. He hung out in front of his house waiting for a chance to sneak in, but he didn't get a good chance. Even as fast as he was. He snuck back of the house to try rapping on Cato's window, to tell him that he needed some quick help in getting in the locked back door. I'll explain it all later, he would say, but just let me get in now. Cato however was his own set-up, so he didn't get it, he thought he was a cat burglar and went out with a flashlight to spotlight him!

That did it, he had to try boldly walking in the front door, chauffeur present or not. Later his lawyers could explain the rapping noise as O.J. tripping, but since everybody knows he never trips, that proves he wasn't there, chuckle.

It was not a tripping noise but a knocking noise, and only O.J. knew Cato Kaelin was even there, chuckle. He was cute little pure white boy with a cute little white ass and mouth, chuckle.

So the chaffeur was an eye witness of him returning from the murders. Eye witnesses are the biggest problem to the guilty. So he had to come up with a cover story fast. Now he answers the door and says he had been sleeping, yes that would explain it and program his mark for the police. He had been sleeping in a cat burglar suit, chuckle. He needed only another half hour to shower off, stuff the clothes and knife, and dress up for the airplane ride. He doesn't ride in airplanes in cat burglar suits, he's O.J. Simpson, he only sleeps in them and walks in his front door in them, chuckle. Everybody knows he runs through airports dressed in business suits with a bag or case, and that is where he carries his goodies, chuckle.

So what if the police searched his house and found no black pajamas or cat burglar suit later, he had already been through two airports in two directions first by that time, chuckle. O.J. was as fast shedding evidence as he was shedding tackles, and he always scored! The best!

But the Goldman white asshole had fought hard, and had got a piece out of O.J. He hadn't counted on leaving a piece of himself at the scene of the crime, and blood of all things. Or a trail of blood right back to his house. That would foul up most mere ordinary people, but he was O.J. Simpson. Leave it to his lawyers. They would convince a jury that there was so much evidence of his guilt that that proved him innocent, chuckle. The cops must have planted it.

The cops must have cut his hand too, chuckle. Or it was a coincidence. O.J. must have been helping the cops frame him, chuckle. He went out of his way to have airtight alibies before and after the murder-getaway, but none during. He flew out of the old mini-state of Californicate just when they were arriving with blood, bloody gloves, and ski masks from their police cars, chuckle.

It wasn't even his blood, because it was a 10 billion or so to one scientific chance that it was somebody else's, and dumb uneducated black women would think there were more than 10 billion people in a city the size of Los Angeles when there weren't that many people on Earth yet, grin. But it was his blood too, because a vial had been spilled in a crime lab full of other vials that it climbed into, and a detective had a vial of it in his pocket once, and eluded eyewitnesses and cameras as he sprinkled it around like the dirt in The Great Escape, chuckle.

Some white guy in the jury would decide there were O.J.'s on other planets, and one flew in and did the murder then flew out, and they had the wrong O.J., chuckle. He watched The X-Files, chuckle. O.J. sure hoped they hadn't watched Naked Gun Something where the man comes up to the woman's house and tosses her over the cliff, grin. He had been in that one himself, and it might give him a clue, grin.

The murder scene would become irrelevant at his trial, the getaway scene would be what was on trial, and they'd let O.J. off, because he didn't commit any murders there, grin. The cops might have moved some of the ton of evidence he left around after they got there, chuckle.

The cops, yes, it was them, they must have been out to get O.J., frame him on a capital offense and get him executed, even though they were all his fans and would do anything to be his friends and get to meet some of the pussy he was throwing away, chuckle. They dragged their feet and shuffled through the investigation, and as everything pointed to O.J. they did everything to avoid arresting him, conspiring if anything to get their hero off, chuckle. How come only one could get a vial of blood to carry in his pocket? Chuckle.

Some cops were associated or linked to the tiny laughably-powerless groups of white supremacist activist extremists. So, they were behind the whole thing, trying to frame O.J. Of course, if they were cold-blooded white supremacist murderers out to get him, in a massive conspiracy going into the district attorney's office, then

they would have knifed him themselves, he sure spent a lot of time along with no bodyguards and no witnesses, chuckle. They could have made him suck their white dicks, got their jollies off on him up close and personal, slit his throat and fucked the slit, put him on fire with gasoline to cover up their tracks, and then planted evidence to frame another black man, who couldn't defend himself in court with the best lawyers money could buy like he could, grin. Kill two coons with one stone, grin.

Who would let anybody accused of murdering O.J. Simpson off? Why would they kill white people if they were white racists? And if they had the kind of numbers and organization to frame anybody, why not frame anti-white supremacist political activists? But defense lawyers don't have to take the stand in court, they just make speeches and don't have to prove any of their theories, just whizz their dicks at the jury box and hope some sticks on a stupid juror's face, grin.

A jury of mainly black women can't think at all when it comes to a handsome virile black man putting on a performance just for their benefit, chuckle.

He'd get totally acquitted and in a few years he'd be filming comedy movies parodying himself parodying himself, grin.

It shouldn't even be against the law for a black man to kill a white woman, or white man for that matter. They all deserved it, grin. Certainly no man should have to stand trial for disposing of his own property, grin. That damn white boy just got in the way, and interfered with his property, so he deserved to get what she got, grin.

He had an age-old right to slash the grey mare's throat after looking her in the face and telling her he had warned her, and now he had his seed for his own now. Like Magua did to Colonel Munro in The Last of the Mohicans. The Yankees are dogs to their women, chuckle. He isn't a Yankee, he just plays one on TV, grin. He had the right to get around Yankee law, go back to tribal law. He wagged his big black dick in her face, with her neck slit from ear to

ear like a fish. Gave her a finger for good measure. Should he cut her pussy out and wear it as a hatband like the soldiers did with the Indian squaws at the Colorado Sand Creek Massacre? Naw, that would get him in a little trouble with Yankee law, better not risk it. Now get those arthritic knees going and hop into the White Bronco. Ford Bronco, he had done so much as a spokesman for Hertz Rent-A-Car and their Fords, grin. Clip clop clip zip.

And a white small-dick dude spoils all that? Who did he think he was, Nathaniel of the Yankees, Hawkeye of the Mohicans? "Take me! Take me!" ha ha. Alright honky, you're going to get a knife fight lesson from a soul brother, not that cheap-ass tomahawk shit, grin.

Defend yourself, honky! Grab the knife, they all do. Watch your fingers come off, like The Wez with that feral kid's boomerang in The Road Warrior, grin. How can you cut me? Oops! I forgot about my arthritis, you kicked my trick knee and it went out from under me! I cut myself with my own knife! Arrrgh! I won the Heisman Trophy, asshole! Let me just get warmed up and we'll film a Work Out With O.J. video in the dark, grin.

There's something about the O.J. Story that made me study it over and over again, something that contained in it the proof that men are superior to women and would always rule the world. The secret of nature itself. But maybe that's my curse, to be serious. People who aren't getting any pussy have to be serious to have a reason for living. Women don't have to get serious until late in life after they have had enough pussy to fill a tuna fish factory, chuckle.

I wished I were O.J. now. What would he do if he woke up in a world ruled by women intent on ending dick control worldwide? He'd be slashing throats by the thousands 24 hours a day around the clock and his Zulu army would be close behind. When the killing was done, he'd look around, round up his personal pussy stable, and retire to his luxurious kingly estate to knock them all up fast. He'd claim he was sleeping, watching TV, or chipping golf balls all the time and that he had nothing to do with it, unless it suited his purpose, grin.

He liked the whitest pussy he could get, yes. So why would he condone the conscious racemixing of every pussy born? Wouldn't he want a rainbow of pussies, from pure white to half white, and maybe a light chocolate, cinnamon, or maple pussy every now and then for his sweet tooth, chuckle?

We must all strive to be O.J.'s in these last days, to kill every woman trying to take away our kids, and get away with it in or out of court. Even if my clay is an amalgam of about 15 races, I guess it's still the ideal of everybody to think of themselves as whiter than somebody else, and we all have our niggers to chuckle about. No matter how white O.J. got on the outside, he was still a nigger to the core, that was the reason he knifed his white wife, and even he had to put everything he had in his run to shed that evidence and score a touchdown.

But not even O.J. has a place in today's world. Entire continents were now pure pussies, and so what if they were living on the backs of millennia of men? Using their own work against them? Their very work in discovering the continents against tall odds? The work of discovering science and technology, and laboring to tame nature with it? The science that they inherited from us they used to declare us evolutionarily obsolete.

III. The Rise of Big Boy II.

The continents had to be reconquered! Now instead of being full of aborigines that were facing advanced technology, they were full of advanced technology liberated lesbians pointing our own weapons at us. We had to round up the hordes of cunts, kill off the excess, and then teach the rest who is boss. Breed up a continent of pure whites, a continent of pure yellows, even restore the pure blacks to old Africa, and let them go back to being savages running with herds of wild animals, which we also had to breed back up. Then this time keep the world population under 5 billion, with man as king, and a one-world pure race federation that recognized the past errors of letting women think for themselves, and of racial integration, the

necessity of homelands for pure race breeding.

They were still cunts! We had the balls! The balls have a right to rule, by nature! If we could regroup, then we could reconquer the world and this time we'd never give them any chance to guilt-trip us into having any power of any kind again! We'd keep them illiterate, ragged, barefoot, and pregnant. We'd make them love being our slaves, and have no other ambitions. We'd execute lesbians, by horrible methods. After we gave them all a chance to convert, chuckle. We'd deprogram them. Fuck this lesbian shit out of them. Make them beg for dick and cry if they didn't get it. Puke at the thought of eating each other's pussies. Make them think their pussies were dirty, shameful, sinful again. Give them something to make them stink. Make them cover them up again so only men could see them, and only long enough to feel where to insert their dicks and rock their nuts on their cracks.

Make them think there was some nutrient coming out of our dicks that they would grow weak and die without getting, chuckle. Jizz is good for their complexions, chuckle. They need our hormones or their bones get weak, chuckle. Their muscles get weak, their skin wrinkles, their hair turns gray and thins out, grin. Our dicks and balls are spigots on the elixir of life itself, grin. No dick in their diet and they would all die from horrible diseases, grin.

It is men that would go naked, like in the days of the Greeks, having nude sports events, running and javelin throwing and wrestling. So what if one could get one's balls kicked that way, it is worth the risk to make women have to sit heavily clothed and ashamed of their stinking pussies, watching men with their big dicks and balls swinging in the sun wrestling with each other, while they cheered.

Women would be taught that they are incomplete, because they are dickless. They would be taught to envy men for having dicks, to feel forever inferior for not being able to have one between their legs, to feel that their only purpose in life was to fill up and explode like a bag and bear children, and that male children were much more desirable to

have than female children, and that female children could be aborted, drowned, burned alive, anything, if they got in a male's way.

Men would be given titles of nobility again, and boys would jump to have sex with older men out of respect for age. Sure armies are now robotized, but we'd program them to never take orders from pussies again, at least. How we'd do it all I can't say, but where there's a will there's a way, chuckle.

So they had the high ground now, and experience with dealing with dicks. They also outnumbered us 10 to 1 worldwide now. But any real man knows he's worth 1000 women in a fight, and this is THE fight. Gary Cooper captured a thousand Germans single-handed in WWI, a small band of teddy bears captured or killed a thousand Stormtroopers in Star Wars, Hitler's stormtroopers marched into France and kicked their pussy-eating asses in 2 weeks. One day our stormtroopers would recapture the world in 2 weeks, and reverse history.

It would come down to kill or be killed. Power comes out of the barrel of a gun. He who has the gold rules. Might makes right. I found all this in forbidden Internet files, and more. Like a breath of fresh air in a room full of perfume. In Big Boy's secret archives. I think I'll call myself Big Boy too, yes, I'm Big Boy Nyuk Nyuk! Somehow his secret thoughts were not found by the authorities, they were encoded inside computerized photos of lesbians, and they let them pass because of their 'normality', Nyuk Nyuk! He was a man ahead of time, indeed, farther ahead then he knew, chuckle, I mean, Nyuk Nyuk!

This Big Boy was a complex figure, but a real man. He treated women with disrespect from his mother on, used them, made them work for him, do menial chores for him, wait on him, do sex tricks for him, and he loved to watch women have sex with each other just so he could jackoff or get two women to go into bed with him at the same time and play them both off against the middle, himself Nyuk Nyuk! This confused later women who thought he was one of 'theirs' from his advocacy of lesbianism and lesbian pornography.

He never 'got' the 'love thing', he laughed at men who 'fell in love' with women, and 'were faithful' to them, saying that 'the cure for one woman is another', and 'it's all a blind program in your genes', that 'women invented love to keep men from having as many women as they really want', and 'men should fuck that love shit out of a woman by making them do it with another woman while they fucked them both' Nyuk! He had been married and divorced several times, five at least. He finally married and stayed that way just because he was too old to get around and flirt, and he needed a woman to wait on him all the time. As long as she didn't interfere with his 'hobby' of Big Boy's BBS Nyuk!

He experimented with homo sex all his life but never 'got it', it never gave him any thrill, it left him cold. He ate pussy too, but never 'got it' either, it also left him cold, but he would do it with a woman if she would suck his dick at the same time, 69-style, licking her pussy until he orgasmed, when he suddenly wouldn't touch it. If she wanted more licking he'd tell her to get a woman Nyuk!

Except a time when he was a young boy and fell in love with another young boy, and went around naked with him in private and sucked his young dick and liked it. Apparently he never loved sucking another dick again, he was monodickous Nyuk! It could be that he only liked boy dick, and there were severe sick laws in those days against an adult male having sex with a boy. Perhaps if there hadn't been.

And a few times, as a young man, in prison for assaults and small time rackets, when the lack of women caused him to get enormously horny, and rape young men, forcing them to suck his dick at knifepoint, and take it up their ass too. He said it felt like real sex because of the knife Nyuk Nyuk! Now the women make us have sex with each other because they won't touch us. I wonder what Big Boy would have said to that. He billed himself as 'the Internet comedian', 'the modem comedian', and loved to tell, invent, and catalog 'dirty, sick, raunchy, perverted, offensive, sexist, racist' jokes, which added to his mystique and popularity all his life. He himself didn't seem to have any

beliefs, thinking that all philosophies and belief systems were wrong, and the jokes themselves his own proof of it Nyuk! From my vantage point, I now realize that this was a cover story, he was trying to get overlooked by later women so that his message could reach people like me.

When he left prison he went back to women, fucking his big nuts off every chance he got ("wimmen loved my big boy Nyuk Nyuk!"), and, unlike now, he could actually get all the pussy he could fuck, and raw, skin to skin. Going through hundreds, thousands of women, at bars, docks, boweries, clubs, whorehouses, the streets, getting minor sex-related infections and being a regular at free clinics. He had basically worn out his dick by the time the famed 20th century AIDS epidemic hit, and decided to retire. If anybody else had tried his lifestyle after he retired from it, they would have been dead in 10 years, Nyuk! So this also added to his legendary status, as somebody who was immune to other people's rules, above the law almost. Or at the very least, blessed with good timing Nyuk!

By the time he set up his legendary Big Boy's BBS he was in his late 60's and early 70's, his dick worn out from too much use, too fat, retired as he called it, using his mind to make up what his body couldn't do anymore. He tried to inculcate his values to people of all ages and sexes throughout the BBS world, which was originally separate from the Internet but eventually fused with it, disappearing.

And he had plenty of time to do it, so he had the influence of a small army of people. Many young boys grew up following his lifestyle, only to face the fact that they couldn't do it without ending up in prison or dead.

Big Boy had lived in the last generation when one could get by with it for real. So he became that much bigger of a legend and his archives were lovingly preserved in the Internet by his 'disciples' upon his death in the early 2000's.

If he were to rise from the grave today I'll bet he'd be absolutely flabbergasted that men had 'dropped the ball', and what's more, he'd do just what I'm doing, fight back,

yes he would Nyuk Nyuk! He'd risk imprisonment to fight for a new government, like the American Revolutionaries. We're like birds in a gilded cage now. If the door were open would be fly out or just sit there?

So I'll make his name the rallying cry for what's left of us real men, as we do just what he would have wanted, take it all back and never let them have a say in anything again Nyuk Nyuk! At least the old 'incurable' sex-transmitted diseases are no longer a threat like Big Boy I would have been afraid of. You can have sex at will without ever worrying about deadly diseases. That's not the problem, no, it's who you can have sex with, and who is the boss before, during, and after Nyuk Nyuk!

SUBJE

Chapter 15. Space Cunnilingus.

1. The Conversation

On a very hot date, Martina broke off from kissing Dolly and started a conversation.

"Suppose the world could be made anew, without men. Suppose the serpent had killed Adam, and Eve could reproduce parthenogenically, like we do."

"Get real. Look all around you. We're infested with them."

"Infested yes. But we can't go out and just kill them. We aren't violent like they are. If we could just escape and get so far away from them they couldn't follow."

"Yummy idea. And you're getting at what?"

"A new Isle of Lesbos. No men permitted."

"Already been there, done that. The men are soon crawling all over it, ogling, trying to grab, stinking the island up."

"Stinking, ha ha." They both laughed. Martina knew she

didn't stink, nor did her partner Dolly. Quite the opposite. She'd kissed every inch of her, and it all smelled delightful.

"Ha ha. Starting nuisance lawsuits. Remember that one I got dragged into?"

"I think so. But that was years ago, wasn't it?"

"It dragged on for years. It was only dismissed 6 months ago, when the dick was sent off to prison again."

They're always committing crime, seducing us, making passes, ogling, Dolly thought to herself. They either break our Lesbos all up completely, or draw us in on ourselves so much that we're back to where we are now. But, although not perfect, their current lesbian community is enough for her.

"Now shut up and eat me," said Dolly.

The location: Miami Mounds, a superurb of Miami. The date: January 18, 2093. A closed, guarded private lesbian living community, in a part of the 50-million inhabitant suberurb that is otherwise almost all male gays.

The scene: Two gorgeous healthy young-looking clean sexually-mature nude women on a massage table in a solarium, in the lesbian 69 position, going back to cunnilingus; kissing, as they call it. Another nude woman stands leaning against the wall with her hands behind her, watching in delight, until a third nude woman comes up and takes her away, hand-in-hand, to a vacant table. The solarium has hundreds of tables, most of them occupied with lesbians making love and kissing.

Not that the third woman could overhear the lovers' conversation; communications implants in their skulls make it possible for people now to talk to each other via the slightest inner movements of the tongue in the mouth, without involving the voice box, and selectively control who can listen in. But conversation, even in a 69 position, does require them to break off from cunnilingus.

Martina and Dolly make love for a while, then break back into conversation.

"I'm talking about an island in space," objected Martina.

"In space?" Dolly was suddenly alert.

"Yes. A space colony, way away from men."

"Where would that be?"

"Orbiting Venus, the planet of love. We'll renounce Earth citizenship and make our own law."

"That would be wonderful. Are you working on it now or did you just make it up?" A hint of playfulness in her hands.

"We have done the preliminary planning and are spreading the word to get feedback from the circle."

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"We just decided on it this morning. I am telling you now."

"Count me in on the security planning. But let's talk about it later and get back to making love. A perfect day, my love."

"A perfect day."



2. A Bad Mismatch

Martina Crownbolt Solarsystem, the first converser, was not just a dreamer. As a girl, her mother, Asteroida, an astronaut and later an executive at Cape Canaveral, had taught her to be a doer, and provided her the role model as well. Martina had over 20 years experience as an astronaut herself before becoming an administrator at age 45. Once she had been as far as the Rings of Saturn, their awesome majesty still ringing in her dreams, the planet like a giant tongue in an even bigger space vagina. She was now 50-ish,

which was still young these days.

Asteroida Solarsystem's grandmother Aurora Solarsystem, who had her name changed from the phallic name of Aurora Norlinova, was the first lesbian in space, and, with the second lesbian, Disquette Cheekago, had the first space cunnilingus, captured on a VR that has been enjoyed by millions ever since. This gave the Solarsystem line, now parthenogenetic, a leg up in the NASA power struggle with the remaining non-lesbians.

Martina's tabletop lover, Dollyparton Splitson, was a U.S. Space Marine, a full bird Colonel, 50-ish also, slim, hardbodied, her pubes always clean shaved just like her head and underarms. She and Martina had not just found each other accidentally, but worked together at Cape Cunny, as they insisted it be called now, and were an item now, preferring to sleep with each other most of the time.

Of Anglo-Saxon, Irish, Norwegian and mixed African heritage, Dolly was as light skinned as a pure Anglo, but her hair was naturally frizzy like an African, when it was permitted to grow, which it rarely was, and it was usually colored clown red and kept in a butch cut. She was built for lesbian love, with a gorgeous pert pair of knockers and a bell-shaped bottom that had fat and soft skin in all the right proportions, albeit on a hard muscular undercarriage.

At 20, she could run a 4.6 second 40-yard dash, and had been a pro powersoccer player for 4 years before joining the Marines. At 6 foot 3 inches, she was every inch a lesbian's lesbian. Most lesbians liked their lovers tall, when they had first choice.

Martina was even taller, 6 foot 4 inches, and of French, Czech, Greek, African, and Japanese heritage, with blonde colored hair and green eyes, and even whiter skin than her tabletop lover, albino actually, incapable of tanning, although she loved the sun and beaches. She was strikingly beautiful, at times looking like a French princess, a Czech princess, a Greek princess, an African princess, a Japanese princess; but never quite any of them. The Czech gave her high cheekbones, the Japanese did things to her eyes, and

the African beefed her up, gave her a thicker nose, lips, and buttocks and bushy eyebrows, all of which only made her performance of cunnilingus more exciting. Her jugs were very African, growing steadily more pendulous each year, as were the nipples.

Neither considered themselves as part Caucasian, African, Asian, or any such old labels. They were just Americans; America was ever the world's melting pot.

The 20th and 21st centuries had been America's centuries, but were now coming to an end, in a smaller and smaller world with a stronger and stronger world governing body, where America was becoming more and more just another country.

The age of heteros was also coming to an end, the net result of centuries of struggle, below and above sheets. The day when women saved their sex for a male husband and only had sex with him, bearing and raising children with him, and pretending to not be interested in other women, until their children were grown, they passed forty, and the husband left them for younger women, to a lifetime of aloneness, was long past.

Children themselves were not very common, nor were adults burdened for twenty years parenting them; there were enough people and to spare already. And no woman missed the chance to enjoy all the orgasms she could have, from the earliest age possible; no different than the men always had enjoyed.

By now the United States had a legal population of over 800 million, 500 million female, 300 male, of which 450 million and 290 million respectively were old enough to have a sexual orientation. Of these 450 million, 350 million were lesbians, roughly 80 percent. On the male side, 100 million were gays, roughly 30 percent. Of the pure heteros, there were about 100 million women and 190 million men, a bad mismatch, which was the main political problem of the day. Hundreds of thousands of hetero males were in prison for raping livestock and pets; there would be more, if so many cases weren't thrown out of court for improperly-obtained evidence.

Of the 100 million non-lesbian women, and 190 million non-gay men, as many of 50% were bi, a lot of the males through having no choice, and often trying to conceal it in their hunt for hetero women, and/or attempts to make passes at hetero men.

There were thus only 50 million women and 100 million men left who were truly straight, making them a minority group in a nation of 800 million legal and 200 million illegal shadow residents from other countries. Despite all predictions to the contrary, America retained its leadership position in world politics and economics, although it had to expand to incorporate the entire continent to do so.

The power of heteros was further diluted by the fact that about 50% of all hetero males were either in prison, or on parole; for gay males, the percentages were smaller but confused by the frequent conversion of hetero males to homosexuality in prison. Women of all kinds were only about 2% of the prison population; virtually all came out lez or bi, regardless of how they came in.

Since a felon couldn't vote, this put women of all sexual orientations in effective control of the mandate. Right wing men of all sexual orientations, faced with their shrinking mandate, countered by trying to make less and less legislation subject to vote. Ironically, they did an about-face from their centuries-old traditions and implemented a host of Constitutional amendments that granted so many rights to people of all sexualities that it wouldn't have mattered if they could have regained their control of the mandate.

Two centuries of political developments since Susan B. Anthony had given American lesbians their own subeconomy, subgovernment, and subculture, and an increasing share of political-economic power, lagging behind their numbers, but still substantial. They could be considered to be the biggest minority group in a nation without a majority group, and were the fastest growing. Since the hetero women often voted with the lesbians on various sex gender issues, their power was more than enough to breakdown the old male

establishment, which had been abolished on the record but still had an undue residual influence because of centuries of hereditary wealth and entrenched power structures.

Lesbians could conceive via parthenogenesis now, and insure that their children were always female, and lesbian-predisposed too. Over 99% of them did become lesbians, the rest politely allowed to go their own way. Gays couldn't conceive at all, and had to get their recruits from the heteros, which is what caused them to work together despite right wing hetero elements still desperately clinging to obsolete beliefs of the wrongness of non-hetero sex.

Of course, lesbians liked to flock together, and the superurb was the latest solution. The natural evolution of the late 20th-century closed bedroom communities, a superurb was a city-size lot of private property, which lesbians held shares in like a corporation. Being private, and officially just a big private home, they could live out their lives without leaving for weeks, months, even years at a time, thus effectively keeping men from physical contact, and permitting the evolution of their own society with its own rules.

Apartheid being prohibited by law, however, lesbians had to integrate their society with that of the others, mainly the gays, since the heteros had fled to the remaining rural areas and held out there, resisting integration, and often flouting the law.

Like all integration, it was not only imperfect, but those at the border areas suffered the most. America was not the world's leader anymore in this aspect, lesbians in some other countries faring far better and having far more power, only a few worse. Lesbians were evolving their own worldwide culture that transcended America, and in the latter this was happening fastest at the lucky islands like Miami Mounds where men were kept out by trespassing laws.

Keeping men out of lesbian territories was ever hard, because they always kept pressing in, if only to look: lonely men, men who couldn't find a hetero woman, and didn't

want to go gay. It was not all their fault. In the hetero areas, the women clung to the old moral codes, especially the prohibition of public nudity and sex, even fidelity, while in the gay/lez areas, it was just the opposite, a virtual nudist land, where public shows of affection including sex and orgies were legal and considered normal. Many a lesbian let hetero men watch, for money, and so developed an economic symbiosis that was hard to tell them to break without seeming insensitive, or just plain nosy.

Lesbians wore clothes now only because they didn't want men to watch. They still had to deal with men, unfortunately, and preferred gay men when they had the option. When hetero men got naked around them, they often would break into erections, and make desperate passes, and break down and masturbate. Some resorted to rape and had to be imprisoned. Some men offered money to participate in sex with lesbians, and some lesbians took it, then had to fight them off when their money ran out.

It was sad there was such a big mismatch, they all agreed. But what could they do about it? It wasn't their fault. Some lesbians were militant about men, and wanted them castrated, killed, banned, exiled, you name it. But the government was very advanced beyond many of its citizens' intelligence, and used its power to give men equal rights. When they did, it was hard, and almost anti-American, to argue against them -- and their prisons. Women didn't often go to prison.

Bi men were the new wiggers, subject to discrimination -- although it was illegal -- because they just didn't fit: hetero women didn't want to touch them, and few lesbian women either. In practice, bi men just passed as gay men or hetero men, keeping their secret in the closet, as it used to be called.

Racism itself was not only abolished but practically impossible, as the old historic races had fairly well mixed, and pure specimens were scarce except in their original homelands, and certain shrinking enclaves in rural America. Racist lesbians were not unknown, but mainly confined to prejudice in choosing lighter-skinned lovers, not the cruel

economic and political prejudice of hetero racism. It was more what could be called colorism than racism, and not very deeply ingrained, as the cunt is the most sexy organ in the universe, and what does color have to do with it?

When the orgy started, everybody found love, even if not with their first choice. Women work communally and leave no one out in the end.



3. Sister Elmira

Inevitably the lesbian communities gravitated towards the center of all gay communities, like islands of Lesbos. Inside, nude women made love all the time, everywhere, in every way they could, in an endless, cooperative, unselfish orgy. They celebrated their bodies, their beauty, their reproductive ability, their self-sufficiency without the dinosaurs, as they often referred to men.

Economics were usually of the voluntary communist variety, with all sharing what was made as needed, most earning their livings with their minds in the world information economy. Sexual diseases had been conquered by medicine decades earlier, with lifetime inoculations against all diseases, including the cold and flu, AIDS, pneumonia, cancer, now universal, thus it was not harmful to public health as it might have been in the 20th and early 21st centuries.

The thought for the day at Miami Mounds, from Sister Elmira Glueall, martyred in Mega Chicago, her writings later edited into a sort of Bible:

Lesbian sex is bigger than a lifetime of cunnilingus can ever encompass. No matter how many women are eaten, it is a miracle how many more there are to eat. Each woman has only one set of organs to be eaten, yet, when they commune in large orgy communities, the possible combinations become a lifetime gourmet buffet or smorgasbord. Life becomes totally sweet, and, while still short, long enough to know what perfect happiness is like.

The goal of life was the same everywhere, namely, to have a perfect day. While it seemed inevitable that one day all women would be lesbians, and men would become extinct, many were impatient. That was the impetus for people deciding to leave America to find a better life -- but not to go to another country on Earth. Rather, to leave Earth far behind and found a new world, a space colony, where they could make their own rules.

Sister Elmira was just a name used by anonymous lesbians to create a Bible for a lifestyle that was far more than a religion. She was no real prophet, and lesbianism was no one-leader wonder. It was an inevitable force of history and evolution, bigger than any person or group of persons. It was in their very genes. The same genes that made the female of the human species beautiful, unlike the female of any other species, naturally led to the beautiful wanting to make love to the beautiful. It was the male of the human species that was a throwback; it was the female that was the evolutionary advance waiting to break free.

The New Lesbos movement likewise had no prophet, no Moses, no Martin Luther King Jr., no Susan B. Anthony, not even a Gloria Steinem or a Betty Friedan, though it would be more accurate to say they were indebted to them but wouldn't want to live with them now. From the very start of even small lesbian communities, an all-lesbian country had been a dream and a goal. Many had tried, buying unpopulated islands and such, but the male presence on Earth always ended up irresistibly butting in, and spoiling a perfect life.

It was now a cooperative movement, everybody working together and filling what role was needed as the need arose, striving to make whatever area they were in an evolving New Lesbos. Miami Mounds was one such. A great advance beyond living conditions of lesbians in the 20th and 21st centuries, this community was entering the 22nd century with the feeling the future belonged to them, but that it couldn't come fast enough.

Lesbians originating new ideas didn't like to even get credit for them, for that was a male hangup. Instead, they

injected the ideas into the conversation, and pretended they heard it from somebody else, and hoped it would find favor as it passed along, the proof being its travelling around the entire communication circle without being dropped, and returning to the originator.

Martina was administrating the space transportation, and the space colony construction, but she wasn't the towering lone genius behind it, without which it wouldn't happen. She was just the final rubber stamp point for decisions made cooperatively, and trotted around the decision circle two, three, or four times first, being gently modified until all agreed. Deep divisions, settled by majority vote, were rare and almost unknown. If a decision wasn't totally unanimous, it was usually reiterated, modified, compromised, until it was. Martina then recorded the decision as made, and kept the progress moving forward. Perhaps males moved faster, but only because some were willing to split themselves off from the herd. When lesbians moved, they moved as a group.

☐☐

4. The Mating Dance

Martina had two daughters, conceived by parthenogenesis: Chiquita Goldenmound, and T'Kia Deeplymovingroover. In these days, the naming was done by both the mother and the community, the first being the mother's name, the middle name or names being suggested by lovers and sometimes voted on, more often agreed to by acclamation. The middle name was sometimes suggested by the daughter's appearance or infant behavior, more often by the mother's looks or sexual performance -- a kind of tribute.

In Chiquita's case, her middle name had been changed at puberty because of the delightful golden pubic hair that started to grow on her mound. The original name doesn't matter, but it had been Ichiko. Chiquita and T'kia were as opposite as parths (parthenogenetically-produced children) can be, the former a fiery Raquel Welch type with a lot of Hispanic heritage, the latter a slim, fragile Japanese flowergirl geisha type with Japanese and Korean heritage, and light rootbeer float colored skin. Chiquita was only

19, and T'kia 29. Chiquita was a college student majoring in physics and mathematics and cybernetics, T'kia a degreed electronics engineer who worked for NASA on space vehicles, along with her mother, at the Cape.

Martina had a sister, Voluppy Shavez Solarsystem, who was also a frequent lover, incest being no taboo to lesbians, as if it ever was, the concept having no meaning to them. Voluppy was short, only 5 foot 6 inches, but had dazzling white teeth even without cosmetic dentistry, and a little gap between the front two teeth that she never let them modify.

Her middle name of Shavez was in honor of her mother Asteroida, and it was a frequent subject of good natured humor how she let her pubes grow wild and woolly, a natural wild red color, that often got her the nickname Strawberry. Her face was so beautiful, so sweet, so kissable, that she would drive hetero men wild, and when she dealt with them she wore a face veil, not the kind devout Islamic women used to wear, but more like one a concubine in a hareem would. Even with clothes, her voluptuous shape, ample jugs, wide hips, and round cheeks, were hard to disguise or ignore. She was glad to be done with men, and take them all off, and give it all to other lesbians.

Voluppy was the baby of the family. She was in her thirties physically, but mentally she was still in her teens. She had no concern for making a living, since she could sell her image and add to the community treasury quite nicely. Not that they wouldn't have supported her without question even if she just new grew up at all.

As Martina and Dollyparton were getting down to some serious cunnilingus, in walked Voluppy, wearing a big white-and-yellow sombrero made of solarplastic. She went over to Martina and, although the latter was on her back with her lover's crotch over her face, she bent over and kissed her full on the lips, causing the sombrero to fall back on her neck and shoulders, held by the chin string.

"Hi, sis," Voluppy said sunnily. "Got some good news for me?"

"Maybe Strawberry baby," moaned Martina, her eyes glassed over with an approaching orgasm. Only lesbians could call each other babe or baby now and not end up in jail; at least American law granted them that much.

"Maybe, but not ... right ... now! Wow!" She was orgasming, and her lover was devoting full attention to her needs now. Martina's tongue lolled out, and Voluppy took up the slack by frenching her, massaging her jugs, trying to massage the nipples in circles. She now felt her own nipples hardening and peaking, and raised her chest up to let one of them fall into her sister's lolling mouth. The latter knew what to do, and was suckling babyishly, while breathing hard and panting.

"Hey what about me?" complained Dollyparton. Had they both forgotten her own shaved military-sleek snatch, begging for its own orgasm?

"Don't worry," said Voluppy. "The cavalry is here." She gave her sis a last french kiss, then came up on Dolly's ass and spread it, frenching her anus while her sister started flicking her tongue into her erect clit. Voluppy began massaging her labia, extracting the inner lips, and joined Martina in tongue flicking. Soon Dolly was juicing, squirming, and orgasming with low military moans. The delight of a woman's basket of fruit, given with love to another.

An hour later, Voluppy was up on the table on her back, with the other two frenching her from one end to the other. The sombrero had been tossed aside. How many times could they cum in one hour?

An hour after that, Voluppy was sitting in a birthing position at the end of the table, leaning back while her sister stood behind her, holding her, hugging her, and massaging her jugs. The full bird colonel was down low, with her face practically stuck in her crotch, eating and looking up in her eyes over her gorgeous belly and jugs. She raised her head up to part and split her shaved peach, and stick her tongue in the groove, while looking up into

Voluppy's smiling, aroused eyes. Her military butch haircut and light skin and hair contrasted with her dark dark eyes, making her look like she was marching with her face in a parade ground of peachskin.

An hour yet later, all three were sitting on the table arm in arm, totally orgasmed out. Hugging, kissing, talking sweet talk. Watching the two over on the next table, the two on the table after that, the three on the table after that. Humans are the sexiest creature in the Universe, and women were the reason why, and they knew it, now that they had no men around to hold them back.

Martina left and quickly arrived with a tray full of delightful wet drinks. They walked arm in arm over through the table room to the sun room, and into some lounge chairs. There was an Olympic size swimming pool filled with a thousand nude orgying partying lesbians. Lesbian lifeguards sat in high chairs making love in twos and threes. Love was being made by twosomes and threesomes and daisy-chains of up to a dozen all along the rim of the pool, and in the lounge area.

Over at the kiddie end of the pool, girls not yet in puberty were playing splash, while girls on the verge of puberty were paired up, hugging, kissing, feeling. Some still too young to have more than tiny mounds for breasts, and no public hair, were laying with each other on the pool rim, feeling, caressing, kissing, carefully exploring the delights of cunnilingus. In public areas like this, women made love to women, and girls to girls.

Two thousand lesbians and all knew they'd never have enough time to make love to each of the others, so all they could do was search for and choose the best available, an exciting activity that passed for what used to be called the mating dance. But long courtships of people dressed in clothes and going on dates was for heteros. Here they all showed each other everything they had, and mating decisions were quick and resulted in immediate sex, on the spot. They made love first and got to know each other better second, the way Nature intended without men to complicate it.

Only men had to be known better before they could be trusted not to rape or murder them. Everybody had all they would ever need for a perfect day right there under one roof. And nobody wanted or needed men.



Chapter 16. Hell, A Screenplay.

This movie has no dialog, no music, nothing of human contrivance. There is no sound in Hell.

A dark dark room. I'm looking around and feel warm, closed in, but can move. I'm naked and sweating profusely. I'm a woman, I died and went to Hell after I had a godless life having godless sex with other women. I was maybe 81 when I died, but now I don't feel old, I feel my body is young again, like when I was 13 or 14. About when I made the choice to forsake God and go with what other girls were teaching me, and have sex with them for the first time. I forsook everything mommy and daddy taught me about God.

There is One sound after all. Like a heavy, incredibly spaced out breathing. One breath a minute. Each time the sound of a thousand musical instruments rising up the musical scales then falling, like a peacockian bagpipe. The devil himself.

I'm watching myself through his eyes. He has been always watching me, from before conception. He has me in Hell now. Well, I always said that if there were a Devil, I had sold my soul to him. I'm his now, what should be my reward? Let's party.

I am suddenly jumped by a wall of rats that was there in the darkness all along. They just fall on top of me, and begin ravaging me, thump, thunk, the sudden covering of my entire body with a sea wave of rats, and I can see myself through the Devil's eyes, being eaten alive.

I feel every ounce of my flesh being devoured by rat teeth. I scream but my mouth and tongue are being eaten and they are boring down my throat and eating my guts. My pussy

is eaten already. I scream without a mouth or tongue, without vocal chords. There is no sound in Hell anyways, just the Devil's musical breathing.

But I jumped up the wall to a ledge before the rats could jump, didn't I? I see myself through the Devil's eyes. I'm on the ledge, and I'm feeling a pack of dogs now, licking my ass and pussy, with giant dog tongues, licking out my female organs and eating them, licking my breasts off and fighting over them. Eating the shit out of my ass.

I jumped out of their way before they could get to me, that's what I see through the Devil's eyes now. I had been given every chance to find my way to safety, this was a test he was giving me. Now I dove through a hole in a wall that looked like a subway in New York or somewhere. And I came out in a public restroom. It was incredibly covered with shit all over every wall, every inch of the floor. But the Devil gave me a chance to pick my way through it walking only in the smallest pillows of stinking shit. The smell of shit was choking, I felt like I was eating it.

I went from room to room of this restroom, it went on for hundreds of rooms, and I tiptoed through shit forever, and it had been so long since the first time I fell and my face went into a toilet piled with shit over the seat, and drove deep into the stinking multicolored shit. Multicolors of no color, there was no color in Hell, but there was light. So long that now I didn't mind it if I could avoid certain piles of shit and land my face in others.

I would keep getting up, wiping shit out of my open mouth, and keep tiptoeing on, avoiding deep shit by stepping in small shit, but always in some shit. I finally found a mirror and a napkin dispensing machine, old, rusted, and broke open, but there were napkin pads in it, giving me hope I could clean shit out of my mouth, even off my face. But after sticking my hand out for some, I grabbed white napkin-shaped shit instead. It was all pure shit. Everything was shit, the porcelain was shit. The metal was shit. The tile was shit. It suddenly caved in on me, and I was encased in endless shit. Demons living in shit were packing my mouth with shit.

I was looking down now, dizzy, the images blinking dizzily below me. I was hanging on a hook by my hands and feet, swinging loose, hundreds of feet above the ground. I looked around more steadily and below me was a vast plain of dead human corpses, mostly brown, yellow, and white bones. Rolling plains, the Great Plains? Could those be the Rocky Mountains way off in the haze? But there was life in the death. Giant roaming herds of starving rats! They had eaten the corpses, multiplied, and now were ravished with famine. They were roaming towards under where I was hanging! What was holding me up? Yes, a helicopter, that explains the blinking, the blades whirling in the sun above us. The helicopter suddenly shifted into forward and began carrying me over the plains, as the rat herds followed.

Down went the heli, playing chicken with me and the rats. I was naked, my pussy was right in my own face, and if I let go I would be eaten by the rats. Down and up, up and down, past a ridge, where the rats got so close I felt rat bristles on my ass. There was a rat on my shoulder! I loosened one hand and swiped it off, and slapped my hand back on the hook. It took a good hour before I finally lost my hands and feet, which I had desperately stuck the hook through when I knew I couldn't hold on by muscle power any longer. I had been dragging by 1 hand and 2 feet, 1 hand and 1 foot, 1 foot, and the heli had raked me through the rats, eating me alive in tiny bites. I finally fell into a mountain of the mad starving yellow-eyes, rising up in the air and falling down on me like a hooded cobra.

I caught one glimpse of the helicopter's passenger before the rat wall blacked all light out. It was Jizzus Keerist, weeping.

"That President Clinton was the Devil's President, chosen to ride America into the Millennium. He sold America out and that's when the damage became irreversible. He was of the Devil, everything he said was a lie, he was a drug addict, a thief, a homo, a pervert, a lecher, he quoted the Scriptures but he wasn't of the Lord, he didn't follow the Lord, only through the Lord can we be saved, it doesn't even matter if you're a good person, only through the Lord can

anyone be saved says God in the Bible. The Lord went down to Hell before he went to Heaven, and will come to Earth again for his chosen people."

My mother, married to an ugly male preacher. She was fucked in the head bigtime, how can she believe that crap? She was spoiled and only carried about her own black ass all her life, and like everything, all she cared about the Bible was what was in it for her, how she could get hers. When Jizzus didn't come after the Millennium, and there wasn't any Armageddon, and the world didn't end, and it wasn't the Last Days after all, and everything she had lived for had been disproved, she died. I hoped I wouldn't meet her here in Hell, though it would be poetic justice.

I woke up, now a little girl with a hairless pussy that had never been licked or fucked or had an orgasm. It was closed off with a nice whole hymen. I thought I was safe now. I wasn't full of shit anymore, I was clean and dry and warm. Protected.

About as long as it took for a giant goon about 20 feet tall to scoop me up with one hand, and ram me down on his 6 foot long giant dick. The dick went in through my young pussy, tearing it apart, and up through the organs of my body, and came out through my throat, forcing my whole head to split open at the mouth, so the giant dick head could stick out. He then rubbed me up and down on his giant dick, as the head squirted jizz out of my mouth constantly. I could see him through the Devil's eyes, with a big toothless grin humming and jacking off and squirting. I could do nothing, I was his rag doll. He was my daddy.

But I wasn't really there, I was looking at myself through the Devil's eyes. I was safe because I was in another dark room, with a clean floor and no walls, nothing to sit on or hold onto. I was naked but clean and warm. What was that? Ouch! Searing pain! A red hot laser beam coming from up high in the darkness. It slowly, randomly, picked its way around the floor, and when it touched me it burned my skin to blisters. I get it now, I have to avoid it by moving out of its way. It's not hard to do. All is safe. How long do I have to do this? I wouldn't let it

touch me again, it was going so slow it would be hard not to avoid it if I was trying to.

Tortured! In Hell, The Movie. My whole life flashes before me, monkeys laugh, lions roar, birds chatter and tweet. A Tarzan movie soundtrack. The lion roars at me, his giant balls and dick visible between his legs. I want him to eat me, it would end the suffering. Lions have such big tongues. Do they have lesbian lions? I heard they can literally lick your skin off your body and drink your blood, we humans are sure weak kittens to them.

The sound stops. That sound was turned on and off by the Devil. Now back to his musical breathing.

Now I have been doing it for hours, maybe days, I don't know what time it is anymore, I am now covered with black oozing blisters over almost my entire body. I can still see, somehow it missed my eyeballs. I am too tired to move, but I must never stop because otherwise I get burned alive. I gave it my breasts once to buy time for rest, I thought if I could keep it sizzling them alone then I could get a wink's sleep, there was so much good fat to feed the ray on. But it doesn't stay in one place, it moved to my stomach, my legs, my feet, back to my ass, and I had to move in greater pain than ever. I can't stand this torture! But I said that years ago didn't I? I'm cooked. I'd trade this torture for being stuck up the Devil's asshole itself. Please?

But the Devil is back, and he rescued me, for I can now see myself, totally skinned, all the cooked skin stripped off from my entire body, he ate it himself and licked his fingers. Exposing a red mass that has a head, 2 arms, 2 legs -- me. I'm so thankful for his mercy. If I just can keep from touching anything, I can stay here with the Devil.

I slide into a room made of pure salt! Now I'm pure pain, from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. And everywhere in the middle. I'm pure pain, I'm pain itself, I'm all pain, pain incarnate, pain's pain. I'm watching demons dance and laugh and lick their lips and suck each other off. There's my mother up there, sucking cocks in

Hell like they said in the stupid movie. "Jizzus, where are you now?" I snickered. The Bible sure saved her.

I'm being peeled apart into little bits by demons with their bare, dirty, horrid claws, and long file-like, forked, slimy tongues. Infinitely tortured, every nerve made to shoot into pain one by one. I'm aware of every little rip, slice, tear, cut. Infinitely slowly. They know what I feel and make sure I suffer infinitely more for it, because my pain is their orgasm.

They sample my shit and squeeze it out of my intestines into their mouths like frosting. They eat my snow cones by licking the skin off, lapping the blood, chewing off the nipples, ripping off the yellow fat in bits and feeding the bits into their mouths like baby birds getting a worm from mother.

They have all my skin off, all my hair, until I am a meat skeleton with all the internal organs still working, wet, plumbing closed on itself. They left my vulva, vagina, and tubes untouched, intact. My tongue and vocal chords are gone, and my noiseless screaming is highly appreciated.

They rape me with their big huge red slimy diseased dicks, and gigantic slimy stinking bags rubbing onto my red meat causing infinite pain. Their dogs take their turns raping me, getting meat bites and lapping blood and panting and barking and baying.

The demons feed me infinitely slowly feet first into a tree shredding machine, and make me watch the dogs eat the dog food coming out the other side. They licked up every drop, and waited for more, their ears perking up and begging into my face from a distance. I had to feed the dogs in Hell forever the demons told me.

I was back with the Devil watching myself feed the dogs. Maybe it was somebody else, maybe a clone of me, maybe I'm both places at once. I felt nothing. I was just an intelligence above the flesh and its weaknesses now. Maybe that's what cloning is really about, it's used by the Devil in Hell to make you suffer endless deaths without ever

really dying. Death is extinction, this is not death, this is eternal life. In Hell.

That's what Hell is!

My life was like a book I was reading now from the Devil's hand.

There I was at my height of beauty and sexiness, pure soft scented creamy skin and voluptuous organs, which I made love to other women with exclusively. I made so many men burn. Here they all were in a room with me, an auditorium with row after row of them way up 1000 stories. They were circle-jerking me, squirting jizz on me from 360 degrees all around above me. Now I was in for some fun. They were going to get even with me, I was getting what was coming to me. My actions got me here. Wait, wasn't this where I came in, and was devoured by the wave of rats?

It was a hospital operating room with an auditorium. I was the patient on the operating table. I felt like I had been stuffed with a giant meal, and badly had to shit and piss. They wanted me to, but the surgeons had shoved big rubber hoses up my ass and into my urethra, then rammed the other ends down my throat and taped a plastic bag over my head with a snorkel breathing apparatus. I would stay there cycling and recycling my own waste until my system broke down. I suffered for weeks before I couldn't suffer any more, and died. But I showed them, I never gave them any pussy, they burned more than me.

Everyone there but me was a dick. They seemed more lost than me if that were possible. On every seat up there I could see a male face, with a male ass hovering over it, and the dick in his mouth with the balls swinging over his face. Were they each sucking themselves off? They had become so desperate they had busted their spines so they could give their unwanted dicks some soft loving oral relief, and lovingly lick their own nuts, and even rim their own assholes. I squinted and looked, mesmerized, at the row after row of autolovers.

Was it really another male on top of each of them, facing

the other way, 69ing them? Did it just look like a single male folded on himself and sucking his own dick? Or two men totally in mutual service? Was it love, or desperate measures resorted to by desperate losers knowing their dicks weren't wanted or needed by pussies? This being Hell, which would it have to be?

My pussy was being poked by something sharp. I woke up on my back, in a bridal suite at a hotel. I was naked, spread eagled on the bridal bed, laying on top of a bridal gown, with my arms handcuffed to chains that went up in the air, and chains holding my body to the bed in every conceivable fashion. In my pussy was a soldering iron, plugged into the wall outlet, and heating up fast! Soon it was steaming, blinding me with searing pain. I tried cuming, peeing, juicing, bleeding, moulting, shedding my skin, my pussy itself, to satisfy that hot iron, but it kept on heating up, cooking me from the inside out, and I could do nothing but suffer. My mouth screamed my tongue out, but there was no sound, never any sound.

That's not me, though. I'm over here in the audience, sitting quiet and warm in the dark, alone I think. Who did I come in with?

"I'm dying for your pussy!" a dick face in my face cried. "I'm drowning, I'm drowning!" He went down on me in the theatre, and I spread my legs for him and let him bury his face in my quim. It was okay now, I owe it to him, I got my mind right boss.

I was out in the movie theater's restroom now, naked and covered with shit. My aisle lover's dick face was at the bottom of a toilet bowl now. He was licking out devilishly, making talk with his eyes that he wanted me to sit on the bowl so he could eat my pussy. He didn't care if I pissed or even shit in his face at the same time.

Where did I go wrong in life? I was freed from the chains, and got out of the bed, with my pussy and internal organs charred into charcoal. "I ain't got any pussy!" I shouted to him, genuinely sorry. I ran over to the toilet in the adjoining bathroom and threw down the lid and flushed

it. I don't know if he was still in there.

I went back to the bed, got down on the floor, and prayed to God, to Jizzus, to please save me! If I could have it to do over again I'd be a good girl, honest I would! I'd never sin again. I'd follow the Bible literally. After I picked which of a million conflicting literal interpretations was the right one. Sorry, I shouldn't have thought that. My pussy would only be fucked by dick, and dick I had married in a church first, after I had a marriage ring on my finger first. No ring on finger, no dick in pussy. No dick bigger around than could fit through the ring either, grin. Sorry again, God. I shouldn't have thought that. No oral sex, sex is not something to eat, that's the way God made it, oral sex is the forbidden fruit, not poisonous but forbidden, to show God we are worthy of Him.

Because we resist temptations put in our path. Don't lower your head down to a crotch and you won't have temptation in your path. Do it missionary style, heavily clothed, and as fast as possible. Women have to become frigid while men jackrabbit us and ease their overfull balls, and stop when the jizz has flown out. Gary Cooper sex. Amish sex. Mennonite sex. Thee and thy and thou sex. Resist the temptations of the Devil. There are so many, life is hell, a test.

I would have babies, and not abort them. I would raise them up to be as God-fearing as I was, taking them to church. I'd give to charity. I'd attend church regularly. Teach Sunday school. Never dance. Never bathe. Okay, bathe once a month at the most. I'd listen to the church elders, male ones at that. They would teach me how to live like I was a dried up fruit with no sap or juice and no hot spots left in my entire body. As if I had advanced arthritis and it hurt to even spread my legs.

If I couldn't find a church with any more members, I'd start my own and go door to door to with the Jehovah's Witlesses to convert them. Sorry I shouldn't have thought that. They are just a misguided cult, but at least they promote the Bible, teaching people to read and memorize it endlessly waiting for something to happen that never does.

Sorry, the devil made me say that, of course something will happen, you have to be patient, that's all.

I'd wear long dresses with long sleeves and no makeup, with petticoats and long john underwear. I'd have scarves on my head, covering my hair too. I'd dress positively biblical, adopt a biblical name like Hannah. Hannah Ho. What U.S. President had a wife named that? Hoes, okay, I had to say ho because I'm still of the Devil.

I'd never try to use that getup to get inside a house to seduce a lonely girl or woman just because I could. Exchange glances with her. Undress her with my yes. Make the lesbian lick signal. Make suggestive moves and say pretty things. Wait for the slightest sign that the Bible lesson was off and getting real was on. Fondle her. Kiss her. Feel her. Hug her. French kiss her. Undress her and spread her out on the living room sofa. Get her to open her legs so I could taste her hot box. Get her to stand pretty on my face facing the wall on the couch, while I sat on the floor with my back propped up on the couch cushions, held her spread legs, felt the curve of her wide hips, and lapped her oyster, with my own pussy humming around a vibrator. Who needed a Bible when they could have that? The Bible is just a sheaf of jizz napkins for loser men who have to jack off.

No, I wouldn't, God. But how could you watch me all the time? Sorry I thought that. Please God! One more chance! I can beat you this way, can't I!

I was back with the Devil, laughing myself to tears! There wasn't any God, Jizzus was a fraud, it's all bunk! There isn't any Hell either, or Devil. I'm just having a hell of a dream! Ha ha ha!

I slept too long on one side and my arm went to sleep, went numb. When I wake up I'm going to tell everybody! I want some pussy first thing after I wake up, I hope my two lovers are still in bed when I do. I'll lick them like they never been licked before! Before I get up to eat breakfast, I'll have raw oysters on the half shell, and fresh coconut milk. I think this bad dream broke the last dick hold on

me. I should write it down and send it into Hollywood so they can make a movie to help everybody get it out of their system.

Let me try opening just one eye, a little at a time...

Sure enough, I am awake now, and in my own bed, and the sunlight is streaming in through the sunroof. Let me see, yes, there's my ashtray, and burned spots in the mattress, I guess I shouldn't smoke in bed, could have been fatal, I'm just lucky I guess that it went out. Ouch, a burn on my hand, and one on my leg too. Not bad enough to need more than a little first aid.

I got up out of bed, applied first aid from the bathroom, and went rummaging through my study for my old copy of the Bible I kept for laughs. I put it in the oven and turned it on high and set the fan going in the hood. Fuck that shit, it's dangerous. A billion dicks are packed into its covers, waiting to rape my mind.

But where did my two lovers go?

They weren't here! That's impossible! I'm still in Hell! Oh no! Suddenly the walls were being carried away by demons, exposing Hell all around me, and the ceiling was carried away, and the floor, exposing Hell in all directions, as far as my eye could see, mountains of squirming naked bodies on fire, being raped by demons and crying with every sound a human can make.

Suddenly Jizzus Keerist appears, nude, back to the scenes of Hell. He herds me back into bed and starts making out with me. His breath is musky, his beard soft and muffy, his tongue curiously passive, my tongue flicks out onto it.

His face is a pussy! He wants me to eat him forever, and I can't stop! Yummy! This is the pussy that has served billions, the number one pussy franchise, ha. There's nothing bad about him, he was just misunderstood. He loved me with infinite love, and wanted to be in bed with me for eternity. He just wanted everybody to eat his pussy, but it was his face, and he could never make people understand

except by parables. He was the only real male lesbian, because he could eat his own pussy, and have it fucked, or fuck it himself, by bending over on himself.

That thought made me curious. I didn't want to stop eating his pussy face, I knew it would be some kind of blasphemy to stop, this is eternal life, I knew, I knew God was watching, but I just had to break off lapping the perfect pussy to see what was between Jizzus' Keerist's legs.

He didn't stop me, he rolled over on his back, and spread his legs. Sure he had a dick, and balls, he wasn't a freak. I stroked his dick, and it got hard and curved upward like a banana. It was hairy, but the hair was softer than mine. I gorged on it, stuffing it into my mouth, with my lips over my teeth, and licked his shaft, and sucked and rhythmically bobbed my head up and down.

I woke up, had I been sleeping? My mouth was still stuffed with his banana, and I felt so rested. I had come to him heavy laden and found rest. His balls! I want to really please my Jizzus, so I'll take that delicious banana out of my mouth for now, and go right down and lick his balls. Yummy! Immediately I smelled the musky scent of pussy! Moving the bag aside, there was a fully mature pussy hiding under them! Oh yes! I ate that pussy and sucked that dick back and forth, as time stood still. And the Hell around us was raging, people were crying in pain, demons torturing them, and there was no sound again. I didn't care. I was saved.

Just kidding! I made that last scene up long after the dream was over, to see if you would fall for it! Hell is anything you want to make up, in your mind, asleep or waking. That's all it is. Get a life.

Humans don't really think, they slowly program the software for a thinking machine that they eventually let go in their minds, which quickly falls into an infinite loop.

Hell is the Devil getting in charge of the programming full time. Lucky there is no Devil, or Hell, except what

you make, big grin.

FF

Chapter 17. World War M.

It is the late 23rd century, the year 2295. We real men hate it. There's nothing left to live for anymore. Everything is controlled by cunts. There is no wildness left to tame. They don't need us anymore they say. They get everything including complete sex satisfaction from each other.

To live outside the two reservations at the poles, a dick is a virtual visitor to a strange planet, heavily watched, controlled, subject to arrest for virtually opening his mouth or holding a glance too long. The thing swinging between his legs is thought of as the devil itself. He has no purpose in society, for the products of his body or his brain. His every thought is criminalized and banned from overt expression. His goals in life itself are outlawed by world law.

Yet just 300 years ago men roamed freely on Earth, and were half of the population, and even had a higher position in societies worldwide, in some even dominating everything. But that was 300 years ago. The very countries they were citizens of are dinosaurs. So are the languages they spoke. The religions they believed in. Their moral codes. Their literature a laugh that couldn't half be believed now must less understood. Literature and movies that actually pretended like sex happened in some other world. But in their world, it was real living to kill, maim, be cruel, steal, and keep others down.

The 20th century world wars were a horrible and convincing lesson that dick is devil. One old movie starring Tom Hanks showing dicks doing anything they could to kill other dicks, total strangers, for a flag and vague philosophies, was a common history lesson that had survived. Where were the real people while the dicks were dicing each other up? Waiting in the wings, for today.

The dick was now only 0.1% of the human population on Earth. Among the hopelessness arose one man, who called himself Big Boy, with a bold plan to take over the world in the name of dick and rule for a million years, the Male Reich. All the past history of dick rule was open to Big Boy on the Internet, and he used it as a primer. He was obsessed with history, made superhuman efforts at gorging himself on it and retaining it.

All history now made sense to Big Boy. He was the Savior history had built up for. God was on his side. All gods, he didn't limit himself, the One God was just a hedge on his bets. He saw the present state of things as punishment for men for being wicked, and letting their Eves go down on the forbidden fruit of other women's pussies, causing all to be expelled from the Garden of Eden, with angels guarding the gates, flashing flaming swords.

As cunts ran the world now, they had actually stopped the age-old practice of naming people for the line of dicks that contributed the DNA, and dropped all the concepts of relationships and genealogy as well. So the Bible with its long lists of names and lineages seemed that much more incredibly ancient, and therefore true. Now people had names only as they needed them, with those they came in contact with, and often made them up, or were given them by others. Big Boy dared to stick to his name and promulgate its fame and become the fuehrer, the leader, of the Male Reich. He took 1000 wives and fathered at least one child by every one, and gave them names, and started his own lineage. None of them ever grew old enough to follow their father's example, sadly.

Big Boy's appreciation of an old dick named Adolf Hitler, and his all-dick army that almost ruled the world, led him to give his ideas too much weight in his thinking. Worst of all was his fondness of blitzkriegs, or lightning war moves, thinking that boldness is his God given right since God was on his side and would take care of the details of making him come out the winner. The world, now held by cunts, was run by wise old witches that were just the opposite, Big Boy figured, so he would have an easy time boldly snatching

victory after victory against seemingly impossible odds, being outnumbered 1000 to 1 in total. He had to keep them from bring their sheer numbers to bear against his, by keeping them off balance, and sure enough, his blitzkriegs enjoyed many early and stunning successes.

He captured one quarter of the Earth's land mass in 6 weeks, then found he couldn't widen his borders for lack of infrastructure to support expansion. He might have been able to negotiate some kind of peace, but he never tried. He enjoyed 3 years of relative peace with the rest of the world, while he solidified his Reich, and tried to bring back a totally dick-run society inside its boundaries.

It never worked, but he officially blamed it on the cunts outside. Many of his big dicks wanted to reestablish the Catlick Church, the Papacy, the Inquisition, the United States of America. Others were aghast at those ideas.

Many dicks couldn't handle pussy, they could only get erections with other men. Many of the cunts truly wanted to have only dick, but a manly dick that could fuck their cunt was not easy to find, and could often be found only by accepting life in a harem, and then they couldn't be serviced until they waited in line. So secret lesbianism was rampant, although it had a penalty of execution since it was wartime. Cunts were no longer supposed to think, or get an education, or make decisions, yet the Internet was too accessible, and there grew up a secret society of cunts inside the Reich running an underground railroad of Internet access to brave cunts.

Big Boy required all to spend mental labor absorbing his many speeches, tracts, diatribes, histories, commentaries, videos, sex lessons, cooking classes, military newscasts, endlessly on the Internet. He mesmerized masses of dicks and cunts. He taught them what to think. He told them how the Bible's story of Adam and Eve was their story, how they were Adam, and their cunts Eve. The bad cunts on the outside were the serpent. Technology had made Earth a Garden, he said, and man a god in the garden. But the serpent was the devil, speaking with a forked tongue, trying to ruin Adam and Eve both by luring them to not be satisfied with each

other, but eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and end up kicked out of the garden by God, permanently. This was the fight of all time, truly, "Nyuk Nyuk!", as he loved to say.

Big Boy even made scary allusions to curtailing the use of robots, saying that it was them that threw men out of the laboring-for-wages system that totally kept cunts in their place if managed right. But everybody, dicks included, were unused to labor, and thought that robots were created by God to make men gods, even if it left them lazy and idle and wanting to have sensual experiences all the time. So Big Boy scrapped those hints, kicking himself for not being as smart as he wanted to be.

When he was finally unable to hide the fact that some of the women in his harem were really boys, he made it into a religious tenet that all dicks were supposed to have man-boy love, even though man-man love was taboo. Millions of men took to that tenet too fast, it seemed, "Nyuk Nyuk!"

Without Big Boy at the top being able to play factions off against each other, neutralizing their energy, his dick world might have blown up into warring sects. Secretly he knew that his fantasy was better off being just that, while he kept his citizens in military call-up full time, and always announcing them victories, not the victories of his society's fantasies working, but the victories of expanding the borders of his Empire here and there.

As soldiers they had to quit thinking for themselves and just take orders, "Nyuk Nyuk!"

It was too easy to expand the borders a little at a time. He decided one day that God wanted him to take it all now. Cut the world's soft underbelly into sections and slice them up. Exterminate every cunt on the face of the Earth except for what his dicks needed for their harems, after being converted and cured, if possible, and give each dick his own kingdom, pryncedom, dudedom, or whatnot. Go back to a Medieval system combined with a World Emperor, him. Throw the world into a Dark Ages for cunts, with dicks in control of knowledge, and in thousand years they could

systematically delete from the Internet all memory of cunt control or cunt ideas forever, and by then he'd be long dead, and his successors could take over the problem for him, "Nyuk Nyuk!". At least the old horrible image of piles of books being burnt was avoidable, as there were no more books anymore, it was all just electrons on the Internet, and just a matter of deleting them. With books, somebody would always say that burning people would be next.

For this goal of a new Dick Ages everybody was expandable, even himself he would say, although he would be the last to go as every other dick defended him to the death. "One dick can kick a thousand cunts' asses, Nyuk Nyuk!" he said. "Let's kick some cunt ass! Nyuk!"

The Male Reich had 100 army groups, each with 50 divisions of 200,000 men each. 1000 million, or 1 billion fighting men. We had called out every man over the age of 14, then 13, into full service, younger were kept for R&R and educating. We had 50 million converted cunts in the army, cunts we had fucked the lesbian women's lip shit out of, and who would accept being fucked, and suck us off if we asked, and even loved us and accepted us as boss and gave us hope. They would kill other lost cunts for us and our cause, then, when we won, bear large numbers of children to repopulate our Earth and teach the right life to.

We knew we were in the right, after all, a dick and a pussy were made for each other, to fit together, and the man and woman were made to be helpmates. I personally thought that trying to justify it by hanging onto the childish belief in God and the Bible was a weakness the other side could exploit, but we worked together and didn't let that divide us now.

The cunts had 1000 army groups, each with 1000 divisions of 500,000 cunts each. 500 billion fighting cunts. And they had another 500 billion cunts that they could call up in reserve, 90% over the age of 15. But we believed that each real man could whip 1000 cunts' asses, that was our pep talk.

War was, intially at least, the business of robots now,

and we were at a disadvantage in manufacturing power but we had an effective robot fighting force. Computing power was also a basic war material, and our secure subnet of the Internet was backed by caverns full of computers.

Battlefield robots had supreme redundancy, such as multiple eyes, all but one or two of which were always protected by armored shutters. If an open eye got blown out, another would pop open. If all the eyes were blown out finally, it would operate by radar, sonar, infrared, motion detection, air pressure differences, seismography, all of which systems were also multiply redundant. Each firing arm was equipped with many guns, and each of them was redundant. The whole robot had an armored cable that went back to the commander, but it too was redundant and could be chopped off and the commander still had ways to signal to it, by radio, relays through other robots, light signals, smoke signals even like old Indians (grin). And if the commander couldn't communicate with it at all, it remembered past instructions and, along with its hard wired mission instructions, could function autonomously. It was a true Terminator, killing until totally terminated itself, or given termination orders by a commander.

It wasn't until well into the 22nd century that walking, running, and flying robots with as much agility as animals could be perfected, but when they were then they could make use of all of nature's accumulated tricks, swarming like insects, galloping like horses in a cavalry, stampeding like buffalo herds, running like flocks of ostriches, slithering along like snakes under and along rocks, climbing canyon walls like spiders and cockroaches. Humans had to let them do the main fighting for sheer fear of getting in the middle.

Worse, the tactics always were to see if the other side had humans, and attack them first, so the humans became the robots' game prize on both sides. As a human you could expect the enemy robots to be playing at a grandmaster chess level with all the information available to them, while your robots made their own moves at the same level, and you being the Kings that they were trying to checkmate.

But humans had robot battle suits and really worked inside robots as well as among them on the field. Sometimes massive robots were slugging it out with humans concealed in their tank tracks. The technology was integrated with humans so intimately during battle that they were like the soft inner guts of some robots that hid their humans like peas in a deadly shell game. To make them guess which shell had the pea first or waste firepower picking up empty shells.

The thing about robots is how they could be so smart or so dumb. If they had the right programming for the situation they were devastatingly effective in the use of their firepower, more than any human could manage even in a dream. But if you outprogrammed their programming with better programming, or found a flaw in their programming, you could ram a hole in them so deep they would become useless, or even be used against their own forces.

Not like in old Star Trek reruns. You couldn't get them in a dialog and then convince them to set off pyrotechnics that just happened to be strapped inside them on a hot wire, grin. But you could cause catastrophic degradation in their performance, for example, by shooting off enough of their redundancy backup pathways and causing them to quit firing, or by blinding them, and moving them to the wrong side of the battlefield, keeping them firing, but on their own. Even that was harder than it looked, since robots had gyros and knew when they were being turned, and how much. And they had location detection and terrain recognition and friend-foe-identification.

Battles weren't fought all with firepower of the kind that explodes, implodes, has lasers or nukes, or metal. Biological weapons were in play, and chemical weapons, and psychological weapons. Disinformation, deception, illusion, lies, trickery, fear, sex, food, hope, all were weapons. The only thing that kept it from total Hell is that all sides wanted some of their own to come out alive and inherit the planet at the end. So all sides were restrained by a super law that no irreparable damage was to be done to either the planet or the gene code of humanity.

That tamed war down, compared to, say, war with aliens from space, which perhaps would only want to exterminate us then mine our minerals. It was funny how since the 22nd century the wildly popular ideas of aliens visiting Earth had burned themselves out and were part of the earth-is-flat bag of discredited beliefs. The fever of the Millennium (year 2000) seemed to fuel a lot of it. Jizzus Keerist didn't come during the year 1000, when there was a similar fever, and he didn't come again during the year 2000, and neither did aliens. If real aliens ever came, humanity would have been more ready for them in 1995 than in 2095, grin. And that's the reason, none did. Same story for detecting signs of extraterrestrial life with space probes and astronomy, and there was much futile effort expended to be sure. At least time had proved that this Earth is our only Heaven or Hell after all.

The center of our power was the South Pole. The other center was the North Pole. This supreme separation geographically was both a weakness and a strength when it came to fighting a world war. We could strike out in any compass direction, along any line of longitude, equally easily. We could coordinate north-south attacks along a soft underbelly, and know a retreat was available in case of defeat, as long as we could go north or south eventually. It was hard for them to directly assault our pole strongholds because there were large no-man's lands all around each, and their firepower was naturally spread out when aimed at us, but ours was concentrated when aiming at them. A classic defensive superiority.

We could also make use of vast ice caverns at both poles. For millennia there had been fables and legends about a hollow Earth, and that the entrances were at either or both poles. Maybe they were right. Caverns that we used were so vast we never fully explored them. If we hadn't been so intent on conquering the surface that we had used to rule on, we might have been able to permanently colonize these caverns, tap geothermal energy, grow chlorophyll type food in greenhouses while getting other needed food from the sea, and lived in splendid isolation for centuries maybe.

We were too arrogant to even consider this seriously.

Just centuries earlier men had ruled the world from pole to pole themselves, and although they had always warred with each other and never coalesced into a one-world government in time to permanently enthrone dick rule, instead giving it away to cunts, now that we had seen it we wanted it ourselves more than anything, and promised ourselves that after we had conquered the cunts we'd never fragment into stupid nation-states every again, or divide our languages, or use more than one type of monetary system, or anything else to keep man from being king over Earth forever. All the kings, princes, dukes, and so on, would recognize one world government and one Emperor, who had to be a lineal male descendant of Big Boy.

They say that women when they get power or go criminal become backstabbers. The world was ruled by women, with the ones over 100 years old having the thinking positions. Yes, they were backstabbers, they preferred direct face-to-face fights, man-to-man only, chuckle. They always had a way of using our dicks against us, setting traps for us they knew we couldn't resist because our balls did our thinking for us, they would say. They didn't have any balls to mess up their thinking, and with ancient brains totally educated with all the power of the Internet, which they called The Knowledge Club, we realize now how we didn't have a chance.

Back to Flesh Mountain.

It turned out to be have been us real people who released the pizza-virus on flesh mountain. It was time, because the dicks had stupidly sent in their reserves to mop up what they thought was a trapped pocket of us, but that was funny really, just a few million commandos, and we outran the virus and when we got to the pre-designated spots, the transports arrived and got us out alive.

The pizza-virus spreads at 4 mph from flesh to flesh, but later, the flowered hosts start exploding with spores that are multi-sized, everything from the size of a thumb down to microscopic, all sharp, pointed, streamlined for air travel, and with the sole purpose of infecting flesh at a distance.

Often a suit that can withstand the first wave succumbs

to the second. We helped it, ha ha. We exploded a bomb full of nanobots that were programmed to seek out suit materials with no holes and make tiny microscopic ones. Funny how in peacetime these same nanobots are used to kill bacteria on our skin to eliminate body odor.

The dicks couldn't stand the loss of their troops like we could. So, their anticipated massacre of us was stopped with their own, and the losses hurt them a thousand times more than it would have hurt us.

This was just one city in the clouds, one tiny chapter in the war. But you get the idea, it was hopeless for the dicks.

Postscript, 2303:

95% of our fighting men killed, the rest captured and castrated. We had killed 100 billion cunts, while they had secretly bred 1000 billion new cunts in laboratories. The last living dick on Earth is cut off in an elaborate ceremony worldwide Internet and preserved alive in the Shrine of Humanity One while a trillion watch. Why did we even think we could win? The 50 million she-male veterans of World War M are given as trophies to cities where they are absorbed into a mass of 2 trillion and growing all-cunt population.

I too am now a she-male, I hope this didn't detract from my account. Sometimes I feel my dick as if it were still there, getting big, hard, swollen, and erect. I feel myself stroking it with pride, choking it, squeezing the head just over the little bead of gristle on the back side, and pounding it like steak, looping it with my fingers like a pony, jiggling it and rubbing it between thumb and fingers, faster, slower, faster, slower. A lull, when it rests but hasn't cum yet. Then a sudden fast pumping and here comes the orgasm, the dick turning purple and the white stuff erupting. Right into a condom. The enormous release of tension, the glowing feeling, the clearing of the head and the sinuses, the elimination of that slight headache, for a few glorious minutes, the mind itself changing to something else, a higher mind. The mind of the future, I have this

mind all the time now, except for the memories. That kind of mind rules the world now.

Then the frantic feeling that my orchid had to have a rose to do the stroking, to absorb the nectar into its egg sack. The frantic feeling of total frustration in life itself, like my sperms were crying back at me that I had failed them, that they were the purpose of life and I was only a vehicle, and had jizzed them into a trap. Now I remember what I was like, sad, very sad. I'm not sad anymore, I am not frustrated, I don't have an orchid searching for a rose, and not getting it. I never needed cunts, and they never needed me. I can live with them or without them, now. I can still masturbate my artificial pussy, and live in my mind. No, the sperms didn't own us and use us anymore, real people ran the world free of sperm influence. And who could fight evolution anyhow?



Chapter 18. Being One.

Snow Cones! Do I love you? We don't have to say I Love You anymore. It's understood, who doesn't love everybody? Everybody is loveable now, it's against the law not to be. We can postpone the outward effects of aging over a hundred years now, and when you know you can't keep the skin loveable anymore, and see no reason to go on, you can go onto living for the mind, or decide to sleep your final sleep so fast and easy it's like snapping your fingers. Then your meat goes to the kitchen, where you will be yummy unto others as others had been yummy unto you, grin.

Accidents happen too, and that's when you get the tenderest and juiciest cuts of peop, usually ceremoniously shared in our communal meals rather than hoarded or eaten only by one person.

Mother Earth goes on, nobody's been cheating on You, Mother. They once had to promise to say I Love You only to a man, and only to one man for years at a time, or forever. It was demeaning to the point where it got a bad name with

real people. I Want To Lick You, that's more loving to say anyway. Flick the tongue in and out of one's luscious waxed lips and show what it can do. The less words said the better. I Want To Fuck You With My Dick, they never could say it with love in the rotten Dick Cultures could they? They actually used to have a life span of 30-40 years once, because Dicks ran everything, into the ground ha ha, and the high point of a person's life was supposed to be getting fucked by a dick, having babies, and being a mother to them for 15-20 years and then never having sex again except with an old man and your finger.

The mother could more easily say I Love You to her children at least, but the most terrible punishments awaited a mother caught by the authorities licking her children's pussies or having them lick hers. It was sick that era when the pussy itself was considered the root of all evil, even though it was the organ of delight full time and the birth canal of humanity only for a small duty cycle.

Now we have very few children, and they are all real people, and mothers can be real and lick and be licked all the want. Why else have a child but to have a new unlicked pussy to train to the tongue at leisure? To add to the joys of living, day by day?

I remember my mother how she would let me make love to every inch of her luscious body, sucking those tits, drinking milk, and kissing her as she held me in her arms. The smell of her powdered body, the long kissing sessions every night, her telling me what to do, flicking my tongue where she told me it felt good. She loved the smell of a baby, she would say. I never want to sleep without a soft skin curvy as long as I live. Going out to the public baths with her, she would always be putting me in with the other young girls to kiss and feel, and girls who were almost pubescent would give me their growing tits and let me lick their nipples in the pool.

I remember the day mother had 3 other lovers flicking their tongues in her every orifice in the steam room, and her legs were spread as wide as a flower, and she told everyone how I had come out of that pussy they were eating.

I ran to her, told her to shut up, took a dildo into my hand, and inserted it into her vagina, and began flicking the swollen clit with my little tongue, to show her lovers my momma's pussy didn't lose me just because I slid out of it once!

The other lovers crowded around and we all tried to flick our tongues onto the clit at the same time, funny! I ate each and every one of them, it seemed like for hours, and they all ate my little hairless pussy and one or two of them licked my ass too. I guess I would have had a swollen tongue if it was my first time, but already my tongue was well conditioned and could take the licking and keep on ticking (grin).

We played cards with mother after we dried off. I love big fluffy towels, after the robot ray dries me. The towels can be wrapped around tits and up around pussies and asses, don't you love to play dress up? Once they used to wear clothes all the time, and after women started to run everything they'd still wear them to work, but with the seams done so that the pussies and tits and asses were visible, sometimes the belly buttons, on display even through see-through materials.

I love the look of a curvy tit from the rear as it lilts up like a piece of fruit. Mother loves to play Bridge, Gin Rummy, Barbu, Ratscrew, Belote, and Preferans. My how many hands of cards mother and I would play, always while making eyes at each other and the others and flicking our tongues without saying anything, draped in those heavenly towels and showing our love fruits off till we couldn't stand it and had to orgy. Mental ability is cheap on Earth now, face the muff, the robots do the calculations and tell us what cards to play, even if we do like to do different to be independent sometimes and play some other cards.

How much fiction can we enjoy in one lifetime? Or games play? One has to make something out of one's life, besides making love, right? Wrong! But serious stuff can wait till we get our fill of being young, even if we want to get serious.

There is just One World now, from pole to shining pole, 10 trillion lucky people all making love all the time, everybody fitting, nobody lonely, nobody hungry, yes, we farm the oceans and live mostly on sea products, and peop. What a mess they said it was to dig up those ghastly 'cemeteries' and make the land useful for living people again. What an advanced world we have, with all dick institutions completely erased from the surface of the earth. It might startle a dick to wake up here now, like it might startle a dinosaur. And he would be just as wanted (hee hee).

We can't even really relate to Dick Life now, for instance, I heard they had 'money', a primitive concept that was like virtual jizz. They would spend most of their lives trying to accumulate it, and then when they actually did accumulate an excess of it, they would use it to fuck people up as if it were a virtual dick. Economic specialization, that seemed to be the root of money, for it encouraged everybody to use it as a medium of exchange because barter was inefficient. When there isn't enough of the basic necessities to go around, maybe money is what we would resort to too -- no, we could never stand it. But today there is not even really a concept of ownership, because people don't have names!

Where are my manners? I should have told you long ago, maybe I did? We have nicknames but there are no 'family names', or families either, that go on forever, and trace their lineage out and use it to dick people up. People have lovers, and some are quite stable, lasting for years, but really there is an ever changing love scene and I know I have Clitsy and Vulvet now to lick every night, but they took me in after my lovers Vaginy and Facey agreed to see me less often so I could lick Clitsy and Vulvy instead. I can see them now, hi! Once lovers always lovers. Life is so short, everyone has to try to love all they can or they're wasting space.

Housing is universal, plentiful, and indeed that's all Earth is now, housing and pleasure parks, baths mainly, and heavy manufacturing is all done by robots, which manufacture themselves, and just give us the goods on demand. Transport

from any point on Earth to any other is available, but actually there isn't much going on, since we have intimate mass and individual communication guaranteed to us by law, and what they used to call the Internet is now universal.

So people don't move much, they just have information and communication bring it to them while they tend to stick to one locale and make love every chance they can get. Funny, back in Dick Days, men would build elaborate fantasy machines, mainly video and audio feeds showing women making love to each other, while they would jack their dicks off, and feed money into them. Male lesbians, hee hee, what an evolutionary dead-end they were in, wasting their dicks, jizz, and money, on what they could never become.

Now the only remnant of the Dick Days that I can think of is that you have decide whether to go natural, and keep your eggs, or let them take the eggs out so you don't have to menstruate. I kept mine, and I let my lovers gracefully remove my napkin and throw it in the waste before eating my menstruating pussy. It's tenderer at that time and I do so appreciate my lovers expertise.

Don't talk, lick. We don't usual oral language much anymore, the feed coming into your mind is on auto leaving us both free to love. We do our intellectual communication when we're not close enough to make love, and we have a virtually unlimited number of ways of communicating, with the living and the dead. With the Knowledge Club your entire life's thoughts are available for the living forever after. If you have any you want left after you, grin.

You, Snow Cones, were unfrozen from a state of suspended animation, in an ice cave near the South Pole. Funny that was where we later segregated dicks. They never knew you were sleeping there, ha ha. We're turning both poles back into tropical regions like they had been before humanity arrived on Earth. Every inch of terra is being used to hold happy humans in perpetual orgasming.

The process of terraforming, or changing desert land into lush tropical or verdant land, is done by robots, who also have to excavate and enter into the Knowledge Club all

archaeological, biological, historical, medical, and other finds as it disturbs land. We plan one day to terraform Luna (the moon), but this will be way beyond my lifetime.

They have a plan to eventually colonize the entire Solar System and terraform it, but we're talking about thousands of years out, and I sometimes don't believe it can or will be done, since we stabilized Earth's population anyway, and who wants to live anywhere else? The plan was initiated by the dicks, so maybe that's the only reason they have one at all. Dicks had a drive to strike out into space for blind excitement and glory, and real people like me just don't 'get' it. It's too lonely! What do you do for sex in space? Who are you doing it for? What are you doing it for? It's scary to think of the potential for accidents. The living conditions would be inhuman. The planets are inhuman, some are big enough to gobble up the entire Earth and hardly emit a burp. But they are there, and the older, wiser ones seem to have plans that include them.

I'm not that wise yet, sorry. They already have defenses against stray asteroids. Gene, chemical, industrial, and knowledge banks stored on Luna and Mars. Robot bases all the way out to the outer reaches of the Solar System. A lot of pretty pictures, but never any aliens (grin).

And a knowledge ark is shot into deep space every year, containing all of humanity's knowledge in highly encoded form to prohibit decoding by aliens (we haven't contacted any yet, but they have to allow for the possibility), and sent into a deep orbit of Earth with instructions to return every 1000 years and land if it doesn't get a go-around-again signal. This is to insure that if some catastrophe afflicts Earth, any survivors can regenerate human knowledge super quickly. The encoding is self-bypassed once the ark determines it is being accessed by humans. Maybe humanity as we know it today is the result of one such regeneration that went bad, ha ha. I doubt it.

Sorry, but we don't all have personal spaceships and go to Saturn to eat at a restaurant, with a daddy and mommy in the front seat and the kids in the back seat, grin. It's mighty cold and lonely out in space, and the distances are

great, and even with fast rockets travel is a lengthy affair, expensive, and only done when justifiable, which isn't often, usually scientific missions only.

Your capsule has your bio and it said you had a disease called breast cancer that was incurable at that time by your physicians, it said the date was the year '2023', and that you had chosen being frozen to certain death. This is the year '323', funny coincidence isn't it? It would be 603 years since '2023', which would have made it '2623', sorry but time started over with year one since then.

The year '2303' was the last Dick Year before the One Time started. You were only 39. You still had a luscious pussy and gorgeous tits as white as snow, which is so rare now, and that's why I call you Snow Cones, you don't want to use your outdated Dick Era name now do you? We cured your breast cancer without affecting the beauty of your breasts, Snow Coney.

I saw nothing in your bio about men, and it said you were a "lesbian". Jizzuskeerist, the dicks made you self-conscious about being real didn't they? Having to list it in your bio like a disease. We only unfreeze those listed as lesbians, so you licked out bigtime, what can we say but welcome to Mother Earth and lick my clit! I am your mother for now, until you are fully educated and can live as equals with the rest of us. Come to momma.

By the way, did you really come out of your mother's pussy in '1984'? I read that book, and also that one solving the Kennedy case that came out in 2024, one was based on the other see? So we have something in common already to discuss when we aren't together.

By the way, I'm a clone. I don't mean to startle you, but reproduction is now a function of Law, and they design some, clone some, but almost never let them come out by chance, like in dick days. There are probably a million others who look just like me. But I'm sure there's nobody that looks like you now, but just give them time and there will. Even if you're too racepure to be legal, we just had a war and your code might get a temporary waiver. I'm a

double dildo clone. That means I was conceived in a womb along with a twin, so we could forever be assured of a perfect lick lover. It used to be that almost every womb was pickled with twin clones, but now you see triple, quadruple, even higher pickling becoming common. What you hardly ever see anymore is a single; it is considered cruel and unusual punishment to make a human go that long alone, even in the womb.



Appendix. Historical Chart.

You want a quick history of the years you were asleep?

1. Jizzus Keerist legend starts time over with year 1.

1962. Jack, Marilyn, and Jackie

1992. Big Boy's BBS founded.

1999. Nick.

2000. Jizzus Keerist never came. He was impotent, probably a lesbian in disguise trying to cool the primitive hot balls before real people could take control. Population: 6 billion. This was one of the most unstable periods in human history, because a large number of victims had been brainwashed to believe Jizzus would come, the world would end, and so on. Billions died yet the population growth increased because food was being farmed from the sea more and more, and people became more real, living for sex and pleasure when they weren't fighting. The so-called underdeveloped countries had the last great dick culture, with dicks running society but keeping wombs pregnant to capacity and causing a continual population boom that spilled over in great migrations to the 'developed' countries.

2001. Hard Rock Liver.

2017. Vagina Face, P.I.
2032. The EI Blues.
2060. Population: 20 billion. The most interesting period in Dick history, since dicks kept losing ground steadily no matter whether they cared or not. Dick institution after dick institution dried up or was sliced off. The WASP good-old-boy-dominated-society became as extinct as the dodo bird. Some put up quite a noise but weren't much more than that.

The Internet, ironically the dick product of an ugly old dick they called Billy Goats, freed the minds of women from dick control forever, hurray. In the face of it, and the mass migration and total mixing of races and discrediting of the very goals and rewards of religious institutions, nobody could keep people interested in having a country anymore, and 'real men' didn't have any leaders or goals anymore. There were probably more 'manly women' than men, all told. People wanted to have sex full time so much that country boundaries dissolved, and everybody started speaking the same language, American-English, the language of the Internet. Many dicks were transported 'voluntarily' (often to get out of prison) to reservations set up out of the way at the South and North Poles.

2065. Tiny and Kiana.
2090. The first One World government. Rainbow 2300. Still 35-40 percent dicks in the aggregate, with many areas being dickless, it granted state status to former countries but had its own World Legislature, World Military, World Courts, and World Money. But that state status was just a sop, as the Internet created a world culture anyways. They picked American English as the World Language, but for decades provincialists tried stuffing the dictionary with their

provincial words, especially Chinese, since French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and even Japanese had already had their heydays. In another 100 years those words mostly dropped back out. Population: 40 billion.

2105 New Lesbos.

2110. The first wave of Chinese migration hits, 'The Yellow Peril'. It turned out to be just a taste of the real immigration later. Population: 80 billion.

2125. Father Knows Best.

2140. Just when we had finally built a virtually dick-free world, The real world migration of Chinese hits. In 100 years the entire genetic complexion of the world is swamped with Chinese genes. The 22nd century was known as The Yellow Century. Two worldwide civilizations struggling side by side. The Chinese one melted to the licks of the Great Lesbianization and was a war fought in the sheets not the streets (grin). The dicks at the poles survived intact during this time through sheer isolation and neglect.

2200. Population: 500 billion, 10% dicks. Star Trek never came. Captain Kirk was a dud. He was a dick-sucking homo in real life anyway, probably, right? And the Taelons were lez anyway.

What did come were great advances in robotics, so that nobody had to labor to produce goods or services anymore, and there were no longer any classes or economically struggling peoples, just girls who wanted to have fun like in the old song.

The advances in communications and the Internet were far easier than robotics, since whole new power sources had to be developed, new materials, new types of computing devices that programmed themselves.

The complete flowering of Humanity on Earth came, meaning that there was no longer any land not densely covered with people, and no more herds of animals raised for food. The seas were farmed extensively by now, causing yet another population explosion.

(Don't get me wrong, there were world park preserves and gene banks to save the seeds of all the wild life for when/if wanted.)

2250. Xeny.

2295. World War M. A small but determined group of dicks led by a charismatic figure called Big Boy make an all-out attempt to reverse history out of their strongholds at the poles. Population: 1 trillion, 0.1% dicks.

2303. They lost. Population: 2 trillion. Ironically, the war led to an emergency baby boom, and its end to the World Dick Quarantine, making having a dick between one's legs illegal from pole to shining pole at long last.

1. Real people start time over again with year 1. The population is One now, but we're having so much fun celebrating a dick-free world now we decide on a target population of 10 trillion and Zero Growth, and set it as a World Goal when the technology can be implemented to support them all in orgasmic happiness from pole to shining pole.

150. Population stabilized at 10 trillion. A hundred thousand ground cities worldwide, each with 50 million people. Ten thousand floating or underwater cities, each with 500 million people.

160. I think the last she-male was in a cage by now. They really did pamper her-him but they could only keep the brain alive so long.

250. My birth date.

323. Your capsule was mined up out of the South Pole, sorry but the land there was just recently turned tropical again, and the robots couldn't get to you until then (they had 150,000 others to mine up first).

THE END

Ad

--

Isn't Jack In Jail? Heavy Lesbianism

by Hamda Lindleton

Genre: adult erotic/lesbian/futuristic sci-fi with literary slant and future mainstream ambitions

The hot new novel that predicts the future 500 years out

-- and it is HEAVY LESBIANISM!

But no more men! No countries, religions, races. No Star Trek. Literally all that many have lived for, believed in, worked, fought, and died for, will be found to be a mirage, as Heaven on Earth comes at last to the meek, for real.

How historical forces inexorably led to the triumph of lesbianism on Earth, and the extinction of the male of the human species. Princess Di, Jack Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, and a lecherous pervert calling himself Big Boy all had something to do with it. Written in the 25th century by a

lesbian looking back and trying to explain it all to a 21st century woman brought back to life.

Shockingly frank language, intense word pictures, head-spinning plot twists, stunning insights into diverse subjects in science and technology, unforgettable characters, conspiracies found behind the surface of everything. Heavy sex scenes. But it cannot be classified as mere pornography, nor just science fiction, and certainly not pure fantasy. Rather, it is a stunningly possible prediction of the big picture of the outcome of human history couched as historical vignettes, most of which could stand alone as short stories. Futurology.

Who are Vagina Face, P.I.? Hard Rock Liver? Tiny and Kiana? Xeny and Groovy? Dilda, Clitsy and Vulvy? Nick and Big Boy? Snow Cones? What do President Jack Kennedy, Jackie, and Marilyn Monroe have to do with them? O.J. Simpson? The Manly Woman Ray? Princess Di? Yoko Ono? President Clinton and Hillary? John Elway and Arnold Schwarzenegger? Jesus Christ? A space colony for lesbians on Venus? Only in this work, grin.

The Uncle Tom's Cabin of Lesbianism. A must-read for all trying to step from the 20th to 21st century. A real page-turner. Everybody will be offended by something in it. But none can ignore it. Is it a call for action? A prediction for the wise? Or a how-to manual for the yet wiser? "Hey, it's still just fiction, grin".

Excerpt from the book:

Space travel never did happen like they said it would. Off of the surface of Mother Earth it's a desert out there. It costs dearly to go far, and there's no Mother Earth waiting, only a barren desert, no, Earth's worst desert is a paradise next to the next best we found off her in the Solar System. The barrenness is far worse outside that, and what a colossal expenditure to find any other planetoids period, and they are deserts too. It is not practical to live far off Mother Earth yet. It is worth fighting to the death for, nothing else will ever be.

Ha ha how funny the imagination is, embracing without question the easy fantasy of ships that travel faster than light for instance. Yet without it, the universe is forever a desert, and Earth its only liveable planet. And who wants more? I have all the pussy I can eat now, even during this war. Let alien races come and get it. Not much chance, even dick society gave up on saviors, messiahs, and aliens from space by Minus 200 or so. They were pictured either with dicks or no sex organs at all, so who wants to believe in them now anyway?

The real surprise for you might be, not that we went out and colonized barren rocks like Mars, Venus, or even Luna, but that we found out how to build entire cities in low earth orbit, mainly over the oceans, and plug them into the oceans and clouds for life support. Each city is biosealed so that there is absolutely no germ or virus inside other than ones necessary for health and maintaining a working immune system. No insidious lethal sex-transmitted diseases such as devastated humans for centuries. We could have total uninhibited orgasmic sex at will with anyone in our city all our lives and never fear harming our health, shudder. With the Internet our minds are not sealed inside like our orgasming flesh is, but can range freely over all of humanity's knowledge instantly and safely. Like angels in the old heaven myth of so many dead dick religions.

The author.

Hamda Lindleton is a fan of Dashiell Hammett, James Cameron, Gene Roddenberry, Ray Bradbury, Aldous Huxley, James Fenimore Cooper, T.H. Hardy, William Shakespeare, Quentin Tarantino, and other diverse authors. A movie buff, she also likes computer parlor games.

Hamda is a recluse who likes her privacy and won't supply her bio, but she does admit to a college background in science and computing, literature, languages, and that she once widely travelled. Does she or doesn't she? Only her lovers know for sure (grin).

Short Synopsis

Isn't Jack in Jail? Heavy Lesbianism

by Hamda Lindleton

Concept: the rise of lesbianism is inevitable given historical forces. A book written in the 25th century looks back on the times when males still existed on Earth, as the speaker attempts to explain to a 21st century woman called Snow Cones, frozen for centuries and revived, how the world has changed. Heavy sexual content is part and parcel of the story, sorry.

Chapter 1. Flesh Mountain.

The main character, Dilda, is introduced. The last battle between males and females on Earth is described.

Chapter 2. Isn't Jack In Jail?

A story about Jack Kennedy, Jackie, and Marilyn Monroe. Sets the framework and mindset for the book.

Chapter 3. Vagina Face, P.I.

A 21st century lesbian P.I., her incredible story.

Chapter 4. Eating Out.

23rd century nightlife. The story of Xeny and her lovers.

Chapter 5. Big Boy's BBS.

The 20th century nobody who found fame hundreds of years later as the last idol of males, even though he was a contributor to the rise of lesbianism himself.

Chapter 6. Hard Rock Liver.

An unforgettable story about a lesbian in the early 21st

century.

I. It Started in the Parking Lot.

II. Come Here Chameleon.

III. Babes in Toyland.

IV. The Pisshole Awakening.

Chapter 7. Jizzus Keerist and Christinsanity.

A view of religion from the 25th century. The concepts of phallic religions leave lesbians cold.

Chapter 8. Rainbow 2300.

The story of the 21st-22nd centuries and how lesbianism took over. Vignettes on race-sex relations in the 20th, 21st, and 22nd centuries.

I. Caught on the Horns of a Dilemma.

II. Ronny's.

III. Atlanta Story.

IV. Naked Lunch.

V. The EI Blues.

VI. Father Knows Best.

VII. The Big Year.

Chapter 9. Tiny's Gym.

A 21st century story about the last years of males in society. The love story of Tiny and Kiana and their big adventure in Hawaii.

Chapter 10. The Greatest Taboo.

A view of 25th century morals.

Chapter 11. All the Head Games.

Failed attempts to accomodate males in a lesbian-dominated society.

Chapter 12. The Witchy War.

How science helped lesbianism triumph.

Chapter 13. The Puppetmasters.

How conspiracy theories all helped lesbianism triumph.
Irving Stone's JFK movie reexamined by Big Boy II.

Chapter 14. Clip Clop Clip Sip.

The last attempt of males to make a comeback.

I. Bird in a Cage.

II. The O.J. Shuffle

III. The Rise of Big Boy II.

Chapter 15. Space Cunnilingus.

A novelette about life in the early 22nd century, when lesbians break away from a still male-infested Earth and start a colony orbiting Venus called New Lesbos. The problem is that space is still plagued by male space pirates, who soon attack, hoping to capture lesbians and sell them to rich males on Earth and its moon.

1. The Conversation.

The conversation that started it all.

2. A Bad Mismatch.

How hetero males outnumber hetero females by such a great margin that it has become a big social problem.

3. Sister Elmira.

An anonymous lesbian becomes a prophet when a Bible in her name is released and circulated.

4. The Mating Dance.

Lesbian life in Miami Mounds, a lesbian preserve in America.

5. A Perfect Day.

How the goals of lesbians and heteros differs.

6. Venus Lives.

The new space colony of New Lesbos is built orbiting Venus. It is soon attacked by a surprise fleet of space pirates.

7. Ram's Story.

The story of the captain of the space pirates.

8. Acheybreakey's Heart.

The story of a pirate in a world where men have great trouble getting any women.

9. The Lesbian Virus.

The defenses of New Lesbos, part one.

10. Space Amazons.

The main defense of New Lesbos.

11. Bullseye Blues.

The Amazons respond to the pirate attack.

12. The Dykes of Balls.

The story of Ram's first mate.

13. As Gods.

Life on New Lesbos before the attack.

14. The Venus Coverup.

The pirate raid stumbles.

15. Venus Flytrap.

Attempted escape to the hostile surface of Venus.

16. Next Stop, the Zoo.

Captured pirates are put into a space zoo.

17. Love in the Nick of Time.

Captured women pirates are saved.

18. The Last Hope of Man.

The last few pirates.

19. Space Cunnilingus: Epilogue.

The happy ending for New Lesbos and lesbians.

Chapter 16. Hell, A Screenplay.

The last gasp of religion in a lesbian world is the concept that refuses to die in dreams.

Chapter 17. World War M.

The last war. How women won total victory.

Chapter 18. Being One.

The brave new world of the 25th century is summarized for Snow Cones.

Appendix. Historical Chart.

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