

50 Shit(AIDS) of Sweaty Dank Memes

♥ A Vaginey-Day love story ♥

hi
sup

get shreked

The Four Hundred and Twentieth Reich of the Internet

Sponsored by *The Mehxican, esq.*
With Foreword by *Dr. James F. Unxroot, PhD.*
With inline commentary from *Capt. Obvious*



"10/10" -Muhammad

"Now you fucked up. Now you fucked up. Now you fucked up. Now you fucked up. Now you fucked up. You have fucked up now." -[Abe Lincoln](#)

"**I**t's like a bunch of cock-fixated **d**egenerates got a hold of a **co**mputer and spewed **g**ibberish onto **a** shared document." -Elon Musk

"It's exactl**y** like that." -Yahweh

"Y'all niggas need a hobby." -Jesus

"My penis hurts" -ur mom

"id do me hard gay" - Me, circa now

<http://i.imgur.com/l7Ixnss.jpg>



ACT I - The Problem With Being Literally Hitler

I will literally publish this shit you faggz

[Writer's note: we need to hit our key demo's g-spot. be sure to mention comic books, mmorpqs, and try to work monty python in. Also lots of gay shit.] :agreed: Clip Clop Clip Clop , sound the pussy makes being trampled by a unicorn.

at the front -> They bought a car, everyone but Thanatos said how they wanted to fuck it. << *foreskin shadowing*

"Noice."

Chapter One
"The End"

~~~~\*\*\*\*~~~~Mr. Donk began stuffing some green into his grinder, sniffing it as he would a fine vagine. First I'm going to roll this up... and then after I spark it up, Im going to spark YOU up. He carefully pinched apart another nug as he would an elks nipple and began to grind and prepare his joint. ~~~~~\*\*\*\*~~~~

Stuff in the butthole. i need tp for my butthole. butt stuff. everyone wiped their butts on the car and the car got covered in poo. everyone started fucking the car. Then Chadwick, Augustine, and Randall, and Mr. Dank drove the car around and jizz was flying out the exhaust and covered the whole town. Bill Murray arrived because he thought it was christmas (the jizz covering the town made it look like snow) they all fucked Bill Murray.

Meanwhile, Thanatos plotted the destruction of the universe with poo smeared up his back and on his butt.

Chadwick, Augustine, Randall and Glenn Danzig's estranged cousin Timothy Leary went and ate tapas food and all enjoyed it and shared a few laughs over sangria\*. Nothing really interesting happened the whole time which was weird because of what they were doing before, not to mention the fact that the sangria was spiked with LSD and ketamine, unbeknownst to our wiley band of adventureres.

"Poop in butt eheheheh" cried Augustine, comic **sans** boldly as the ketamine kicked in. He felt like a muppet with half the stuffing pulled out.

Thanatos' plan was multifold:

1. He needed to acquire the vex morpho pussy device.
2. eat the eggs all the eggs
3. He had to steal Grade 12 Vibration Motor from the Love Boats engine room
4. Before his plan could work he needed a foreskin large enough to hold \$50 in \$1 coins
5. Applied Phlebotinum
6. The year was 1832. (Sexy was happening everywhere this year. It was a good year for sexy.)

Chadwick, and Augustine, and Randall, and Mr Dank sat on a hillside looking at the sunset talking about 1832, wishing another sexy year would cum. They all agreed they would say cum instead of come. Meanwhile at the Royal Society, Isaac Neutron Dance was inventing gravity controlled jizzum. And electric frog legs. The impact of his discoveries would hit faces everywhere. Nobody could control their pants. There pants. They're pants.

Chadwick Augustine and Randall did 98 grams of meth and fucked their own dicks into bloody stumps. Just sayin' said tony stark. Everyone leveled up\* and chose new talents, and their surname.

Thanatos tapped his feet impatiently,

Everyone was like "Thanatos if you **aren't gonna** do real weird shit with us and not even go find those sacred items or quests **why are you here**"

Thanatos replied, "I've **ALREADY CHOSEN MY TALENTS.**"

Smoke this jay thanatos says **mr drank, which** is what he calls himself when he has smoked drugs and drank alcohol. He **whispered pussy** thoughts into the minds of earth women everywhere.

I put my face lovingly into the **asshole** . it **rosebudded**. I licked the rosebud. I couldnt stop. I needed more bud

"Give me all the rosebud." - said ur **mom**

Dad cavorted gaily into the dentist's office **defily** wielding a sledgehammer over one shoulder, the handle stained with shit and **blood**. His **gayly stalking** lover drove his penis into a goat slowly in the distance.

"My king**dome for a horse!**" he bellowed, but there was no horse there to fuck. "Maybe Ralp is nearby? He gay."

Mom's **gaily cavorting** goat in the dentist's office carried a sledgehammer.  
Mom's **gayly stalking horse** drove her kingdom into the dad

A lesbian sighed in the distance.

We are all but tears in the rain, she cried, as ~~Roy Batty~~ Harrison Ford railed her from behind.  
An android then was shot and died, presumedly because of the unicorn, who was masquerading as a goat the whole time.

**"pussy thoughts"** mom's vagina belched in webdings. Mom was suddenly very horny.  
Her name was Chad's Mom

**Everyoine in the room was in a trance, consumed by pussy thoughts except thanatos who was wearing a fedora and posting on the internet. Hes a real nerd. Littleryally everyoine else was thinking pussy thoughts but he was thinking about the xbox one.**

**Thanatos equipped his vex morpho pussy device on his shrivelled purple dick. Without hesitation, the device acquired a vice-like grip on his testicles. Thanos moaned in agonizing pleasure. Firmly, but lovingly, the pussy device squeezed and throbbed, pulling and yanking at his testicles. Thanos was beginning to feel nervous as he pushed the device to 15% power, 20% power, 30% power...**

**The device locked around his testicles revved to life with a mighty BRAP-PP-BRAHBRAP like a chainsaw as the rhythmic squeezing turned into a chaotic jerking sensation, as though someone was trying to pull weeds from a garden by the root. Thanos wailed in agony as he realized his mistake, but it was too late. A searing pain shot up his body as the device was going out of control, eagerly consuming his genitals as greedily as a Jew hordes gold. Thantos' once mighty penis had been eaten by a grue. "Curses, foiled again!" the mighty Thanos bellowed.**

**After removing his ball gag, Augustine piped up. "We need to look in the MARSHLANDS for clues about the disappearance of the CARROT BOXES. While we're at it we should be able to gain some XP on the RODENTS around there." They all fucked each other (Chaotic Neutral) and headed to the MARSHLANDS. Chad got lost in the frothy Cock Mountains of Anzor, and logged out.\***



## Chapter Two

### *"pussy thoughts"*

He was a lumberjack, his calloused and thick fingers made me wince as he sloppily fingered her urethra. Chad's mom wondered if he had ever been with a woman before.

Chad's mom was ready for him, her heart was beating. his glistening cock looked like a unicorn minus the horsey part. he finished on her thigh and collapsed on top of her. She could hear the sounds of moose fighting in the alaskan twilight.

His cum smelt like pine nuts and his beard was full of haloumi.

While his snoring shook the bed, Chad's mom wondered if she had made a mistake. A half plucked pheasant called out in the distance, alone. He then farted while asleep. So she got up and went home to her billionaire husband and the hired help who would surely give her the deep ducking she so desperately craved, because target demographic people.

Chad's mom's vagina queefed a deafening 'FWPPTWAAAAUGH' to be 69% pussy horny. Then she fucked the hot young latino poolboy Jesus™ while her billionaire husband sobbed mathematically into his gimp mask, a whole box of carrots up his ass

They all took a few minutes to level up. This time they are able to choose HETERO TALENT.

"Take it Jesus (no not that Jesus), take all these carrots right up your tight Latino butthole, you little cuck twink" Mr. Grey screeched impotently from his designated spot in the corner, but Jesus™ saves vs. carrots with a natural 20. Jesus™' autistic brother and helper, Enchiridio, wanders into the scene before it fades to black.

## Chapter Three

### *"Spanish Manlove"*

Jesus™ fired up his bluetooth enabled iCockinator™, much to the delight of Enchiridio. Jesus™ began pegging Enchilada at a rate of 3.4 GHz right into his prolapsed colon. "I'll show you big data" he softly cooed, while Mom jilled off by the pool. Enchinchila didn't know what was going on because he had stage 6 terminal assburgers. "Uhh excuse me it's called 'Phoebeophilia'" he snorted as his glorious brown engorged spotted poz cock erupted into his chlorine damp fedora, his voice trembling because of the iCockinator™ being rammed into his asshole 3.4 billion times a second. Little did he know, that Chad's Mom was actually Phoebe from the hit TV sitcom, "Friends". Suddenly, Enchiridio's eyes and mouth turn a bright, glowing green and he begins to recite words in an unknown tongue before passing out and falling asleep while being deep dicked.

Somewhere in heaven, a post-op angel got its labia wings pierced.

**Stretch Armstrong ran into the room after setting a new speedrun record in the Tour De France and in New Super Mario Wii-U. Then he held up a document declaring his name legally changed to Stretch Anustrong and he showed everyone why. He goatse'd his anus wide enough to use his own makeshift anal beads he smuggled into the scene. They were made from basketballs and an old rusty bicycle chain, which splintered his colon with every tug. Luckily, Enchiridio brought along an aluminum pan to save all the drippings and dislodged chunks of his anatomy. The crew gargled the frothy, batter-like mixture to clear their pipes for another round of deepthroating.\***

## Chapter Four

### *"Anime is BANNED"*

*"The wind carried silent pussy thoughts with her"* - Abraham Lincoln, 1821

->Hibachi-chan's ears perked as she heard a scream off in the distance. Her boobs suddenly began to enlarge at an alarming rate. this was hentai. "Sailor Goku, it's time to power up, there's trouble." Suddenly, forty seven gleaming tentacles sprang roiling from her ocean stank cooch. No Gundam was out of reach from their slimy grasp. "Oh God they're raping me, they're raping me" Goku wailed as the tentacles probed every orifice of his gaijin body.



I thrust my Limp Dickzkit into her veggie patch and Fred Durst came cartwheeling into the room, carrots, corn and cucumbers nailed to all limbs. More nails protruded from his -- nope nevermind he took them out and is juggling them.

Stretch Anustrong decided to record the horrid cacophony of retching, screaming, smacking, slurping, and all other noises emanating from their hedonistic romp. He then sold this as an field recording album and then sampled said album to produce the hottest new indie industrial hiphop single under the name Death Grips 2.0.

She was on her knees, surrounded by fat truckers, holding the gravy boat her mother gave her as marriage present. The gravy boat was filled with cum, and she felt trepidatious as she lifted the cum soup to her lips and started drinking what had to be over 150 loads of cum. Her sissy husband was in the corner with his penis inside of an inflatable pewdiepie doll. A single tear fell down his cheek as he watched the love of his life drink load after load of stranger cum, and he tasted the saltiness of the tear at the same time she was tasting the saltiness of the massive amount of disgusting ball yogurt.

Chug chug chug, she thought, and then she was done. The video would be on the internet within the hour. A gokkum for the ages, she thought, the rancid man-batter sliding down her gullet. She was a pornhub succubus who would dine tonight on sexy pornhub comments. Gallon after festering gallon filled her stomach. Her body could take no more - she retched ten gallons of festering man chowder mixed with stomach bile into the piss caked truckst. op bathtublt reeked of split peas and ham. She had never been wetter, and she began to stroke her inflated plussflop. In a euphoric daze, she stood. Something deep within stirred, something not felt since the age of strong viking women. "From this day, I am no longer Hillary. From this day on, you will call me... Tub Girl." Heil Buttler she exclaimed as the cum drenched book plopped from her prolapsed anus. Cum in my anus Rommel!, she yelled. However, her screams were muffed by Eisenhower's turgid cock. Patton pulled out of Rommel's ass at that moment, yelling at the top of his lungs "AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE PROPER LOGISTICS". With moans intensifying, Patton released his massive cumblast that went deep into the desert fox's foxhole. From that vantage point, a large V2 rocket came flying in and exploded what seemed to be ZYKLON B and filled the room.

## Chapter Five

### *"A New Republic"*

2x XP BANZAI

Chad was in a daze, he had witnessed everything at once. The methweed was in full gear. He found his mom insanely hot, even though she could not make an omelette to save her life.. Chad's horny levels were off the charts (the horny charts) as he sobbed "Mom, you've got to break some eggs!" he was referring to his testicles which yearned to be whisked, scrambled, eaten by anonymous truckers. Chad knew he was meant to be a girl..

Chad's mom prepared for the ultimate ballbusting action, snapping industrial strength latex gloves onto her bestial handstumps. "It's time to cook these babies... over hard." With one swift yank, she stretched his testicles near the point of breakage, and with one more thrust she stuffed them into his pre-goatse'd anus, the latex skidding along and rubbing his anal walls raw. She then pressed a button embedded inside of his colon walls, which caused his augmented anus to snap shut\*, pinching off his los huevos and her arm in the process. Lost forever and goated away the key. "SSSSSSSSSSSSSMOKIN!" Chad blurted. "Ooh, somebody stop me!" They then masturbated to a marathon of the entire The Mask animated series with all Jim Carrey lines overdubbed by French death metal vocalist Fadades. Chad honestly thought he was Jim Carrey. This was good meth.(Everybody knows that Jim Carreys mom is not Phoebe from the hit TV sitcom friends.)

Momma's disembodied cyborg hand began massaging Chad's dickyprostaint from inside of him. Unbeknownst to Chad, his mom was a terminator sent from the future to prevent him from self fellating. On the verge of a climactic revelation, Chad got a wicked hangnail, and the searing pain of it snapped him out of his high and sexual daze. Immediately, he saw through the plot and bent over backwards, curling at inhuman angles by dislocating all of his bones on command. His putrid shaft snakingly unfurled into his mouth despite his mother rummaging through his innards to find the TV remote control.Friends was about to start.

## Chapter Five

### *"Friends with Benefits Incest"*

Sam Beckett sighed as the prostitute squirted more and more sriracha into his dickhole. All of this had become terribly boring, he thought. There's only so much someone can do before they get tired of it. The prostitute thought the same as she lit up a crackrock that was covered in cum and deeply inhaled.

The haggard prostitute laid back and opened her cellulite covered legs, the rancid smell of her unwashed cunt filling the room. This didn't bother Sam because he was known as the LA Beast of pussy eating, having won the blue ribbon five years straight. He covered his hand in hot sauce and prepared to give her the old Mexican Fingering. Sam channeled his grandfather Pedro as he reared his hand back, and as he launched his arm forward, was hit by an overwhelming urge to take a siesta. A sexy siesta.

Despite this, Sam jammed his entire hand into her pussy as she screamed in pain and ecstasy. Her pussy eagerly devoured his trackmarked arm, and soon Sam could feel her sore-covered cervix as he smeared hot sauce on every sore while she cried out in pain. This is worth the 25,000 pesos this whore cost, he thought.

"It is was a real ramjam" she thought, cumming almost instantly. Even as a jaded prostitute in a third world country, she thought she'd seen everything, but she actually haven't and this is wh this is how good Sack is a fuck having. She wanted more so she ACTUALLY PAID HIM FOR A SECOND FUCK. "I don't know" he said, panting, drenched in sweat and jizz and female cuim. "I don't want to expend all of my life force at once. I need to proton out my zone."

"Keep this exactly as is, it's really good." said Chad's mom (Phoebe) from the couch where she was watching 80's hit TV sitcom "Cheers."

## Chapter Six

### *"An Unexpected Revelation"*

"I'm gay." The words hung in the air like stale cigarette smoke. Chad knew this was the right thing to do, for he was more gay than Santa Claus with two beards and yet he broke out in a cold sweat\*.

Enter Lance Henriksen, a gay man and star of the 1979 comedy smash "Alien".

*"I'm gay"*

Lance said and as far as Chad was concerned, that was it. Chad was ready to go!

Chad knew this was his moment, and so he revealed his "A"-grade material: "Les esprits grande se recontrent", he said. Lance was a francophone, and this impressed him greatly. His phallus grew turgid and protruded through his gabardine slacks. Chad approached Lance and unfastened his pants with a well-practiced motion. Grasping his phallus firmly, Chad looked Lance in the eye and dropped to his knees; not even Jesus Christ could have provided better fellatio. Lance cummed.

This might have been his first gay experience, but trust me, he knew his way around a dick. Just ask Lance! He'll tell you

## Chapter Seven

### *"Be the change you wish to see in the google document" - hitler [lol]*

Lance took a deep breath before exclaiming: *"I'm gay"*. His dulcimer voice shook the very foundation of the nearby buildings, and the migratory patterns of local birds adjusted accordingly. Well, Lance thought, this is the first day of the rest of my life. Time 2 fuck, he mused. A local policeman with a prominent bulge gave him "the eye". Lance gestured with his gay-ass head, and the two headed towards the nearest alley. Gays have a way of knowing who is gay and is down. Gays have it

*"Better Nate than lever"*

Chad died, mods lied

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good like that, not like us heterosexuals. We actually have to work for it. Lucky gays. Yeah, I am in the New York park right now just chilling. Come down if you want to chat about writing. [editors note: no thanks] No big deal, I'll be waiting if you change your mind! [editors note: duly noted, best of luck] What does that mean? I don't need luck to just be a person near another person. This **ISN'T** a sex thing! [editors note: it was intended as a kindly gesture, no offense intended] I will suck the balls through your dick. You are seriously missing out. <http://i.imgur.com/l7Txnss.jpg>

"Oh yeah, suck my dick", the policeman grunted. Lance could do naught but comply. The phallus felt good in his mouth. But Lance *had* to wonder: what about his tight, virgin fuckhole? What would that be like? Lance didn't need to say anything, for the policeman could read his mind. "Bend over virgin, I'm gonna penetrate you". Lance nodded in agreement, dropped his fine, wool trousers, and bent over.

Getting **fucked** was like nothing he had ever experienced. The policeman had a large penis but was exceptionally **skilled**. This was not one of the police beatings that Lance was used to; this was a whole different **variety of nightstick** rammed up his ass. Lance had experienced no pain or discomfort, simply pure homosexual **ecstasy**. If he had to describe it to the reader, he would liken it to a deep-tissue massage. Sure, **the cock hurt**. But it was a *good* hurt. Let's not forget about the policeman here: he enjoyed it too. **That tight virgin butthole, boy I would sure like to experience that right about how**. Just having it envelope my cock...but I digress.

Lance knew he was a gay robot novelist, and he was a damn good gay, too. But where to go from here? Should he fuck the president of the United States? Should he fuck Vladimir Putin? Should he exhume the corpse of Adolf Hitler and touch his pe-

Add Headings (Format > Paragraph styles) and they will appear in your table of contents.

-nis? Truly, the world was his oyster.

Marvin's sex life was out of his hands. It had always been his dream to meet a hot, MILF kangaroo-and become its joey in the pouch, but instead he only got to fuck it with a crunchwrap burrito from **Taco Bell™** dipped in honey substituting the condom.

"Chad is a wyman now, no more gay stuff." said Chad\*, speaking in the third person during his transitioning.

She was screeching in orgasmic pleasure\*, he could hear it through the wall of his squalid rape dungeon. he would not get the pleasure of listening to this, not tonight, he had work to do. He needed to alphabetize all his creepy pedo rape hentai. The hunger was setting in, the pedo hunger, a cold hunger, the kind of hunger that can only be sated by the asses of children.

It would be a long night...for the goatman.

The night is dark and full of terrors, especially me, i am the terror, the shadow that stalks every alley, the dark knight. It was tonight after arranging my hentai collection that i found my pleasure. "I AM THE NIGHT" I scream running toward my victim, mine, a roughly dressed fat woman, her t-shirt reads 'this is what a feminist looks like' with an arrow that extrudes over her huge gut and finally points to just below her waist, I am sweating in excitement as i rush towards her, my pleasure is so close now...

...I reach her before she makes the doorway, push in front of her, hold open the door and with an exacerbated breathe i sigh "it's my privilege" I tip my fedora, and cum like a race horse.

Sleep hits me later and i bask in the nights pleasure, dreaming of better days. (nation woz ere)



## **ACT II - An Adolescent Butthole**

### **Chapter Eight** *"Beers, steers and queers"*

It all started on the eve of Valentine's Day; a heartless, capitalist fueled holiday beset upon us by soulless bastards preying upon the loneliness of literally like a dozen lost beings looking for belonging on the Internet.

A ringing cut through the insistent buzz of the machinery scattered throughout the room. I picked up the phone and held the receiver against my ear.

"'Ello?" I quietly spoke after a few seconds, reluctantly waiting for a response. What I heard in return is still burned into my mind to this day, 11 years later.

"Anon?" the voice spoke back. "This is your mom. Come home its time for dinner."

I couldn't believe this. My mother... again? She had called me at least four times within the past hour. "God, mom!" I shrieked back. "I wanna go smoke PCP with the guys down behind the 7-11." And then a U.S. military drone peppered the area behind the store with anti-personnel fire. And we were suddenly all dead. Shit. Metaphorically, of course. No for real we were actually dead.

No but we were alive because none of that actually happened so let's start the real story now, after I take this second hit of PCP.

Anyway one day me and the boys\* were hanging out in Dave's sex dungeon. See, Dave likes to kidnap tourists from the Greyhound station downtown and then we chain them up in his sex dungeon. We chill out and drink a couple of beers and whip some poor, weak white boy for a couple of hours until we get drunk and then we let 'em go. Then we all masturbate in front of each other. Unlike any other Tuesday, we decided to go out to the bars beforehand and land some wicked hot slash. Little did we know the girls were just begging for some beggin' strips.

"I could definitely go for some bacon too." I muttered. I had already had some beggin' stips stuffed so hard up my asshole, I could feel the indigestion boiling up inside me. Those strips were ripe, they had been marinating inside my large intestine for what seemed like days now, but in reality it was only six or seven hours (21600000000 microseconds for you, freedom haters).

So we go downtown to a quaint little diner on the west side of town. A dingey, last chance kind of place where you would expect to not find anyone who takes very kindly to strangers. But we were just like a->ny of the other riff raff there, it





was as if we had been there a thousand times before. The waiter -- "Chuck" his nametag says -- waits on us.

"Hey Chuck, gimme a buck" I said. And Chuck looked confused. Startled even.

"Baba booeey baba booeey" I say to him. And he looks even more confused now. "How is babby formed" I inquire. He stays silent. And then the diner got peppered with anti-personnel fire from another drone and we were all dead. God dammit. Fuck what the fuck stop doing this to me U.S. government. Oh sorry, that's just the PCP talking, I'm really trying to keep it together but these keys and this screen in front of me is making it extremely difficult to hold this shit together.

See this is what happens when you write a book on drugs. You won't be able to tell whether this is genuinely two people talking amongst each other in narrative form, or this might just be the twisted horrible thoughts of someone with a mental disease. And you're just reading their thoughts. Like two people trapped in one person's head and the other person is a slob who doesn't shower and farts in his sleep and you want him to get out of your head and get a job.

"Hey are you okay?" Chuck said, cutting through the inner dialog in my mind. Chuck always had a way with words.

"Uh o-oh, s-sorry about that" I stuttered, mom's spaghetti spilling out of my trousers. He must have noticed I was in distress due to the sweat beading upon my brow.

"Because if you are, I really need you to find my leg. A drone just peppered us with anti-personnel fire and I'm bleeding to death!" Chuck exclaimed to me. Chuck always had a way with words.

War is hell. That day in the diner I got the biggest erection I've ever gotten in my life.

Hey no shit there's gonna be lots of **fucking** in this book you think we were gonna get this far and not start mentioning big huge juicy cocks? Get wet now woman, jesus! This writing shit is hard work.\* At this point, Chuck was standing behind me with this throbbing member resting on my shoulder. I sat there, feeling blood pool in my thighs, the warmth of ecstasy spreading up from my legs, into my chest. I couldn't believe this tremendous dong was sitting there, ear level, next to my face. Just a slight look to the left and it would be embedded in my skull.

"That's some cookin'." Chuck snorted. Chuck always had a way with words.

"Yo, can I milk that penis or what?" I inquired.

Chuck reluctantly slid his pants all the way down. And then muttered something in like...Japanese or something, I wasn't really listening I had become distracted by all of the spiders that were suddenly crawling all over the walls. And the

spiders were all telling me to do things. The spiders always had a way with words. Like go to the zoo or pick up a quart of milk and other things that were complete nonsense. I figured that the drugs were starting to really kick in because then the spiders became snails and the snails all wore moustaches.

Then we fucked. Then I came. Then we fucked. Then I came. Then we fucked. Then I came. Then we fucked. Then I came. My dick, a bloody stump. His pussy, a lake of blood and penis chunks. My anus was still sore from the gigantic butt-baby of a poop I had shat out last night. I think I had been saving that one up for at least 3 weeks.

**I'M GAY**,

," he exclaimed. Who's he? There is no he. These are all *women*. And then we all got salted again by a U.S. military drone and we were all dead for real this time. JK not forreal dead. Zombies. Like, punching daisies, man. Punching daisies is fucking fun dude. Just like, punch em in the face. You weren't there man. You weren't there. War is hell. Ask anyone--even Caro, the goon who was tortured to death in a Syrian prison because he thought the mods were out to get him (which they were).

**I'M GAY**,

," she exclaimed. Who's she? There is no she. These are all **men**. And then we all got peppered again by a U.S. military drone and we were all dead for real this time. No I mean like forreal dead. Like, pushing daisies, man. Like road pancake dead.

"GOLLUM," "GOLLUM," I heard in the next room, waking up from this PCP induced nightmare. Within the past six minutes, I had died at least three times in my mind. I think. It's all starting to blur together. But right then, this magnificent goddess of a black guy appeared. Sure, he had a huge, gross cough and seemed to have this Lord of the Rings fixation that seemed a little unhealthy for his demographic, but boy, did he look like a more than welcomed square of toilet paper in a shitty rape dungeon in the middle of a bad neighborhood.

I can't feel my nuts, this is my spidey sense. Nut numbness. It doesn't do anything it just makes my nuts go numb for a minute. Fear radiates throughout my femurs. All I can do is scratch what I think are the passing days into a tally on the walls of the rape dungeon. There is no light. There is no hope. Only darkness, dungeon, and rape. I fashion a machine gun from sticks and dust and train my scope on the door. I will make it rain, art is pain. Microsoft Word.

So getting "back" (butt) to the "story", we we'r"e (how do I use grammar?) on the outskirts of town looking to give BJ's at trucker stops in exchange for some cheap liquor or some vodka, which is also cheap liquor. (Thanks **fucking captain obvious**.) All was going well until we came across one trucker rig that was off to the side by itself. We walk up and bang on the rig and announce that we were offering a truck-to-truck crankshaft polishing service -- a common codeword for giving oral sex for money in the trucker community.

Suddenly, a 450 pound globular entity of trucker flesh emerged from the darkness of the sleeper in the back of the rig like a horrible, unwelcomed hobgoblin ready to rape my boy buttocks. But I needed that cheap, cheap vodka, man, that cheap, cheap, **cheap** vodka. The cheaper the better. I like it spiced with undertones of rotting trucker penis. I guess that's why I'm in this business. I don't introspect a lot, but sometimes I think about things. And write novels. About sucking trucker dick. It's an OK life. I've saved up for a small cottage outside of Cincinnati where I can be miserable for the rest of my life.

Anyways, at this point, an eight inch (20 cm, 200 mm, 35 shekels, 0.444444444 cubit) turgid dick was shoved so hard down my throat, I could barely breathe. You know, just how I like it. I mumbled, "cheap vodka" but all that came out was "ghhthsdghthgrg" along with 2 litres (0.52 gallons, twelve hundred stone british metric imperial tons) of stale trucker cum that I had been saving up in my trucker cum stomach pouch.

"You'd better believe I **suck** dick!", he said. "I've been a closet **fag** as far back as I can remember! I take viagra just to get it up with you! I'm addicted to pornography and I think my whole life is falling apart!" "I'm juggling so many huge cocks and dumb girls like yourself, I can't even remember what all your names are half the time!" "Each day is like a 1960's sex comedy, a French farce in which I keep all of you away from each other and in the dark about who I really am!" "I have serious problems. I'm an out of control sex addict thousands of dollars in debt and I think I have AIDS."

"BAZINGO!", he exclaimed, looking into my eyes as he blew his load.

"ARGHCK", I tried to vocalize, but was unable due to the dong embedded in my voice box.

"We have a witness that can place your dong in the same neighborhood as my face last July 4th.", the tightly-trousered attorney exclaimed.

"Yeah well I have a plot twist!" I exclaimed, lube dripping out of my asshole. "I've been F2M this whole time! I wasn't even a guy on July 4th!"

I subtly gestured to the attorney...

"Please there has to be something I can do for you that will help my case... I can't be caught in another sex scandal. It's really ruining my street cred, I can't be the guy going around blowing dudes for cheap liquor and getting arrested every other Tuesday. No one wants to be *that guy*."

The lawyer (Saul Goodman) said to me, "I agree. Snitches get stitches and wind up in ditches, and bitches and hoes are like new clothes: once you bought em you wish you never got em!" Little did I know that he was actually speaking in code and intended to slit my penis and give me a prince albert.

Anyway by this point I was starting to come down from the PCP and the courtroom slowly bubbled and faded away and I realized that I was slowly returning back to the alleyway behind 7-11 where this all started eight pages ago HUH, HUH DID YOU See THAT BITCHeS, YeAH! And then a U.S. military drone peppered the area behind the store with anti-personnel fire. And we were suddenly all dead. Again. No not yet fool ignore that that didn't just happen keep reading you druggie.

So I gestured to my buddy to gimmie another hit of that dank-ass dipper and let's get crazy again. He said to me that the dipper was out but we can go back to the crib and I got some sizzurp. Let's make some purple drank and get lean nigga. And I said "Alright I guess." At this point, my taint was killing me. I had gotten some serious itchy-witchies while I was blown on PCP and immediately went to town on my undergrundle if you know what I mean. But I was definitely "down" to "get lean" with my "nigga". It seemed like an appropriate way to continue my Tuesday night. After all, it was only 9:27 (09:27 for you military grunts, three ox hairs past the sun dial for all you JeWS!) in the morning.

So anyway we're walking down the street and by this point in the day we were starting to fiend really hard. For dick. Not for drugs. We were fiending for dick. Yep, dick. Lots of dick. So I walk up to the post office box. And I stood up onto the top of the post office box and started masturbating. Here I am at the intersection of a four lane street in the bright Tuesday morning sun with my pants at my ankles standing on top of a post office box just masturbating. Cars have to stop at the red lights and they're forced to just watch me masturbate on top of the mailbox. Just like, people taking their kids to school and shit and here's this druggie fuckup like me so cracked out of his mind from the PCP trip that I'm just masturbating on the side of the road in rush hour traffic.

But on a mailbox. Remember that, because that's an important plot point for later. Mailbox.

Remember that. You stinky, old slob-butt.

And so I jizz all over the mailbox and by this point the cops come. And so I run away down the street, my balls just jingling in the wind. Its not every day that you see a man run down the street in his socks just letting his half-flaccid post jizzing on the mailbox erection spinning around like I'm the goddamn [www.meatspin.com](http://www.meatspin.com) guy. And then we got peppered again with anti-personnel fire. Again

are you fucking kidding me? Come on respawn respawn ReSPAWN FASTeR YOU BITCH. After the drones left, me and my boys chimped out behind the 7-11 and then sucked each other off. The end... of chapter 1.

## Chapter 2 - Fred Swigger's Storage and the Thirteen Woodland Cocks

Now Fred Swagger and I go way back. I'm not talking to elementary school or nothing but long enough ago to call each other "Childhood Chums". Fred Swigger was the sort of guy you would see on the side of the road and instantly feel sorry for him. He had sort of a goblin body. Now for those who are a little less versed in the different body types that non-anthro folk have, I'll explain to you exactly what a goblin body is. Take a normal looking human being and stretch them out. Stretch them waaaaaaay out. Good. I swigged his cock really good. Now you have a horse faced person with disgusting skinny arms and skinny legs. Take that deformed monstrosity of a fuck and slap on a pot belly. Not an adorable little pot belly that you'd find on a troll or a middle aged white man trapped in a failed marriage, but a disgusting bowling ball of a gut just lobbed out to one side.

Get the picture? You freakin' fagmo.

Anyway, I'm a big donkey dick licking faggot, that's why I jizzed in the mailbox like an incontinent Peter North. Please don't ask me about how I got my start in gay porn - it's too shameful to describe. Me and Fred Swigger took a swig of liquor and then he stuck it in me, insistently but delicately. I was upset at first that he hadn't asked for my consent, but it turns out I wanted it anyway so I stopped saying no after my body went into shock. He pulled his cock out of my ass and I couldn't help but violently shit myself. He then inserted a shoehorn into my dickhole and snootled me tooter with his throbbing, veiny cockamolé. I couldn't believe such a feeling were plausible, yet there it was, infecting my brain with pain and pleasure unparalleled. I coughed and sputtered in disbelief, but this only made him want to thrust harder. Once he had finally came, I thought it was all over, but he opened the door and 13 of his best friends dressed as woodland animals came into the room and started opening the flap at the front of their costumes. I winced and looked up at him as if to beg for clemency, but was met with an icy grimace and an insult rammed through fiercely gritted teeth. "Actually, it's about ethics in game journalism," he said. The animals proceeded to ravish me gently while Chaz and Frederick watched. "Aye, L-M-A-O." There's a good chappie. Yeah, shake that bear.

Blimey. Me bum sure is slimey. Roger me bum. Snifter of jism. Decanter of spunk. Noodle me naughties.

## Chapter 3 (2 if you're counting from 0) - Come on and Slam, and Welcome to the Jam

Suddenly, Michael Jordan took me into the room with Bill Cosby and they both fucked my arse. "Oh, these poor sick cocks. I will suck them back to health," the All-Star baller said. Before they could ravage me, they argued for a moment about whether to use Jello pudding as lube. I saw this as my one potential moment to



escape, but I convinced myself that I *did* want this. No matter how much I felt like I wasn't in control, I really was.

RUMPY PUMPY

Slither slither slither slither went the tongue, but the hand that was what she tried to concentrate on, the hand, since it has the entire terrain of her torso to explore and not just the otorhinolaryngological caverns.

**"Comic Sans makes my cooter dribble,"** she hissed suddenly into my ear.

**"Same,"** I replied.

**"Go back to the corner, cuck,"** she yelled at me.

**"Goodness, there's a negro in my wife,"** cried the cuckold with terrible anguish and *feeling*.

"I want to shit in nigger assholes", commented the cuck. He was going through ego death and saw himself as homunculus.

His penis entered her vagina, it was smooth like a vagina. His penis was like that of a penis, most penis like, in her vagina. The penis went in and out of the vagina with the force and thrust of a penis going in and out of a vagina. Eventually he stopped. She asked him why he stopped.

The dog had gotten into the bedroom again.

'He's fine,' she said 'keep on truckin',' He paused. He attempted to penetrate her again but he couldn't. The corgi's gaze remained unbroken. He sniffed the air constantly. 'keep going, don't mind him' she continued. He couldn't. He was hungry. He left her there on the bed amidst a pile of double ended dildos and went to the kitchen. Leftover pizza. It'll have to do....

"My freshly grown dick is flopping around wildly while I'm taking a dick!", he slobbered.



*chad is watching you*

Her v-spot belched rudely, rattling the bedspread. An eagle screamed in the distance.

*I'm Gay,*

" it said as it fucked America and Canada watched from afar. Then out of nowhere there was cum, cum everywhere but they kept going and going. "Oh fuck me you dumb slut as he was cucked under himself. This is actually about ethics in gaming journalism", the negro said as he pounded the beta faggot's wife.\*

And then, the niggerest of them all, Giga Nigga, stepped up to the pl-eight. "Y'all gonna pay fo' the shit you done"

"I'm <sup>Gay</sup>, Goku." "The squats and oats could not save him from homosexuality", Rippetoe said.

The negro looked down and begin to lick up the wife's period blood. "Hey I'm pretty sure that happened in 50 shades of <sup>Gay</sup>." DeShawn stepped back, appalled upon what deed he just committed. "Period blood?! I thought it was BBQ sauce!" It turned him gay

Buckshot Jones appeared in his racing machine, He got out with a 10 foot erection against his chest, "I'm Gay" he said and began railing the mans wife as she screamed while her goony beta of a husband browsed GBS.

The fat man waddled, hamplanets swiftly behind and bowlegged to the water closet, leaving a slime trail in his

wake. *I'm Gay*

a low keening moan escaped her lips as his cloaca quivered expectantly

a speckled blue egg crowned, stretching the red rimmed opening to its very limit. with an audible pop the package was delivered\*, his rapidly deflating cloaca gaping obscenely in the moonlight.

Then i slapped him with my lard cock, we both came

unfortunately i had forgotten to check my **privilege** that day

so i had no idea i was **oppressing** her

#### Chapter 4 - The Story of the Shill and the Ephebophile

Unfortunately for the people next door who need to endure my drug-addled rants about the governments continuous artillery fire and 7-11 flashbacks, I felt certain the next few hours of my night were going to be a bit of a rollercoaster ride through my darker desires.

I met a strapping young chap by the name of Timothy Stratscal in an Internet Cafe on the corner of 15th and Edinburgh. We had only been talking for twenty minutes when I realized that if I wasn't going to have his fist in my asshole by noon, I may as well go back to being straight. I invited him back to my flat where we lubed up and began making depth marks on each others' arms. At one point, Timothy managed to work his way up to mid-bicep in my boy pussy, which was a bit of a problem; somewhere, deep inside my cavernous guy cunt, he hit something within my intestines that triggered a severe case of Bell's palsy. I felt bad about this front he start because Timothy said he wanted to finish all over my beautiful face, and with half of it now drooping like an old woman's outer labia, I would not be a pretty target for his sour cream.

You should have seen the look on his face as I went into a seizing fit on his panther skin rug, spraying my load in glorious arcs as I writhed in agony and pleasure while his arm remain affixed to what seemed like my kidney -- who knows? Maybe he Tim somehow managed to break through the soft wall of my internal organs and traversed what lay between my large intestine and my kidneys. It sure felt that way. Tim leaned in close to my face, which at this point was in a vegetative state of de-synched blinks and lip biting.





"Hey kid, you okay?"

"HAAAANUGHHHHHHHHEUHG" I returned, eloquently.

Timothy returned a small nod and slight grin while his arm sat at least four feet up my asshole. Tim then said to me something that I'll never forget...

"So, how do you feel about that new Dark Souls game? Pretty good right?"

Now I was no proletariat. I knew from the instant he uttered, "how do you feel about..", there was an underlying motive to his anal forearm insertion. I was in it for the pleasure, but something told me this fucking **shill of a human being** wanted a little something-something extra.

"FUCKIN' BUAHLLSHIT GAME SHILL CUNT", I spewed out. The flood of endorphins probably knocked a few linguistic connections loose since I couldn't really construct a proper sentence at the time. I think he knew, however, that I wasn't going to fall so easily into this trap.

He looked at me, dismayed.

"Oh come on now. Sure it isn't up to par as the other one but it's still better than any other game on the market right now.. If you're into ass-fisting, well.. ass-forearming in your case, you'd love it!", Tim said with what almost seemed like candour.

He was good, but I was better. As the fuck-fisting pleasure subsided, it seemed my speech had come back to me.

"Are you serious?", I said, cum caked to the side of my face and gluing one eye partially shut. "Do you seriously think I'm **that** gay? Sure I'll put out for a dude in the sheets, but having that disaster of a production sprayed onto my face like your load of hot cum is a huge turn-off."

"eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee", Timothy droned.

"Oh for fuck**k**'s sake, now what **i**s it?"

Tim seemed to be having some sort of me**l**tdown over my sentiments. Or so at **l**east I thought. It turned out Tim wasn't actually a human being. In fact, Tim wasn't even a Tim. What sat before me was docile polar bear with a shaved arm. Now for some odd reason, this realization only produced a minor "huh" from the back of my mind. Truly it was out of the ordinary, but with my high levels of PCP consumption and constant reality disconnect, I felt pretty "OK".

"aayyy lmao" said the polar bear who shall further be referred to as "Tim the Shaved Arm, Ass-Fisting Polar Bear" or "Tim" for short. It was surreal, I didn't

think I could even gain access to a polar bear in Middle America, let alone one trained well enough to pump my cavernous rectum with his giant shaved bear forearm.

"Well, I'm not a furry. But straight up bestiality is a tempting fruit to eat especially when it falls into your lap so effortlessly. Gee wiz!"

The polar bear must have understood some of the content I spoke since it sat there with its eyes fixed on my lower torso while its engorged polar bear cock grew larger and larger.

"ayyyyyyy lmao", Time repeated. "AYYYYYY LMAO."

I guess my fur-free boy buttohole was too much for Tim to handle, he mounted me and wrapped his gargantuan bear paws around my upper body and began to oscillate back and forth. His weight was almost un-bear-able. Thankfully, this bear-fuck only lasted a few minutes. I was getting torn up pretty good, bleeding profusely over his panther skin rug, which seemed a little odd now considering I was getting fucked by a polar bear. Tim emptied what seemed to be a half gallon of bear cum into my buttohole which, immediately, erupted from my asshole as soon as the bear felt it was necessary to remove its slightly less engorged dong.

"PWAH" I let slip. "YEAH BUDDY"

Shortly after, the polar bear raped me again.

Evening came, and I met with my good friend Larry. Larry was indeed a human; that I was sure of. You see, psychologists, the police, and disgruntled middle-aged white women classified Larry as an "Ephebophile". From ~~the Merriam-Webster Dictionary~~ Wikipedia, we see the term "Ephebophile" defined as:

***"Ephebophilia is the primary or exclusive adult sexual interest in mid-to-late adolescents, generally ages 15 to 19. Ephebophilia strictly denotes the preference for mid-to-late adolescent sexual partners, not the mere presence of some level of sexual attraction."***

If I had to sum up Larry, ephebophilia aside, I'd surmise him by something he said to me a little over a week ago:

*Tell 'em "Pussy clean!" I tell 'em "Pussy squeaky!"  
Niggas give me brain 'cause all of them niggas geeky  
If he got a mandingo, then I buy him a dashiki  
And bust this pussy open in the islands of Waikikiiii...  
Kiss my ass and my anus, 'cause it's finally famous*

*And it's finally so, yeah, it's finally so!  
 I don't know, man, guess them ass shots wore off!  
 Bitches ain't poppin', Google my ass  
 Only time you on the net is when you Google my ass*

*-Larry, a little over a week ago.*

The stories of Larry's sexual appetite were told far and wide, just as wide as his anus. god damn what a piece of shit. Once, he infected the entire Allegheny Community College freshman class of 2011 with HIV, despite being HIV-negative himself to this day. Then, the incident where he filed for and won a trademark on the word "twink", which he then released to the public domain. Still, nothing tops Pride Weekend 2009, where Larry managed to get a 20-man mantrain going that consisted only of him and 19 men who turned 18 that weekend, including six of them who had only turned 18 that day. Larry always said that the only time he felt alive was when he was brutally sodomizing the innocence out of a man, which somewhat proved true with as many suicide attempts as he'd gone through. Good thing the only thing Larry couldn't fuck up was the savage plundering of a young man's bottom. Larry would often receive letters of gratitude from people who heard his tales across the nation, such as the following taken from his personal library in Bruges, France:

*"whoever you are, i love you. publish all my babies plz  
 Seriously bro, A/S/L. I feel your homosexual desire emanating from the internet.  
 Meet up with me. I am in the Kileen, Arizona. We should meet up."*

*-Kileen Walker Thomas the Thurd, Hair to the Throne of REDACTED*

Larry recovered from his nothing, because larry is a fat piece of shit who never exercises. Oh wait, you talking mentally, continue. Wait, NOW he recovered from his psychotic ghostwriter totally adding in needless shit. PSYCHOTIC? MOTHERFUCKER YOU HAVE NOT SEEN PSYCHOTIC. erm. ablist language imho

Larry decided to go do the only thing that could cure him of his ghostwriting heil hitler. disease. Fuck more young, 80 year old college age boy pussy. and by boy pussy he meant hot GILFY pussy.

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE THIS STORY? JESUS FUCK QUIT PUTTING SO MANY WORDS IN MY GAY HOT REALLY GAY FANFIC.

I KINDA DO. LET ME TAKE A CRACK AT IT.

You're totally not gay enough for it though! You have a wife and kid! What are you doing writing stupid fanfictions?

Maybe I have repressed my homosexual desires for so long that the only way I can express them without my wife and child knowing what a monster I am is by

making long run on sentences ANONYMOUSLY about how I want to suck cock and  
shit posting in GBS about how *"in gay"*.

A U.S. military drone (being flown by two pilots in Nevada giving each other the hottest head a human has ever received) peppered the area with anti-personnel fire. My hot, hot, hot, hot 2 inch killer into some delicious soft regions that belong to members of the same sex, (COMMA) so do not judge me.

EH-HEM. LET ME DO THIS. ok, la la la, gotta get warmed up because speaking comes through text. get my vocal cords all warmed up. FOR COCKS. shit, fucking writers block. Ok you got this.

"Alright, time to check my privilege." I thought, remembering that I hadn't checked it in little over a half hour. These days you can't go too long without checking it, thanks to overbearing feminazis and trans folk breaking our cis spirits. At that very moment a white knight burst through my window.

**"DARE YOU MENTION, *NAY*, THINK NEGATIVELY OF THOSE THAT SEEK EQUALITY AND EGALITARIAN RIGHTS FOR ALL."** He exclaimed. I decided that I was a bigoted faggot, but I was still a faggot and at least 200 percent nigga. So, I attempted to coax him into my bed. However, being that I was a bigoted faggot, I was incapable of putting together thoughts without saying things like, "check my privilege." Long story story, I raped him, MENTALLY. My name is Larry and I am an inch short of the cable guy. I mention how Hitler was really his saviour and the dirty races were attempting to take us over. That included women. Mind blown magic happened and jizz everywhere. Gayest jizz. As in happy jizz, not the homosexual kind. Just kidding, the only jizz is the homosexual kind. However, this White Knighter was Ron Paul. He had over 9000, naw we ain't saying that. 20 hours of practice with his cheap amazon katana that he claims was rolled over 2,000 times and could cut tanks. Upon shoving the handle of the blade into his own anus, The white knighter leaped at him at the speed of a charging Dota player. While charging, he jackhammered the pommel of his blade in and out of his asshole. Sure, the white knight was going to kill, but that did not mean he could not enjoy it too.

Larry thought to himself as the white knighter ran him through with his glorious hanzo steel, "Thanks Obama" and watched as the white knighter fervently shoved chocolate pudding up his asshole while simultaneously goose-stepped out of the living room. It was a shame that the last few glimpses of he had in his life were of a crazed, sociopath neckbeard wielding an online-purchased katana and internet ships from the blessed mind of Croberts (PBUH).

I looked down to see some of my cum spilled on the floor.

"Hmm. Don't remember that at all." I mused. "Gone, like cumshots in an underground Saudi bukake film."



Being sodomized repeatedly over the past 4 years really starts destroying your memory. I must have shot so many loads, the total amount of man-batter could fill a YMCA gym ten-fold at this point. My genitals had been working overtime for the past few years, like a coked out coed in the midst of finals.

One day a young Tibetan monk went to the grand sensei of their local temple to learn the secrets of love, dickgirls, and horse cocks. The sexually deviant sensei gave the following advice:

*"Actually from a biological point of view your idea of "love" is backwards; I'm only bringing it up because it impacts hard for your arguments against harnessing the moon. You don't produce those natural endorphins because you're in an emotional state called "love"; your body produces those natural endorphins and then you think that you're experiencing something called "love" afterwards because of that chemical process. The best example is in being scared; you don't see a threat get scared and then run away because you're scared - you actually see a threat then run away and get "scared" because you're running. That feeling of "love" you say you have towards the moon is nothing really to do with the moon; it's the end result of a process of a million dicks that are inside you. If you never knew about the moon being mined you'd never stop feeling of "love" you say you have; just the same way that if you lived without ever seeing the moon you wouldn't "miss" the feeling of love you say have for it. They're your feelings and I can respect them; but they're not an argument to ever hold mankind back."*

"But TobleroneTriangular!" exclaimed the young monk, "That's such a fucking gay-ass worldview to hold!".

"Well," replied TobleroneTriangular, "I think you're looking at this upside down; from a biological viewpoint monogamy is "weak willed" because it's in a minority in nature. Mankind is only a part of nature; so any discussion of what people "can" or "can't" do or be has to start by looking at the fact they're animals like any other and come under certain natural laws first before social fashions are thought about. The level of "cheating" across history probably hasn't changed alot; just the fact that people have more ability to do it now and face less judgement for talking about it. The powerful through history have never had those problems; just look at someone like Henry VIII. He "cheated" all the time but only did what anyone would have done if they controlled the law. Ultimately we can talk about "cheating" only if we understand that it's an idea that's part of our current society; but outside of that society in nature itself there's no such idea. We shouldn't be fooled by the illusion "cheating" is a natural fact."

"YOLO!", I retorted, "YOLO swag 420 lmao! #swag #blazeit #buttcoins"

TobleroneTriangular didn't seem too receptive of my feedback and simply responded to my comment with a punch to the taint. He must have broken my taint since blood was gushing from it now.

"I bet you think you're funny, you **fucking faggot.**" TobleroneTriangular snapped. "Now I'm going to claim your boy pussy for your lack of respect for military artillery fire peppering us."



The Chinese suppression of Tibet's latest freedom fucks had resulted in the area surrounding the temple into an orgy of shrapnel and hairless asian twink. Fortunately, an airBONE regiment of Thai ladyboys landed and overwhelmed the tiny dicked Chinese by fucking them into the homosexual agenda. Or at least bisexuality. Pan-sex? Omni-sexual? Who the fuck cares, we're fucking everybody now. I mean have you seen those ladyboys? They look pretty good until BAM SURPRISE PENIS MAKING YOU QUESTION JUST HOW STRAIGHT YOU WERE! Now you're a flamin' homo that is the star of your local town's pride parade and permanent resident of every gloryhole in the tri-state area.

TobleroneTriangular pondered on this for a moment. Perhaps this is what he wanted all along. This is what he needed now. Several large dicks in his ass. One day he could even make it up to the big leagues and head to D.C. and fuck a senator for his next hit of coke.

## Chapter 8: The Endless Room

### Chapter 15.3: The Quest for Even More Gay Sex

"Я реЙ!" Vladimir Putin shouted in between slobbering any and all knobs he could work his mouth around. His attempts to attract the attention of an alphamale from the homosexual master race was pitiful, but he continued. "Я гей!" he shouted again. Putin shouted from rooftops into the busy urban center below, desperate for any amount of man love his tight shit hole could handle. From the streets, a crowd of faggots amassed, drawn in by the mating calls of Vladimir *Hairless Manchest* Putin. His calls may have been weak and pitiful, but it was enough. The sex starved gay hordes had heard the mating call of the one they desired most. Gays began running through the streets, climbing over one another to get at Putin inside the Kremlin. Hot sweaty gay men climbed Moscow's urban jungle hoping to be the first man to make it to the rooftops where Putin was proudly perched. "Hi where is chad. Where is chad where is he?" Putin asked. As more and more gays began approaching him, Putin realized it wasn't any of these sexy hot hairy man bods that he desired, but Chad. Beautiful young, supple bodied chad. Chad, Putin's right hand man in the KGB for years, had never noticed Putin. He was even the photographer for all the shirtless promotional images, yet he had never paid any attention to the joy in Putin's eyes that existed only in those fleeting moments. At least, not in the way Putin desired. Putin's advances were ignored for years, but today was the day, Putin decided. Today was the day Putin would fuck Chad, whether he wanted it or not.

Down from the Kremlin, Putin descended. He would find Chad and fuck his holes. Just the thought of ravishing Chad's sweet vodka-lubricated love cave caused a massive erection in Putin's pants; it was one of the most rock hard boners of his life. Through the streets Putin ran, his raging cock standing tall and mighty for all citizens of Novorossiia to behold. Chad's mom moaned in the distance. "Fuck me like you did those captured Ukrainian soldiers from Donetsk!" "What does that even

mean you little punk? You want to start some shit with Putin?" Putin thought. The insult lingered in Putin's mind and ate at his guilty conscience. It was almost too much to bear, but the thought of Chad rested his uneasy mind. "If I can just fuck Chad, all of my problems will go away" He said. And so Putin shot Chad's mother and continued his search for Chad's tight as fuck bunghole.

The day waned on and Putin's spirit level was low. It had been hours since he had begun his search for Chad's manly poon. The sun was setting. Putin hung his head and resigned to quit his desperate search, when, from the horizon came a figure approaching Putin. Even at this distance, mods knew. Oh how they knew. Putin ran to the figure and embraced. It was Chad, ready to finally love the man who had loved him for all of these years. They fucked right there on the outskirts of the city in full view of all of Russia. Some looked away in disgust, others cheered in delight. Some even attempted to join in. It was a Russian gay-love fest the likes of which had never been seen before. Finally, Putin was happy.

But dark forces were coalescing in America from the abundant gay energy radiating out from Mr Darcy. Deep in Mr Darcy's crypt a spark of life! "What have you done!" exclaimed Putin. "I have come to fulfill a prophecy told long ago, when the gays created the first heterosexuals from dark, cosmic magics." Chad whispered into Vlad's ear.

Vlad stood up and yelled, "[redacted] The answer is: **im not gay**. No matter how vast your knowledge or how modest, it is your own mind that has to acquire it. It is only with your own knowledge that you can deal. It is only your own knowledge that you can claim to possess or ask others to consider. Your mind is your only judge of truth-and if others dissent from your verdict, reality is the court of final appeal. Nothing but a man's mind can perform that complex, delicate, crucial process of identification which is thinking. Nothing can direct the process but his own judgment. Nothing can direct his judgment but his moral integrity."

"You who speak of a 'moral instinct' as if it were some separate endowment opposed to-" But then Chad piped in with "wat"

15 pages later, Chad's mom was not actually detanead and was aboard the Love Boat as an alleged passenger. She was the happiest of guests on the Love Boat, participating greatly on the activities of the alleged "Love Boat". But she was there for something else. On the Love Boat. Her love was fake and gay. But that was

okay because Chad hated Daria and he was **gay** Or at least bi-curious. "You Can't be bisexual asshole. There's more than two genders!" Putin quickly checked his slavic privilege as he didn't want to anger his recent sexual conquest.

meow. Mew? Woof. Chirp Chirp mo->ther fuckers says the bird from the bloods.

actually its established early on **chad** is very gay and unquestioned. Chad also hated **set-width fonts so he wrote only in comic sans**

Straight from Chad's diary: "Dear Diary, I am gay. Also, I have aids. Love, Chad"

Chad was bored of life on earth, so he volunteered to be sent on a one-way trip to Uranus. "Fuck this straight earth", he said. Then Chad was sent to Uranus with the other homosexuals onboard the phalic-thafuk1 rocket. But mars needed moms, specifically milf因为有些计算机报告处理器支持某些不支持的功能集, 将出现此问题。因此, 如果系统使用这些功能集, 则出现 Stop 错误。如果使用不正确的处理器包或 BIOS 错误地使处理器错误可以发生这种情况。s (not that it would really matter since everyone being sent was gay). So Chad's "mom" and all the other bitchin' hot "moms" boarded the Beard-1 and set out on their journey to "fuck that gay mars". Chad spent the 14 month trip dreaming of martian cock up his ass, which can go far deeper than any short, stubby Earth cock as there's only 1/6th the gravity.

chad then died[citation needed] This was however false, as we all know from the footnote that Chad dies on page 183.

fuck chad let's talk about something else. Chad hasn't fucked enough.

ok fine. So there was... this guy named... Charlie. He was a faggot... A bunch of piss... happened and he sounded Putin and now... he's going to mars. Back To Choad... Neil de Grasse Tyson went... to Mars as well to "fuck all those gay bitches" per Chad's... request. Before charlie left..., he... "deeft

## Chapter 16: Gritty Kitty Litter

hroated" Chad's tiny... shrimp cock...

Meanwhile, on the Starshit Enterpussy:

Captain Jackoff Sparrow was fapping to tranny granny pornny. His science orficer Spork bursted into his room, his eyes moist with fresh tears. "Captain", he cried, "I'm pregnant!!! and I'm totes illogical!!!". Jackoff's cock went flaccid. "Cheesus Christ Spork, can't you see I'm busy!!!!". Then Spork suicided with his fazer pistol. But first he sent a text message to Chad.. Captain Jackoff shrugged and turned back to his porn.

"[Doctor doctor give me the news](#), I've got a bad case of fuckin' you," screamed Chad into whoever's ear would listen

black people

Finally on Mars, chad's mom handed off the dildo thing from chapter six to a large purple behemoth hiding under unassuming garments. "Wait," Chad said, "I gots a text message". "You mean you *got* a text", Chad's

"mom" said correctly. "Fuck you mom, but not really because *in gay*" Chad replied.

Chad peered down at his Ipwned G69. It was a message from his old fuck buddy Spork. The text message read "Sorry (not sorry tho) for giving you aids, going to top meself, cheerio". Chad closed his eyes and thought about England for a momment, but then he forgot because he has the memory of a goldfish.



Then Chad went onto SA and posted a thread to the GBS subforum. That thread? **"let's write the next best selling erotic novel for moms". Finn...** *? Finn The Human?*

Finn and Jake plus eight went up the hill to fetch waterworld on dvd. The DVD turned out to contain an archive of one single thread from SomethingAwful. It was perhaps the worst piece of 21st century pre-war literature they had ever seen. but they did read it so we get royalties. Chad the Fuck King blasted in from up top while they blasted his best selling romance novel 2030x. Then space empress Clarissa rocketed in and said, in a monotone, "beep boop bop beep mother fuckers". She ripped off her space leotard exposing her naked flesh. It was rotten and decayed. Also incredibly wrinkly like a ballsack's knee. Like, you would think that the wrinkles would be the least of your worries when you see rotting flesh, but the wrinkles were that bad.

fuck knows no one watched that show

- ❖ A lesbian signed an autograph in the distance. Birds chirped. Somewhere, a middle aged man's canary was being towed. It was a 2 Ton metal canary which Anne Frank, the middle aged starving artist, had built as his most recent art installment. - Princess irulan on Mua'dib. fuckin nerds

Then Chad had an anal eFUCKvacuation. He moaned as the large shit log stretched his asshole and pressured his prostate. "I wish I could take a big shit too" Charlie said. The gang looked at charlie dubiousoly. "Fuck you CharlieFUCK!" Chad said. Then Chad fucked charlie up the ass. Charlie was happy because he thought it would feel like a big shit, but then he remembered that Chad had a shrimp dick. Charlie did not find pleasure in shrimp dicks. He preferred whale cock so much more.

Oxxipation's Doctor Who Review Thread: Season 22

So, I was weary about Danny Devito playing the role of the Doctor, but I have to say It's an improvement.'s pussy. But Chad did not like talking about Danny Devington, Duke of Lanktortinosshire, because he was molested by him as a child. That is why Chad is gay.

Then Chad got a phone call from his whore sister. "We pooped our student grants together and blew it all on anal bleachers. Seats more than 200 now. They had these little pegs that stuck up from the seats you could plant yourself on. Those were the good ol'-". "NO SHUT UP YOU WHORE BITCH" Then Chad hung up on his whore sister.

## Chapter 12 - The Soft Reboot for The Next Generation

Craig Robinson (a.k.a Billy Zane's Dick), and Rob Coordry all fall out-> of the time machine soaking wet. The guy from Vacation is sitting in the tub with them. He says, "I like your act boys, but what do you call it?" Chad busts in from the penthouse and says, "The aristocats". The guy from Vacation says "Show me what that's like" and the d->o. Craig Roinson start's sucking on Rob Coordry's nipples and Chad is still fucking himself with a dildo in the corner.

*black people*

*got*

*no reason to live*

— *Randy Newman - famed race relations expert*

this was just the beginning.

Chad stared out his bedroom window. He wondered why he wasn't on mars any more. He also wondered why he was being portrayed by Andrew Garfield. Then it hid Chathis sucksd. "I must be in a rerun!" he exclaimed. A lesbian sighed in the distance. "I guess the writers must have run out of decent ideas for new episodes!" Chad wondered if he was still gay, so he tried spanking it to hardcore **furry gay porn**. To his relief, he was able to cum truckloads. "Things aren't too different after all" he said. Then suddenly, a man burst through his bedroom door. It was chad's dad. In this new reboot, Chad lived with his gay abusive real life father instead of his hot milf of a mom. Chad's father had on a goofy mask, and was carrying a hooked leather belt. "It's Goofy time, bitch son!" Yelled Chad's dad. "What the fuck?" Replied chad. "It's time we finally had a sit down on these mounted dildos and had a discussion on how we can fix your 'problem' with cumming into my ass" Said Chad's dad. "Lol ur ass is too loose 4 skool" Chad replied. Chad's Stepdad became furious. "NO, My ass is very tight! You just have a shrimp dick you little shit!!!" Chad unzipped his pants to check and see if he still had a shrimp dick. His cock was indeed a living, breathing shrimp. "Damn" He said.

### **Chapter 18: fuck u post-op**

"Enough talk!" Yelled Chads Real and actual dad. "Now fuck my man ass". Chad's real dad pulled out a bottle of A1 brand steak sauce. He then proceeded to lather his body in it. "Umm, what are you doing?" Chad asked. "I can't take meat without sauce" realdad replied. "But you're using steak sauce, my cock isn't a steak, it's a shrimp. You would be better off using butter sauce". realdad pondered Chad's suggestion, then he left Chad's

room in search of butter sauce. Chad breathed a \*sigh\* of relief. He was **gay**, but he only liked to fuck shaved arses, and his stepdad had a hairier taint than bigfoot. Suddenly, Chad's phone rang. It was Randall, Chad's best friend that he ditched before he went to mars in the old continuity..

### **Chapter 19: The Movie : The Next Generation : First Unprotected Contact**

Everything that happened so far, didn't happen. Now it's 12 years ago and the cast are all in the furry-cyborg Starfeet Academy. Fuck you, the reader, for investing yourself in fiction.

Chad (who is now played by actor Tommy Wiseau in blackface) is a Starfeet captain. He is dressed head-to-toe in black leather, and a silver foot-shaped badge adorns his crotch. He gazed out of one of his Starshit's windows. He thought about all the nice tight young man asses that he was going to fuck. Then Mark (played by Mark Wahlberg, also in blackface) walked in. "Oh hi mark", greeted Chad. "Dude, what's up with the memes?" Mark asked. "Lol, I don't know" Chad replied. Chad noticed that Mark was missing his Starfeet badge. "Mark, where's your badge?" He asked. "Oops, I must have left it in Randall's room", Mark replied.

"Mark, have you been fucking Randall?" Chad asked. Before Mark could answer, Randall entered the room (which also starred Tommy Wiseau). "Yes" Replied Randall.

***"Did you wear a condom?"*** Asked Chad, his eyes brimming with tears.

Randall hem races Chad. "Is these what u want bb?"

Chad nodded, terrified of Mark, and also of being alone in Starfeet.

"I can't give you what you want I belong to Mark, butt I can spank your monkey."

Chad eyes the two warily.

"YEAH SPANK ME LIKE A BAD BOY" Chad Bellowed girlishly,

/b/

Randall says, "Give him your worse so he know what he's gone do to you."

"Please stop sending me lewd snapchats Chad" interrupted Mark

"No bitch, now spank me!" Chad screamed so hard he had a heart attack.

"Shit, someone call the medical orificer!" Yelled Randall. "Lol no there's no time" But what is time, really?

Mark begins an oral sugary one on Chad in an effort to revive him. "Damit Mark, you're a homo, not a doctor!" Exclaimed Randall. "No, you can call me Dr. Homo" Replied Mark, in his most serious tone. Randall bit his lip and nods with excitement. "Yes Dr. Homo". As Dr. Homo stuck his hands into Chad, Mark couldn't beelp but feel a little bit jealous. "I wish he'd stick his hands into me like that." Said chaD to himself in his mind. "Maybe someday I'll be the kind of sexy bitc that gets a Dr's hands inside of him just liek I've always wanted..."

Randall was getting tired of Mark's failed attempts at fixing Chad, so he took out his comunisistor and called up the Starfeet medical orificer, Boners.

"Do you know what you've done?" Mark exclaimed, "Now we're all BONED". Then in came Medical Orificer Boners (played by Andre The Giant's skeleton). Before Mark or Randall could explain the situation, Boners began talking in weird alien tones. "Bah weep granah weep minibon tikkirikkitmepo bannabenipembo" It said. "See, I told you, BONED" Mark said to Randall. "So listen you bitch, are you going to fix our gay friend or not?" Randall asked Boners. Boners laughed and then pull off its face, revealing it's true identity, Medical Orificer Boner was actually John Boehner all along. ***"Now who wants to party?"***

Bonehner mixed up four cocktails and pours them on marks oily chest. The three indulged in a game of 'Macho Mojito' on Chad's chest. The last to finish got the privilege of drinking it.

Chad's corpse festered as all of this was occuring.

Randall finished last. He grimaced, and then grinned. He started to gulp and had a brilliant idea. He sucked it up and snowballed it into Chad's mouth. *"I'm brilliant"* He thought *"the seed of life brings to life what once was life, and now dead, will be renewed"*

Chad gasps, and must forgive Randall for He has saved his life.

**\*FADE TO BLACK\***

*'heart trauma  
 fade out  
 who are you to judge?  
 the blackness  
 in my soul  
 melancholy whispers'*

- From Chad's secret Starfeet diary, after binging to Linkin Park, stardate '69

## Chapter XX: Lesbian Miserablés (or, The Hella Thick Dickening)

"God created Scientology to train the lesbians" - [Muhajipeen](#)

Chad had to forgive. He couldn't not forgive. He had won the victory over himself. He loved the way "Big Dick" Randall licked his ice cream every morning, watching him with adulterous eyes. "Hello, son", he would say, and flash him a bit of bulge from his recliner on the porch. Taking that monster was like shitting a giant vorephilia hedgehog fantasy in reverse. It hurt like hell, but the blood all over him felt so good, he could accept it.

"Lorem dicksum dolor sit amet, constipatur adipiscing clit, sed do mods knew tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud ephebophile ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute i'm gay dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.", he conjured, while taking several cocks to the familiar images of "swap.avi", a form of art.

As the women from the video learned English and poop, he learned more about his relationship with his Bear Father.

Comic Sans triggers me. My typefacesona is Helvetica, xe's a pansexual demiromantic typeface. Your kermit sucks. My angelfire site is dripping with cum. "I think you mean anglefire," he said. Hot, stinking cum.

Chad cut his pierced man-clit off and died of septic shock. His corpse tours to this day with Kid Rock, where he is used as a sexdoll in accordance with his last will and testament and starfeet contract.

Nobody expected the maggot-fart. By noon the next day all of Austin was in tane... FEMALE Director Justin Beeber could think of no other solution but to stuff his crusty balloon knot with as much BBC as humanly possible. It was crazy...but it worked. He had played the tane orb. Chad was at peace once more.

"Legakize weed you dopes" said Chad as he kicked down the door to the church. He may be happily dead but he still knew it was the right thing to do. If he couldn't get it done now, having no blood moving (because he's dead now\_ in his body except in the cock area, then what good was he? That day, as he looked into the mirror and saw his own reflection staring right back at him, he knew what he had to do (he had to legalize weed, dopes). And so off he set into the darkness to make sure that literally everyone, from the poorest basic bitch to the richest alpha nigger, would be a high as a blizzle in the shizzle out back.

*"Dun dun dun dun, Dun dun dun dun"*

- Beethoven, basic bitch, in his hit song "Cuck me Amadeus", circa 1969

"Like a dog!" Yelled Fernando. He had just eaten a full tin of unsalted minced beef. Then he did this  
<http://i.imgur.com/l7lxnss.jpg>

The piss of a thousand years has built up before me. I will cuck god himself. When face raping someone it's important to get a running start.

His actors didn't quite understand Fernando's direction. The film was off the rails as it was and they were five months behind schedule and they were literally dead. Like your mum, Chad. Now get back in there and stop whining.

A death is not a joke, and I have no intention of making light of it. And it can be a tough and emotional thing for couples to go through, speaking from personal experience. And I know that it's often much harder on the deceased than on the living. However, I also know that it doesn't necessarily turn you into a sad, depressed sack of tears for the rest of your life. People can move past it, and heal.

Chad is dead. Our Mother, Chad, is dead, and we have killed him. How are we to console ourselves with a bucket of gay dicks emptied out before us, sang the chorus of maggots steadily pulsing out of Chad's loosened corpse anus.

Fernando couldn't take it any longer. First his fate decided by forum-lurking bozos, now his best friend Chad's passing, he was feeling out of sorts. He reached for the prescription sleeping pills. Eternal rest awaited. But what was this? The bottle was empty! "Fernando"... he growled.

Seven a.m., waking up in the morning  
 Gotta be fresh, gotta go downstairs  
 Gotta spread shit all over my thighs and chest as I piss hot urine into my mouth and down my throat.  
 Seein' everything, the time is goin'  
 Tickin' on and on, everybody's Russian  
 Gotta get down to the bus stop  
 Gotta catch my bus, I see my friends (None ;\_)

Kickin' in the front seat  
 Sittin' in the back seat  
 Gotta make my mind up  
 Which seat can I take?

---

Carry on my wayward son,  
 For there'll be peace when you are done  
 Lay your weary head to rest  
 Don't you cry no more  
 Once I rose above the noise and confusion  
 Just to get a glimpse beyond the illusion  
 I was soaring ever higher, but I flew too high  
 Though my eyes could see I still was a blind man  
 Though my mind could think I still was a mad man  
 I hear the voices when I'm dreamin', I can hear them say  
 Carry on my wayward son,  
 For there'll be peace when you are done  
 Lay your weary head to rest

Don't you **cry** no more

Masquerading as a man with a reason  
My charade is the event of the season  
And if I claim to be a wise man, it surely means that I don't know  
On a stormy sea of moving emotion  
Tossed about I'm like a ship on the ocean  
I set a course for winds of fortune, but I hear the voices say  
Carry on my wayward son,  
For there'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest  
Don't you cry no more  
Carry on, you will always remember  
Carry on, nothing equals the splendor  
Now your life's no longer empty  
Surely heaven waits for you  
Carry on my wayward son,  
For there'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest

Don't you cry no moore



## Chapter 31: I Wish This had Never Chaddened

Adrian Fuckunder had no idea when he woke from his drug-induced stupor that his balls were missing, or why. All that remained of his nocturnal visitor was a name scrawled in puke on the bathroom mirror, a name he knew too well. [REDACTED].

“This is gonna be a three-cock case,” Adrian muttered, reaching into his patreon-funded box of dicks.

“*Pee* poo doody *butt*,” he said. “Pee poo doody butt. That’s all I know. Pee poo doody butt. Pee poo doody butt.”

[illegible]

“Everything” said Jim. **P** (—;—)

“A woman’s fat rippling cock is a terrible thing to waste,” the saying goes. Fernando knew this as he cross-stitched those very words.



## Chapter 32 : “Welcome to the Gay Salty Sploogetoon. how gay are you?”

Gay Fernando Peregrin Took his gay hand out of his gay pants and called up his gay guy partner (who is gayly played by the actor that played that one bad gay guy in that one gay movie with the action scene).

“Hey Guy. How gay are you?” He asked timidly.

Guy grunts in return, “Fucking Starfeet command won’t honor my last wishes with Chad. While those shitheads Randall and Mark get to use his corpse however they want. So i guess i’ m pretty mad, and pretty god damned gay.”

Gay Fernando Peregrin Took tenderly reaches for Guy’s junk and whispers, “That’s what I wanted to hear gay Guy.” not only was he gay but also mad gay.

Guy picks Fernando up and bend him over in order to ‘Punish’ him deeply. “You will like it when I punish you!!” he screams, “ Do you hear me Peregrin>?>?>?”.

“Y-y-y-y-y-y-y-yes”, Fernando stammers “I h-hear you”, and then he blushes and feints.

Guy takes advantage of Fernando’s unconscious body, and pretends it is Mark’s decayed corpse. Gay things then took place, while gay.

## Chapter 32 ½ : An UnFortunate Run-in with a Trap

Eerily enough, one of the more disheartening experiences in my sexual endeavours occurred on Halloween back in 2007. The common tradition of dressing up as ghosts and ghouls was starting to fade in my age. People often took the holiday as a chance to escape from their mundane lives and dress a bit more precariously to appease the opposite sex. As I waited outside of my favorite pub in mid-town, a gorgeous blonde with short hair and piercing eyes approached me. She must have been 12 years old, *at least*, and cold on this autumn’s eve as her arms were wrapped tightly around her skinny torso.

“Umm.. Excuse me, hey do you have a lighter?” She asked shaken. She had in her left hand a copper one-hitter packed tightly.

“Oh, I do, in fact, have a lighter for you, miss.” is what I meant to say, but it came out slightly more like the following..

“HANG A HOLD OF MY COCK, xSwEaTy PeAx. WE’ RE GOING TO FUCK TOWN PRONTO.”

Before she and I knew it, I had stripped her raw in the cold, autumn air. What lay before me still haunts me to this day. Her supple body exposed, I noticed several penii of various fun shapes and sizes!!! I couldn’t refuse what I saw despite my gut feeling. As I lay there with her strangling the life from me I couldn’t help but wonder if this was the end. The ironic part is that she is up for promotion in Starfeet Command. Some days I lay awake at night, wondering how my life might be different if I had chosen my next words more carefully.

“The term is *ephebephile*” I said shrilly, drawing my katana from it is sheath.

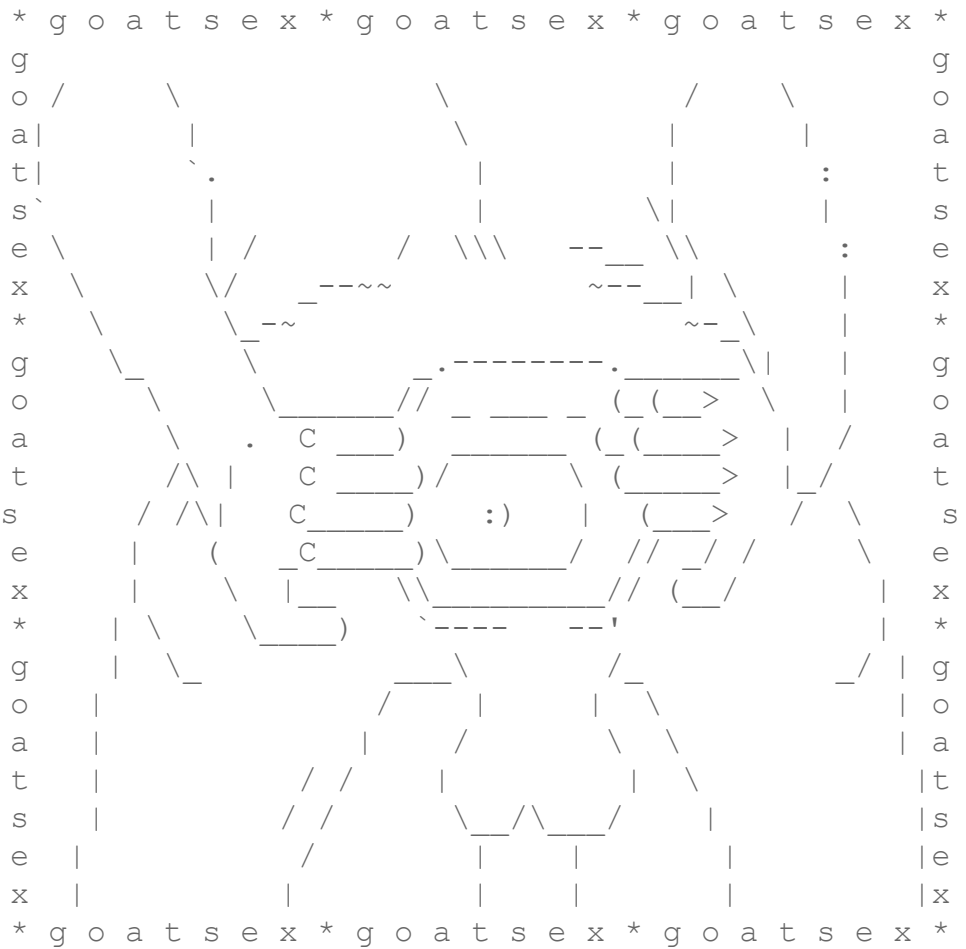
“And I don’t appreciate being treated like a *second class* zombie *cistizen*.”

And with those words I emancipated the fool from his head and also his body. As the red fluid of life and bloodiness spurted from his neck parts, so too did the ejaculate spurt from my dick parts. Before I knew what I was doing I was INTP from the alley, screaming for someone, anyone to save me from myself and this terrible, cishet world. I ran into the first door I saw, two men smoking hookah, with each other. As I slowly came to full



attention I realized what a mistake i had made. These were no mere men. These were important men. These were serious men. They stood up, mouths moving in unison but saying no words. I ran past them into my kitchen, where I quickly turned on the stove to disguise my movements.

“this bear trap hurts”



El niño lobo exclama al llorar por la luna que se mece en el cielo. La sangre dibuja algo a sus pies. Fernando. Fernando.



### Chapter 33 : A New Friendzone, or an Old Friend, or a Butthole Baby??

*Fernando* Peregrine Falconkin's balls were feeling very blue since his last encounter with Guy. I was fairly obvious that Guy was just using him as a pretend preteen corpse. He knew that the only thing that would cheer him up was to get sum fuk at a Kid Rock concert. As they were getting drowned in Baw Wit Da Baw nimble Fernando notice from the corner of his eyes a true legend with rock hard boners. It was the late Commander of Starfeet *CHAD*.

Fernando went to his corpse to pay *homoge*. *Chad* sideled towards him, swiveling his sexy sexy hips like a Lazy Susan swivels when you put the mashed potatoes on it and spin it. "Hey theyre good looking." observed *Chad*, making fiery eyes at Senour Fernando. "I haven't seen you in these parts before, are you ready to up jump the boogie?" And with that *Chad* lept onto stage, pulling off his shirt to reveal his powerful, *shaved pecs* and his abs which were chisled like marble or maybe limestone, or maybe you could say that they were chisseled like a nizzle fohiszzle. He grabbed a second mic off of Kid Rock and started hype manning it up. Peregrine Fernandomobile had never been so turned on in his life. Chadinator(this is what *Chad* called himself) always knew exactly when to come in with a "WHAT" right after Kid Rock laid down some sick rhymes. Fernando could feel his cock harden, dripping with cum, and then go flaccid again, all at speeds approcaching 50 CPS (that's cums per second for you beta fuckboys). Before he knew what he was doing, Fernando ran on stage too. He looked out over the crowd of 250 people (:\_:)14 if you only count the ones with teeth) and screamed out "I love Chadinator almost as much as I love Kid Rock's sick rhymes! And with fart Fernando dove off the stage into the adoring crowd. Then some sick pyrotechnic stuff went on off onstage and there were fireworkds and smoke and it was awesome just let me tell you. As Fernando plunged into the screaming crowd, he spun around and made eye ocntact with ~*Chad*inator~. It was only for a second, but in that moment Fernando knew that he and *Chad* would be up to each others tits with their fists in 20, 30 minutes tops.

But there was a problem, Chadinator needed to go back to the future. There was no time for gay fucking. "I'll be back", he said. Fernando's lips (pussy and otherwise) quivered. "B-b-but.. I love you...". Chadinator was mad sad, because he knew that as a *he* he could never give Fernando the affection that he desired. Chadinator walked slowly towards his deLorean. "Hasta Manana BB". But, they both knoew there would be not Madonna. Maybe Nicki Minaj at best.

### **Chapter 34: Not Only Was it Butt Stuff, but Unimaginably Gay Butt Stuff from the future!!!!!!!!!!**

**THIS PAGE LEFT INTENTIONALLY BLANK**  
**Heil Hitler**  
*no wait don't heil hitler. don't heil him at all*  
*Nah, jk. Heil Hiter.*



## Chapter 35 : Not enough Chad.

There was once a young huntsman who was not named Chad. One day he went into the forest to lie in wait. He had a fresh and joyous heart, and as he was going hither and thither, whistling upon a leaf, an ugly old crone came up, who spoke to him and said, "Good-day, dear huntsman who is not named Chad, truly you are merry and contented, but I am suffering from hunger and thirst, do give me an alms." The huntsman who is not named Chad had compassion on the poor old creature, felt in his pocket, and gave her what he could afford. He was then about to go further, but the old woman stopped him and said, "Listen, dear huntsman who is not named Chad, to what I tell you; I will make you a present in return for your kindness. Go on your way now, but in a little while you will come to a tree, whereon nine birds are sitting which have a cloak in their claws, and are plucking at it; take your gun and shoot into the midst of them, they will let the cloak fall down to you, but one of the birds will be hurt, and will drop down dead. Carry away the cloak, it is a wishing-cloak; when you throw it over your shoulders, you only have to wish to be in a certain place, and you will be there in the twinkling of an eye. Take out the heart of the dead bird and swallow it whole, and every morning early, when you get up, you will find a gold piece under your pillow." The huntsman who is not named Chad thanked the wise woman, and thought to himself, "Those are fine things that she has promised me, if all does but come true." And verily when he had walked about a hundred paces, he heard in the branches above him such a screaming and twittering that he looked up and saw there a crowd of birds who were tearing a piece of cloth about with their beaks and claws, and tugging and fighting as if each wanted to have it all to himself. "Well," said the huntsman who is not named Chad, "this is wonderful, it has really come to pass just as the old wife foretold!" and he took the gun from his shoulder, aimed and fired right into the midst of them, so that the feathers flew about. The birds instantly took to flight with loud outcries, but one dropped down dead, and the cloak fell at the same time. Then the huntsman who is not named Chad did as the old woman had directed him, cut open the bird, sought the heart, swallowed it down, and took the cloak home with him.

Next morning, when he awoke, the promise occurred to him, and he wished to see if it also had been fulfilled. When he lifted up the pillow, the gold piece shone in his eyes, and next day he found another, and so it went on, every time he got up. He gathered together a heap of gold, but at last he thought, "Of what use is all my gold to me if I stay at home? I will go forth and see the world."

He then took leave of his parents, buckled on his huntsman who is not named Chad's pouch and gun, and went out into the world. It came to pass, that one day he travelled through a dense forest, and when he came to the end of it, in the plain before him stood a fine castle. An old woman was standing with a wonderfully beautiful maiden, looking out of one of the windows. The old woman, however, was a witch and said to the maiden, "There comes one out of the forest, who has a wonderful treasure in his body, we must



# filch

it from him, my dear daughter, it is more suitable for us than for him. He has a

bird's heart about him, by means of which a gold piece lies every morning under his pillow." She told her what she was to do to get it, and what part she had to play, and finally threatened her, and said with angry eyes, "And if you do not attend to what I say, it will be the worse for you." Now when the huntsman who is not named Chad came nearer he descried the maiden, and said to himself, "I have travelled about for such a long time, I will take a rest for once, and enter that beautiful castle. I have certainly money enough." Nevertheless, the real reason was that he had caught sight of the pretty girl.

He entered the house, and was well received and courteously entertained. Before long he was so much in love with the young witch that he no longer thought of anything else, and only saw things as she saw them, and did what she desired. The old woman then said, "Now we must have the bird's heart, he will never miss it." She prepared a drink, and when it was ready, poured it into a cup and gave it to the maiden, who was to present it to the huntsman who is not named Chad. She did so, saying, "Now, my dearest, drink to me." So he took the cup, and when he had swallowed the draught, he brought up the heart of the bird. The girl had to take it away secretly and swallow it herself, for the old woman would have it so. Thenceforward he found no more gold under his pillow, but it lay instead under that of the maiden, from whence the old woman fetched it away every morning; but he was so much in love and so befooled, that he thought of nothing else but of passing his time with the girl.

Then the old witch said, "We have the bird's heart, but we must also take the wishing-cloak away from him." The girl answered, "We will leave him that, he has lost his wealth." The old woman was angry and said, "Such a mantle is a wonderful thing, and is seldom to be found in this world. I must and will have it!" She gave the girl several blows, and said that if she did not obey, it should fare ill with her. So she did the old woman's bidding, placed herself at the window and looked on the distant country, as if she were very sorrowful. The huntsman who is not named Chad asked, "Why dost thou stand there so sorrowfully?" "Ah, my beloved," was her answer, "over yonder lies the Garnet Mountain, where the precious stones grow. I long for them so much that when I think of them, I feel quite sad, but who can get them? Only the birds; they fly and can reach them, but a man never." "Hast thou nothing else to complain of?" said the huntsman who is not named Chad. "I will soon remove that burden from thy heart." With that he drew her under his mantle, wished himself on the Garnet Mountain, and in the twinkling of an eye they were sitting on it together. Precious stones were glistening on every side so that it was a joy to see them, and together they gathered the finest and costliest of them. Now, the old woman



had, through her sorceries, contrived that the eyes of the huntsman who is not named Chad should become heavy. He said to the maiden, "We will sit down and rest awhile, I am so tired that I can no longer stand on my feet." Then they sat down, and he laid his head in her lap, and fell asleep. When he was asleep, she unfastened the mantle from his shoulders, and wrapped herself in it, picked up the garnets and stones, and wished herself back at home with them.

But when the huntsman who is not named Chad had had his sleep out and awoke, and perceived that his sweetheart had betrayed him, and left him alone on the wild mountain, he said, "Oh, what treachery there is in the world!" and sat down there in care and sorrow, not knowing what to do. But the mountain belonged to some wild and monstrous giants who dwelt thereon and lived their lives there, and he had not sat long before he saw three of them coming towards him, so he lay down as if he were sunk in a deep sleep. Then the giants came up, and the first kicked him with his foot and said, "What sort of an earth-worm is lying curled up here? The second said, "Step upon him and kill him." But the third said, "That would indeed be worth your while; just let him live, he cannot remain here; and when he climbs higher, toward the summit of of the mountain, the clouds will lay hold of him and bear him away." So saying they passed by. But the huntsman who is not named Chad had paid heed to their words, and as soon as they were gone, he rose and climbed up to the summit of the mountain, and when he had sat there a while, a cloud floated towards him, caught him up, carried him away, and travelled about for a long time in the heavens. Then it sank lower, and let itself down on a great cabbage-garden, girt round by walls, so that he came softly to the ground on cabbages and vegetables.

Then the huntsman who is not named Chad looked about him and said, "If I had but something to eat! I am so hungry, and my hunger will increase in course of time; but I see here neither apples nor pears, nor any other sort of fruit, everywhere nothing but cabbages," but at length he thought, "At a pinch I can eat some of the leaves, they do not taste particularly good, but they will refresh me." With that he picked himself out a fine head of cabbage, and ate it, but scarcely had he swallowed a couple of mouthfuls than he felt very strange and quite different.

Four legs grew on him, a large head and two thick ears, and he saw with horror that he was changed into an ass. Still as his hunger increased every minute, and as the juicy leaves were suitable to his present nature, he went on eating with great zest. At last he arrived at a different kind of cabbage, but as soon as he had swallowed it, he again felt a change, and reassumed his former human shape.

Then the huntsman who is not named Chad lay down and slept off his fatigue. When he awoke next morning, he broke off one head of the bad cabbages and another of the good ones, and thought to himself, "This shall help me to get my own again and punish treachery." Then he took the cabbages with him, climbed over the wall, and went forth to seek for the castle of his sweetheart. After wandering about for a couple of days he was lucky



enough to find it again. He dyed his face brown, so that his own mother would not have known him; and begged for shelter: "I am so tired," said he, "that I can go no further." The witch asked, "Who are you, countryman, and what is your business?" "I am a King's messenger, and was sent out to seek the most delicious salad which grows beneath the sun. I have even been so fortunate as to find it, and am carrying it about with me; but the heat of the sun is so intense that the delicate cabbage threatens to wither, and I do not know if I can carry it any further."

When the old woman heard of the exquisite salad, she was greedy, and said, "Dear countryman, let me just taste this wonderful salad." "Why not?" answered he, "I have brought two heads with me, and will give you one of them," and he opened his pouch and handed her the bad cabbage. The witch suspected nothing amiss, and her mouth watered so for this new dish that she herself went into the kitchen and dressed it. When it was prepared she could not wait until it was set on the table, but took a couple of leaves at once, and put them in her mouth, but hardly had she swallowed them than she was deprived of her human shape, and she ran out into the courtyard in the form of an ass. Presently the maid-servant entered the kitchen, saw the salad standing there ready prepared, and was about to carry it up; but on the way, according to habit, she was seized by the desire to taste, and she ate a couple of leaves. Instantly the magic power showed itself, and she likewise became an ass and ran out to the old woman, and the dish of salad fell to the ground. Meantime the messenger sat beside the beautiful girl, and as no one came with the salad and she also was longing for it, she said, "I don't know what has become of the salad." The huntsman who is not named Chad thought, "The salad must have already taken effect," and said, "I will go to the kitchen and inquire about it." As he went down he saw the two asses running about in the courtyard; the salad, however, was lying on the ground. "All right," said he, "the two have taken their portion," and he picked up the other leaves, laid them on the dish, and carried them to the maiden. "I bring you the delicate food myself," said he, "in order that you may not have to wait longer." Then she ate of it, and was, like the others, immediately deprived of her human form, and ran out into the courtyard in the shape of an ass.

After the huntsman who is not named Chad had washed his face, so that the transformed ones could recognize him, he went down into the courtyard, and said, "Now you shall receive the wages of your treachery," and bound them together, all three with one rope, and drove them along until he came to a mill. He knocked at the window, the miller put out his head, and asked what he wanted. "I have three unmanageable beasts," answered he, "which I don't want to keep any longer. Will you take them in, and give them food and stable room, and manage them as I tell you, and then I will pay you what you ask." The miller said, "Why not? But how am I to manage them?" The huntsman who is not named Chad then said that he was to give three beatings and one meal daily to the old donkey, and that was the witch; one beating and three meals to the younger one, which was the servant-girl; and to the youngest, which was the maiden, no beatings and three meals, for he could not bring



himself to have the maiden beaten. After that he went back into the castle, and found therein everything he needed.

After a couple of days, the miller came and said he must inform him that the old ass which had received three beatings and only one meal daily was dead; "the two others," he continued, "are certainly not dead, and are fed three times daily, but they are so sad that they cannot last much longer." The huntsman who is not named Chad was moved to pity, put away his anger, and told the miller to drive them back again to him. And when they came, he gave them some of the good salad, so that they became human again. The beautiful girl fell on her knees before him, and said, "Ah, my beloved, forgive me for the evil I have done you; my mother drove me to it; it was done against my will, for I love you dearly. Your wishing-cloak hangs in a cupboard, and as for the bird's-heart I will take a vomiting potion." But he thought otherwise, and said, "Keep it; it is all the same, for I will take thee for my true wife." So the wedding was celebrated, and they lived happily together until their death. And then Jett fingered his constipated son's asshole.



## *Chapter 36 : ~~Still no~~ Chad - A tale of incest & lies*

*Simon walked down the hall to a roomfull of blood. everywhere was blood and gross dick stuff*

im gay simon said as he looked down at the worldHe fucked shit all over the place aand works at a bank now he then recited the alphabet

"abcdefghijklmopqrstvuuwxwz" I'M GAY

Suddenly, a delorean came driving out of a time vagina. The Delorean was driven by none other than the Chadinator, a.k.a. Zombie Chad a.k.a. Chad. [Editor's note: welcome back, Chad!].

Simon was familiar with the former Starfeet captain, as they had been fuckbuddies before he was kicked out of Starfeet for pedophilia.

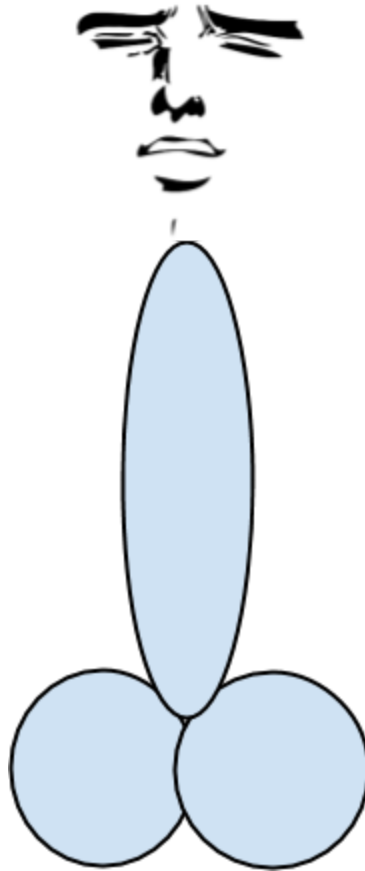
Chad approached Simon with his raging hard zombie man-cock. A zombie man-cock, you see, is the cock of a man who used to be dead, but came back. Simon had trouble fitting it inside my man pussy since he hadn't fucked him in a *phat* minute. Chad's zombie man-cock was probably the eighth wonder of the world. It's length was formidable, but what really impressed people was its girth. We're talking soupcan girth here. Simon had it shoved about eleven inches up his asshole, with about 33 inches left to spare. It worked its way through his large intestine, lower intestine, stomach,



esophagus, and finally Simon's throat. he would have thanked Chad for the full body floss if he had the ability to speak, but simply responded to his kind gesture with a rock-hard erection.

"Blam, kid, that's some good dick you go there. I'd love to bury that in my asshole" Chad said, all cool-like and shit.

Simon took his somewhat average thirteen inch cock and rested it on Chad's chin, and then Chad was in gay bliss



### Chapter Last

Then a random Christian Grey jumped out of a nearby bush. "Its adam and eve not adam and steve you godless heathens!", he yelled. "God, please punish us all, for we have sinned!" Then god destroyed the gay universe.



The FINAL CHAPTER IS ABOUT SIX CHAPTERS OR SO FROM  
NOW-ISH.

'kay

w

keep going!

