



INFINITE GENIUS

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The High Road

Jake Stevens was a two bit hood outta Kansas City. He never knew his father.

Jake's mother, Darla, was a truck stop whore who gave it up for loose change, long rides, and mentholated cigarettes.

Jake was a bonus from one of Darla's rig-hauling tricks. She'd mentioned that Jake's likely father was a pleasant enough fellow who'd treated her as good as a whore deserved.

Daddy drove off in his big rig with a smile on his face and ass on his breath.

Jake was surly as they come.

The Dangers of Excess

Chris ate shit for the 3rd time in his life on his 30th birthday, which just happened to be aligned with the summer solstice.

He pined for the day when he could chew turds without being judged by his peers.

Life was very tough.

Chris marches along the tall row of sidle bites, chewing licorice to enhance the flavor of his 3rd piece.

On Chris' 43rd birthday, he ate shit for the 4th time, possibly many more. He'd stopped counting long ago. Betwixt bites Chris used a magician's palming technique to hoard pieces for later.

He'd become quite greedy.

Fighting for Equality

Checked into the lobby
Of this motel six
Strolled over to the bar
N met some chix with dix

They were
Pedd-a-lin their weiners
And their asses too
They said come on handsome man
We want to fuck with you

I didn't take offense
I kept super fried chill
Grabbed these trannies by their cocks
N said here's the deal

Y'all got 2 big hogs
And i got one
3 dicks in a pile
Could be a lot of fun

So they parted my cheeks
Like the red sea,
I felt sublime jubilation as they jizzed in
me.
They gave me AIDS in my ass
And the HIV

It was worth it tho
Most definitely

Grease Lessons

Helga the whore is a 400 pounder. She's built like sloppy joe's stacked on an African mud hut. She wears old-timey brothel clothing.

Tommy is a stick thin, sniveling coward. He's always sniveling. That's what he does. but not for long. He's to become a man today.

Let's see how he does

Knock knock...

Helga opens the door.

"What can I do fer ya, little fella?"

"Um, Miss Helga, my dad says if I bring you this, you'll make me a man." Tommy offers her the piece of copper his father gave him.

She accepts the token in her meaty paw.

"Oh boy, isn't that sweet of your father, well, don't worry, come sit on the bed and relax.. Just lay back and let it happen."

Tommy walked over and sat at the edge of the bed, but hesitated a moment too long for Helga. She pushed him back hard on the bed "I said lay down ya little shit, and take your pants off, NOW!" her tone quite matronly.

“What?, ok. y-yes mam” Tommy was trembling, trying to work the belt buckle was an ordeal under the stress caused by Helga’s demanding timbre.

Tommy moved too slow for the eager Helga. She snatched up the buckle, yanked hard, snapped it with a grunt and threw it against the wall.

She grabbed his britches at the waist and yanked ‘em all the way to his ankles in one heaving tug.

Tommy’s flaccid willy was on display and his face was covered in shame.

“Oh gawd, what’s happening?”

“Shut your mouth and close your eyes.”

He obeyed.

Helga disrobed her old-timey outfit and let her body release its stench, she reeked of pickles, onions, and the cum of many angry and sad men.. She pounced onto the bed with a crash, straddling Tommy's face with surprising grace for her size. The bed creaked, threatening to collapse. but it maintained because it was well crafted.

Anyway...

She smothered his face, he panicked and tried to flail but he couldn’t move his puny body. He gasped for air. Helga was loving it, she was born for this work.

“Don’t fight it ya shit, Helga’s at the helm.”

She took his entire limp unit, balls included into her maw, Tommy whimpered.

She alternated between sucking hard and humming low, bouncing gently on the bed with her massiveness.

Tommy was freaking out pretty bad, half moaning half pleading into Helga's vaginal bucket. "Oh god, forgive me...I don't want this." The answer he received was the echo of his own voice, coming from deep within Helga's cavernous gape. It was like a canyon.

Helga inserted one of her big ole gorilla fingers into Tommy's anus.

He begged for mercy. "Please no, it hurts. I don't wanna be a man."

She bounced hard, slamming her mass against him to punish him for whining.

She sucked harder and prodded his hole deeper "Oooooowww" he whimpered, "OOOOOOhhh somethings happening."

Helga, being an old pro, recognized the change in vocal tonality indicating the impending cumshot. She ramped up the intensity, plunged her gorilla finger faster and sucked harder, really going for it.

And when Tommy hit that special note, she gave him her "special treatment" She eased her sausage finger out of his ass and crammed her thumb in, it was like a damn bratwurst. This bitch was fatter than hell and her thumb was like a bratwurst, I mean, maybe even a

summer sausage or a popcan I don't know, but the technique worked, it instantly turned Tommy into a cum geyser, spraying like a cannon, Boom! Boom!

“Ahhhh, what’s happening? oh my gawd, ahhhhh.”

He was screaming his head off, in one swift move Helga jumped up like an obese ninja doing a burpee and plopped her asshole down all the way onto Tommy’s erupting cock, at the same time, jammed the bratwurst thumb up his ass to the hilt, turning his prostate to smithereens. “Cum in my ass you turd!” She demanded.

Her asshole was overflowing with fluids in no time.

“Oh god noooo, mommmmyyyyyy!!!!”

Tommy fired all of his childhood memories into Helga's humongous hole and he never looked back. Helga’s eyes lit up and she grinned as she fulfilled her life’s purpose.

That was the day that Tommy became Thomas.

The End

Aids poem

Hip, hop hooray
It's fuckin aids day
I threw a bug chasin'
Gang bang
For my birthday

Now i'm down to catch the hiv'
If you're ready to give
Drop your loads in my ass
And watch
My loins quiv

See my eyes roll back
Into my head
Let's fire up some crack
And smoke til' we're dead

God willing...
Cuz life is pain
Cream filling...
AIDS TRAIN!

Dinner with Uncle Johnny

Johnny Beans was an enforcer for the mob.
At Thanksgiving dinner last night, he regaled our familia with his tales of old.

He boasted about grabbing a girl's tits at the bar this one time.

She was like, "No, I don't want that."
and he was like, "i'm johnny beans you slig"
and then she was down for whatever.

He took her straight back to his F shack,
boned her down real heavy with some nice finger popping, cunnilingus, and a deluxe creampie to finish her off.

After telling us that amazing tale, he started to brag about some various murders and other things, but was giving a lot of unnecessary details so I lost interest and my thoughts wandered back to finger popping.

When I got home I you-tubed it and now it's kind of my new thing.

It looks pretty fun.

Cum Train

"Why, you little piece of shit," Mother howled, "I see the devil's plucking your strings again!"

She'd walked in on her son, who was lying atop the cot of his quarters, fiddling himself gingerly. His trousers were around his knees. The boy wavered, discarded his cock, and proceeded to whimper. "It's na-na-nothing, Ma, honest! I's juss checking to see it works."

Fluid matter sluiced his face, down the crook of his quivering chin. His innards folded with dread. Mother was raging again.

She roared, "Devil spawn! Repent sinner..!" Leaning in slowly, she whispered into his ear, "...Sinner," then hit him with closed fist to the ribs. Thud!

"Owwww! Please Ma, don't hit me again! I repent Lord! I repent! Please!" he wailed in earnest.

She doubled over and snatched his timid pecker with a pistol grip. "That's it, that's a good beast. Now it's time to extract your sins in accordance with the ancient ways."

"Ma, please, not again! ...I repent! ...I repented!"

"Silence!" she hissed, tugging briskly. Upon the upstroke, in an aggressive timbre, she scolded, "Repent!" Then on the downstroke, "Scum!" Her pace

quickened as she recast over and over again, seething: "Repent! Scum! Repent! You scum!"

As the demon neared, she coupled her mouth to the shaft, ready to siphon the sins. The boy sniveled. "Forgive me Lord! Forgive muh.. muh... meeeEEE!"

His pumping phallus dumped gobs of demon spore into her hungry hole. When the throbbing finally relented, she gulped greedily, lapped at the excess, then, with an open hand, struck him hard at the base of his wilting sin tube. He yelped. Tears flowed.

Then, leaving the room, she denied he was her child and vowed to send him to an orphanage. He puddled under his pillow and extruded the emotions that were ripe in his heart, begging the Lord's forgiveness.

There was no one listening.

Simple Sins

Gregor, The Lustful Woodsman, finished his flagon of honey mead, let out a tremendous belch, threw the flagon across the room and bellowed, "Whooores! service me now, I've much copper to fill your purses."

The largest, whitest gals in the joint, Kat and Melinda, hopped to. They'd whored long enough to know Gregor Slingblade was a fair man when it came to copper and was no slouch when it came to stuffing BBW's.

"Oooh Gregor, you're so steamy with lust. Lets go have us a romp in my bed chamber."

"Nah, right here, fellate me now."

Gregor pulled out at least eight inches of semi-hard flesh from his boiled leather trousers, he eyed the trollops greedily and tugged his grimey tube with desire. panting and muttering.

The dames missed no beats in dropping to suck said tube, they took turns gagging on it. The service was prompt.

They knew a public show would likely whip the other patrons into a frenzy and it could lead to tips from those not filling their holes, but merely enjoying the spectacle, win-win.

Right on cue , Davey the Bard strummed a fitting tune on his mandolin, while blessing the brothel with his pipes of golden honey, he warbled an old favorite, 'two dames, one man...he's gonna fill their holes, n pay em some copper, big dames love seed just like the rest...', it was an old classic.

Bearded patrons cheered on the singing and the heavy fucking that was sure to ensue.

Gregor was mean hard, and had had enough oral for now, he quickly removed his leathers and commanded Kat to lay upon the table with her gut to the sky and her legs spread to opposing horizons.

He stepped between her squat legs, got in a medium horse stance to activate his core then drove home to the hilt in her gape...He pumped furiously with anger, taking no pleasure in the fucking of this pig, it was a mission to eject his lustful poison deep in her guts.

Yeah, Gregor was pumping with hate in his eyes, and the guy just starts wailing this whore about the face and gut, hammer fists mostly, not trying to kill or nothing I don't think but hard enough to leave some nasty welts, especially on skin as fair as Kats.

But the patrons, they're loving it, start cheering and shit, flipping coins on em and making it rain.

Kat wants to stop the beating but can't cuz the money that's raining down is worth more than her feelings.

Gregor's about to unload, he's quivering, lets out a moan while pulling out of Kat's pussy and shivving it home into her ass. Did I mention this whole time the other dame whose name I forgot was taking a shit? Yeah, see, she felt awkward about herself and didn't really know what to do cuz Gregor started boning Kat, and she felt like a 3rd wheel so she lit up a smoke to chill for a sec while they fucked and the cigarette was like, stomping on her shit button, you know how it is, lite a smoke and unload your colon, you can't even help it.

So, while Kats getting wailed on, her besty is just unloading a straight pile of day old dumplings and boiled cabbage into the outhouse. She feels a little bad about herself but not so bad cuz during these times there's not so much pressure for girls to not be gross, not like there is today with the internet anyway, i mean, she knows she's nothing special and can only be a whore, but, it's like, easier to accept without the added societal pressure, etc.

Then Gregor's like

'I'M FUCKING CUMMING, BEGONE DEMONS'

Kat's eyes lit with terror and dread as she was clearly being filled with sin, in her ass, to the brim.

She cried out, "NOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Gregor's demon seed melted through this big gals entire body, leaving nothing left of her but a pile of steaming molten flesh and demons.

The seed mixed with her melted carcass and formed a black gelatinous mass, a demon perhaps, most likely, whatever it was it was growing, big and fast.

Gregor tried to run but tripped on a pile of Kat's feces that must've slipped out between thrusts, either that or it flopped out of her before she melted or maybe during the melting process. We'll never know, it was her shit though for sure, trust me.

So, he like, slipped on that shit and fell back into the demon mass of sins, and it consumed him instantly, the guy didn't even have time to scream or bemoan his fate or nothing like that. It was real sad.

Drunk patrons were all screamin and trying to flee, but it was too late, the mass of sins was growing at an exponential rate, quicker so with every person it devoured, the shit went down like the big bang, the room was engulfed in 2 seconds, the town in 10, the world in 20, and the universe in like, 60.

And get this, it's not called the universe anymore, it's the demonverse.

That melted demon spawned other demons and it's this whole big nightmare that I can't get into now cuz I gotta go do some things but, yeah, you get the picture, life's tougher now.

Janet Karenina

At age 44 Janet's husband's heart exploded and her spirits were swept away in a general malaise. In desperation, Janet sought solace and found it in only one thing, large gatherings of colored men using her lonely and aging holes in all of the nastiest ways.

Interracial gang-bangs made life worth living.

That and her kids, whom she loved. She'd often accompany them to a show and out for a meal after. They had so much fun. The sound of her children's laughter left her heart full, but her holes, so very empty by contrast. To remedy this, she'd sneak off to the nearest tavern and get positively glazed by the darkest men in town.

This one time at a real elegant fuck-party. With her holes wholly filled and every able bodied man on his 3rd or 4th facial or cream-pie(some vag, mostly anal). Someone offered her a crack pipe. She took the condom-less black dick out of her mouth long enough to take a sizable hit. Janet reached nirvana the instant she exhaled the crack smoke and inhaled the large black hog that was ripe to brick in her mouth.

And brick, it did.

The smoke-able cocaine ushered the centering of her consciousness towards all that mattered henceforth, black cock and crack rock.

Everything went to shit after that. She lost interest in her kids and spent her free time pursuing crack-fueled gang-bangs with all the most loathsome characters you might imagine would attend such a dirty thing.

She caught six types of AIDS in a week and died three days later, her body absolutely riddled with the six various strains of AIDS.

She went to hell of course.
The lord spared her no mercy with his judgment.
He never does.

Secret Mission

Jim Dandy was a double agent, in deep cover, blending with the hard up folks of North Korea.

Kim Jong Un tested Jim this very morning with a devious ploy. He sent an aids whore to Jim's bungalow in an attempt to give him aids through sexual pleasures.

Jim, an operative for 20+ years, was not phased by Kim Jong's rookie maneuver. Instead of making unprotected love with this dame, he commanded the aids riddled whore to assume the face down-ass up position and ordered her to spread her cheeks nice n wide.

His double agent training made this quite easy. He furiously wailed away on his weiner till he was bout to blow, and when he was jizzing, he stuck just the head of his double agent dong into the aids girl's Korean asshole. He dumped several hot wads of his sauce straight into her infected colon. Sure, there was some chance of aids transmission with this dangerous play, but a double agent can't play it safe everyday. It was a calculated risk.

Well calculated and well worth it. Her asian ass was very tight and his orgasm whilst inside it was quite fulfilling.

Accepting Fate

Greg heard tornado sirens in the distance...pressure loomed.

His dog's Matey and Steve were licking themselves into a frenzy on his new burgundy leather sofa.

Greg was a man accustomed to facing fears. So, he showed no reaction, or mercy to the pending doom of the twister.

Presently, the dogs switched positions and began to sniff each other much more deeply, savouring every moment. They reveled in the glory of a sniff while dying in the raging twister.

Greg's face betrayed his despondence as he died.

A Warm Summer's Eve

I walk down to the fishbowl
Tap on the glass
Ladies smiling at me
Tryin' to peddle some ass

The man said, number 3
Is eager to please
So i took her upstairs
And she got on her knees

Gave her 25 bucks
For a suck and a fuck...
I rolled bare-back
Just to test my luck

Ageless Desire

Ole granny jones
Is a persnickety beast..
Brittle ass bones
Pussy brimming with yeast

She's got ancient tits
And an antique twat
She'll pay you two bits
For a hot pot cumshot

Her diaper's full of turds
But she's got this dream
A pack of wild coloreds
Fill her fanny with cream

Ageless Desire 2

Last night grandma jones
Lived her lifelong dream
Six super dark dicks
Jammed her holes with cream

She had a butt-gasm
And her old knees buckled
Her ass was a chasm
And her husband
A cuckold

The interracial gang-bang
Went real well
That night her heart exploded
She went straight to hell

Hail Mary

On a cold winter's eve
Dirty Dave was haulin' logs to the Cumberland gap
He slipped his foot off the brake and fondled the gas,
working it nice and slow
Pumping the pedals was all Dave had in this world.

That and barebacking truckstop whores

"Wut you want dis time mistah?"
Dave kept his driving hand on the wheel
and eased his jerking hand into his waistband, sliding
his sweatpants from around his big trucker ass
straight down to the floor.

"Snarl on this hog you truckstop pig!" He said
pointing.

His cock was hard as stone and 14 inches on even the
worst of days
Today was decent
So he may have been pushin 20
18 minimum

The nameless whore with no notable attributes got to
work.

She may have tried her best. We'll never know for sure

She was Slurping, moaning, tryin to be sexy n shit.
A lesser man may have went limp

But Dirty Dave was no lesser man.
He knew this was his chance to really pour on the
coals.

He grabbed a handful of hair and started bucking his
hips. Thrusting deep and stomping the gas with each
thrust.

“Fuck...yeah, bring it “

“Yeehaaaw!”

“Guh guh guh”

“Oooooooweee”

In 3 gnarly blasts of jizz, Dave topped off her innards
with 6 hot quarts, right to the brim.

He closed his eyes, blubbered some tears and
whispered to himself, “Burn in hell you piece of shit.”

He said a quick prayer to a god he knew didn’t exist,
allah of course.

And jerked the wheel, sending his big rig into a real big
canyon.

Ejecting his soul directly to hell

His nameless passenger most likely went to hell also
But I don’t want to make any assumptions.

That, is a dangerous game.

Davey's Deluge Of Dilemmas

At an upscale wine bar stocked with well dressed men of the business variety, there's a celebration in progress.

"Congrats Davey, Cheers!"

(Glasses Clinking)

"Cheers!"

"Well done Davey!"

"So Davey, what's next?"

"Yeah Davey, what's next?"

"What's next for Davey? More like, what's left? Am I right? He's got a smokin hot wife, adorable children, and just made partner at the firm... Where do you go from here Davey?"

Davey thought for a long moment and replied:

"I've never really thought about it, I have everything that I...thought I wanted."

"Oh heavens Davey, what do you mean, 'thought you wanted', you have everything a man could ask for."

"Yeah, that's what I meant."

After the party ended; Davey paid a streetwalker to shit on his cock, turn it into a mud-pie. This huge BBW laid a real slimy #2 on his johnson. With the smell of shit still fresh on his dong. He put his head in a noose and jerked his grimy cock off till he died.

All the horrible feelings he'd been carrying around his entire life finally disappeared.

Bug Chaser's Delight

Lemme tell y'all something
bout where I been...
I ran away and filled
My empty heart with sin

There was nothin' left
But pain and despair
I tried to throw my life away
Because I didn't care...
Care

No I didn't give a fuck
I was bare-backin' hookers
Just to test my luck

While you were living your life
Pleased as could be
I was fuckin' street walkers
With the HIV

Rosebud

Daryl Jenkins was a pious man. When he married Melissa, her hymen was still intact, because she'd always insisted on anal. Their love was true and pure.

On their wedding night, Melissa was not pleased. Daryl did none of the things she longed for. No finger poppin', no anal creampie, and no monster facials; no slapping, calling her degrading names, or treating her like a piece of trash. Nuthin'.

Just making sweet tender love, missionary style. Daryl moaned, "oh...yes..be fruitful and multiply", while filling her pussy with a very weak load. It was everything he'd hoped it would be. Melissa cried herself to sleep, knowing that her husband couldn't fuck for shit.

The next day Melissa posted a craigslist ad looking for BBC's. Her inbox was stuffed with potentials. Her asshole was stuffed with big brown dicks, so many brown dicks, that her asshole prolapsed into a rosebud. Disgusting. I mean, ish.

One day Daryl came home from work to find Melissa on her knees surrounded by all of her new colored friends, her face plastered with gallons of mostly

fresh semen, her asshole hanging down to the floor
like an old sock.

Daryl almost lost his faith that day.
Almost.

Daryl eventually forgave Melissa.
Melissa eventually gave Daryl AIDS, after she was
creampied by a guy who'd done some very gay stuff in
college.

Thoughts on Diversified Teamwork

I've assembled...

A mixed bag

A seven man cream team

We'll come into your party

Drop the biggest loads you've ever seen

We'll cover; your face, tits, and asshole too

And if you're lookin' to breed

We'll stuff your pussy-hole with goo

We got black dicks, brown dicks, mexican, and asian

And if you feeling greedy I can throw in a caucasian

Put your face down, holes up

Spread your ass too...

My racially diverse crew

Is bout to cum in you

Einstein's Posthumous Breakthru

Your super string theory...
It perplexes me
I found my ding-a-ling theory
With some ecstasy

I take the volume of loads
That I've jizzed in an ass...
Divide by my proclivity
To tolerate sass

And the answer I get
Is always the same...
Proportionate to the number...
Of pussies I've tamed

King Harold's Glorious Reign

The Mighty King Harold awoke punctually at 6:00 AM to his 3rd mistress sucking on his morning wood and his 5th mistress tonguing his scrotum and asshole. Just as Harold had arranged with the help of his trusted manservant Davey the night before. The king's schedule was very regimented in this manner. He dropped his nut in mistress #3's mouth at 6:05 on the dot. Both mistresses shared his regal load, cumswapping it back and forth several times before #5 swallowed the lot. They promptly left the king's chambers

King Harold rang his bedside gong and Davey the Manservant entered, with a mustache on his face and servitude on his mind.

"Yes my king."

"Come hither Davey, there's much to be done today."

"At your service my lord." Davey stepped forward, producing a notebook and pen from his suit pocket.

"Today I will accomplish something no king before me dared dream."

"Oh, my your excellency, that sounds splend-"

"Silence!" The king reproached

"I have two words for you." The king motioned Davey closer.

Davey leaned in.

"Double prolapse." The king whispered gravely.

"Most impressive my lord, and how may I be of service?"

"Schedule a bath for 6:15, and at 6:25 punctually, send in mistress #216."

"Will there be anything else, your excellency?"

"Yes, have my kingly scepter brought to the bath at once."

"Ahh, which one me lord, the one with the diamonds or the one with the rubies?"

"Diamonds of course."

And now the story progresses as we find our king fully scrubbed in the royal bathtub, stroking his 10 inch royal cock in a very regal manner, like a handmaiden polishing a french parisian banister.

#216 enters on schedule wearing nothing, sees the king's hog and takes it deep into her mouth without prompting.

After exactly 5 minutes of oral the king gets 216 on her hands and knees, and fills her ass with his dick and fucks it very hard. Then, he stuffs his kingly scepter into her pussy-hole for the full DP experience. She moans as she feels the diamonds affixed to the scepter hitting her g-spot.

Her moans increase in intensity, indicating she's about to blow. The moment her pussy begins to squirt, the king shoved scepter and cock into their respective holes as deeply as the holes would allow.

Then the King pulled dick and scepter out simultaneously, so fast that it created a vacuum and the King achieved what he'd aspired to his entire life. Harold looked down upon the much coveted double

prolapse he'd induced. Her guts were straight falling out of her pussy and half her colon was blossoming from her anus into a beautiful rosebud! He jizzed roughly 2 litres of cum all over her exposed internal components. Then, he casually grabbed the base of her pussy guts and rosebud, one in each hand, and propped his foot on her ass, pulled back hard in a rowing motion and thrust her ass with his foot, she fell dead into the tub while he was left holding the bulk her large intestine and all of her pussy parts that fell out.

The king did the double prolapse trick every morning for the next 25 years.

So let's see, 25 years times 365 days per, equals 9125 mistresses

Times that by 2 to get the total number of prolapses
A whopping 18,250!

To this day, 500 years after his reign, no one has even attempted to beat The Mighty King Harold's prolapse record.

I hope this tale has inspired you to chase a dream you've always wanted to follow.

Grandma 'Sexpot' Jones

The decrepit Grandma, Janice Jones, is in a wheelchair being pushed into the entrance of Mt. Pleasant Nursing Home by her son Thomas.

"I love you ma, I'll come visit real soon."

"Don't you leave me Tommy! I'll push my wheelchair into the street I swear!"

"Sorry ma, I just don't have the time or money to care for you anymore."

"Oh god noooo! Please don't leave me here to die!"

"Gotta go ma."

She flopped out of her wheelchair onto the floor of the lobby, moaning and wailing as her son exited the scene with haste.

A kindly social worker scooped her up into her wheelchair, gave her a tissue and said this: "There there Mrs. Jones, I've been expecting you. My name's Doris, and let me assure you you're gonna love it here, dry your tears, cuz we've got activities for days and more importantly Janice, there's a real sense of community here."

"Oh my, that sounds delightful, and to think I was nervous."

"I'm glad I could assuage your concerns." Doris gave an embrace and a promise to visit soon.

Grandma Jones was taken to her room and fed a dinner of potatoes with coleslaw.

For dessert she was fed hard african dick without mercy or condoms.

Here's how it all went down:

Mrs Jones shit herself after supper and hit the call light for assistance.

Moments later 6 very dark orderlies carried her to the tub room kicking and screaming and proceeded to scrub and hose her down, after she was clean of feces, they let every hole have it with their giant african penises against her will...or was it?

Now Janice had been raped hundreds of times in her life, but never like this, these dreadful negroes had fire in their blood, hate in their hearts, and massive thundersticks!

She put up a mighty struggle, until they gave her double anal that snapped her spine in half; that's when she lost her ability to writhe in agony, so she cried out, and in response, the savages smashed her chest with fists till her ribs shattered and bone fragments punctured her lungs, filling them with blood as her holes were being filled with dicks and cum. As her heart started to flatline and explode; she tasted the blood in her mouth, felt the dicks in her ass, and great relief, knowing that her terrible existence was finally at an end.

The coloreds burned her corpse in a trash can while they smoked crack and told tales of all the white women they'd raped and murdered.

A One-way Ticket to Bricktown

Scrollin'
Through craigslist
Lookin' for a gang bang
I'm uninhibited
So, I like to let my wang hang

I found a real skeeze
Beggin'
For party favors
I called the dope man
With my favorite meth flavor

I showed up late....
To quite the scene...
Un grupo de negros
Filled her holes with cream

I let my crystal meth burn
It was that Heisenberg stuff
And when it came my turn...
I bricked in her muff

Every Day is a Gamble

I rolled out of bed
and i sat on a potato

In the kitchen
like McGyver
Fished it out
With a ladle

Bent over
Spread the cheeks
Filled my holes with hot grits

Drew up
The bath water
Took two big shits

Yeah

Kibbles n bits
KIBBLES N BITS!

Business as Usual

Jimbo Slice was a gentleman's gentleman, a real golden arrow. He stood tall, flew straight like the shaft, or the crook of a shuttle cock. He was almost never late.

His black dong measured 5 inches flaccid. Roughly.

Jimbo leaned into the truck stop toilet wall. Thrusting his manhood forward, flaccid cock exposed to toilet air and prying eyes. A challenge to all comers.

Daisy stood before him. Defiant to his prowess. Jimbo was Daisy's pimp. She, his bitch. Daisy yearned for power and begged for cocks. She was in the right line of work. Jimbo gave no mercy. Ever.

14 years as a truck stop whore taught this bitch many things. How to act right was not one of them.

"Spect me to suck cocks fo free? I gots bills"

"Bish bend ova." was Jimbo's curt reply.

Daisy set her petty quibblings aside for the moment, but she made a mental note to ask for more money later.

She undid the large, loose weave buckle of her dungarees and flipped them over her enormously dark anus, exposing it to her owner.

Jimbo was taken aback by the size, it had accrued mass since he'd last fucked it. The spaghettification process started pulling Jimbo's member into the hole at a frightening clip. When his balls finally caught up to his tip and shaft, he was already cumming. And screaming his head off.

He fired lava hot wads Into another dimension.

Possibly another universe.

Free Spirit

It's the trailer park lifestyle
That she lives
Got an ad
On craigslist
Looking for spizz

From some random guys
The more the better
Big bukkake party
Makes her pussy get wetter

They be standing in line
Pulling at their sticks
Hot loads on her face
Is how she gets her kicks

A Perfect Day

Chuck prowls the lots for lizards of all sorts. Don't matter to Chuck; he'd barebacked his way across the nation without qualms of ever comin' up a failure. Success to Chuck was measured in miles and loads....

Presently, Chuck was at Lindys, a dive stop north of Telusa by way of 95. Chuck parked his rig, hopped out on the pavement and strutted like a man on a mission. That mission was pussy. He'd been to Lindys before, rode a few dames here years back, but the new Chuck was all about fresh faces.

"What's new darling?" Chuck said to the red-headed waitress with the big gums and wide eyes.

"Nuthin mister, what ken I do ya fer?"

"Looking for ass. Who's open? Got any coloreds?"

"Mister, you in luck. Daisy should be dun any minute now." The truck stop toilet door opened and out sauntered a dame dipped in molasses, taking long and slow strides, wiping jizz off of her lips and face with her jean jacket. She was black as night. She hawked the corn rows and a nose, wide on all sides.

"Chall talkin jibe out hear?" Daisy's john, the skinny feller with the thin 'stash, followed, zipping his pants, awkward to the attention. He slinked out the door, muttering.

Chuck piped up, "That's what I'm talking about. How much?"

50!" Daisy responded like a kneejerk. She was a pro.

"50?" Chuck gasped, "Pssshh, whatchoo think this is, Beverly Hills or some shit? Twenny." Chuck was no spring chicken himself.

"Nah, fuck that. Won't fo less then fowtee," Daisy set her perceived bottom line.

"What fowty get me?"

"Get you a suck..... ann a fuck."

"Well, I juss wanna fuck. 30 cool?" Chuck laid his last card on the table.

"Money first."

Bingo.

Chuck handed over three crumpled bills he'd had ready in his pocket. Daisy opened the truck stop toilet for Chuck, who was unzipping as the door closed.

Chuck drove his cock home bareback into Daisy's black hole from behind. The event horizon made Chuck's cock cum hard, like a dying quasar. His prostate was denser than a neutron star. He zipped up and bought a pack of Levi Garrett chewing tobacco on his way out. Life was good.

Possibly too good.

The End

Pride and Prejudice

Captain Rogers growled through the saber blade in his bearded mouth, "Your d's be filthy matey!" He placed the saber there to free his hands for swinging on a rope over to The Duke Jean Pierre's vessel...

The d's he was referring to were the duke's dogs, Phil and Jason. The Captain called dogs d's to amuse himself. Now the d's were filthy, no doubt. but The Duke wasn't listening.

"You fiend! take thyself off this boat at once or i shall release the d's at you, and i must admit, you are very astute, they're quite filthy, intentionally so, they get nastier that way."

"Arrg, ya be crazy if you think i'm leaving without fillin' me coffers."

"d's. Attack!"

"Argggg"

Cappy scathed the d's snouts as they lunged, it was a quick melee.

Phil and Jason scurried away, no doubt to lick their wounds and sniff themselves into oblivion.

"Oh my dear captain that was very fiendish even for the likes of you."

“Show me your coffers, Dukey!”

“You shant gain access to The Duke’s coffers, you have besmirched my good name with your defeat of the royal d’s. the time has come sir, for us to duel.”

The Duke Jean Pierre was from the finest french schools, ate rare meats and cheeses and was fairly versed in the art of sabre combat. So he felt confident he could best this ruffian.

“Your challenge be accepted, you filth-y duke,” emphasis was placed on the filth, the captain besmirched the duke again, with a mere syllable.

The Duke lost his shit and flailed his sabre wildly, rushing the captain.

“Respect my title you lesser beast of men.”

“Arrrrrrrg.”

The Captain had trained in sabery on the high seas for a lifetime and easily parried all of the dukes wild swinging attacks.

ching chang

“Why my dearest captain, you bottomless dreg of uncertain breeding, i demand you halt your efforts and yield unto the duke’s prowess”

Cappy yawned at the absurdity of the duke’s request

ching ching.

The enraged duke was panting from the exertion
“Suspend your efforts to defeat me captain, i perceive your demise within the duke’s grasp.”

“Arrrrrg, give up and admit your doubloons belong with me...let me fill me coffers and be on me way.”

ching ching,

“I say dear captain, you’ve a flair for the dramatics, i’ll do no such thing.”

“ya be marchin to yer grave, then, dookey!”

Cappy was checking his iphone with one hand, and using the other to block the duke’s weak ass efforts.

“But-but I am the duke of these parts, there’s nary a chance a mere pirate could defeat me.” Duke was on the verge of tears.

Cappy did some sick sabre play with some parrying and other stuff that put him in a most favorable position with his blade at the duke’s neck

“Arrrrrg, admit I’m the better man and fill me coffers.”

“O-okay, I admit, you’ve bested me good captain, you’re quite valiant, I shall oblige and fill your coffers deeply with the mightiest of treasures.”

Dukey filled the captain's coffers with all the sickest gems and doubloons, as promised.

“There be just one more thing dookey.”
“w-w-what’s that?”

Cappy unzipped his pirate pants and cast his cock out, it thudded on the vessel’s deck and unfurled like a firehose across the ship. “Suck on this here pirate hog.”

The Duke Jean Pierre learned about respect and fellatio that day. two very tough, but important lessons.

The End

Pride & Prejudice: Part 2

we find the duke jean pierre in the study of his stately abode, our studious duke is seated in a throne-like burgundy leather chair that was made by the finest craftsmen in all the land. the refined dukal gent is scribing an old timey document with a quill when someone unexpected enters

tis The baron lothar von greyskull, the dukes mortal enemy, the decrepit baron comes dressed in leathers, black as night. his aged lung wheeze like a rattle.

the duke grinned and piped "oh my, look who's risen, from the murky depths of hell, my elderly baron, by my trope i say, you should have remained in the blaze, there is nothing here for you now. my coffers are empty and my wenches have turned ill, now make haste old baron and be gone, while you're here searching for a suitable place to die, i've state affairs to attend to"

the baron hobbled his ancient frame across the floor, holding the duke's gaze. he placed his palms upon the desk, and leaned in to rasp

"i have come, to fuck your mind and take your life, you have betrayed me"

The duke casually picked up a wizardly smoking pipe from his desk, struck a match and fired it up. he took a nice long puff and sent the minty pipe smoke billowing into the baron's leathered face.

“oh my, that’s quite vexing lothar my old nemesis, i’m confounded, you see, i’d been assured of your demise by my a-trusted squireboy, davey.”

“HA! your “boy” davey took of aged mead from the chalice of champions and he’s professing dribble”

the duke enjoyed the longest, slowest puff he’d ever taken in his life, just to show the baron who was in control, he exhaled again, nice and slow, a river of froth oozed from the duke and enveloped the barons wrinkled body.

“oh lothar you wretched fiend, so you’re back again and peddling balderdash about my dearest davey. imagine, davey, quaffing potions with reckless abandon, that sounds a proper wash. that is surely not my davey. no no.”

the baron leaned in closer and held a penetrating glare.

“your boy davey was at the helm of the clipper ship, in my mind.”

“I beg your pardon baron?”

“davey was at the helm. until i fired him into the abyss...the abyss of your mind, duke, the abyss...of your mind.”

“wha-what’s happening? I don’t like this, what brand of devilry is this? there’s a tingle betwixt mine ears, thy brain is...throbbing!”

the duke dropped the lengthy hand crafted pipe on the desk, and sunk his face deep into his noble hands to shield himself from this new reality

“prepare for your mind-fucking duke”

“oh no, my dukal brain barriers have been penetrated by your treachery, why, you vagabond!”

The baron widened his stance and began to thrust his pelvis back and forth, simulating rhythmic coital pumps. each thrust sent a wave of pain and hysteria through the duke’s regal mind.

the duke cried, “please, i beg you baron, no more. your psionic phallus is destroying meee!!! ”

the baron whispered “the abyss of your mind gives me ultimate pleasure”

“your mind tool is pilfering my kingly crevasse, my genteel baron, please grant me clemency-eeee!”
the baron remained steadfast, ignoring the feeble pleas, he continued thrusting.

the duke slumped to the floor as he shat his pantaloons, farting loudly while sobbing as well.
the baron took the up the old timey smoking pipe, and puffed it very hard on his way out, at the door he turned to the sobbing, shit soaked duke and said
“phase one complete, your mind is fucked, i’ll be back”

The End

Coastal Joy Ride

Yo,
My tailor fitted khaki slacks
Be huggin on muh nutsack
It's a long ride
Down the coast
In me Cadillac

Smoking, a ball a crack
N feel my heart's bout to tack
Sub-lingual, down a tab
Pulled out my fanny pack

Gave this bag a real zip
Felt muh grip start to slip
S-curve sent muh ride
Up river with a flip

Now um out
On my back
Rivers cutting no slack
Murky ass depths
Be squi-shin
On muh cataracts

Darwin's Quandary

Some girls yearn to be absolutely brimming with dicks and semen. When their pussies are ready for breeding, they inform by saying, "Keep letting all these guys fill me and cumming deep!"

From an evolutionary standpoint, we should embrace the gang-bang. Girls like this, who lust for gang bangs, are more evolved.

After all, the desire to breed is the foundation of longing for many cocks. Many cocks in extended sessions.

Samurai Code: No Homo

The Ronin Taco Sanchez eased through the door of a bustling Kyoto sake-house. The joint was brimful of drunken warriors and salacious whores. Taco took long and manly strides toward a grizzled samurai standing at the bar and with a respectful bow he spoke thus: "Chingbo Quan, master of the sacred style of 7 swords, I challenge thee to a duel."

Chingbo casually sipped his drink, set it down and replied, "Well peasant if you're ready to die I shall oblige you, challenge accepted."

Taco stepped back and grinned, the anticipation got his cock so hard and swole that it grew beyond his kimono and thumped the tavern floor.

Chingbo gazed upon the foreboding phallus and launched his attack, not because he saw an opening or a weakness, it was out of fear...fear of that remarkable cock.

"Diiiiiiiieee!!" Chingbo screamed drawing his sword, charging.

Taco ran head-on and used his dick to pole vault over the attack, he unsheathed his weapon mid-air and severed Chingbo's arm. Taco stuck the landing and finished Chingbo's sake. Chingbo turned to swing with a sword no longer there. His nub wiggled as he shrieked in horror and dropped to his knees, head hung awaiting his miserable fate.

Taco felt deep regret for having challenged such an unworthy opponent and also for knowing what he was required to do next according to samurai law.

He kicked the bleeding man hard in the chest toppling him to the ground, lifted his kimono and stuffed his sick-huge wang all the way to the hilt in the man's soon to be gay asshole.

"Nooooo! kill me pleeeeeease!!!" Chingbo wailed.

Taco's cock came like a fucking howitzer into the dying samurai's body, 16 gallons overflowed out of his now gay ass onto Taco's non gay dick like a damn fire hose.

"Nooooo! I don't want to die like this! I swear I'm not gay mommy!!!"

In one swift motion Taco withdrew his cock and shoved his sword through Chingbo's now gay heart.

After the man's gay carcass was removed and thrown into the nearby woods, Taco had an orgy with every whore in town to cleanse the vestiges of gayness from his penis and conscience.

The whores all agreed that Taco was very straight and manly and that his enemies were, "the gayest"

He fucked and killed every so called master in the world and died knowing there was never a man straighter than he.

Heavenly Glory

The mighty King Harold wore trousers made of velveteen. drank mead from a super fancy type golden goblet encrusted with all the rarest of gems and minerals, and he ruled his kingdom without mercy.

This morn we find our lord in his kingly quarters, chewing a sprig of parsley to cleanse the remnants of pussy and ass juices from his noble mouth. Last nights' fuck session had been a frenzied mix of pure and offensive pleasures.

18 of his finest whores had eagerly milked at least 8 loads from his sick-huge kingly dong, straight into their pussies and assholes. He even did that move where you start unloading in one girl's ass and then pull it out and get the last few squirts into another girl's pussy hole. Super hot stuff. pussy to ass? soooooo dirty right? I mean, the kind of thing most dudes only dream about, but a very typical night for our king.

knock knock

"My Lord, there is a Sir Jimbo Slice here to see you."

Jimbo was a vendor of exotic bitches and the finest truckstop whores.

Jimbo did not bow to the king, he bowed to no one

He presented his finest and most darkest exotic whore.

The king started to fondle his own genitals in preparation, rubbing and smushing his regal balls and shaft.

“This be daisy, show him dat ass bish.”

Daisy was quick to comply with her owner's demand.

She nimbly unbuckled the loose weave of her dungarees and displayed her enormously dark anus to the king.

It was a supermassive black hole with all the gravitational pull of the universe. It sounded like a damn tornado.

Upon its unveiling the king's cock swelled with maximum desire and began spegettifying quickly toward the mass. Her asshole was inhaling everything in the room, and when the tip of the king's cock hit the eclipse, he jizzed a sick load.

he screamed ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

I'm cummminnngg! I'm fuckin cuminnngggggg!!!

His regal load was the singularity
it spawned the milky way.