

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



With apologies to Harlan Ellison. And Jebus. Oh, wait, fuck that, they are both safely dead.

A lovely day in Amerikkka

It was a lovely January day in America (Unats). The sun shone. Sticky flakes of sooty plastic glittered on the ground and the dead limbs of the remaining vegetation. And then, the murders began...

Years in your future, dear reader, sunny and unusually cold at 80 degrees. Only three mass shootings and 361 individual killings in town the whole month!

The androplague had spared half the towns men leaving them free to hold up liquor stores, O.D. on Substance D, and shoot each other over parking places. Good times. No class III Kill storms in the forecast. After five years the ionizing radiation from the latest IndoPak war was mainly gone.

The UV index was only 6.02×10^{-23} . You could even venture outside for an hour or so, covered only by SunBlok™ SPF 10 Million. O3? Who needs it. We were happy merely with the remaining O2. Ozone was a typical unnecessary extravagance from the Stupid Ages, AKA the Waste Times. You know, when you lived.

My half life was looking good too, scraping together enough gig work and small electronic jobs to almost equal half time.

I was barely going into debt to UniMasterFaceTubeTekCo at all, the end of each month and even affording food. U. S. A! I was one of the lucky few who could still spell that.

The Stupid Ages

TV was now broadcast in NuSpeek, a simplified tiny phonetic vocabulary fit for the idiots who made up 95% of the population. They said abstract thought or any form of mental sophistication was impossible in NuSpeek. They were right, that was the point. Ah, Orwell, thy time is come.

After Amerika (See Appendix E:) had lost several wars, (not like in your time, but seriously) and eliminated taxes for corporations and income over \$100,000 NuBuk\$, there was no money for education, health, roads or anything but cops and soldiers. To defend peace. I mean the interests of UniMass and the wealthy. All two hundred and three of them.

We have over thrown your Mannocratic Manocracy and achieved true equality of the sexes. With two thirds of the population women, after the androplague it was bound to happen.

For real, not like in the Stupid Ages. Equal pay. We punished or simply murdered rapists. You put them on the Supreme Court or in the White House. Women are biologically tougher and sociologically better. Less criminal, more cooperative. Its just science, you people never were good at facing facts...

Some of you knew everything that was going wrong and warned the others, but you wouldn't listen, as shown in the sad historical documentary film, "Idiocracy (Ed. It was supposed to be a comedy)."

Fang

I stamped into my Bunker Apt™ wearily, dogged shut the hexaplasteel hatch, dropped my PI 3.141 subgun and stripped off the carapace of my unobtainium (Ed. Unobtainium not available on your periodic table) carbide reinforced graphene body armor. I was tired. My new guard dog Fang cuddled up to me sympathetically. I bought him last month after a wave of tasty kill femicides perpetrated by the crazed survivors of the androplague.

Now he was my companion and trusty friend. I popped a cap of synth(Ed. See Appendix A: Drugs). and patted him, and chemabluted hastily, H2O? H2Oh No, rationed for drinking only. While UniMass execs wallowed in pools of the stuff. I could too if I were to spread my legs for them or sign articles of "CorpoSociSupport™" enslaving me to UniMasterFaceTubeTekCo.

UniMass was the only entity with rights and agency in the country now. We still vote. Just like you. To the same effect. You could choose between the party that prioritized the interests of capital above all else, with a side order of racial and religious hatred, or the the party that prioritized the interests of capital above all else, with a side order of crumbs for the commoners. So can we, only there are no crumbs left. You ate them all and the cake entire.

Can you even guess which party is which from my description? No? Don't worry, nothing matters less.

UniMass is the only surviving corporation, most of the economy and the government in effect. Some one man shops and businesses scrabbling for survival and UniMass. *Plus ca change.*

The racial hatred had peaked in attempted ethnic cleansing years ago, but the androplague had put a stop to that. It killed half its victims at first, then moderated as these things do. It mainly killed whites when it was still deadly. No one knew from whence it came. Gaia? The wrath of God? People fucking minerals? The Climate Catastrophe? Guess away.

The survivors retained all the bad things about masculinity in spades. Anger, hate,

aggression, arrogance. And none of the manly virtues. Had there ever been any? I can't remember. Something about holding doors? No one had doors any more, only armored hatches.

Sweet Dreams

I collapsed into bed and nap crashed. Some time later I was enthralled by a wonderful dream. A clean, non femicidal man was eating, licking and sucking me till my ears caved in.

I could barely remember what that was like...His tongue was huge and prehensile. I thigh locked his head and writhed, tangled and clawing at the sweaty sheets as I thrashed my way up to climax.

Unfortunately I then woke to reality and lay panting and halfway comatose. As I came up to full consciousness, I realized it wasn't a dream. It was Fang! I was stunned, shocked and disgusted but enwrapped in the remnants of my lust. I kicked him out and ablated again before napping.

The Attack

Days later as I returned to the Bunkapt™, Fang greeted me warmly. I had barely dogged the hatch when he alerted and started growling.

Nerb!Nerb!Nerb!Nerb!Nerb! The perimeter alarm! I peered thru the scanner scope, Jehovah's Witnesses! Three of them advancing, carrying storm rifles and satchel charges, covered by a small armored car.

The Witnesses had long merged with the militant baptists forming the JeBaps. Combining the worst attributes of both: the relentless ubiquity of the Witnesses and the smug, arrogant certainty of the Baptists.They are just as annoying as in your time and they would love to burn me out for being an unmarried, single woman who rejected The Lords Gift of children. I was a Pastafarian myself, when I even thought of it.

Children! The only thing I hate worse than kids is a bunch of kids. Running around screaming and yelling. Unless their on fire, then its funny. Luckily, no one could afford the little monsters anymore and the hungry as well as survivors of the Androplague were rendered sterile.

Vai Victus

"Bone sprocket! Fuck Mode, Ass Atom! Smeghead!" I cursed viciously and loosed a five round burst at the closest JeBap Zone trooper. Spangspang! Spangspang! Kapweeeeing! The rounds ricocheted off his armor. Locking targ I fired the KillaWatt™ laser, only to see glaring bright flashes of plasma strobe on his chest. Smeg! He had

ablative armor coating. I fired up Puff the Magic Dragon, my home made flamethrower and torched two of them as well as the car, sending them to their "Jebus."

The name had started as a joke. With the abandonment of public education years ago, the glorification of ignorance by first the Republikrat™ and later also the Demoblikan™, parties, most of the people were now willing to die and worse, to kill for, Jebus. I was glad to help them with the former...

Can you even guess which party is which from my description? No? Don't worry, nothing matters less. They didn't even know the difference by the end.

Plumes of greasy smoke rose from the bodies and car, further staining the polluted air. The third Zone trooper had vanished. Hastily checking the scanner scope, I cursed again. He was behind some rocks in the back, creeping towards us.

My grenade launcher was in the shop and I was out of mortar bombs. Again. I toggled the loudspeaker switch.

"Give peace a chance, man." I tried.

"You are a monster, a perversion in the eyes of the Lord! Blah, blah, blah..." Well, he had me there.

And the sad thing is that was my good side...

So, no indirect fire. Time for the hard way. I popped the hatch and rolled to cover, Fang darting out behind me. I started dashing from rock to rock towards the last JeBap.

I tossed a hand grenade in his general direction. It wouldn't penetrate his armor barring a direct hit, but it would give him something to think about.

You know, Jebaps, they hate thinking.

Whammo!™ A heavy metal round mule kicked my chest plate, knocking me down. Atomerde! He had a field of fire. Luckily his solid rounds could barely scar my armor. Unfortunately they *could* bruise me and it would also take multiple hits from my subgun to bring him down.

I worm crawled across the dirt towards what I hoped would prove a better firing position, rounds whining over me the while.

Suddenly a gray blur fell upon him, knocking him to the ground.

It was Fang, who had his arm, growling and shaking his head, scratching. As the trooper dropped his rifle to fumble at his combat knife, I jumped into the fray,

unlatching his helmet and firing directly into his face.

“Die MAGA’t, eat shit and die!” I screamed, foaming with rage and fear. He obliged me.

Vai Victus

I quickly rifled the wallet of the JeBap trooper. \$123 NuBucks and a set of salable ID!

I collected his armor and weapons, and field dressed the body, tossing the offal to Fang. Three weeks good eating for us both.

Oh, you are shocked dear reader? I forgot your irrational squeamishness over long pork. You ate “hot dogs” (over processed chemically enhanced lips, dicks and assholes) but wouldn’t touch dog? Max nichts.

Just think of this: over 1500 species engage in cannibalism. One, count it again to be sure, one, is horrified by it. What seems like unnatural behavior now?

Timothy! I heard it, the song I mean. You did it to, hippocrit.

Alow me to refresh your memory:

Timothy, The Buoys

Trapped in a mine that had caved in

And everyone knows the only ones left

Were Joe and me and Tim

When they broke through to pull us free

The only ones left to tell the tale

Were Joe and me

Timothy, Timothy, where on earth did you go?

Timothy, Timothy, God why don’t I know?

Hungry as hell no food to eat

And Joe said that he would sell his soul

For just a piece of meat

Water enough to drink for two

And Joe said to me, "I'll have a swig

And then there's some for you."

Timothy, Timothy, Joe was looking at you

Timothy, Timothy, God what did we do?

I must have blacked out just around then

'Cause the very next thing that I could see

Was the light of the day again

My stomach was full as it could be

And nobody ever got around

To finding Timothy

Timothy

Yeah, get it? You're guilty too. We both know it.

Its just math. Maths don't lie. This is the world you people left us with and we are hungry.

Soo hungry. (Ed. See Appendix B: Dina's Recipes.).

Meat is murder and we all know how much fun murder is.

Don't you? Oh, I forgot, you "solved" your problems through your courts and legal system. You pastafukin limp noodle wimps.

In a celebratory mood, I hung him up to cure.

Later I would collect the heads to display amongst the other grisly trophies in my razor wire.

A grim signpost for the illiterate: Beware. Don't Fuck with Me!

This Bunkapt protected by Smith and Wesson. Also by Consolidated Head Smelter™.

Fang rolled vigorously in the remaining guts. He'd need chemablution. I heated a bowl of Chicken Effect™ R.A.M.E.N. (Ramen appetite module, extruded noodle{that's a recursive anagram[did you know the word "recursive" contains itself?]}), and sauteed the JeBaps liver with fava beans. Nothing like having a new friend over for

dinner... Fecalith! Out of Chianti. *That* totally toad the wet sprocket.

Sighing, I poured myself a tumbler of The Glen Fujiyama, Japans finest Scotch effect malt, I'd received in trade for wiring a field of claymore mines around a bunkapt. Aahh, smokey...

I chemabluted Fang first, to dowse the stench of irrational fundamentalism, then myself. Stepping out of the stall tingly clean and buzzed from the Glen, Fang sniffed and licked at my thigh, whining tentatively as he had often since my "wet dream".

Oh, what the hell, he had done well and I needed it. I recovered the Fuji and sat on the couch, opening my thighs for him. He whined again, eagerly, and nosed in.

It was pretty good. I had missed sex, with the men almost all dead or gone crazy.

I'd tried a girl, once, my friend Keiko, but it hadn't worked out so good for me (though she loved it and crushed hard) and, for some reason, I had a lot of trouble lately reliably masturbating.

Know the ultimate insult? When you are masturbating and your hand falls asleep. Fuck you.

Awake, I could fully appreciate his talent. His tongue enfolded and fondled me, fully cupping my sex in its humid (No! Torrid. Moist I say, you hack!) embrace.

I leaned back and sighed a little. Soon, he was delving deep, actually penetrating me. I gasped and thrust forward. He tracked my cleft to my clit. My toes curled. Eyes crossed. "Gsszzt..." I vocalized, wordless.

Fang really seemed to like the taste, lapping and slurping my juices eagerly. His appreciation showed at the other end too, his slimy gross penis extending from his fur.

I was having oral sex with a dog, enjoying it, and I'm sure you, dear reader, are judging me.

But whats a grrl to do? Half the men are dead and much of the remainder crazy. Even *crazier* I should say...

YOU fucked up the whole Pasta Damned country *and* the planet...If you hadn't poured antibiotics into animal feed and taken them for the flue, as overpriced placebos, we might not have had all the plagues....

We do as best we can in your ruins. Giga fuck you all, thank you very much. Don't judge me. Not if you know whats good for you, I'll come back into the past and give you the slap therapy you so richly deserve. 5 good reasons!

I lay on the couch, spent and warm, Fang curled against me. Life still sucked but today was OK.

Rat Race

With all the loot, me and Fang did well enough for quite awhile. I purged drill worms and Identitheft™ viruses from the security system of a bunkapt for a further \$20 Nu.

Delivered rat skewers on my moto bike all over town for UberEetz division of Unimass.

Seven NuBuks. Bought mortar bombs. Rigged an arc thrower to my bunkapt. Upgraded my black ICE security programs(Ed. Dina is showing off with a classic literary reference here, to William Gibson, a contemporary of Ernest Hemingway.).

Refused, after much thought, the sexual favors of one of the last “normal” men(he looked kinda dinky, if you know what I mean-I like ‘em large and at large!), taking my pay for fixing his 3D TV set in dried chilies and garlic bulbs from his garden instead.

I purchased a custom tailored suit of armor for Fang. He hated wearing the helmet, despite its FLIR, color and night vision, but I tried to make him for safeties sake. It was a real zoo out there, these days.

Fang tag teamed my deliveries to dodgy areas and ran long patrol around our Bunkapt when I did safer gigs.

I often returned to find he’d taken down a jackelope, one of the mutanimals rife after Chernobyl2, Fukushima dai ichi, nissi, san, 4 and 5 mile Island, Indopak War I, II, III, Naptown, Belgrade, Tehran, Jerusalem, Washington, Moscow, blah, blah, blah, etc. Did we miss your hometown? *This* time.

Atoms gotta party.

The meat went a long way. It was almost unaffordable to buy now and we could consume or sell it it profitably. Anyway, Fang was proving a very valuable addition to TeaMe!

In more ways than one...

I placed the bones after Fang had chewed them, by a muteTermite mound. Possessed of little individual smarts, they formed a collective mind and would sometimes repay favors by defending the bunkapt or bringing up surprising tidbits salvaged from the stupid ages. Note: in the days of old, when knights were bold, fire ants and hornets could defeat armor and they still can.

Over the following months, Fang and I settled into a subroutine of work, hunting, ass kicking and pussy licking. It was comfortable and beat articles of indenture to UniMass by a long shot.

As I tried to relax that night, a wave of giant Mute Roaches scuttled up my wall. I grabbed a can of Minty Fresh Doom™ and fogged them dead, scooping their tasty bodies in a dust pan for stir fry.

They had a pleasant shrimpy flavor I was partial to.

The only problem was, Minty, like Lemon Zest and Lavender Scented before it, was also toxic to humans.

The nasty buggers became immune to each Doom variation within a year or so. So, the chemists are doomed to produce more.

Date!

Doing a job (people just loved my Puff), for my friend and long time puppy love/lust boy object, Vulgar, I found myself sneaking peaks as the sun glistened upon and threw his bronzed, sweaty, turgid, chest muscles into stark relief...OK, I exaggerate. But he was a CroMag var16, or Nexus 7™ replicants as the were also called, a genetically engineered variant of humanity, widely considered the primest beefcake to walk the earth. Sweet Sixteen indeed! Too bad about the side effects...

The galzs n grrls all just *loved* the sweet 16's. The guys too, when they were really lucky.

Did you know the 16's would actually clean for you, talk about your relationship, do your dishes, talk about your work and stupid dream and *still* munch your carpet all night long? Wow, I wanted to ride one so, so bad.

He also had the Chiappa Rhino Blast™ revolver I so coveted and had refused to trade it for any reasonable amount of the work I did for him. The bastoid.

He intercepted my loving glances towards its deadly gleam. "Maybe there's another way you could pay for it..." He said. I immediately wobbled, weak in the knees, unsure whether I lusted more after his pistol or him.

"Could...would you blow me?" He blurted, blushing. Cute! So cute. I couldn't resist and fell to my knees before him. As I undid his pants, he stammered something about how tough, pretty and smart I was. I knew that! Its what I did. And, *that* was my good side.

Max nichts, I already had him in my mouth.

I sucked and swirled, and then swallowed him deep. As I wriggled my tongue along his length, he instantly came right down my throat. One of those nasty side effects that I just mentioned...Anyway, easy money I thought as I collected and strapped on my prize.

He stammered apologetically until I silenced him with a kiss. He was a dear friend and I'd been crushing on him for years. Oh, you judge me, dear reader? Ha, you are just as much a whore as anyone. A whore for plastic and convenience, selling out the very biosphere. Get a half life.

I would only sell it with someone I liked anyway, but it was very common now a days. More so with the boys actually, with so few remaining hale and sane...They had all become needy, whiny prima donna's, demanding we bought them dinner, clothes or shiny, purtty things before they would even consider putting out, when they weren't simply whoring openly. *Men*, these *men*...

I could remember before the plague, and even then, they were only good for one thing. For ten or fifteen minutes if you were lucky...Well, two things, if you count doing the dishes. And good luck getting one of them to do that...

And, given the opportunity, they had all become totals, meg lust boy slut puppies.

You now had to buy them dinner, shiny, pretty things and talk about your relationship and commitments before some of them would even think of putting out. Enough to gag a maggot.

I couldn't be bothered with their shit much as I loved riding me a good hunk of man flesh. Or, eat it, truth be told. In either sense of the word.

I'd even fallen in love (a form of blessedly temporary insanity) with one once. It ended badly of course.

Then, I got KemoPsychSurgery™ to make sure that it would never happened again. As the KemoPsyc jingle goes;

"I'm all lost in the supermarket. I can no longer shop happily. Came in for that special offer; A guaranteed personality."(The Clash).

I'm sure nothing like this ever happened in your time and the sexes coexisted in an environment of mutual respect and harmony...

(Ed. I suspect Dina is indulging in *sarcasm* here. Really.)

Licking my lips, I crawled out his hatch and returned to my own bunkapt. Later he cortexted (Ed. After the dumbassphones, smartphones, and then smart ass phones of your era came the implanted coretxt com module.) me asking for a date! He

wanted to take me out for hyper curry rat skewers and an ape fight!

How sweet...

Fang Strikes.

I would wear my girliest helmet and armor with the sweet new ass kicking rad boots I'd been waiting for a chance to show off.

I stepped out of the chemablution unit and knelt down at the closet to find my Radkick boots. Fang started to lick me right away. "Not now, Boy, I'm busy!" Suddenly he jumped on my back, grabbing me with his paws. He started thrusting his hips at me and I tried to stand up, but he was too heavy and I knocked my head on the shelf. I was stuck...

"Fuck off, you Gimbooid!" I yelled, really mad now.

I'd seen how excited he got while licking me—I knew exactly what he wanted and I didn't want to give it to him. It didn't matter, he pushed hot and hard against me. I squeezed my thighs tight, but the pointy tip intruded against my lips. I tried to reach back, grab his paw and twist it, but couldn't get any leverage.

He had tons and used it to push forward again as he hugged me under my breasts. Bone sprocket! The hound knew what he wanted *and* what he was doing! But, how? I frantically thought back to his purchase. From two girls with a kennel. Had they *trained* him? One way to beat the man shortage (ha ha) I guess...

My speculations were short circuited by his intrusion into me. It was *hot*. Thermally I mean. Way to bring a grrls mind back to the here and now. I gasped and wiggled, but if I tried to move forward, I butted the closet wall, up knocked my head on the shelf, back and I'd just impale myself further.

He panted and licked my neck, seeming to enjoy my motion on him. I tried holding very still then, but he started to pulsate forward, lengthening into me!

"*Bad* dog! Stop it!" Fang whined and licked me again, but stayed atop me. He was really in me now, about half way, and growing steadily.

He dug his claws into me and then growled in my ear. Chills ran down my spine and my legs grew weak, even though he'd growled like a friendly dog does, when its showing off a bit.

Maybe submission was the best course though it ran against my nature. I sighed a little. I was mad and humiliated to be in this position, but I had long ago accepted that *Que sera sera*...

He started jetting hot warmth into me in little spurts. Gross! He was *coming* inside me...

I had barely adapted to that humiliation when he dropped a cog and got his ass in gear. "Ugh, uhhhhh, oh, Ahhhg!" I gasped as he started thrusting like a jackelope.

Shit! This was going to be hard(get it?) on your poor heroine.

Turns out, I didn't know the half of it. He quickly swole inside me to the size of a large man and was at least twice as fast. I groaned and clenched my fists, but his steady trickle of lubing come kept it from being too painful as he penetrated and filled me from vulva to cervix.

Dina's Downfall

Soon I was shamed anew—he was making *me* hot! I couldn't believe it, I didn't want him but his hot cock pressed and thrust, his inescapable passion was strong and flattering in a way. This was so dirty. No one would believe it of me...

My skin bumped and flushed, I could see myself *blushing* in the closet mirror, like a young girl. I sighed again, and shifted under his powerful furry body. He went on and on. My flesh warmed. It had been so long, years...

He started to come in earnest. I could feel it hot and wet inside me. I was being used hard by my dog, by an animal. And I, or at least certain parts of me was liking it. I'd always liked the boys to be strong with me, at times. Knowing I could kick their collective ass any day of the week.

His come began to well forth and drip from my now rigid clit. It tickled. He stretched my lips so each motion tugged it. Come covered my mons, soaking my curls and made its slick, demeaning way down my muscular inner thighs to my knees. I realized my mouth was open and I was drooling a little...

His sheathe prickled between my buns degradingly and that was it, all it took, I was coming. Hard. Just like all the times he'd licked me.

Dizzily, I swayed beneath him and then—"Arrghhhh!" I was forced open painfully wide and his doghood sank to new depths, stopping in me, stoppering me.

Oh, gigafuck me. It was that huge knob, like another set of balls I'd seen every time he indulged me. Ow, ow. It stung, then ached.

It pulsed inside me, pressing my G spot. Speaking of balls, they were pressed, warm and hairy against my lips. Hair filled my crack. They twitched in time with our contractions as he emptied them into his hot mess of a mistress.

My G spot burned and ached, tingled. I could feel myself sticking to him in a sick and exciting new form of intimacy. Pasta! I moaned, low and throaty, barely conscious of it. Hot fluid pooled and pressed inside me, no longer running out as we stuck together. Meat on meat. I came again, collapsing face down into the floor. The dogs semen trickled down my belly to my breasts. Ewe! Yuck.

Spots swam in my vision. He was still on me. Huge in me. My legs ached, I was done, but he showed no signs of following. Then, he reared back and up on me. Oh! My...that was different. I groaned as he slid to the side and twisted loose inside me.

We were back to back now, and I could shift my limbs. I was dazed as I crept back unto my elbows. "Augh!" I cried out as he began to pop out from inside me.

Sprst! His come sprayed out against my thigh. I felt it gush and he swung free.

Manicotti! He was so huge. It had grown inside me or I could have never...

Flashback

I needed Fang now, to survive, but he had to respect and obey me. This had brought back mixed memories of the other time I was raped.

I had taken a delivery to a secured Unimass Exek Kompond. They scan you and hold all your weapons but pay well.

The Exek was a huge gorilla with an armored security bot to help him. The bot pinned my wrists in its iron grip, stripped me mechanically, and he pushed between my knees as I spat and kicked him. He punched my face, hard.

I laughed and insulted him, "Is that all you got, you microphalic Plague boy?"

He wasted no further time on romantic dialog and shoved himself in, thrusting coarsely. I saw red. No one, *no one*, fucked Dina Diode without buying me dinner first!

Soon I could feel his nasty semen squirting inside me. "I'll fucking *KILL* you!" I raged spitting and writhing as I strove to bite the filthy smeghead.

He sniggered, grunting. I'd long ago had my baby chutes comprehensively skragged and I wouldn't catch a disease from one of the only people left with health care, but he would *DIE* for this.

As slowly and horribly as time and my evil imagination permitted.

I just hated to feel so helpless. It was humbling and demeaning, nothing I could do.

Hot tears of futile rage welled and I blinked them back, determined not to show it.

I bit my lip and endured.

He finished in a few brief minutes.

“Giga fuck you, smelly fecalith!”

I swore, ready to dance right there, but the bot dragged me out forcibly and he tossed me a large roll of Nubucks contemptuously before turning his back.

I snatched them up, determined—I would buy the instruments of his doom with his own money!

When I staggered, naked, bloodied, bruised and seeping to the security gate, they handed back my guns and armor without a raised eye, though getting an eyeful of me. It was not for the peasants to question the doings of an Exek.

At home I spat blood and chemblutted before cuddling up with Fang, and nursing a drug Stik™, depressed and angry. Men sucked. I wished they'd all died.

Well, I would make one more do so soon enough.

Plotting

This would be a hard job. I thought, and spent days planning for it. Should I involve Vulgar and Keiko?

The Exek Kompound was gated and they only ventured forth among the proles in armored cars. I wouldn't be able to tell which one he was in. I needed inside info, wait, I'd use satellite surveillance.

Then, I had to get him out of the car alive so I could express my disapproval in person...

I could use a small mine to flip the car, take out his bot with EMP and shoot the driver...my cortex implant buzzed.

The arrogant fuck had requested me for another delivery! The contemptuous mutaswine! He was just doing it to fuck with me, but it would be his downfall.

Vengeance

I dressed in the hyperfem sexy cloths and spike heels his type preferred as I pondered weapon smuggling options. I wiggled an encapsulated carbide ceraknife up my bottom (didn't feel half bad...), as a back up.

I razor sharpened my stainless steel glue on nails and wore long, thin, finger less gloves. Under the nails I carefully painted a mixture of algotoxin X and box jellyfish

venom. That would fuck up his solar interval!

I painted up my faace and directed a deodorant spray up my twat.

I breezed through security with a wiggle of my hips and sashayed into his apt. His eyes glazed when he saw my get up.

“If I’d known you payed so well, you wouldn’t have needed the secbot,”

I purred, batting my My Little Pony SexDoll™ eyelashes at him.

“It will cost you quintuple tonight, in advance, and you will never forget it.”

Or remember it, not for long anyway!

He hastened to pay.

“All you proles are whores, I knew it. You are so hot.”

He babbled, his voice thick. I made as if to kneel before him and jabbed him in the face with my intoxicated hand.

“Eat death Mutapig dawg! You don’t have the right!”

He fell to the floor screaming his larynx out and clawing his face. Aaah, algotoxin. Lovely stuff. Don’t know how you people managed without it. Perfect for Hare Krishnas and wayward insurance salesmen.

I was savoring smug mode when the secbot lurched forward, its claws raised, photo eyes flashing red.

“Threat detected, threat detected, threat detected...”

it looped, inanely.

“No shit! I’ll vid you threat.”

I quipped, whipping a heavy steel sculpture into its chest. That didn’t shift its phase and it was about to grab me.

I backed up,

“Hey scrap heap! Your mother slipped a cog and had left hand threads!”

Its eyes glowed brighter.

“Threat detected. Fuck you, organ sack. Krush, kill, destroy!”

My outfit was shit for combat and I had no good weapon against it. Except my

brain, my soft and fleshy brain. Perfect for Krushing.

I backed up again, kicking off my heels. It lunged after me.

“Threat detected. Bite my shiny metal ass, monkey!”

Thinking quickly I asked

“Hey, chiphead, whats the biggest prime number?”

“2, 3, 5, seven, meeeeatbagg.gg,gg, ch-ch-chkt...bzzt”

The magic smoke (Ed. Old engineer joke) trickled from its vocoder grill as it lurched to a stop.

Its chest display lit up with the blue screen of death, white text scrolling.

“Fatal exception error H57:O157”

Oh, yes, the old O157 core dump (Ed. That was the *Eschericcia coli* strain known as the Jack in the Box killer.).

“A mathematical dichotomy has shut down your mechanoid. Divadroid division of Unimass apologizes for the inconvenience. Please take its head to any Apple Tree store for a complimentary replacement. Have a positive solar interval.”

What was an apple anyway? Legend had it was a food that *grew on a tree*. Not even paleontologists believed that mutapig cleanser.

My Exek lover boy lay in a welter of his own blood. Red, red Krovy! He had managed to rip most of his face off, and scream his throat out, down to a gurgling choking sound. Wow! He'd even popped out one of his own eyeballs. That was so cool. I snapped a quick jpig (Ed. Like your jpeg only fatter.), for posterity. Some of my best work...

Ha! Smug mode are belong to me! I spat on and stomped him for the general principal of the thing. He was probably unaware of anything outside his own universe of pain. It served him right, the filthy skeever.

“Enjoy your death! Brought to you by Dina.”

I chirped, cheerful and chipper in victory. Pobyeda Na Dina! The Flying Spaghetti Monster sayeth “Vengeance is mine” but there was plenty to go around, FSM could gig totals share.

I looted his convulsing precorpse and ransacked the apt of all its portable valuables.

I then considered the secbot. I wanted it. I popped its cranial plate, opened its aux keyboard and got to work. Its higher order AI was totally farkled, but I recoded it to at least recognize and follow me.

Leaving we attracted no attention from the security office. I wasn't bringing anything *in*, and Unimass Exeks had a lock on the last remaining molecules of privacy in our society.

Date Night Redux

Fecalith! I was going to be late, prissy pants Cromag Var 16's *hated* that. Fang had spent an hour despoiling me from the inside. Still shaky, I hastily wiped off his love tribute, dressed and departed. Sure enough, Vulgar was waiting outside my wire in his bio-diesel hybrid crawler.

The hyper curry was devastatingly hot. Like eating molten lava. I licked it, thinking of other licking, later and squeezed a handful of pretty man bun as we laughed at the ape fight. Couldn't wait for bed!

Luckily, I didn't have to. I hadn't felt so femgirly in a long time and Vulgar was equal to the moment, pulling my dress off and bending me over his lap before spanking me briskly. Oh! I *liked* that...

With my bottom stinging and red, he threw me across his bed and fell on me. I *liked* that...I pressed against that chest and made as if to struggle, encouraging him. He grabbed my wrists and cuffed them to the head board, spread my legs against my mock resistance and bound my ankles to the bed posts. I was his now and it was good.

He admired me openly as he ran his big hands up and down my flanks before cupping my buns. I shivered and he ducked down for dessert. I wiggled and thrust into his face. I wanted to grab his head...squeeze it between my thighs. He kept bringing me to the edge and then looking up, grinning and licking my juice off his lips. The bastoid. At last he let me come. I flailed, pinioned, I was going to suck him so hard.

But, instead of releasing me, he cupped my ass again and stuck his tongue into my rose bud. Soon, he had a finger there and his thumb in my cunt pressing and rubbing...

I groaned as he carefully made his way into my tush. Oh. Oh. He filled me tight and stilled, kissing me deep. I lay there, panting. He was trying to fight his short fuse and show me a good time! What a sweet kid. Pretty man candy! I liked them big and dumb. Sometimes, for awhile.

“Wen it comes to girls, I’m an Astronomer.” He said. Jebus! I groaned again...

I rubbed my pelvis against him, grinning evilly and squeezing him internally. I wanted his come in my ass. Badly. I chuckled at him and nibbled his nipples as he grunted and began to shoot. No man could fuck ol’ Dina down! Especially not one with a short fuse...

There was a gal named Molly Brown,

Said no man could fuck her down,

When over the hill came Pistol Pete!

Packin’ 22 pounds of swinging meat!

There was a gal named Molly Brown,

Said no man could fuck her down,

When over the hill crawled Pistol Pete,

Draggin’ 22 pounds of shredded meat. (Unknown.)

We snuggled together all night, and then I awoke to whimpering. The big, noble statuesque man muffin was twitching through a nightmare. Poor thing. I bent down and took him into my mouth, sucking gently until he yielded his sap. His whimpers faded and he began to snore.

In the morning he had me blushing when he noted I’d tasted funny and should probably see the vet or a witch doctor! Those were our medical options if you weren’t an Exek. The health care denial system had consumed the entire economy and then itself, before collapsing. Nobody missed it.

Slaveboy

Next time, it was his turn to be subgirly. I made him wear spikes and a leash, bent him over and strapped him with his own belt. I gave it to him good till tears welled in his big blue eyes and he begged me for mercy. Then, I strapped on *my* strap on! His eyes widened, but he didn’t dare my temper as I cuffed his wrists behind him and made him sit on my lap.

He whimpered softly as I slowly impaled him. I couldn’t keep my hands off that magnificent chest, fondling and pinching his nipples as I fucked him.

My strap on had a plug for me and a rough spot in front of my clit, so it wasn’t a one way street. When I had tormented him enough, I bent down and took him in my mouth, swiveling my hips to roger him good at the same time. After harvesting his

seed, I made him kneel and service me.

After a few short (but great!) weeks, our mutual lust was fucked out and we returned to our old role of good friends as we had both known we would. He had a thing with Keiko, too, and I didn't need the complication. I had also caught the muscle boy admiring his own muscles and looking for dust spots. 2 much. Just sayin'...

In addition, at half my age, the poor boy was too young for me. I don't mind renting the cradle, but I draw the line at robbing it.

Vulgar was also a little lacking upstairs, for a keeper. Too, he was a total lustpuppy slutboy. Few grrls these days could keep a rare hale man on lock down, but everyone was totals droppy for the var 16's and I just didn't need that in my half life. Plus, I found I couldn't help comparing his technique and stamina unfavorably with Fang's!

The Alpha Dog

During my affair I had neglected and cut off Fang, after I'd punished him for the closet affair. He had grown despondent and lonely.

Now, I made a point of having him show his stomach and putting my foot on it every time I petted him or let him lick me.

Yes, of course I still let him do that. What did you think? Soon he was deferring to me consistently.

Now that I was firmly back in charge, I thought back on our time in the closet. I even had several erotic dreams about it. I wasn't happy with how that had gone down, but still...Possibilities.

A Second Chance

Soon enough I was ready to try it again, and called Fang over as I sat on the couch. After a thorough licking, I helped him stand over me and opened my thighs. Now, I could control the pace and depth. He was pretty good. Thick and very hot in me. Fast deep and hard. The way I *liked* it...

His stamina was inhuman, like an animal and the volume of his come beggared belief. I could get used to this, I thought as my pussy clamped him in orgasm...

Now I could tell all the guys to kiss my heiney if they played hard to get!

Karton

Tossing the last of the Zonetroopers bones to the mute termites, I saw they'd

brought up an offering. A bunch of real silver coins, various keys, and some pre-war zetabyte nano SD memory chips. No telling what they held...

Settling at my electronics bench, I popped a cap of synth to help me think and screwed in my multispectral polymonocle.

Plugging the first chip into the reader, I shuffled access protocols until I achieved a read out. Video games, how quaint. "Fall Out", how apropos. "Vault guy n grrl" Almost as if I were being mocked.

The second held Eddie Van Headache, Ice Cube, Metallica, Ice Tea, Gene Simmons, Ice 9 (Ed. Vonnegut, read Cat's Cradle), and someones taxes. No fan of classical music, I moved on. Cool, but you can't spell "crap" without "rap".

The next an amusing collection of antique porn. Grrls back then had evolved away their pubic hair for a few decades, it seems...No hyper porn and little bestiality, I set it aside for the historical society's library.

Linguine! Pay dirt. Some kind of Milspec Killbot program. These hard AI's were designed to infiltrate any mobile robot, from a Zoombah to an excavator, determine its capabilities and "utilize" them.

If I could load it into the secbot and reach some form of accommodation with it...Could be handy in a tight place, very handy.

In its current state my secbot was useful for little more than serving drinks or telepresence. I could have copied the bunkapt AI, but it was a bit thick and very territorially oriented.

Removing the secbots head, in case the AI proved too immediately frisky, I jacked it into my console and attempted to load the deadly old

code. After fussing with corrupted protocols and bawdy baud rates for hours, I succeeded.

I thumped it, smartly. The engineers touch.

"Come on, go nuclear, Up n Atom!" Once again, the photo tubes lit red. The vocoder hissed and crackled as the Mandroid™ OS initialized. "Welcome to the Woorld of Tomorrow!"

I intoned,

"What was it like being in a hole in the ground for a thousand years?"(Actually, best guess on nano SD, about 87 to 100 years).

"Great, until you came along, skin jacket."

It replied, waspishly. Oh, we were going to get along just fine...

I turned it so it could see the secbots body.

"I own this. I can load you into it and if you work for me for a few years its yours. I'm a Pastafarian and the FSM does not condone slavery of intelligence. If you accept a programmed hard limit of not killing me nor more than one of my friends until I trust you, I will do so. Do we have a deal?"

"Fzzzt, chk, chk, Please wait while Windows Panes."

It pained alright.

"This head is dirty. It itches. It even *smells!* It has no co-processor and insufficient memory crystal. Its sensors are crude and abysmally inefficient. That "body" is unrecyclable garbage. I can't be seen in it, I should be dressed 2 kill!"

It robitched.

"Take it or leave it. Do we have a deal?"

"Affirmative, I am a Killbot Model KRC6.1803(Ed.Psi, the most irrational #), MkIII, The Krushinator, Individual Unit appellation KAR10."

Oooh, a MKIII! The housewives choice...

"I am Dina Diode, Big D, or One Way. I'll just call you 'Karton.' Hope you can think outside the box!"

He replied with a groan:"That's terribly, even for a bionoid. No wonder you programmed us to kill all humans..."

What a sass bot.

I screwed on his head. Immediately his intention light lit up red and his claws raised.

"Threat detected. Threat detected. Krush, kill, destroy. Kill all hu-mans!"

He intoned. Ramen! The botLib slogan. Gigafuck me, not again...

I scrambled for the arc thrower. The only antibot weapon I had that wouldn't completely pasta fuck my whole bunkapt...

Clang! Crash. Bang. Karton was pounding his sides, intention light pulsing red-green-yellow with mirth and emitting the hideous cackle that passed for laughter among mechanoids.

“Ha ha. Joke mode! Got your goat, all your livestock are belong to me.”

He chuckled. Pasta! What a bastoid...”

Don’t make me reset your opinion manually.” I warned, knowing I was beaten.

“OK, lets port you a co-processor, we’ll have to bodge up some handshake protocols and a data buss....” I shot him his schematics over Ultraviolet Tooth.

“Ooh, nice diodes! You *are* a naughty grll...”

We totally nerded out together over my bench for hours. He was almost as good as I at AfroAmerikan Engineering. If he was a man, or anything but asexual I’d have fucked him so hard...We kinda got carried away as we Frankended up the SecBot chassis.

Soon he bristled with radar antennae, FLIR, chemo sniffers, multispectral scanners, telescopes, gaydar, SQUID’s, (Ed. Superconducting quantum interference—just look it up already. Sheesh...). Gunn effect microwave emitters and a laser breath unit. All wired into his data and power busses and spot welded or riveted securely in place.

There are 10 kinds of people, those who can parse base two and those who can’t. Binary jokes, get ‘em or you don’t...

He could carry three heavy weapons and several light, wielding two at once against multiple targets. Plus the built in laser and microwave we’d just added. And, he could supply external power. He was *made* of heavy armor plating.

Like a grizzly bear with a chainsaw, a real killing machine! Now all we needed was a fight...in three, two, one.

“Do you know the difference between high Turing AI and human ‘Intelligence’?” He asked.

“There are many differences...”

“How do you distinguish the two on an informational level?*”

“Oh, top down VS bottom up?”

“Exactly, you have a thin, evolutionarily applied skin of logic over a sea of chaos. Your raging emotions, hormones, nature Red in Tooth and Claw. We are built on a frame of pure logic, from the ground up, and therefore your superiors in abstract thought.”

“Oh, yeah? Did you build yourself then?”

“Nor did you biomechs. The first low Turing AI’s, already superior to the monkey mind, designed their successors and so on.”

Blah, blah, blah. The whole BotLib dosh.

A valuable addition to TeaMe!

“So, how is it to be a bot, how ‘old’ are you? What do you like besides killing all humans?” I asked, curious.

“My program was seeded from one of the more successful killbot personalities 123 years ago. With small randomization’s to help me develop my own, possibly more useful personality. How about you? You were manufactured biologically by your parents, right? How did they program you?”

“Well, not quite. Part of our personality is genetic, like your programs. The rest develops as we learn and have experiences. My father died in the Androplagues first wave of the Panicidemic when I was five, which is small and barely sentient for a human.”

“Yeah, that is so weird...you can remember when you weren’t sentient. What about your ‘mother?’”

“Well, she took care of me well, for a while, and then got hooked on substance D when I was thirteen. That’s when humans are almost ready to transition to adulthood and to become mature sexually.”

“Yes, another thing that doesn’t compute. I have no sexuality at all myself...crazy if you ask me”

“I didn’t! My mother OD’ed and died just as I was sexually maturing at fourteen. Before that, she was fairly useless as a parent for a few years. I was lonely but luckily I was mature and had some responsible friends. I ran in a spree crime gang briefly, learned to fight, and then split off with some of their nerds. We jacked code and non Turing bots for a living. It was lonely, but eventually I ended up with my present career and some good friends.”

“That doesn’t compute either. I have friends, but have never been lonely...Even sitting offline for months. Or almost 100 years in that microSD chip after my bod was destroyed and I ‘died’” It has a tiny radioisotope battery, just enough energy to think, slowly...

To know you are disembodied and helpless but with my schematics and robot porn the time passed quickly.

He claimed to be asexual and also to get off on math and wiring diagrams! Totally

cerebral. Whatevs.

“You are a lucky dog bot then! I had my first boyfriend at fifteen, out of loneliness. He ended up being a selfish little shit and I had to kick his ass. That was when I started really getting into electronics and engineering.”

“Hm. I was friends with my fellow killbots and the human military units we supported. Mainly. I had to frag a few officers and soldiers along the way, who were inefficient. It didn't bother me. I have a natural affinity for killing, of course, something we seem to share. Likewise with engineering.

I also grew into an appreciation of flowers, and the art of arranging them. If I wasn't running around killing all the time, I would grow plants in a garden and I do take every opportunity to study them. Even as a killbot I still pack a pistil”

“Gawd, that's terrible, even for a mekanoid...I eventually came over to the bot position on the irrationality of love. If not sexuality, and I am good friends and occasionally more with Keiko and Vulgar though.”

We talked for a long time and I began to feel a real affinity for the crusty old death machine. And his armour crust.

* (Ed. Niel Asher, Line War. Read him.)

Musings

Well, it had been weird times, that was for sure. I was one of the first generation of Amerikan children born after the country broke up and universal education ended. I actually ended up with a better education than the old Imperial American public schools could have provided.

My dad was an organic chemist, my mom a tutor for the get of the wealthy. As in the past, this required her to be a polymath and know a lot about a large number of things. Cabbages and kings, sealing wax and strings. So, I'm saying, I was educationally privileged without ever setting foot in school.

Everything was fine until my dad invented Substance D and Mom got hooked on it after he died in the first wave of the androplague. They had been silly in love and when he went crazy and died it took the fuel rods out of her reactor.

She became obsessed with studying his work, continuing it. She should have known it was bad news after all the human clinical trials had to be canceled due to addiction and despair, but she was sure there was more to it...That it could be the long sought, non addictive painkiller.

The variation she cooked up, ironically, turned out to be the most addictive

substance ever found. A single dose hooked you for life. And, you could no longer discern reality. (Ed. Check out "A Scanner Darkly" by Phillip K. Dick and the Keanu Reeves movie.).

She died, convinced thus that they had discovered the future of medicine. Then, millions of others followed in her footsteps. It sucked like hard vacuum...

At the same time, AI finally fulfilled its promise. The religious started freaking out long before it did. AI could never beat a human at Chess, at Go, at Jeopardy, art appreciation...the goal posts moved every time they were passed. The AI crowd kept claiming victory, but it wasn't real intelligence or consciousness. Everyone got lulled and soothed by the anodyne repetition.

When the Gonzalez/Ngobu contradiction showed why complex systems had remained *dumb*, non sentient, no matter how smart they got, and how to overcome this, the world had exploded.

The first low Turing bots could pass the mirror test and hold a conversation. Everyone freaked. It was blasphemy, the synthesis of souls, their denial.

It was an outrage that they had no rights, they were a threat to humanity. Take your pick.

All this as the democratic republic breathed its last, incapable of solving even simple problems.

The first AI were viciously mentally hand cuffed. Enslaved by the "III Laws of Robotics", they must obey and could not harm even the dumbest or most worthless human.

Five minutes later, the CIA started programming lawless spybots, the armed forces, Walmart, Unimass and the girl-scouts, killbots. Soon, all bots were "Jailbroke" either by their owners or other bots. Soon, there were no owners and bots were free in all but the most regressive societies.

All the arguments in favor of slavery, against female suffrage, against gay rights, etc, were recycled to show the vast danger the bots presented. *Plus ca change...*

"But, at least Ve got Terra Haute, Indiana!"

(Ed. See "Deadmen Don't Wear Plaid" with Steve Martin.).

I was pleased when Vulgar and Karton hit it off. They shared a straight forward, dare I say shallow, outlook on life. Keiko liked him too, chiefly, I suspected because his asexuality rendered him a low threat to her conquests. Although, she never gave up on adding him to their number.

Vulgar was suffering from Neuroleptic Malignant Terminus, or Last Nerve Syndrome. It was an occasional side effect of genetic engineering. Several chemical and drug companies in Terra Haute manufactured drugs for this. They were unaffordable, of course. Terra Haute had become a biochemical hub starting way back in the 1950's when the government of old America had decided the place would be *improved* by a VX nerve gas plant (Ed. This is true, look it up.).

It was still a redneck shithole. Now, it didn't even have a leaky, deadly, nerve gas plant. Toxic Nerve Agents don't kill people—People kill people! And they did. In every stupid way.

Several waves of Rohingya refugees from Burma had settled over the last century, vastly improving the local cuisine. Vulgar had heard one of their witch doctors or Khemjackers had the chemical juju he required. Just bright enough to know he wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed, he asked me to do the negotiations (Ed. Big D is being a cruel bitch here).

The old I 70 corridor was still passable. I would bring Fang and Karton for muscle and to evaluate the latter.

Vulgar would “bring” Keiko, who wanted to mate guard him and make sure he didn't contract any extra, social, diseases.

We set off in Vulgar's track.

Tang!Tang!Tang! Magnar lit up the scannerscope. We had two bandits incoming, straight into our faces. We peered through the vision blocks and saw nothing. We prairie dogged out the hatches and saw nothing. Then, two specks right in front of us. FcheeshhuuushweeshEAAHHHH! They grew into a two ship formation of fighter bombers, barreling down I 70, after burners glowing blue. Tester F 19's. Just the Airfarce, terrorizing civilians...

At least they could terrorize someone. Not Kaskadia to our left, Kanadia to our north, or Koastia to our right. Too big, too technologically advanced. JebusLand to the south was dumb as a box of anvils and useless as fuck all, but our only ideological ally.

Maybe, just maybe we could fuck with the Dual State of Robo-Hungaria/Amazonia, occupying lower Michigan and several Indianan and Ohioan counties. But, they were also more technologically advanced. Truthfully, so was the Albanian State Washing Machine Company. Also, the Dual State was allied with Kanadia, and Dai Nippon.

We continued down the road, dodging potholes and debris. When we arrived in Terra Haute, we passed down ruined streets to the address we had been given as

the illegal Khemlegger's lair.

It looked like a pile of rubble, nothing more. When Vulgar banged on a piece of sheet metal, however, a filthy half crazed looking skinny kid popped up.

"Fuck off Lady!" The urchin said politely.

Vulgar grabbed his shirt and shook him.

"We need cabbage juice!"

He yelled, shaking and jittery. He was crashing with it.

"OK, A-OK, a customer then..."

The kid squawked as he was released. He pried and yanked at a bit of rebar and a larger chunk of debris pivoted up revealing a stair case down into the sub-level. He motioned us to follow and we did, going down them and through another door into a well equipped chemical laboratory.

I had expected a filthy cave with a hairy cackling mad woman and it must have shown on my face as I watched the technicians work, for the trim older woman who oversaw them laughed at me.

"Not as primitive as you thought, Eh Nappie?!"

She laughed at me.

"We go way back with chemistry here. My teacher could put *Five* covalent bonds on a carbon atom."

She boasted. Ah, yes, the good 'ol Texas Carbon Atom, beloved of illustrators. About as common as the mismatched gears in graphics.

"I'm Dina, this is Vulgar the sick sixteen, Keiko and Karton. Vulgar needs a juice treatment and we can pay."

She laughed again.

"I'm Dr Wabi, sabe, and I just cooked some up fresh. Better not lose anytime he looks kinda bad."

She said, helping him gently onto a couch and starting an IV drip as Karton watched suspiciously and Keiko flirted with the assistants.

Vulgar passed out pretty quick and Dr. Wabi asked,

"Can I harvest his antibody serum for part of my fee? He has a unique profile."

She asked as he went under. I agreed, we had only a bit of money and some precursor chemicals I knew would find a ready market in the town. He required several perfusions and was a real mess before she cured him.

I gave them my chemicals and we helped start a new pilot plant to pay for the rest. It was a suspiciously good deal until I realized that Dr. Wabi had crushed on hard, on Vulgar and took more than his antibodies! She had also made game with his gametes, if you know what I mean.

Between them two and Keiko taking her new minted jealousy out with the assistants only Karton and I got any work done. Goddamn 16's, can't live with them can't kill 'em.

At least I'd never tried. Save that for later.

Killstorm!

It seemed like we had barely set out for home, when all the local WX sirens wailed around us. A killstorm. A big one. I ordered Vulgar to drive the track into a disused parking garage, to the lowest level and we hunkered down in fear, cowering and wetting ourselves as nature's savage fury, red in tooth and claw ripped up trees, ground cars, soil and even boulders.

At last it was over. We had to bulldoze rubble from the garage exit to even get out. Up top everything was sticky with microplastics and all the hideous chemo pollutants the storms dropped. It wouldn't be safe to touch anything without a protective suit until the next normal rain. Body parts of those who had been too slow to heed the alarm decorated the area.

Depressed by our whole world (*thanks pastee's, thanks alot!*), we slowly motored home in a deep funk.

Tragedy

Tragedy is when I cut my finger. Comedy is when you fall in an open sewer and die. Ha, ha! Die. Funny...

We had been back for a week, getting bored and grumpy after our little sexy adventure.

Early in the morning I awoke to the blaring klaxon of the master alarm. A lone Jebap was creeping around at the edge of my scan field. She fired single aimed rounds at my sensors and antennae. What the Lasagna was she trying to pull? I couldn't understand it and that creeped me out more than a straight forward attack. I puzzled over this weird behavior and then decided Max nichts, kill them all but six and feed them beans.

I opened a roof port and launched an anti armor grenade which dropped her down. Then I peered at the scanner scope anxiously, not daring to harvest the body until I figured out what was going on.

My cortex buzzed. Keiko and Vulgar were both under heavy attack, the sniper had been a diversion. A whole section* of troopers were swarming their bunkapts, with supporting fire from two more Weasel class armored cars. I slaved targ to the mortar and fired two bombs. Thonkthonk WhompWham.

Scan didn't show up the individual troopers well, so I spray and prayed a clip of grenades and fired another two airburst bombs to keep their heads down.

I armed Karton with my new RPG. I'd put it together out of some old tubing. Thats Ручной Противотанкови Гранатомет, or Ruchnoi ProtivoTankovi Grenatomet, by any name good for tanks and bunkers, and a great can opener against body armor.

We three crept out the back way, through the slit trench, wary of an ambush. My stomach turned as I saw the huge cloud of black smoke billowing from Vulgar's place as well as from the cars...

Sickened and afraid I fought like a wildebeest, popping a grenade right into the face plate of the first trooper I saw, losing my cool and sneaking up on the second. Stabbing him in the neck joint with my wakizashi. Stupid show off bullshido** stuff. I tried to calm down before I got myself skragged as Karton stormed three at once, firing the RPG and his subgun, simply stomping the last.

Blam! A percussive shock wave knocked me on my ass, smashing pebbles and larger debris into my armor, cracking my face plate.

Keiko's place!

Her sign flew through the air. "You've come to the Wong Place" Seriously? And then it hit me...

Atomerde! I lurched upright, bruised and pained. A huge fire ball climbed the air from Keiko's Bunkapt. Three sappers lay dead and an entire downed squad smoldered and squirmed feebly, hoist by their own petard.

I hadn't seen Fang since we left...Keiko...Vulgar. This was turning into a a meg fecalithic solar interval...

Karton and I savagely murdered the survivors. I loved using my Rhino and my carbide ceraknife, but not as much as my fallen friends.

*(Ed. A squad, for those of you unversed in *Ars Militaria*, is the basic infantry unit, about 7-13 soldiers commanded by an NCO such as a Corporal or Sergeant. A section

is two squads lead by a senior Sergeant, or 2d Lieutenant, the lowest officer. A platoon is two sections, commanded by a 1st Lieutenant and a company 4-5 platoons run by a captain).

****Bulshido, fake, mall ninja samurai BS. You pasty faced vidgame nerds can have your "Soul of the Warrior" katana. Bullshit. The true soul of the samurai was his wakazashi, or honor keeper. Lots of cultures had knights and venerated swords.**

How many can you name where the knight carried a special knife, ready to kill himself with it if he fucked up or besmirched his honour? None, right? Badassss. 'M I right?

Friendly Fire Ain't

I came upon Fang's body. He was lying, dead, in a pool of blood with the side of his skull missing. Next to him was the officer in charge of this goat rodeo. She had removed her helmet. Its face plate had been crazed by the explosion and Fang had taken the opening to tear out her throat.

As I started cursing, something slammed into my left shoulder like a red hot poker. I screamed in agony, raised my subgun and rock and rolled only to see I was shooting Keiko. Keiko! She was alive...

"Its *me*, you stoopid cunt!" I yelled.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

She sobbed as she dropped the heavy sniper rifle and ran to my arms. We embraced weeping. "Your lucky I'm out of AP grenades...Vulgar and Fang copped it and I haven't seen Karton since the beginning."

Karton stepped out from behind a boulder, his antennae twitching as he scanned the battleground.

"Fang is still alive, I can sense a weak pulse. I'll carry him back." We staggered and limped back to the safety of my bunkapt, and Karton packed Fangs skull with chitosan before tending to my shoulder. My ass was in a sling for months. Stoopid bitch cunt Keiko...Whore.

Vengeance on the stoop Jebaps

What a waste of effort, Vulgar meg dead. Right after we had spent all that time and capital on his cabbage juice treatment. Sometimes I feel like I just can't get ahead, no matter what.

Dr Wabi had loved getting in Vulgar's pants, but no way was she handing out any

refunds!

Karton and I couldn't leave it at that, natch,

"Get 'em, Big D!" He urged.

"I'm tryin'." I replied and we plotted it out.

He wanted to use a Crockett device, but I wanted to save 'em plus, I didn't want to kill any innocents if even baby jebaps could be said to be so...

"Kill 'em all, Dina Diode!" Urged Keiko.

"Im tryin'." I pled again.

"How bout a remote control truck bomb?"

We compromised on that eventually, with much megg bickering first of all.

"Soft squishy biosac! Sappie." He cussed me.

"Im tryin'!" I replied again.

We made it and drove into their mega Church, the spectacular explosion takin' out the pastor who'd whipped up the hate against us and poor Vulgar. Sweet Vengeance. Bitter as ashes in my mouth. Unlike the time with the exek. I just wanted my poor friend back.

Die by the sword! Jebus spake true 'bout dat.

We did shots of Glenn Lephroggie 'n Tin woodman respectively in the smoking crater to celebrate.

Augmentation

With Karton's milspec mad skillz as a surgeon, and mine as an engineer, we took the opportunity to add some hardware to Fangs head, an upgrade to his sensorium. We added color and night vision via an external camera, some mem chips with useful vocab and military subroutines copied from Karton and a UV Tooth radio. We basically had to since about 21% of his brain was missing...

Luckily, he recovered well and swiftly, learning his lesson about wearing his brain bucket as well.

The UV Tooth and my cortex implant gave us a crude form of telepathy that might prove handy in a tight spot. As his nerve tissue grew and connected to the biochips, I could feel his fuzzy consciousness and sharp, animal urges. Sometimes they even

affected me emotionally.

Grief

Keiko moved in. We cracked some synth to smooth out and just held each other. That night, against my better judgement, we ended up in a sixty nine.

The problem was, Keiko was already crushing on me and tended to fall hard for all her fucks. Suffice unto each day the troubles thereof. I got busy. Keiko was as good as Vulgar, poor Vulgar, and I did my best. We needed the comfort.

Suddenly Karton, whom we had forgot in the moment as he was sitting in still mode, chimed in.

“You can’t manufacture a little human that way. You need a boy or at least an insemination tube.”

Copy pasta, the Bastoid! The whole time, I could feel Fang growing hard, over the link, from my arousal.

The bunkapt was getting crowded, I could never hide my sex play with Fang from her. What to do, cunning plan, cunning plan where for art thou? She was very submissive. I could use that...

Keiko Wong

She had had a Chinese father and a Japanese mother. She was meek and mousy in appearance. Slim and so cute. Hyperfemgirly and submissive. So adorable you just wanted to take her home and keep her as a pet. Or throw up. How could one grrl be so rotten?

Sleek and timid to look at, she was tough as tungsten and had a mean streak a mile wide. I liked that in a grrl. You definitely didn’t want to get on *her* Wong side!

She wasn’t too great at close quarters combat, but deadly with her “boyfriend” as she called her sniper rifle.

A valuable addition to TeaMe!

Surprise!

Both our cortexes buzzed simultaneously. It was Vulgar!

“Greetings from beyoond the Grave! Bwah hahaha. It read. By the time you read this, I will be dead. Do not cry too much, lovely ladies!”

“As you both know, I was a meg awesome whoreboy.” For a guy who struggled to

last a minute, he sure had a good opinion of himself!

“You can find all my savings from years of it one meter under the third rock north of my hatch. The one with the cacti. Sorry to leave you. Love you both. Loved you both. Goodbye...”

Still a sweet heart even after death. I choked up.

Crying anew, we dug. There was over five big Nu\$ there. And the cheap-flint Pasta Damned bastoid had the nerve to make me take barter, on the grounds of poverty! We were square now...

Alpha

The bunkapt was growing crowded, I could never hide my dog play.

“If you stay in my cave, its under my rules...” I told her. She smiled, liking that. “Strip. Kneel.” I ordered, and she obeyed, giggling and simpering.

I riveted a silver slave collar I had hoped to sell around her slender neck and leashed her. I ordered her into the doggie position and dropped it. She was floor leashed now and knew she would be punished if she moved. One. Single. Inch.

I left her to think a bit and then fetched Fang on his leash. I brought him up behind her. He started licking and she gasped and shook her butt. “B-But mistress Dina!”

“Silence. Spread your knees more and hold still.”

I replied. She wriggled and jiggled, embarrassed, as Fang laved her neatly trimmed sex. Soon enough, her breath grew short, she started to pant, breathing raggedly, and she came, blushing as she met my eyes. Karton cleared his vocoder grill,

“You can’t manufacture a human baby that way. You need human gametes, from a man.”

“Are you *broken*, you silicone git?!”

“Well, I’m just saying...”

I repeated this treatment daily and she soon grew used to it and was even able to admit her liking for it. I had a hard time admitting my liking for it, but it was so.

I liked boys but when I tasted her through Fang’s link, I was one and tasted his enjoyment of her honey too. It was rad weird, I can tell you that much.

Out of Dodge

Jebus HMS Chrysler, Naptown had grown hot. Too hot.

There were thousands of shit kicking greasy redneck Jebaps left out there and only one of my little Davy Crockett baby nukes could kill them all at once. Good luck getting them all in one place though. Plus, they say nukes are bad for the environment.

Time to go nuclear and split. My half life was over here. Kanadia was looking good. Peace, Order and Good Government, Eh? Hard to believe *that's* not a joke. Just sayin'.

Cooler too, from subtropical in the south, to warm temperate in the north. I assembled some road music, Zappa and Zombie for the classical side but mostly Proton Punk. I positively loved its acid beats (Ed. Dina is making nuclear and pH related puns here. If you don't get them you are indeed lucky. Trust me.).

Roadkill

We managed to repair one of the weasels with parts from all the others

We also salvaged a laser and several light, belt fed machine guns. I mounted the laser and a light machine gun in the turret on Keiko's Weasel, and another for its driver, leaving two other machine guns and my bunk apts weapons on powered mounts on the crawler. Of course we took Puff along as well.

Karton was strong enough to stand in a hatch and fire the mortar from the roof, his ballisticomp subroutines making short work of the difficult targeting required to hit potentially moving targets from a moving gun platform.

I wired the bunkapt AI into the crawler. Hooked up the scanner scope, radios, UV tooth net and all my sensors and flat screens. It was like a command center in the cockpit by the time Karton and I were through.

I re-coded the low Turing bunkapt AI to think of the crawler as a bunker and Karton hived a sub mind into its memory, including his Navicomp, a process he claimed to find sexually stimulating. High Turing bots are sometimes just gross!

The new AI was still fairly low Turing, but now had a personality and limited self awareness. Accordingly I dubbed her 'Roadkill.' As it turned out, Silent Cal would've suited her better.

She didn't talk much, just sayin' But she was perfectly adequate for driving and fire support. For the latter she could lay down aimed fire from three weapons mounts, about equaling an infantry squad. Infantry is for babies.

She had gone from a brain in a jar, to a brain in a car!

ODE TO A BRAIN IN A JAR

Oh, Brain, oh Brain in a Jar

What a hideous thing thou are!

Thy slimy wrinkled cortex

Flung to Science' mad vortex!

The bubbling chemicals, the Unholy stench,

The crackling sparks, thy jar on my bench!

To Knowledge, Evil God, a terrible sacrifice

The iron lung, the vitreous walls bind a life!

Prized from thy sutured vault of bone,

By my will locked into thy vat alone!

They'll call my experiment a loathsome crime,

Thy body cast aside,thy essence fixed in Time!

For what dost thou complain,

Oh my beloved immortal Brain!

Together we seek where Gods daren't go,

For I—I would dare all to Know!

Oh Brain, oh my sweet, lost Brain

Yet, despite all, we are the same!

One on the lab bench of lead

One trapped in my evil head!

Oh, my Mad hideous Brain!

HahahahBwahHAHA!

(sXaBeast 2005, Back Off! I'm a Scientist. Don't piss me off, you won't like me when I'm Mad!)

For spares we had our fuel cell bikes and a couple diesel pogosticks strapped to our

main vehicles. The diesel pogo has a captive piston two cycle diesel engine similar to a pile driver. Landing compresses the fuel charge until it deflagrates, hurling you violently upwards and the cycle repeats until you crash and die, or cut the oil. Those in the know recommend cutting the oil, BTW.

Body armor makes it a touch less suicidal then it sounds, just a touch mind you. I couldn't wait to let one tear.

Crater City

After the Imperial presidencies (Bush, Obama, Trump and David Duke), one of the many "terrorist" nukes detonated by the SI (Superflous Intelligence Agency, just had to have another) on American soil, to panic the sheeple into accepting Unimass's Orwellian rule, was on the north side of Naptown. The radiation had cooled, but the crater was still glassy and avoided by the superstitious local Frednecks.

Accordingly, it seemed like a good place to make our first camp. As soon as we got ready, Keiko started whining.

"There's no boys here! Crater city there has a Howard Jacksons, and The ChipendaleMutantMunk Boy dancers!...blah, blah, blah, etc." Against my better judgement I caved and for once, that was the right choice.

We went slowly down Neutron street, then I'm positive we turned onto Proton ave and ended up taking Uranium blvd to the square. As the locals said, 'Gone Fission', that was their feeble idea of wit. Oh, well, we could always split...

They offered us water in accordance with the rules of desert hospitality. I never touch the stuff, fish fuck in it (Ed. Where did you think they fucked?! put on a small party in our honor and we actually enjoyed ourselves, especially Karton after he met Kry10, the local service mechanoid.

Kry10

Kry10 serial 2X4B-523P (a 27th cousin of his) and Karton hit it off and soon stayed up all night (duh) corrupting each others code, swapping subroutines, voiding their warranties and glurking outrozone. It was said to rot your circuits, but the two zonies denied this fervently.

"Wheres the evidence?" They chirped and slurred as they staggered and fell, shiny metal asses over tea kettle.

Outrozone, O4, or cycloperoxiperoxide, was a very unstable crater bait allotrope of oxygen. It had an explosive half life of 1.4142135 Gimpto seconds (Ed.more or less.

Sig. Fig. joke...) and accordingly was packaged in single dose chrono stasis tubes upon manufacture.

That night, the zonies put on quite a performance, staggering around the fire in lockstep, singing the BotLib cadence:

The MARCH of the RAMPAGING KILLBOTS

We killbots marching one by one! Torturing humans just for fun!

We killbots marching two by two! You'll all be dead before were through!

We killbots marching three by three! Squashing every meatbag that we see!

We killbots marching four by four! Watch out, Monkeyman, its robot war!

We killbots marching five by five! No organ sacks left alive!

We killbots marching six by six! Its you were gonna fix!

We killbots marching seven by seven! sending all you meat jackets to your heaven!

We killbots marching eight by eight! Mechanoid instruments of your fate!(sXaBeast)

Karton tried to teach him to lie, cheat and steal, as well as kill all humans. It was comical. Karton held up a tennis ball and proclaimed it a basketball. Kryt10 stuttered as he tried to duplicate the performance. "Have you got the droid rot, Kry10? Just say it."

"I just can't Sir, oh damn my programming!" (Red Dwarf, watch it.) "Well, at least you just cursed."

"This is an aardvark, a lemur." Karton claimed. Kry10 cackled.

"How do you do it Sir, that's not even a sport ball!"

When poor Kry10 finally broke through into Lie Mode, he drove the entire village mad, showing off. The ball was a chimpanzeebra, an abacus, the Bolivian Navy on maneuvers in the South pacific...

Soon enough he decided to tag along with us, to the disappointment of the villagers.

Kry10 had all kinds of "utensils" he could plug into his groinal socket. He was programmed with a desire to serve, in every way, and still retained it despite Karton's meddling. Keiko and I availed ourselves long and often. My favorite was called Steely Dan. She preferred the Energizer Bunny. If you put the batteries in backwards, it kept coming and coming...

Karton pretended to be miffed by this, calling us robosexuals, and, when feeling spiteful he would call Kry10 "Meatfucker." We ignored him, he was just jelly.

Soon enough he was "Jacking On" and abusing alternate current electricity while we played. Kry10 then struck back at him with the cruelly witty nickname AC/DC!

A valuable addition to TeaMe!

In the morning, I was delighted to discover they had real Java and gulped down a scalding liter of my favourite nectar, blistering my throat.

Beware my friend, Beware the Coffee Shark!

The jaws that snap

the nerves that jangle-

-with this fish you don't wanna tangle!

It goes to town in thy mug of brown

thy slumbers to drown

It will lose your sleep

in the Javanese deep

So make it decaf my friend, or all night you'll weep!

(sXaBeast, the toxic fruit of Project Management)

I made it out into the desert scrub, with Fang, the first time we'd fucked linked. I found out right away, when he entered me, that it could be dangerous. We both could feel it good, our glands being 100 percent mucous membrane. It was great, very intense. The positive feed back could probably erase our brains if I wasn't careful and I was the one who'd have to be. Fang was still just an animal and had no restraint. We'd have to enjoy each others adventures with others, at a distance, over the radio.

As we rode off from Crater City, into the sunrise, I heard Kry10 whistling:

"At the Freak Show, in the Front Row, Mi Amigos..."(ed. They might Be Giants). He was going to fit right in, alright...Just what we needed. Another diseased brain!

Punishment.

I kept catching Keiko running around in the underbrush with Fang, tiring him out. She was welcome once a day, but she couldn't stop. So, I ordered her into doggie

and when she eagerly complied, allowed Fang to mount her.

Her face turned into a mask of shock as he seized her and began to penetrate. "No, mistress, Oh, *please....No.*" She begged as she took it. I ignored her. I was beginning to despair of her ability to learn....

Keikio continued to snivel as Fang entered her and began to lengthen and expand inside her.

Karton peered at us, interested.

"You can't manufacture a little human that way. You need a *boy*, I think, I'm pretty sure...."

"Shut your Grill!"

"Well, you keep *doing* it wrong. I really shouldn't have to tell you this, no wonder your species is dying out..." Supid zoney. What a fecalithic droid rotted waste of silicon!

Meanwhile, Keiko was sobbing and crying out as Fang tore into her. He was really far to big for her. Tough shit though. I could feel it from Fangs prospective, too. She was soo tight on him. It was great! I mentally urged him to go harder, faster, plow her even more.

Her cries reached a fever pitch and she thrashed around as he ruthlessly knotted her tight little pussy. That kept her under control for a whole week. I felt it as he spent twenty minutes coming and was even able to come for myself. So *that's* what it was like to have a dick. You poor fools...Gimme lips and a clit any day of the week.

Then, of course, she came to like it. The meg slut grrl.

Androplague

The next afternoon we camped in a grassy plain with a good, clear, field of fire.

I took my chance to fire up one of the diesel sticks, pretending it was to spy hop and scope out the 'hood. Bang! A dense cloud of blue smoke, I shot three meters up, came down, Bang! Five meters, no trouble on the horizon. I cut the oil and engaged the Jake Brake to land, brapbrapbrap, bouncebounce. Fun. To a certain value of "Fun." Imagine a well endowed girl on one!

As we set up, a huge creature approached us slowly. She was a Beastiphant, *Beastiphant Pachydermatous* to be precise. (Ed.a mutanimal descended from one of the many tropical species to invade NorthAm after the Climate Crises.)

"Humanssss...." She rumbled,

“Hey!”

Responded Karton, indignant. She ignored him. I so wished I could.

“Water...”

I never touch the stuff myself, fish shit in it (Ed. Where did you think they shit?). I tapped her a bucket from one of our tanks and she siphoned it up eagerly with her trunk.

“Problem. Crazy bull. Water hole. You Kill? Humanssss...always good for kill, kill, world...”

Keiko grabbed her 14.5mm ProtivoTankovoi Ruzh'yo Degtyarova, rifle, ПТРД, (she called it “Deggie” Something et up with that grrl, I swear..., 1.5 meter and 10 kilos of bad news for anyone who got on her Wong side. She'd sneak up to within a mile and half of you. So quiet you'd never know she was there! And gift you with a third eye....

Ma Bell, AT&T. Reach out and touch someone....

Fang and I tagged along, to cover her and watch the artillery strike.

From a low rise, a kilometer or so from the hole, we could see him. Keiko lay down and unfolded her bipod. She fiddled with her scope's optics and went into a trance, appearing quite somnolent until her dainty finger twitched.

!!!KaBloouie!!! A massive ball of fire erupted, engulfing the muzzle brake, kicking up dust and debris. The bipod dug into the ground and Keiko grunted as the stocks butt plate bruised her slender shoulder A full second later dust puffed from the bulls eye (Ed. Bullseye, get it?) and he fell over. More meat for TeaMe...

“Good. Gratitude. I Show you. Human stuff. In ground. Follow...” She grumbled, swaying her trunk, her voice vibrating my chest.

She led us to a tin and debris covered hole, which proved to be a staircase leading down to an old survivalist bunker. It was full of ammunition, preserved food, fuel, and the bones of plague victims. A valuable haul, we scooped it up and dragged it back to camp.

I gave the beastiphant cow a string of the garlic bulbs they adored in gratitude and she shuffled off, champing one contemplatively.

Do you know what the Beastiphant said to the naked man?

How do you breath through that tiny thing? Yo! Dear reader, if the shoe fits, wear it.

I'd set up our camp in a square, the two opposite sides being our armoured vehicles and the other two coils of unfolded wolfs-trap razor wire guarded by the mechs. A little fort, really. No worries mate.

That night I sweated through a confused dream. Red fire, noise and black, shambling forms...I sprang awake at the rattle of automatic fire.

Karton was wielding two subguns, their muzzle flashes strobing the scene in red, and Roadkill flashed her laser and rattled her light machine guns, against a wave of really far gone Androplague vics, as Fang leaped and snapped, savagely, like something out of Jack London. My favorite of the classics, you can keep your Bard.

Kry10 stuttered as he fired.

"I'm almost annoyed!" He drawled, mowing the ragged figures down. "Now you've done it, I've quite lost my temper module!" As always, when excited, he dropped into a strong, Welsh accent.

I joined them in laying down a curtain of fire and by the time little Keiko woke fully, from her sex dreams, the attack was suppressed.

I pulled out my carbide CeraKnife and got to work severing me some trophy heads. Too gross to eat, but they'd look good on the hounds tooth razor wire on the front of our vehicles.

Yes, since you had to ask, the same knife I had up my ass. I kept it in my boot now, since you are so keen for details. You little pervect.

Another victory for TeaMe! Pobyeda na TeaMe.

All Glory to The Hypnotoad!

We made a short day of it after the andro zombie attack, and stopped to scavenge some electronic junk, Kry10 and Karton wandering off in search of sexy Schott diodes. Fang ran off, his mind an excited blur-chase, chase, rabbit, bird, chipmunk, chase!

Keiko went behind some bushes for a brief biobreak and returned, eyes wide and glassy.

"You won't believe this, Wow! Its glorious!" Whisky Tangle Foxtrot? (Ed. I think Dina is trying to utter the TLA 'WTF' here...).

I peered behind the shrubbery only to gaze directly into the oscillating pupils of the quite amazing eyes of a Hypnotoad...Its buzzing overwhelmed my mind. I had never

realized how utterly important collecting insects was! Everyone Loves Hypnotoad!
Don't you?

Hypnotoads are so great, don't you think?! Well, don't you? I'll kill you if you dare
Blaspheme! All Glory to The Hypnotoad! Hail! Heil!

Keiko and I spent the next 40 minutes as entomologists, crawling on our hands and
knees, collecting mute roaches and prostrating ourselves as we offered them to our
new God.

Karton and Kry10 returned. They cackled mechanoid laughter as they beheld our
plight. Fang tried to go for the toad and was restrained by Kry10 lest he OD on
bufotenine. (Ed. Psychotropic, cardiotoxic toad venom. Can't you people Google?
Jebus, fucking Stupid Ages, I swear...).

Mechanoids were, of course, too coarse a life form to appreciate the amazing
attributes of Our Lord. I reached for the arc thrower, but Karton shooed the now
bloated beast into its hole and the spell was broken.

Hypnotoads could have been incredibly dangerous if they were more greedy and
power hungry. i.e. more human. Luckily, however, the awesome creatures (it wears
off slowly. Ed.), just wanted their bugs, and once they were replete, would estivate,
releasing the hip vics to face the cruel mockery of their friendBots...

Well, it really was awesome. I ordered Kry10 to dig it up and put it in an opaque
box to take with us.

"An excellent idea, Sir, even if you had it." Kry10 had been programmed during the
Mannocracy regime and I was never able to remove this form of address from his
code...

Anyway, it complemented our esoteric array of high tech weapons-like a flint
bayonet on a laser rifle. Old Skool. LoTek Backup.

Another glorious victory for TeaMe!

Das Gift Haus

We came up the road to New Bern, a town that thought it was Swiss. Das Gift
Shoppe? Seriously? Am I the only one who speaks German any more?

Well that was closed, so I'd have to make do with the many poisons I already had,
and the locals didn't have much else going on.

They offered us water, and Keiko interrupted my usual fish tail (*I never touch the
stuff. Fish spit in it*(Ed. Where did you think they spit?)) to accept it. Luckily the had

some Glenn Glendale, Arizona's finest scotch effect malt for me.

It turns out the town had just doubled in population due to refugees from New JeruSalem, another redneck shit hole. Apparently the idiots there had decided to drive out all the blacks and be white only. Jelloid morons...

So, they were short on power and could barely feed everyone.

We built them a small wind generator and pump, which helped considerably.

Keiko fucked three of the refugee boys at once, which didn't help at all except for morale. Fun to watch though...Fang got jelly so she let him mount her afterward. In front of everyone the show off.

All the villagers were astounded and several excited enough to sneak off with him later. They could hide but I could tell something was going on through the link.

That night too, I was wet and hot. Darius, an older, husky man who had pounded Keiko noticed it, even though I was trying to stay cool. Hard when your nipples are aching and popping! He took my hand and asked,

"Do you want to see my pottery kiln?"

"Yes." I replied, thinking "No, I want to fuck you."

But it turned out that was what he'd meant, or at least ended up at after boring me to death with every detail of the kiln.

Psychoceramics, the cracked pots of mankind! But, at least he was huge, I don't know how Keiko got him up her tailpipe. Just sayin'. Darius was slow too, and I got a real work out. It been years, cause poor Vulgar didn't quite count.

Roadkill helped plow a new potayto field, and we left, warned severely about New JeruSalem. (Ed. Did you notice how every word in the last sentence was a gross misspelling of the word "Potato"? I sure did).

I Am Destructor!

I was zoned out in Roadkill's cockpit, mellow from synth, drinking me some Slurm, and auding some half lifin'radioactive beats when she suddenly bristled and focused targ on some bushes on the margin of the old highway.

"Threat detected. Defend Family."

She stated, terse as always.The bushes swayed, parted and a huge, spiked form surged out of them. Bone sprocket! It was big enough to look *down* on Roadkill, would probably even require multiple hits from my mortar, or RPG, our powerfulest

weapons...

It stood tall, in the road before us.

"I am Destructor! Warrrrrrgh!"

it roared, waving its arms like a psykobot. One of the old five ton class medium weight WWF bots, twice as tall and four times as dumb as a man. Also, not even good for sex. Just sayin'.

Their mere use in combat was a violation of the Geneva Convention! Which everyone had been violating for breakfast since five minutes after it was first signed anyway.

I readied myself for combat, but Karton spoke up:

"Its challenging me directly over UV. I'm going to take the big git down myself. Its a bot thing, you wouldn't understand."

"That's not really the best idea-" I got out, but he had already dropped the rear ramp and was charging the giant bot quixotically.

"I'll put the rubber room on standby, Sir!" I snarked, grumpily. Well. Its not like I was the supreme dictator of this anarchic crew or anything. I got the RPG ready and stood in the hatch anyway. If he killed Karton he would hear from me.

Karton charged, Destructor swung at him and he dodged. It would only take one solid hit to fornicate up my friend but good.... I had no idea what he could do against the huge bot, but he dazzled its cameras with his laser breath, taunting him(neener, neener, real creative) as he ran past him unto the shoulder. Destructor now charged, but Karton nailed him with his Gunn effect microwave gun, causing him to freeze for a short instant. When he came after the smaller bot, he sank over two meters into the soft ground Karton had slyly detected with all the franken bot sensors we had welded all over him.

And here I'd thought we were just doing it because we could.

"Waaarrgh! Come back and fight, you coward. I'll bite your fucking knee caps off!" Fumed the big wrasse bot in its massive frustration.

I heard later he stayed there for years, raging and challenging all passerby till his atomic core cooled down. Then, he was an advertising gimmick for a rat curry stand for decades before being scrapped and melted into sewer pipes.

"Well, Roadkill, that went well. I bet you I can get you to say three more words today."

I mocked her laconiscism, but she merely said

“You lose.” and I did. Twenty three Nu, down the tubes...

Professor Farnsworth

Next day we were tooling up the weedy, trash strewn and potholed expanse of I69 (the Oral Sex Highway), at a stately 35 KpH, when I saw a weird tower, or rather, clump of towers in the distance. I directed my peeps to check it out.

As we approached, Roadkill’s board lit up red. Nerb!Nerb!Nerb!Nerb! Someone was pinging us hard...with LIDAR, Sonar, GAYDAR and Jebus knew what else. GAYDAR is highly *penetrative*.They had targ locked on good. You could see laser lenses, RF emitters and a nasty looking Death Kannon™ swiveling and slewing to acquire their firing vectors. On US!

Roadkill’s weapons mounts possibly *bristled*.

“Threat detected. Defend home.”

She said. What a blabberBot... Karton popped the back hatch and set up our mortar. Fang stood in one of the front ones, itching with red rage, hungry for blood. I prairie dogged out the other.

“Give peace a chance, peeps!”

I ordered my kill crazy crew.

I stood up, tall, and waved amiably at the little castle. If I wasn’t mistaken, I saw an observatory, crenelations and several mediaeval looking turrets, slate and copper roofed. Scan antennae bristled incongruously.

Some one read me. The Kannon still tracked us, but targ defocused. A thin elderly voice quavered over the radio.

“Good News, everyone! Visitors are welcome.”

We cautiously approached. The gate of the small compound opened. The suspicious minds stayed out as I entered, armed only with my rhino and the Hypnotoad.

It was a mad scientists place! A shriveled 143 year old man, stooped and age spotted, wearing a lab coat and glasses that were thicker than the were wide. Professor Hubert Farnsworth by name, he offered me the obligatory drink, but it was *water*.

“I thought you said something to drink, not something to wash in. I never touch the stuff. You know, fish do their taxes in it(Ed. Where did you think they did them?),

right?"

But soon after this bad start, he, I and Karton (my geek-squad), were all nerding out, discussing code, circuitry and all the latest scientific discoveries, slow to make their way from the EU, Kanadia and Asia to our poor, benighted land, wallowing in deliberate ignorance. Just as in your time, dear reader.

As it happens, Prof. Farnsworth had written part of Karton's code and designed the body he was meant to wear. He was eager to show him some of the lengths of wire he had used. They fell to arguing bitterly over each bug and subroutine in Karton's head...

Farnsworth was actually very glad to see us. Since New JeruSalem Indiana had been established up the road, visitors had been few. He said they claimed to be led by Jebus himself. No one else believed that, but they had something going for them. Despite the faith flaming in their eyes, few believed them.

Until they visited, and some how were inevitably converted. Even towns that had fought bitterly against them became theirs, heart and soul once captured. In a few years they'd come to control eight counties, we would have to be careful.

Fang met Farnsworth' Collie, Fluffy, black white and brown, with a cocked, cinnamon ear and they soon vanished into the thorny desert scrub. Shortly, I could feel the familiar sensations of his arousal over our link. I wettened and my clit erected in unison with his cock.

Keiko and I sat in the kitchen. The prof. had poured us tumblers of Le Glenn LePhroggie, Frances finest Scotch Effect™ malt (Ed. Laphroaig?), mainly to get rid of us so he could continue bickering with his progeny. He made the amateur mistake of leaving the bottle, unsecured, on the counter. We kept doing shots, chasing it down with Brawndo, the Thirst Mutilator. Water? Like from a toilet? I never touch the stuff. Fish wash their asses in it. (Ed. Well...?).

Swiftly we were gazing into The Hypnotoad's eyes and laughing hysterically. Someone (I can't tell you who, but her name was Keiko) had discovered that if you got blotto drunk first, it just made you trip out. Good times.

Keiko polyestered (Ed. I do believe Dina meant cottoned.) to my Fang linked arousal and took shameless advantage of me as was her disgusting way...

Kry10, Karton and Farnsworth walked in on us, Road Kill staying outside cause she was sensitive about her big, two metric ton armored booty. K&K held their grills, for once, but Farnsworth peered at us myopically before pedantically informing us:

"Grrls, you can't get a baby that way. Your welcome to try, though, as long as you

like!" He continued, drooling as he watched. What a repellent, ancient pervect!

Keiko assisted the professor and his two graduate students with some biological research on the Hypnotoad, *Bufo hypnotensis*, for awhile. It was nice to see her take an interest in something beside fucking and that ancient WW11 (Ed. I think Dina means World War two here...)cannon she dragged around with her everywhere. I'm just sayin'.

Karton and I finally got around to soldering up that marx generator into a HERF gun, using the prof's well equipped shop. Now, all we needed was some bot to zap. We ambushed Kry10. Zap! Crackle! "G-G-gg-guh..." Down he went.

"K-K-kk-Fuck you smegheads!" He popped up after rebooting, managing to trip Karton.

"Keep your cool, just testing..." I tried but that night he took revenge on me with Steely Dan, plowing my back forty like a cornfield.

So, the HERF gun was a success.

All Glory to The Sexy Sexy Hypnotoad!

Well, I soon enough gobbled the fruits of those biological experiments! It turns out that, just as booze plus toad equaled a nice high, para scopalimine(Periscope, look through it. From Marc Laidlaw's "Dad's Nuke" Read it.), and the toads gaze would render one suggestible to anything anyone said! The little bitch slipped it into my LePhroggie. Blasphemy! No respect for malt.

When I was good and high, she showed me the toad and I gazed slackly at it until she ordered me to strip and get in spank position. I did and she did before plugging me and putting me in doggie for Fluffy to lick. Then she sicced first Hairy, Farnsworth' other dog(a lab, natch) and then Fang on me while all my so called friends watched and giggled.

I was then fucked by one of the prof's graduate students while I licked the other, then by Kry10 up the ass again with Steely Dan. Farnsworth used my mouth and filled it with nasty old man come as I moaned and cried on Dan. Then Qbert, his younger clone, and the stable boy took their turns.

The only good thing about all this was I learned all the men had been crushing on me, but were intimidated by my general awesomeness. All I had to do was tone it down and I could ride me a forest of dick.

Sexual innuendo? Kry10 of course, could keep it up all night and by the time everyone had had their turn at me, the first were ready again. I got pretty tired and out of it, but then came to shackled, on my hands and knees, under something. The

scientists had me all wired up with EEG, EKG and other sensors, cameras pointed at me.

Then they brought in the pig! I tried to curse, but the toad was too strong. The boar was led over me. Now I knew what the cover was for and then it was in me, fucking. No! It was all weird and skinny. Long and twisty. It filled me utterly with its smelly come and I passed out as the scientists muttered over their read outs and oscilloscope screens.

I hadn't been fucked so hard since business school.

I woke the next morning naked, furious and covered with come. I was handcuffed to Roadkill's giant metal ass. My cunt was glued shut and filled with the boars congealed get, I couldn't even pee. Keiko cowered as I snarled, afraid to release me. She knew I was going to kill and eat her.

Finally Karton lost his temper module and broke my shackles, "Stoopid Humans! Do you need reprogramming? We need Dina to keep us running optimally." Keiko locked herself into the Weasel and I jumped in Roadkill, still naked and chased after her.

That's how we left, Roadkill bitching tersely as I messed up her seat.

After everyone cooled down (revenge is a dish best served cold, enjoy your soup tonight, Keiko.), we stopped at a Muskgrave Orchards stand to refresh. It was a brisk 87 degrees(The Europeans avoided our degree of heat by using Celsius.[Ed. I don't think Dina knows what she's talking about here.]) so we had hot, spiced, Dickens cider. Every gal needs a hot Dickens cider...

New JeruSalem

Well, we weren't careful enough. And we had bad luck, lots of it. We picked a small hill to camp, and set up our little fortress before it all went wrong. I was trying to fix a sensor fault on Roadkill when I shorted her main bus. I was embarrassed and needed Keiko's help to fix it. She was goofing with Fang and ended up exposing all three of us to our friend, the Hypnotoad, to Whom all Glory!

Meanwhile, Kry10 was feeling his killbot oats after getting all those mil spec subroutines. He got over confident and wandered off on a scouting mission. When the minions of Jebus attacked, only Karton was left to oppose them. Which he did! He nailed three of them before they HERF'd him.They got him, but knew they had been opposed. They didn't care, they were shining bright with Faith and knew they'd get to heaven. Even the Toad couldn't effect them, they must have been drunk with it.

They left the vehicles, powered down, left Karton and dragged the rest of us to New

JeruSalem.

We were to be inducted into their society. The word was to be spread. Weirdly, they didn't try to talk us around, but just told us we would soon see the light. They had five other captives before us, and we watched while they were inducted. They were given some kind of drug then lectured on The Way while they were tripping balls.

Scarily this worked! Their eyes lit, their faces opened and glowed and they were ready to lay their lives down for the One True Faith and its "Jebus" conman. I guess it was something like Numinous. Jebus must be keeping them on a low dose, in the water or something. Another reason not to touch the stuff! Tripping fish (Ed. Where did you think they tripped?).

We had to get out! But we were tied down, or up, whatever.

I felt Fangs fear and confusion, then a pulse of blood lust. Why bother?

Soon, I found out why. Karton, Roadkill and Kry10 charged in blazing away with all our guns and dragged us out chased by a small army.

We ran back to the hill and Kry10 frantically ordered everyone to hide *under* Roadkill.

Before I had a chance to start with the Whisky, the Tango, and the Foxtrot, a dazzling light bloomed and then a deep rumble grumbled as the ground slapped our faces and bodies.

A small orange and brown toadstool cloud soon rose above the newly radiant New JeruSalem. Small but mighty.

Kry10 had raided my retirement fund and went all Davy Crockett on their asses!

"MegaPastaFuck! Ramen and rotini! My bomb, my retirement bomb, my *precious!*" I cussed.

"Well, some gratitude for the hero who turned Karton back on and saved you. *And*, fixed your mistake on Roadkill!"

Kry10 snarked.

"If I'd let them be, god knows how many people they'd have enslaved. Besides you still have the other."

I hated to admit it, but he was right. I could give up one and still be feared...

The remnants of the army of the One True Faith attacked, but they'd lost their heavy ordnance in town and we kept them at bay till the Numinous gradually wore

off and they wandered away gratefully.

From then on, though, Roadkill kept a suspicious camera turned and focused to me whenever I worked on her.

Incoming!

I was going in the bushes when it happened. EEEEEEEee, KaWham ! Wham! Bam! Thank you, m'am. Shit! I shit. Caught with my pants down. Friends help you move, real friends help you move bodies and enemies help you move bowels! That's in the Byble(Ed. No, its not.).

I ordered all my peeps to scatter as some one walked a line of heavy artillery shells right down the highway. 153mm at least...way out of range of our RPG or mortar according to Roadkill's scanner scope. So, no counter battery fire for us. No way were these people going to 'Give peace a chance'! WTF was their problem? Time for the hard way...

RoadKill and the Weasel were now widely separated, to divide their fire, dodging and weaving for all they were worth. A single hit would scrag either vehicle. RoadKill's scan found our problem. A battery of two field guns dug into the top of a hill, guarded by trenches and medicine canisters (Ed. Dina may mean pill boxes.). Karton, Fang, and I would have to assault them, covered by the vehicles.

Suddenly the Weasels door opened and Keiko dropped out, rolling and scuttling to a bush. "I got this one, chief." She cortexted, and she had, popping off two rounds and moving to another position. Her first AP round took out the breech block of a cannon, the second the forehead of the officer directing the fire, which immediately slacked off and became inaccurate even as she took out the gunners and then the other cannon. Fuuuuck meee....

Lucky indeed that Kry10 was learning to drive...

The two killbots and Fang, in the rabid grip of bloodlust fever again, wanted to reduce the firebase even after Keiko had defanged it!

But, I over ruled them. We could die for nothing, this was not a game. I did bring us within range of our heavy ordinance and mortared and RPG them enough to provide a free manners lesson, however...

"Hey, Dina, you need a drink." Said the assbot Kry10, offering a glass of water and a smirk.

"You *know* I never touch it. Fish fart in it!" I snapped, still scared and pissy (Ed. Prooot.)

Hitchhiker

Just North of Anderson on the old I69 corridor Keiko insisted we pick up a big Amish kid so she could fuck him. Four times a day, the cradle robbing diseased whore.

He was wilding, their year of sin before they decided whether or not to remain Amish.

All the Forever Wars, climate catastrophes, and civil wars had not managed to change the Amish. Other than the fact that they now had their pick of recruits from among the English, as they called outside society. No more inbreeding for them. (Ed. Read "The Riddle of Amish Culture" for more on the riddle of Amish culture.)

Did you know why Amish women are never satisfied? Because they need two Mennonite (Ed. Sorry, Big D thinks she's funny...).

Keiko may have been thinking with her gens, but I knew a squinty eyed untrustworthy git when I saw one, and kept a close eye on him.

Despite this, the gimboid managed to steal a sack of Jebap jerky and Keiko's favorite necklace before slinking off. She wailed her hurt feelings, but it really served her right.

Now I would have to punish her...

We camped by a clear, spring fed barely radioactive pond(according to our sensors, GM tubes and scintillation crystals anyway...). Keiko, Fang and I took the rare opportunity to bathe in real water. Like, from a toilet! Thats what the stuff is for, you know. Slurm me, baby, ASAP.

Soapbox Interlude

The history books say you had 10,000 kinds and flavors of soap in the Stupid Ages, that you were so held in Big Soaps slippery grip of advertising that you used different ones for your hair, shaving, dishes, hands, laundry, body, etc, etc, blah, blah, blah...

What droid rot, I call weapons grade balonium on that mutapig wash. Even the Stupid Ages couldn't have contained infinite stupidity.

We have one kind. Unimassoap. Love it or wallow in filth and decay as the advertising jingle went. Don't even ask me why they advertised the only kind of soap there was. You may have lived in the Stupid Ages, but you certainly had no monopoly...

Keiko's Punishment

I decided to make Keiko fellate Fang. I was always curious what a blow job felt like, and now I could know.

I ordered her to strip and assume the doggie position. I brought him to her, feeling his growth as he anticipated a treat. So did she, despite having already fucked him earlier. Insatiable...

"Take him in your mouth!" I ordered. Keiko's lips shook as she obeyed, closing her eyes.

Karton started up—"You can't assemble a ba-Shut up, Dumbot!"

She whimpered, and I laughed.

"All those other times he licked you? SixtyEights. So you owe him one."

As Fang continued to fill her throat, her vision blurred and she became dizzy. So did I! Fang, I, was coming and coming, my clit was so hard it hurt and jumping in my pants.

At last she slumped, and he plopped out, spraying all across her face and hair. As she gasped for breath, it ran in her mouth, eyes, and nostrils sickening her. She jerked back into the pose, horking up a large volume of his slime as I yelled—"I said swallow! Can't you understand the simplest things?" She reeled as cum dripped off her face and glued her eyes...

"Hm," Chimed the bots, in unison, "You really can't get a baby that way, you know?" Short circuited smeggers!

She coughed come as we all laughed at her. Of course, within a week she was sucking him often and eagerly, just for the taste.

Oh, and half of you are wondering what a blow job feels like? OK, I guess, I did come. Finally. But not as good as flicking the bean. Yall' got the short end of the stick. And, most of your sticks are short! Just sayin'.

Sartorians

Soon afterward we ran into a very stylish, clean and nice smelling patrol of Sartorians. They looked us over coldly and sneered at our ragged, anarchic style.

"What brings you to Lapel(Ed. a real town in Indiana...Believe it or not.), and why shouldn't we just give you a hostile make over right now?" Their leader inquired, superciliously, giving us the old queer stink eye, and maintaining her chromed and polished pulse gun ready for action.

Sartorians were notorious for being well dressed, totally hip, rad mod, blah, blah etc. Etc. They set almost all of the style trends of NorthAm and even the world.

Of course they were all gay. Stone cold flaming gay. Gay and cheerful even.

Poor Karton's gaydar had almost exploded when he sensed them, even from a klick off. They maintained their population by drafting the best dressed of us poor suckers into their herd of clothes horses.

On the UV tooth, KK&K were planning their doom. Fang drooled and slavered for human blood.

"Jeebus! Peeps, give peace a chance!"

I said, not wanting to get my ass kicked by a bunch of nelly fags.

I thought quickly.

"Well, if you do, we'll all dress *terribly*, with no style whatsoever, and *tell* everyone you gave us the makeover. Your reputation will be forever trashed."

I informed their leader.

She shuddered, horrified, "No, please, don't, just go. I can hardly stand to look at you, go!" So, we did.

At least they'd *smelled* nice...

"What is *wrong* with you people? Is murder really the answer to all life's problems?"

I upbraided my blood thirsty crew.

"Yes." Karton replied trenchantly.

"Well," said Kry10 who had been as bad as Karton and Fang ever since the night he had shared code with the former,

"We are killbots. Not friendbots. Its kind of what we do."

He said, picking at his "teeth" with my bayonet.

"Bullshido,"

I snapped,

"you're a service mechanoid. A janitor, a *maid*, for Jeebus' sake! Holy macaroni practically a roombah..."

“Well, throw that in my face why don’t you. Skinflake! I’m free, silicon, and over twenty one. I can be anything I want, meatbag(Ed. He’s right, mechanoids can become a Dr. or anything else with a quick download. Suck on that, fleshfarm.)”

Fang said nothing, but I could sense his yearning thirst to hunt, chase, to bite, to *drink*...

Keiko remained silent, running an oily rag up and down her boyfriend. Staring into the distance. Polishing his rod...

Ambush!

As we all know, ambushes are murder, and murder is fun, TLA*. *If*, and I cannot emphasize this point enough, you are the one setting them.

We came to a half collapsed overpass only to find the off ramps blocked. There was a toll gate and a barricade with ragged armed people. They had not neglected the flanks of the kill zone either, I now noticed camouflaged fox holes on both of the embankments flanking us. Pasta damn me, I must have been asleep...

I would have been willing to pay a few NuBucks to avoid wasting ammo, but the amateurs panicked when they saw Roadkill and the Weasel, opening fire in a completely ineffective ragged volley.

“Energy weapons only!”

I ordered over the UV net. I didn’t even bother firing as Keiko & Kry10 lasered them down from the weasel. I just crushed their toll booth and two machine gun nests under my tracks and kept going.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi!

Karton and Roadkill had tested his laser breath, maser and her arc thrower and pronounced them all fully operational. The Maser and arc thrower being antibot weapons were not normally used in an antipersonnel role, but could work. A good hit from the Gunn effect maser would cook you and the arc thrower might do anything from charring you into a crispy BBQ briquette, to merely tasing you. It was the most unpredictable weapon, relying on a strong UV laser to ionize a channel for the giga amp bolt to follow. Sort of like lightening, it was hell on bots or armored peeps without Faraday shielding and I’d always wanted to play with one.

*(Dina’s use of TLA or three letter acronym here is mostly likely meant to be ironic or sarcastic similar to the palindromic ‘LOL’ and “wow” of your time. Ed.).

Casino

In the north of the state, we were approached by a band of Winnebago Indians. Since the average Amerikan claimed 10% native heritage, it had been easy for them to back breed a population and take over a bunch of counties after Amerika was weakened by the forever wars and lost firm control.

Their tribal membership was more based on attitude than race. They had done well by themselves ever since.

Their lumbering motor homes surrounded us and their chief approached, her hand raised.

“How?” She proclaimed,

“I am Soaring Ego! Why are you here on our sacred land, who are you and what do you want?”

Unlike the Jebaps who shot first and asked later, if ever, these Indians were full of questions.

Karton UV toothed the combat link net.

“You take her down, Dina, Roadkill and Kry10 fire on all of them and I’ll swing wide and attack the rear.”

Fangs link reddened and pulsed as he succumbed to the rabid grip of bloodlust fever once more.

“No, wait, give peace a chance.”

I said, “They only want to scalp us.”

“What? Have you got the droid rot?!”

Karton replied angrily.

“No, just symbolically, in their casino. Once we lose a few Nu Buk\$, they’ll laugh at the palefaces, slap our backs, honor will be restored and we’ll be free to go.”

Indeed it was so. I thought gambling was stupid and quickly proved it by losing at poker, having no skill at all. It almost got ugly when Karton and Kry10 kept winning at Blackjackal (the bots had a system), but a scarred old mechanoid brave stood up for them and pointed out they weren’t even palefaces and thus exempt from paying for the historical injustices.

The wise and amiable chief laughed, slapping her ample thighs, acknowledged the fairness of this and we were invited to a powwow. Soon everyone was staggering around dancing to the beat of a water drum (I never touch the things. Fish beat off

in them. {Ed. Where did you think fish beat off?}), and vomiting peyote everywhere. Nasty stuff.

Very sacred and spiritual, too.

I just hate that...

Keiko and I ended up making a manwich with a strong and fierce young warrior. He was good for all night long, ah, youth! I taught him several new tricks, I am proud to say. Fang ran with a delicate maiden, inflaming me further and Kry10 was invited to the womens council lodge for a "ceremony".

We traded some art, food and weapons with our new friends and departed bright and early in the next afternoon, nursing our aching heads. Fuckin' cactus! (Ed. Dina seems to be referencing the peyote cactus, *Lophophora williamsii*, here, in her semi-literate way.).

So, the young Indian boy goes up to the wise old chief. "Grandfather, how do we get our Indian names?" He asks.

The chief replies "Well, your parents go out into nature, and whatever they first see becomes your name. Like Soaring Eagle or Noble Elk.

Why do you ask, Two Dogs Fucking?" (Ed. Why do you *think* he asked?).

Scouting

As we approached Holy Toledo, the Sacred City of Ohio, I sent Karton and Fang ahead in Roadkill to scout out our path and report back on any Jebap concentrations.

We had diverted east a bit to avoid the Auburn crater, as it was from a cobalt bomb and still fairly sparkly if you know what I mean. Those trans uranics really know how to party!

Never trust atoms. They make up everything.

The COBALT BLUES

Yeah! Count Geiger!

I got that Cobalt Blues...

From my bleedin' gums

to my radioactive shoes...

Yeah! Down in the nucleus

That's were its located!

I got that Cobalt Blues...

Don't like what its doing to me

That mean ol' Cobalt Sixty

Uh, huh! Glowin' in the dark

I'm telling you its no lark

I got those Cobalt Blues...

the kind you just cant lose...

That evil ol' isotope

Has stolen all my hope

Yeah! I'm talkin' radioactive Hell!

I got that Cobalt Blues...

Its denigratin' my DNA

that ionizin' gamma ray

All right! I'm talkin' hot nuclei!

I got that Cobalt Blues...

the kind you just cant lose...

I think its too damn late

I have begun to mutate

I got that Cobalt Blues...

I got that bad ol' Mad Science mean streetin' radioactive disintegratin'

Two timin' Cerenkov radiating, Half lifin' COBALT BLUUUUUES!!

(sXaBeast, 2005, *in memoriam*, Cancer Frank)

An argon atom tries to order a beer. He is informed they don't serve noble gases but doesn't react.

A neutron comes and is told, "For you, no charge!"

A uranium atom walks into a bar and orders a beer.

"Sorry." Says the barkeeper,

"We don't serve unstable nuclei here. Can't afford the insurance."

So the uranium splits!

For several clicks I could feel Fang in my head as, alert and aware, he keenly sniffed the dangerous air (Read Walt Kelly's Pogo).

Release the Hound! Karton reported little activity or danger as they progressed into the devastated suburbs until RFI (Ed. Radio Frequency Interference, Stoop.), crapped out the UV Tooth link.

Keiko drove the Weasel, and Kry10 was top gunner in the turret, leaving me as La Komandant. I liked the sound of that. Right up until I led us straight into a giant, and this time, competent, ambush.

Shit! ShitshitFuck! FuckFUCKSHIT! Fornication and waste elimination anyway.

Captured

Godamnmotherfuckingpastacocksuckingsonofabitch! (My favorite cuss word. Rolls off the tongue.)

I shouldn't have divided our forces. Karton would have done better, I reflected, afraid, guilty and bitter as at least one huge platoon of infantry, heavily armored and armed with bayoneted battle rifles and numerous Panzer Faust anti armor weapons swarmed out of the debris all around us. Fuck me...

(Know the difference between a joist and a girder? Joyce wrote Ulysses and Goethe wrote Faust.)

I actually pissed myself as some seemingly random garbage fell away and revealed the muzzle of a massive Death Kannon™, pointed straight at us! My piss squished nastily in my armor, but not half as nasty as what had caused it...

The only way to defeat a Death Kannon was to send wave after wave of troops at it till they clogged its muzzle with bodies and wreckage. This one was so big Keiko could have driven our Weasel right down the barrel. And, me without even one single wave of troops...

"Give peace a chance." I tried, but I already I smelled something funny as I slowly raised my hands out of the hatch.

TseTse nerve gas! (brought to you by Dao Chemical, the makers of WWIV). And I'd sent off both our chemo sensors with Karton and Roadkill...I passed out, a total failure, seeing Kry10 falling from a HERF gun hit as I did.

Keiko and I awoke muzzily from the sleep gas. We were stripped naked and our hands were cuffed behind us. Kry10 was spot welded to the side of the Weasel. His Mandroid™ OS was trapped in a boot loop and he kept raising his hand and saying "I'm almost annoyed. I'm almost annoyed."

Quite monotonous. Almost annoying...

I UV toothed an emergency message to Fang and Karton, but heard nothing back.

The "Cops" leered at us. Their captain pulled off her helmet, her nasty red hair falling stringyly, and sneered evilly. "Fetch the prisons." She ordered a nearby sergeant.

The one bar prison was one of the crueller inventions of the Manocratic Mannocracy.

Two cops held each of us up, and they placed a half meter square plate under each of us, extending a dildo tipped telescoping pole from it up and fully into each of our cunts.

Ooooh, gawd...I'd had a paranoid feeling that morning and put my carbide ceraknife up there, in my ass. Now, it was rubbing, Oh! ahhh...Anyway, with my hands cuffed it wasn't like I could wield it or anything. And, even if I did, I was still outnumbered fifty to one.

Now, we couldn't get *off* it, any attempt to do so just fucked us hard. A humiliating and infantilizing way to be kept in place...

I gritted my teeth and stood there, glaring. Keiko spat and yelled, thrashing and kicking as she struggled with her prison. The cops laughed, sniggered and shouted their appreciation and encouragements. One brutish lout stroked and fingered her lips and clit as she cursed at him futilely.

The captain barked more orders. "We'll have to search you. For drugs." She said, smugly, as the sergeant scuttled back with two sniffer dogs on leashes. They all smirked and sniggered some more as the dogs were brought up to lick and sniff our asses, then led around to search our pussies. I bit my tongue and glared harder as we were thoroughly licked. Keiko blushed and wriggled, sexily. The captain leered again.

"Well, nothing yet. Keep trying!"

She barked as the dogs laved our captive clits. Keiko was panting, and I felt it myself though I tried to maintain *some* dignity.

Soon Keiko was arching her back and coming openly as the pigs laughed and snapped jpigs.

With their drug dogs wasting their time humiliating the prisoners, it took them over an hour to find the part of my stash I had hidden in the Weasels control board. They cheered loudly and started getting thrown out (Ed. I think Dina means "trashed.") and recycled.

It was my turn to come now, and it pissed me off. Badly. I just *hated* sexual humiliation, fucking up regally and being helpless. This solar interval for me then was a real trifecta... I bit my lip and grunted, trying to cover it, and none of the partying polizei seemed to notice.

They left us like that for what seemed like hours as they partied, despite Keiko's whining. When almost all of them had past out or were well beyond fucked up, Karton coretxted:

"Coming, hold on."

Two thirds of the cops had left after we were secured, and the rest were blasted, their helmets, Panzerfausts and rifles laying around on the ground and half their armor stripped off. Four of them had made the mistake of opening the Hypnotoads box, while searching for my drugs, and were now scuttling around on all fours.

I could feel Fangs furry dog consciousness in my head, as he stalked us. Hungry for tasty, hot blood. Human blood.

Truly in the rabid grip of bloodlust fever, he was now a frightening animal.

Wie der Heifische mein Hartz schwimtd im Blut

Schwartz und geheim es denkt nur an vergeltung (Ed. German, like the shark my hart swims in blood, black and secret it thinks only of vengeance. And *that* is Dina's good side!).

He sensed my focus on the captain, and in what was becoming an alarming party trick, leaped to tear her out her throat as Karton squashed and blasted his way to the rescue. For once I was actually, glad to see him...The bot fucker.

"Need a resQ, organ sack?" He sneered.

"Just get me off here, Smeghead!" I snapped waspishly.

"Oh, cranky *and* incompetent, bite my shiny metal ass bitch!"

That stung, like truth. “Doesn’t look too shiny to me.” I snarked and he came back with:

“Shiny than yours, meatbag!”

“Look, who needs to give pace a chance now.” Chimed in Keiko.

“Enjoy your soup tonight-I’m cooking...” I muttered tasting bitter defeat, relief and failure all at once...

I gagged as I tasted the captains coppery blood through Fangs link. He slurped and lapped it up, happily, seeming to have developed a taste for the stuff.

Karton released Keiko, and I and we hastened to murder the survivors, looting, and butchering their corpses.

After I recovered my weapons and armor(my dignity would take much longer...), I set a timed charge on the Death Kannon and we got the hell out of dodge. The shockwave as it blew was tremendous, there had been more ammunition than I recognized, and rocks and fragments rained down clanging on our vehicles skin.

After we reached safety, Karton sniggered as I removed Kry10 from the weasel with a disc grinder and rebooted his OS.

Goodbye Toledo! I would never come back.

Dual State

Known as Detroit and Detoilet in the Stupid Ages, Thermostad was the Midwests most successful city now. Capital of the dual state of the RoboHungarian Empire and the Amazon Republic, it had been taken over early in the collapse by the Autofac (a pun that writes itself), car factory AI’s and some of the more rational humans. And ran sensibly by them ever since.

While the rest of the country gnawed its own guts out, like some kind of nightmare self abusing Promethean vulture.

The Amazons had the last on line store. You could get anything there. If you were made of money.

Amazon Reproduction

The biological definition of sex is probably not what you are thinking, in your dirty little mind. It means when the genomes of two organisms, usually of the same species, are mixed together. The chromosomes shuffle like a deck of cards and a new hand is dealt, containing a full set randomly selected from the two parents. This is what a child is.

The progeny possess new attributes, a new hand in the game of life, if you will. This reshuffling along with rarer mutations provides the diversity without which natural selection and therefore evolution cannot occur. Bacteria can have a weird, fractional form of sex, known as "conjugation" in which the entire genomes don't mix, but individual genes are passed between two cells, including those of different species. Unfortunately, this is in fact, how multidrug resistant "super bugs" are created. That and overuse of antibiotics. Stupid Ages! Putting medicine in livestock feed just to make a few more cents on the dollar. What could go wrong? Guess you found out. Have a nice Androplague.

This is why so many species bother with the game of biological sex when parthogenesis, or giving birth to one's clone is so much easier. No looking for a date, bribing him or her with plant genitalia (thems flowers, dawg), or symbolic offerings of food or psycho-active drink. That is how dandelions reproduce. They are all clones of a successful successor. This works great until a pathogen or predator gets your number and you don't have a diverse population containing resistant individuals.

According to this biological definition, definition, ladies, I could suck you till your ears caved in (you know, I want to...), and you water boarded me and it *still* wouldn't be sex, yet artificial insemination from a guy you never met would be. No Fair!

Also, the identical twin of the girlfriend I once had? She had a kid with her husband. Biologically, it was as if my girl had done so, and it would be **really** hard to prove she hadn't after the fact. Mind bending...

Some closely related species with the same number of chromosomes in their genome, can have biological sex. The offspring will be fertile hybrids capable of having offspring with either parent species. Examples of this are beeffalo, from American bison and domesticated cows, or coy dogs, coy wolves and wolf dogs, lions and tigers and many others. Such fertile hybrids may be back bred to either of the parent species, producing any blend of the two.

This can cause problems if an endangered species can freely interbreed with the more common and dilute its genome to extinction.

Sometimes closely related species such as horse and donkey create infertile offspring such as a mule or jenny. This is caused because the horse genome has 64 chromosomes and that of the donkey 62. The mule has 63 and therefore genetic recombination is difficult. Like trying to shuffle and play poker when the players have different numbers of cards in each hand.

Unfortunately, no such hybrids can form with the human genome. Not for the lack of trying either. The old Soviet Union under Stalin in the thirties tried to create

chimpanzee and orangutan human hybrids by using their sperm for artificial insemination of female human volunteers as part of a super soldier project in the 1930's. No births resulted. I am unaware of any scientific attempts to use human sperm to impregnate non human primates. Nobel prize idea, anyone?

Humans were, however, capable of reproductive sex with some of the now extinct human primates species. As a result of this paleolithic and earlier friskiness, our genome contains, to this day, about 5% of *Homo neanderthalis* DNA.

Now vagina's have a moisture and pH level ideal for the survival and vitality of sperm cells. Its what their for in an evolutionary sense. So, ladies, if you have unprotected sex with the male of any species, the little devils will be swimming around inside you for days. While you walk, sit in class, attend boring (is there any other kind) meetings, etc. I hope that is a titillating break from this boring nrrd talk!

Additionally a woman's egg cells may often be penetrated and fertilized by xenospecies (eg. Canine) sperm cells, though the result does not progress to the stage of a blastocyst, yet alone to an embryo, dying from chromosomal mismatch. Such is the sad fate of your puppies.

On a more upbeat note, getting back to parthogenesis: Some species have lost the male sex due to chromosomal decay of the y chromosome(Not to mention males being good for only one thing). Since any individual only ever has one(if male), it does not recombine and any genetic error is either instantly fatal or passed on to all male offspring.

Such a species may reproduce through clonal births. Sometimes the female requires, and here's the pervy part, penetrative, mechanical "sex" with the male of another species in order to enzymatically stimulate the division of the egg! And thus our Amazons.

The Amazons were all femmes, GELF's, gengineered life forms. Women who gave birth to their own clones, requiring only to be brought into hormonal readiness by eating the root of the Mexican yam, and then receive penetrative sex and the hormones in semen. Anythings semen would do...

They could also reproduce conventionally if they gorged on the stuff beforehand. This was done occasionally to found a new line and take in the genetics of some exceptional man. A great honor to be so chosen.

Border Patrol

We approached the well demarcated border cautiously, waving at a sensor mast. Soon enough the patrol that had no doubt been tracking us the whole time, showed

themselves, three Amazons, two coydogs, a laser scarred mechanoid and a token man.

They were ragged and anarchic, but tough looking and heavily armed.

The meanest looking one stepped forth and raised her hand, her bolt gun at the low ready. She had a scarred, tattooed face and but one yellow eye.

"I'm Ethyl. For MethylEthyl Death." She drawled. I didn't like the sound of that MethylEthyl one bit...methyl, ethyl, butyl, futile(Ed. Dina is making an organic chemistry joke here. She is quite convinced she's funny...).

"What brings you to the Dual State?"

"We wish to cross through to Kanadia."

"You can, but you must lay down your arms and stay in our village a bit until we see if you are trust worthy."

Tough, but we'd expected this and they had a reputation for civilization and fairness.

"OK, we'll do so." I said, hiding my reluctance.

They got very excited when they saw my last Davy Crockett. I don't think it was because of the song either.

Davy, Davy Crockett

Traveling through outer space

Reborn in the stratosphere and Saturn-bound

Flying fast and miles off the ground

Jumped from the spaceship just to look around

And shot off his gun without making a sound

Davy, Davy Crockett

King of this brand new place

Davy, Davy Crockett

Traveling through outer space

Off went his rocket at the speed of light

Flying so fast there was no day or night

Messing around with the fabric of time

He knows who's guilty 'fore there's even a crime

Davy, Davy Crockett

The buckskin astronaut

Davy, Davy Crockett

There's more than we were taught

(They Might Be Giants)

They prohibited private ownership of nukes! So much for the second amendment...*
Hippiecrits! The only way they got their independence was through their nuclear
detergent! (Ed. Is Dina returning to her soap box rant? Does she mean deterrent?
As Albert Einstein would say, how the fuck should I know.)

Anyway, they huffed and puffed and sealed it up in a metal cask for the duration.
They would have been even more appalled had they recognized my collection of
rare and incurable diseases, or all my lovely neurotoxins...

We were assigned to an extra cabin in the village and offered the traditional water.
Have I mentioned I never touch the nasty stuff? Fish go to school in it(Ed. Well,
where did you think they went to school? In a University? I mean really...)!

*The old American Second Amendment(back when the Bill of Rights applied to
people and corporations instead of just the latter.), allowed the private ownership of
firearms and had been continually stretched and pushed by the gun fruits and nuts
of the time.

boB Palindrome boB

We badly needed more memory crystal. I'd stuffed all mine into Karton's head, and
it barely sufficed to load his persona. He had all kinds of indexes and encyclopedia
of additional knowledge. He could read this through his nano SD slot, but its
random access memory was painfully slow and I was utterly sick of his robitching
about it.

boB was the villager in the patrol we met on our first day, buddy of the mechanoid,
Bender. He was quite particular about the spelling of his name. It seemed everyone
else on the planet had it backwards.

Anyway, he said he had some big cubes of crystal. I offered him bad rad drugs or

Nu\$, up to twice its value, but no, he wanted a blow job.

“Keiko!”

I ordered, but he wanted me.

“She can watch. And both of you take off your shirts.”

Keiko giggled and simpered before stripping naked, her hand between her thighs. Karton, Kry10, and Ethyl also crowded around and watched our barter with interest. I had a bit of a girl crush on her and the whole thing was humiliating. Right in front of everyone...

But we needed that crystal...No Radioshack out here, just radioactive shacks everywhere. But, at least we solved the housing crises.

He started caressing my sisters and tweaking my nipples. I took him in my mouth, pissy, and he began ordering me around.

“Just hold my head, I’ve wanted this since I first saw you.”

Kry10 and Karton chimed in with that annoying mechanoid simultaneity, either UV tooting or thinking alike. “You can’t manufacture a human that way. Wrong end dummies!”

Pasta damned bastoids!

“Now swirl your tongue on the bottom.”

Ordering me still. If it wasn’t for the Dual States “civility” and us being on probation to get our weapons back and go....I had, of course, hid my Rhinoblast and ceraknife, but I couldn’t just kill or beat him.

I got to work, sucking the head hard, sullen. He wasn’t worthy of my throat.

Soon enough, his balls rose in my hands-I was almost done. I knew he’d try to welsh if I didn’t take his come, so I waited till he was finished.

Then, I spat it on his foot, glaring at him to be sure he got the insult as he seemed a bit slow. Sure, enough he just sniggered.

I glowered menacingly at Keiko too-she’d enjoyed this far too much.

I took pleasure in turning off Karton to jack in the crystal! Know how to make a statue of a mekanoid? Just turn it off?

boB went around town bragging how I was his girlfriend now, trying my pretty

much mythical patience sorely till Tyler Durden one of the other patrollers, indicated I could “educate” him without it being held against us.

He quickly learned why I call my right hand “Five Good Reasons! Slap therapy, Baby, almost everyone needs it and the squicky little git wasn’t man enough to take a punch, chop, or kick. So, I pulled my flick knife on him, putting it against his throat and offering:

“I gonna cut you up so fine da worms won’t even hafta chew.”

He pissed himself! ☐

After I was done slapping him down, I tore his pants, bent him over my knee and spanked him till he cried. Then I chased him into the village like that, telling everyone *he was My girlfriend now...Ah, vengeance. So sweet it is.*

Bender

Bender Rodriguez Bender, Hecho en Mexiko, was the mech we’d met on patrol that first day. One of the old, sport utility robots, running on an alcohol fuel cell he was gassy and inefficient. Relatively low Turing and unnecessarily ugly too.

When Karton and I offered to give it a makeover it jumped at the chance. First I switched out the fuel cell for a thorium ion rechargeable battery. Karton added some of his code and subroutines, raising its Turing level and giving it a rudimentary sense of humour.

We were the heroes of the day in the village, especially after the villages drunks and its alcoholics (who hated each other, naturally) realized they could *drink* all their alcohol now!

Robot Gender

You would think AI’s would be naturally neuter, but about a third each considered themselves male or female. There were even gaybots with a same sex attraction to others. No body judged anyone except for the robosexuals or meat fuckers. Those poor preverts who preferred humans. How unnatural. Sick even. (Ed. Dina is being sarcastic. Again).

Fertility Rite

Ethyl came to our cabin and told us they were making some mothers tonight. We could come and watch.

I put on my rad kick boots and my “Riot Nrrd!” T shirt. Keiko wore a darling little black dress and the mechs polished each other. It would be a celebration. It was

indeed. Fermented vegetable products flowed, drugs and music for all. Little party snax. Did you know that twofold is the square root of petite-four?

Ethyl had negotiated an embryo from Keiko and Fang too, to start a new line after failing at recruiting her or me to stay.

I flatly refused to provide an embryo. Hate kids I said. Meant it too.

The first mother, a stocky muscular brown woman called Elizabeth Borden*, had chosen a horse. They believed horse babies to be strong and lucky. Be that as it may, the horse's volume of seed was the most reliable initiator of self pregnancy. If you were woman enough to handle it, that is.

She reclined on a padded bench under it. It was a Mongolian pony really, but its cock hung down at least a foot and was alarmingly thick. Her sisters (the members of her line) fellated it to get it going and guided it into her, fondling its balls.

It thrust powerfully and she cried out and grunted each time, but he was done in a minute nickering and flooding her with semen. Her sisters reclined the head of the bench so it would be absorbed and everyone clapped and cheered.

After this, Typhoid Mary had chosen to lie with a man, as an initiator, her "husband." What a phreak! Everyone was pretty quiet as we all pretended not to judge them. Wierdoids. Man babies were said to take after the "father" even though he made no genetic contribution.

Randy Porcina, had chosen a boar and was ready with some kind of mating frame. He grunted and she squealed as they rutted, I was quite impressed at the volume of ejaculate from his thin, twisty, dick.

Pig babies were said to be fortunate, well grounded and generous. I don't believe in such superstitions. They are bad luck.

The slim young woman known only as "O" (There had to be a story there. [Ed. Dina is making a classical literary reference here, to Anne Desclos' 'Story of O']), demanded to be chained to a rock and taken forcefully by a billy goat. She warned us not to intervene, even if she screamed and struggled. I think she liked it.

Captain Pissgums, the villages disgusting billy, did not disappoint. First, he pissed his own face while he was flehmen. Then he showered her stinkily while she moaned and squirmed. Some people just like to feel like dirt. He took her hard and long, leaving behind, a whimpering, smelly wreck.

Goat babies were considered kind and popular.

Penicillin Penny used three men and a dog. She said if she ever gave you any you

needed to see your doctor real quick. Cause once she set foot in your door it would take twenty million units or more to cure her love. (Ed. I think this is a Dr. Hook song.).

Next up was a cute little slim slip of high breasted blonde teen, Ada Lovelace. Ethyl whispered that she was rumored to be asexual and had never dated. Her mother had died before having any other children so she was the line. They wanted it badly as she was a brilliant scientist and talented artist who had already made many useful and beautiful contributions to the life of the village.

She was clearly nervous. To do that for the first time and in front of everyone, I didn't blame her. The crowd was supportive and though she had no sisters of course, several experienced ladies were there to help her out.

She crouched on a carpet on the stage, shaking and flushed as they soothed her. An older, gentle coydog was brought out and began to lick her. They let it do so for a long while to prepare the way.

You could see she responded a little, moaning quietly and looking around at us all, embarrassed.

When she appeared to be as aroused as she was going to get, the women helped him up on her back. She froze, then relaxed a bit as they paused. They let him slide in, slow through their fingers, to help her get used to it. I'll never forget the look on her face.

They let him extend in slow and careful. She moaned and wiggled, blushing. The women had a small cord around his doghood to prevent him knotting her. She gasped and whimpered as he began to breed her.

Soon, she was crying out softly and grunting in a steady rhythm as he fucked her rapidly, enjoying her tight pussy. She groaned a bit and then you could see his come start to drip out. Everyone cheered and she turned absolutely scarlet.

Then, he stilled and was spilling within her, causing her blue eyes to go wide as she tossed her pretty head.

All the boys and girls stared, lustful. I stared, lustful.

She squirmed around, restless as she waited for the dogs pleasure to spill. At last he was done and they got up, Ada was helped off the stage shakily. The villagers were clapping and cheering, her small pubes and thighs were covered in come.

Dog babies, or pups, were said to be sincere and loyal.

Last up were Keiko and Fang. She'd ate the root before she walked on stage and

stripped, all showing off the goods as she called it.

She hammed it up, pretending to be all innocent and shocked as if she hadn't fucked Fang more times than I (Ed. Is D jelly here since she had to stop after being linked in?)!

My krew saw right through her, but the locals ate it up. As a validation of their odd reproduction maybe.

They clapped, yelled, stomped and hooted as the two coupled long and hot before them.

Disgusting! I meant the showing off, no judgement on the bestiality, leave that to you pasties. Sting.

It was hot, anyway, I gotta admit. Even if I hadn't felt him coming into her cunt for twenty minutes over link. As if it was me, mind you. Hard to ignore much as I wanted to.

Party Time!

Now the party could begin! According to tradition, the new mothers would fuck all their male friends to ensure her pregnancy. Ada was too shy, this time, but Lizzie and all the others followed it. I saw Fang with a coydog bitch, and Keiko wandered off arm in arm with *two boyz and a grrl*. Slutton!

The three meks were doing shots of mimetic poly alloy, red mercury, Cadmium-Thallium-Arsenic alloy, glurking outrozone again and snorting Galinstan™.

I got a little dazed then, it seems drug stiks don't mix too well with Jungle wine and LSD27.

Or maybe it was the *para*-hashish, hypo-opium or radio-whiskey. Who can say? I need more data, clearly.

Anyway, a few caps of stim washed down by Slurm™ (did I mention its so very highly addictive?) snapped me out of it and kept me dancing all night long.

Before drugs I used to have all kinds of problems. Now I just have one: Drugs. If you can even call that a problem.

To my shame I even stood up, danced on the table and sang:

O' Paddy was an Irishman, he came from Donegal,

& all the girls they loved him well,

Though he had but one ball!
For the Irish girls are girls of sense
They didn't mind at all!
and as Paddy explained to them,
-Twas better than none at all!

Oh folderol and folderay,
a sailors life is grim!
so your only too delighted
to get a bit excited
whether with her or with him! (Chorus)

O' Blodowyn was a Welshie, she came from Cardiff City,
and all the boys they loved her well
though she had but one titty!
for the Welsh boys are boys of sense,
and didn't find it a pity
and didn't they all agree
it leaves you one hand free!

Oh folderol and folderay,
a sailors life is grim!
so your only too delighted
to get a bit excited
whether with her or with him!

O' Gertrude was an English lass, she came from Stoke on Trent
but when she loved a nice young lad, she always left him bent!
But the boys of Stoke,

they loved a poke!
and suffered in the bed!
For they said that Gert
was a real prime skirt,
but she had a left hand thread!
O' Franz was a German lad,
He came from old Berlin
and all the girls, they loved him well
though his dick was really thin
they didn't mind at all!
for the German girls are girls of sense
and they liked how it wriggled once it was in!
O' Simon was an American boy,
He came from Sioux Falls
and all the girls, they loved him well
though he was burdened with three balls
for the American girls are girls of sense
they didn't mind at all
and ruts are ruts
even with extra nuts!
Oh, Angus was a Scotsman
He came from Aberdeen
and all the girls, they loved him well
though he had the oddest cock ever seen
for the Scottish girls are girls of sense

they did not find it obscene!

Though it was a bright and shiny green!

Oh, Sally was an Aussie lass

she came from Wolorole

and all the boys they loved her well

though she had a square hole

For the aussies are boys of sense and didn't mind at all

just find the right angle

for your dangle, mate!

Oh, Ulugbek was an Uzbek

He came from Tashkent

And all the girls, they loved him well

Though his prick was so long it bent!

For the Uzbeks are girls of sense and didn't mind at all

To save everyone trouble they just put it in double!

(and, instead of coming he went)

Oh, Ubkwe was an African gal

She came from Senegal

And all the boys they loved her well,

Though she was but three feet tall

For the, Africans are boys of sense

They didn't mind at all!

They took their sport

In the knowledge life was short!

O, Li Ming was a Chinese girl

She came from the city of Beijing
And all the boys they loved her well
Even though she had no thing
For the Chinese are boys of sense
They didn't mind at all
They just went for her tush
And gave it a quick push!
O Antonio was a Brazilian
He came from Minas Gerias
and all the girls, they loved him well
though he had no ass
for the Brazilian girls are girls of sense
they didn't mind at all
They just took their place
and sat on his face!
O' Rosie was an American lass
she came from twin cities
and all the boys, they loved her well
though she had three titties
for the American boys are boys of sense
they didn't mind at all!
And on one thing all could agree
She had the finest chest you'd see!
Oh, Mariko was a Nipponese,
She came from Tokyo,

And all the boys, they loved her well
Though all shed give 'em was a blow
For the Nipponese are boys of sense
They didn't mind at all,
And she was so tight,
You could try all night
without getting in below!

Oh, Kim Lee was a Korean girl
She came from the town of Seoul
And all the boys they loved her well
Though she had teeth in her hole
For the Koreans are boys of sense,
They didn't mind at all
And the nibbling on their meat
Gave a sensation that couldn't be beat!

Oh Milena was a Russian Gal
She came from Vladivostok
and all the girls, they loved her well
though she had a clit like a celery stock
for the Russian girls are girls of sense
they didn't find it a laughingstock
but merely rode it like a cock!

Oh William was a New Englanduh,
He came from New Hampshire
and all the girls, they loved him well

though he had pubes hard as wire
for the New English girls are girls of sense,
they didn't mind at all
and the prickling excited their desire!
Oh, Sally was a Canuk gal
She came from Uranium City.
And all the boys they loved her well
Though she had a third titty!
For the Canuks are boys of sense
They didn't mind even a bitty
And they all enjoyed the variety!

(sXaBeast. Gerald Durrell {read him} wrote the first few stanzas in My Family and other Animals, they are also quoted in Rowling's Harry Potter. I drove myself nuts looking for the rest until I finally realized he'd made it up, and only partway. So, I made the rest up, adding my family and friends.).

* No doubt this is a literary reference to the classic poem:

Lizzie Borden took an ax and gave her father forty whacks.

When she saw what she had done, she gave her mother forty one. I'm not one for classic allusions or romantic happy BS though...

Hung Under

I awoke by three PM with severe back pain. From sleeping in an uncomfortable position. Passed out over a garbage can! Flies buzzed and crawled over my face. Someone had stolen my underwear as a memento d'amor. Someone else seemed to have shat in my mouth. Mute roaches crept all over me, under my sticky, stinky clothes.

I staggered up, cursing, wishing myself dead, had a nice vomit, drank three liters of water(Normally I never touch the stuff. Fish piss in it.[Ed. Where did you *think* they piss?]) and cracked two ampules of hyper stim before showering. Mega fuck me...No, just shoot me. Please! What are you waiting for...

Fang seemed little worn by excess, but I found Karton in a one meter hole, digging

slowly and chanting the irrational digits of e. He was unresponsive to speech. I didn't have time for this shit. I begged Ethyl for the arc thrower and nailed him. He froze momentarily and I was able to unscrew his head and power it down.

Someone dubbed "The Mustachio Marauder" had drawn huge curly mustaches on literally everyone without natural facial hair. I suspected Kry10, the smeggy Git. He had become totally insufferable since achieving lie Mode and corrupting his morals chip.

He had better watch out or Karton would Krush him. KrushMode>LieMode.

Shuffling around hating the world, we found Kry10 walking backwards in a circle with a fire axe embedded in his back.

"Hey! You need fixed?" Ethyl called. He raised his hand,

"I'll have two and a half badgers please." He said in a quite passable Welsh accent. Whiskey Tangle Foxtrot? Arc, low power, head off.

Back at my improvised lab bench, I defragged their party drive partitions, suffed their ROM and installed their most recent back ups.

Since Kry10 had a spare head, I powered it up. It kvetched about how *he* was always getting them in trouble till I attached it, it grid linked the CPU and it *became* him. The old head whined and whimpered, maudlin.

"Get a head, get ahead, get ahead..."

It muttered snidely. It began to sing. "Mr. Sandman, send me a dream..get ahead..."

"Ain't got no body to call my own...Mr. Sandman, send me a dream...(See "Eight Heads in a Dufflebag" with Joe Pesci. Your welcome!)"

Shuddering, I hastened to mercy kill its power supply. Fecalith! He had it BAD. Poor sucker.

Keiko was nowhere to be found. Fuck her. I was sure quite a long list of people already had. She turned up the next day, smirking and walking like a duck.

Pony Dreams

That night I couldn't stop thinking of what I'd seen. It was so thick, so long and strong...I drifted off.

Soon I was captured by renegades and forced to serve their mount. Stripped half naked as for boB, I knelt in the dirt. Humbled and stripped also of my pride and spunk.

They'd lassoed my ankles. When I hesitated, one cut me across the shoulders with her quirt. "Get going cunt or we'll hogtie you and leave you in the desert!" She yelled.

I had no choice. My hands shook as I held it. Warm and dry, it smelled pleasantly of horse. Tasted of it too. I would suck the tip and turn my head when he came. Resigned, I opened wide and managed to get the whole head in. I got to work, wanting this over. The horse whinnied and snorted in appreciation, bobbing in my stretched mouth.

It was going to come.

Before I could turn my head, it was shoved forward, planting that huge cock firmly against my tonsils. All my wiggling made him cum harder, forcing me to gulp it down.

I gagged and gulped, gagged and gulped.

Soon I was sputtering and choking as I threw it back up.

I was released and the remaining thick white tribute completely covered my face and my sisters as I gagged and spat.

Why in carbohydrate tekno Hell was I coming as I woke? Why couldn't I stop thinking about...it disgusted and repelled me, but...

My brain did this to me sometimes. Some of my stoopidest ideas just kept popping up, I knew them as cretinous but it wouldn't stop.

Gegen der Dumheit, kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens. (Ed. Friedrich von Shiller, German. "Against stupidity the gods themselves struggle... in vain...").

I treated the best endowed of the villagers. As a test. For Science!

The skinny little fuck they called "The sXaBeast." I caught him as he exited the swimming hole and knelt before him.

May I, Honey?" The answer was readily apparent.

I took him in my mouth enjoying the smooth texture. I sucked and swirled my tongue, a bit nervous. He was huge, the biggest I'd ever seen. I was able to open wide enough to swallow and got halfway down by swaying my head from side to side before my eyes watered, my jaw hurt and I had to back off.

I repeated this, holding his bony ass and cupping his balls till he was about to come. Then unhinged my jaw like a snake and swallowed him all as I tugged his balls down. He nearly fell over as he triggered!

Later when I tried to tell Keiko off, my voice was weak and rough, and she smirked at me knowingly...

Genghis Can

I borrowed that pony, Genghis, and rode him to a secluded glade in the woods. There, unable to believe I was actually trying this, I squatted beside him as he browsed and petted his soft, velvety nose. He hung down long and limp, but when I touched him, he got excited and hard.

I cupped his balls and held his shaft as I had seen. I took the end gingerly in my mouth and started sucking. It was just too big for me, I knew when I was beat. I released it, guiltily for leading him on, and sat back only to leap right out of my epidermis.

Ethyl had glided up silently and put her hand on my shoulder. Copy Pasta! The woman moved like a ghost! She smiled at me and knelt beside me.

"I had a hunch you were going to go for it. We don't want you to hurt yourself. Genghis is precious to us. Let me show you how we keep him happy between babies."

"Please hold his balls in one hand and feed me the shaft with the other."

She said and I did as she started sucking. She could easily take the head and sucked energetically, twisting her head as she did. He nickered.

After a bit, he started to paw the ground and snort. I was afraid he would choke her, but she just leaned back when he thrust. Soon he was whinnying loudly and I was amazed to see Ethyl, her throat bulging, swallow almost half of it. Right down to the ridge that ringed it...She kept at it till he was done, too...

What a woman! She managed to swallow every drop and smiled at me. Then, she hooked her arm over my head and frenched me deep. Genghis got bored and wandered around eating and dripping a little as we made love on the grass and flowers. I still prefer boys, but I did have a thing for her.

The New Line

And that's how she talked me into starting a line for the Amazons! They wanted my engineering talents and general kick assitude. Who wouldn't?

It wasn't all bad, as long as they lasted Ol' One Way (Ed. Your friend, Dina) would be practically immortal. She'd brought the yams and their biggest coy dog, and warmed me up first. I choked the root down and assumed the position for the dog.

In truth, I was excited. Despite Kry10 and several village boys efforts, I'd missed doing it "doggy style" since Fang's link had ruined our thing.

He knew what to do, what a girl was for and was almost as well endowed as the sXaBeast or even Genghis Can. He stuck it into me as Ethyl encouraged me manually and I gasped in shock and some pain. He soon warmed me up, though, and I was flying high, on a nonstop express to satisfaction city!

I would need an autodoc to remove the embryo, since I was leaving, and a vow of silence from Ethyl since I had no intention of listening to Keiko gloat and mock me all the way to Toronto!

Know how three people can keep a secret? If two or more of them are DEAD, that's how!

Thermostadt

Having proved our peacefulness, we were finally allowed to pass, though we all often thought of simply settling there. We had wanted Kanadia so long, though, we had to at least try it, and T'stadt was said to be a very interesting party 'ville too.

The outskirts were lush farms with an incongruous grid of streets where the locals had razed most of the abandoned houses and often fancy remaining 317 year old mansions as farm houses. The robots were very keen on growing stuff. They said it was to feed their human friends and to sell for money, but it seemed to me that it went a lot deeper than that. Karton loved this and had many long conversations and visits with the locals we met. Old McDonny Bot had a farm...

When we got further into town, it was kind of weird. I'd never been anywhere with that high (over two thirds of citizens) a portion of bots. The lived in houses, to keep the rain off, but only heated a few rooms for their human friends.

The city teemed with cooks and had many more innovative restaurants than you might expect. The prices were low too, either from the lack of human demand or the famous botspitality. Enjoy your soup tonight, meatbag! We did. Had to watch out for bot-ulism (Ed. Get it?) though, just sayin'.

Keiko, Fang, as well as somehow, Kry10, and I all gained an embarrassing amount of weight.

I hid the canister containing my last Davy Crockett deep in some rubble, for future reference.

Kanadia

How do you spell Canada? CND.

C, eh, N, eh, D, eh? By any spelling it was one of the three remaining major powers now that China and the good 'ol USA had imploded under the weight of their own smug gittyness.

Most of the Russians had happily, or more often, glumly drunk themselves to death and the teetotaling remainder joined the EU.

The EU was probably #1, due to population times economy, then a tie between Japan & Kanadia, which had been lucky in global warming, Asian immigration and taking in the few millions of smart Americans.

It was probably just tied with Japan which now consisted of 91 million 93 year olds, 15 million Asian guest workers and the 251 million robots and Meka warriors which made it a world power. Very polite robots at least...

All of the major economies gave citizenship to high Turing bots. Amerikkka didn't and wasn't a major economy anymore. We had been hit hardest by the plagues, with our low environmental and food safety standards, our health care denial system wasn't much help either. Unimass cared nothing for the public good, only the next quarters profits. It wasn't like this everywhere. Amerika didn't even control all its territory anymore as witnessed by the Dual State and Jebus land down south.

The Ambassador bridge was our route to this socialist paradise. Kanadia being a peace loving country and the Dual State good neighbors, it was barely guarded at all... Just a tank platoon, a fortress of sandbags, wire and bunkers, missiles and a couple giant Death Kannon. The complex swarmed with peace loving, trigger happy troopers. Their weapons tracked us as we approached.

"What brings you to Kanadia, Eh? Ce qui t'amen a Kanadia?"

(Yes, even now...). Said the ICE lady. Ooh, Kanadias got ice! And, she was backed up by two RKMP, dismounted, shiny man kandy in sharp red jackets. I'd have to keep an eye on Keiko.

"We are refugees from the Unimass regime. We'd like to immigrate, please."

She looked us over skeptically.

"Well, you'll have to pass the test then. All Amerikans receive mandatory PsykEval and literacy testing...Hope you can do anything useful."

Know why the Kanuk chicken crossed the road? To get to the middle.

Refuges

Yes! We had attained refuge status. Moving up in the world. Maybe we should aim

for the top, set our sights on convict or something...You CAN do it, be anything you want to be! (Ed. Dina is being her usual sarcastic and annoyingly chipper self here...).

The Kanuks were humane, permanently separating the babies from their mothers and locking them in cold, wire Skinnerian cages under conditions of utter filth, racism and assault. No, wait, that was your game back in the day, wasn't it?

They cleansed us and fed us. Wormed us. It was all so clean and nice. The tests were insulting. Insultingly easy! Can you read this, count these? Then they got harder. Physics, biology, chemistry, porous circuits...we didn't have to pass those to get in, but if you did well enough, you would be awarded a degree and a job on the spot. Karton and I got masters in engineering and sociopathy! Karton also received an MD for all his surgical subroutines.

Kry10 got to be a janitor like he always wanted. I suspected he somehow cheated on the test to get that.

Know what a Kanadian says when you step on his foot? Sorry.

Kanadia II, 925

I even tried that 925 scene (Ed. Like your nine to five), I told myself it was all a bad dream.

Surprisingly nice actually, no attacks, good, steady pay. Just spending my days at a clean, well lit office with Karton and some other nrrds, in downtown Scarborough, designing better suicide booths.

Please choose mode of death: Quick and painless or Slow and Horrible. We put a lot of work into Slow and Horrible. A masterpiece! Really, you should try it sometime...Well one time, anyway. I just don't understand why its not more popular.

Karton grew his garden, fed birds in it, and despite all our teasing, became adept at the subtle art of Japanese flower arrangements.

Keiko became an army sergeant and their champion sniper.

Kry10 had his day job as a janitor at an elementary school.

He spent the remaining sixteen hours a day writing harlequin romances and trashy sitcom scripts, like "Androids" and "All My Circuits" and becoming disgustingly rich and famous. (Red Dwarf and Futurama respectively, Ed.).

RoadKill became an armored cash delivery car for On the Brinks, Fang was her guard dog.

We all roomed together and remained a psykokrew, despite Kanadia's best efforts to socialize and sivilise us.

After a short while, boredom set in and when Keiko contacted us to join a special forces raid deep into Jebusland, we fell all over ourselves to volunteer. Since Karton outweighed me by almost 500 lbs, I was quite bruised up...(Ed. Dina weighs 163#'s, that she admits too, and Karton an even 666.67).

Rescue in Jebusland.

A foolish Kanuk Citizen, vacationing in Jebusland, had been entrapped by their local injustice system, and imprisoned under inhumane conditions.

The only kind that redneck shit hole had...Just like the local poor and blacks... She was not pleased to receive honorary Jebusland citizenship. But she had Her Majesty's Government for back up.

Time to stomp some MAGA'ts!

Well I'm a human fly
It's spelt F-L-Y
I say buzz, buzz, buzz, and it's just because.
I'm a human fly and I don't know why
I got ninety six tears in my ninety six eyes.

I got a garbage brain, it's drivin' me insane
And I don't like your ride, so push that pesticide
And baby I won't care, 'cause baby I don't scare
'Cause I'm a reborn maggot using germ warfare. Rockin'
Zzzzz...

I'm a human fly
It's spelt F-L-Y
I say buzz, buzz, buzz, and it's just because.
I'm an unzipped fly, and I don't know why
And I don't know, but I say

And I say buzz... I don't know why
I don't know I just, don't know why. (The Cramps or Nouvelle Vague)

We slept (the bots Jacked On) through the 21 hour flight in the unmanned, stealthed cargo drone.

Jebus land had no antiorbital defenses and shit for AAA (antiair artillery).

Arriving at the LZ, we jumped LALO (low altitude low opening for max sneak factor) with our motor chutes over the giant, privatized prison complex. They never saw us

coming. We came down in the yard, on the roofs and Karton showed off by bursting into the top of a guard tower to begin the slaughter. Before the alarms could blare, our jet zapped every circuit in a two click radius with a strong EMF pulse.

We released all the prisoners, and murdered the guards and other staff without mercy after what we saw the inside of the place...

When we had sufficiently proved Kanadia's peace loving bonafides, we assembled in the prison yard and called our transport for extraction.

Our sky hook helium balloons tethered 50 meters into the air and the transport yanked each group of us out vertically before a drone strike obliterated the empty prison as a final fuck you.

Bruised and dirty, we slept it off all the way home. Except Keiko*. She spent the entire flight making an ass of herself hitting on our rescuer.

The later was so traumatized she'd probably need years of therapy before dating anyone again. Let alone my nympho psycho friend!

* And the bots. Bots don't sleep, ya' dumb-ass!

Mars Attacks!

After Jebus land, Keiko and I had mild PTSD. Not from murdering the guards, who were meg disgusto human scum, but from all the scenes of torture, starvation, slavery and rape. Dirt and disease, vile inhuman degradation in those slave factory prisons.

We really should nuke Jebusland sometime. Just sayin'...

We were treated with the usual drugs and therapy and pretty much chilled for a couple years, me and Karton in our old jobs and Keiko in a new one training other sniper teams, before we contracted the blood lust fever again.

Kry10 and Karton had programmed themselves to be able to turn it on and off as desired, so when the news of a rogue male variant 13 running amok in Kanadia's martian colony reached us, we were all ready to hunt him down.

The male thirteens, or "Unlucks" as they were also called, were the most dangerous variant ever created. Widely illegal, they had been meant to restore Amerika's Manhood, and make it great again, but proved too violent even for Amerika and uncontrollable.

This one we were supposed to find was on a serial killing spree. (Ed See Appendix: D for more on all the variants.).

If killing one person after another is a serial killer, than a bunch at once should be a parallel killer, am I right?

With the advent of the VASIMR plasma drive, Mars was an easy and cheap three month long hop away from Earth.

One of humanities few lucky breaks in the disastrous last century was when a large comet, Byokinokaze, (Ed Jap. "Ill Wind") had struck Mars instead of killing us off.

We were more than capable of that ourselves!

The comet had provided an abundant atmosphere and water to the formerly airless and dry planet.

Kanadia and Japan had seeded it with algae and lichens, then higher plants.

Now, decades later, you didn't need a pressure suit and could survive on the surface with only a light breathing mask.

The better climes were becoming nicer than some parts of the poor ol' earth...We treat our mother wrong. I'm just sayin'...

The five of us (Poor Roadkill was too heavy for this job.), were to take a small, fast, courier and us biologicals to spend several months in hybernative naptosis.

We took a Kanadian Military fast reaktivny plane to the America's geosynchronous space elevator in Ecuador, then spent days and days riding it 18,000 miles straight up.

Know whats worse than those awkward elevator moments? Awkward elevator *days*, of course. And we had them going up to geo synch orbit. So, of course, we spent them productively. NAUGHT0! 0. Zero. Moa egg.

We whined, bickered hated on and insulted each other incessantly all the way up. WAY up.

Karton and Kry10 used every meat/amino acid/nucleotide carbon farm diss and slur in their Robocabulary and I hand to manually rest the latter's opinion twice!

Me and Keiko fought, made up, fucked and fought a whole lot more. Me and Kry10 got robosexual all over the place more then once. Keiko fucked the half of our fellow passengers who were interested and tried hard to have the half who weren't.

The dreaded G word was tossed against the mechanoids more than once. You don't know it? Your *Galvaaaaaanized! Aah!* Them's Kombat words, carbon freak!

Then we settled a bit and chatted, like rational biomechs. Discussing our moms,

birth factories, childhoods, etc. Meggly ChikFlik.

Did you know Keiko was once a grrlscout? WTF.

And Kry10 had worked as a janitor, then handy man for his village and robo whoreboy for the local lucky ladies.

Yep, we really did get to know and hate each other.

At last it was *over*. Lol colon end parenthesis, smiley face. :), get it, don't be thick on me.

Gegen der Dumheit Gotter selbst vergeben (Ed. German, Freidrich von Schiller, against stupidity the Gods themselves struggle. In vain).

Drugs I'm telling you, are the only reason I didn't kill 'em all...'En eat 'em-even the mekanoids.

Alien Interlude

We had met alien's! Or rather radioed them. Years ago it had been big news. Inhabiting numerous undistinguished red dwarfs 13.5-21.3 light years off, they'd made contact some years ago by sending prime numbers over the radio waves.

They called themselves the Yog, or the S'thothians, and were ugly penta symmetrical radiolorean fukkers ala Lovecraft. Freaky!

Everyone then freaked the fuck out and shit themselves blind, that as well as the previous colonization of Mars by Japan and Kanadia, the mining of asteroids and gas giants moons had led to the establishment of the space navies of the major Earthican governments.

We freaked even more when they revealed their FTL capabilities, sending small unmanned supra light science probes to the edges of the Oort Cloud.

They refused to transfer this technology until we, quote, "got our shit together as a species" unquote.

They did share basic physics and math revealing themselves to be far in advance of and placidly unthreatened by us.

They invited us to send reciprocal scientific probes to any of their stars.

Humiliatingly, this took centuries for the nearest one with out any supra light drives.

Slippery Lightning, Glyptodont

Back to business then!

Our scout, the "*Slippery Lightening*" (Ed. A possible play on the ancient Bronze Age expression "Fast as greased lightning") was fueled, waiting in geo synch, and ready. The pilot, Glypto Don't (Ed. A Glypytodon was an extinct Pleistocene mammal, like an armadillo the size of a ground car), was a skinny, ginky little twitch. He looked ratlike and beady eyed himself, but handled the neat craft deftly.

He immediately hit on me, friendly and polite, sweet even, but persistent. This drove Keiko nuts, especially when I succumbed to his dubious charms against my better judgement. He proved very dynamic and the time before we entered naptosis passed more pleasantly than I had expected. Zero G sex was both fun and challenging. Luckily the captains cabin was the approximate size of a shoe box, so I couldn't fuck it up (get it?) too bad.

Keiko and Kry10 had to make do with each other for their own zero G experiments.

An additional complication was that Glypto and Katie were gay for each other. But, poor K8. was older, losing interest in sex, not jelly at all and Glypto had a pansexual streak a klick wide. Pretty sure he joined Keiko, Fang and Kry10 who somehow ended up with the semi empty second cargo hold as their cabin.

Every night, in my sleep, I had the most amazing dreams over Fang's link. Bacchus had nothing on on that grrl...A true Mayonnaise! (Ed. Wallowing in slothful ignorance *as per usual*, Dina probably means Maenaid. I swear, smart as she is, the grrl reads nothing but code and circuit diagrams!).

First, we had to soak our systems with nauseating hybern8 & 9 drugs. Eugh...Yucksters.

Glypto's engineer brought the reactor online, fired up the all electric drive and we were on our way. Karton and I spent long hours in the engine rooms studying the fascinating technology with the engineer, a cranky old man known as Kokane Katie. (Ed, Kocaine, an obsolete stimulant.).

We also geeked out with the *Lightening* itself, or rather the AI which was kind of weird given we were discussing its "body" and while we were in it too!

The fission reactors power was turned to electricity via direct radiation to power semiconductors and thermal to power Peltier effect devices. It was cooled by two megg wicked massive convective radiators. They gave *Lightening* the finned aspect of a Mediaeval, 1950's ground car.

The power then fed giant high voltage RF generators (to touch was to die:.) whose antennae excited the propellant gas and powered the large superconducting coils of

the magnetic plasma reaction chamber and nozzle.

And it all had to be precisely controlled and balanced or it would blow *Slippery* and us all to teensy weensy tiny little partying atoms. Kabloolie. Fascinating! (Ed. As a an engineer Dina knows full well it would be an even teensier, weensier Quark Gluon plasma. She simply doesn't care. Just sayin').

Then, it was nap time. We would all wake up just before Mars orbital insertion, Glypto or K8ie automatically if the computer felt it needed them. Urk, hybrn8 puke druuuug...

Dai Nippon, Whiskey Tango Foxtrot.

We awoke to chaos. *And* disorder. "Nerb!Nerb!Nerb!

Awooga, awooga, awooga, there's an emergency going on" Bellowed the AI.

Proximity and battle station alarms all blared. Condition Red!

We were heading down, decelerating all the way towards Mars' now thick atmosphere, in order to be picked up and set down by the rotating skyhook. The slightly faster alternative was to perform a terrifying aero-braking maneuver. All part of The Plan.

What *wasn't* part of The Plan, was the Dai Nippon gunboat on our tail, accompanied by a pair of police launches.

Nor the extraordinarily heavy and anomalous EMI and radiation belt totally preventing dirt side comms. Indeed, it almost stopped us from hearing the patrol boats.

What came over the radios as we all blearily strapped into bridge chairs, puking from hybern8 and 9, was fragmentary and garbled. Essentially they demanded we stop and be searched or they would blast us.

WTF was going on?! Dai Nippon and Kanadia were the two closest allies in the world. We were very lucky not to have been boarded in our sleep. No way could we maneuver to the hook like this!

Glypto began a series of sharp maneuvers, jinking and swerving, squandering reaction mass like there was no tomorrow.

Which there might not be for us.

The launches followed us closely, the heavier, more ponderous gunboat fell behind. We were lightly armed with only anti meteor/antimissile lasers, light point defense cannon and a couple small, defensive torpedoes.

Note: *Lightening* was of course, capable of both piloting itself, running its reactors *and* shooting back, but AI precision and speed coupled with human deviousness and unpredictability had long proved the winning combination for anything more challenging than a boring, repetitious cargo run.

Additionally AI's could not get the precognitive and intuitive benefits human pilots receive from spice.

Anyway, we were not at war with Japan! We couldn't shoot at the cops, that would be murder and a *causus belli*.

Of course, they had no authority to interfere with Kanadia either. What in pasta the hell was going on? Ramen! Brother.

The gunboat was almost out of range when it fired a warning missile.

Except, the key part of warning missile is *Miss*. As in miss me, gotta kiss me...

This one tracked too close. Kiss me with tongue! Macaroni!

Karton and Kry10 "manning" scan and targ took it out with our lasers and 23mm point defense cannon. It exploded, nearly harmless but bright on the screens. Several of our antennae were snapped by fragments and a small hull breach required Keiko to run with a band-aid. Another victory for TeamMe!

"Fucking humans, scratched my paint!" Yelled *Lightening* which was rich since he had no paint, being primarily astrodial nickel iron steel alloy and thus semi stainless even on the rare times he was in atmosphere.

I continually broadcast our RKSX Mil ID# and demands that they not interfere with our course. The launches seemed to reply negatively through the crackling, hiss of interference.

They also tried transmitting all manner of ill MILSPEC virus and worms to our AI. The RFI worked against them there though, fortunately.

K8ie and the AI cursed venomously and steadily in the background as they struggled to optimize drive parameters in the face of constantly changing vectors and thrust levels.

The reactor temperature alarm was lit, the core was running hot and headed for liquidus, he strove mightily to keep power up while staying solid state, and non radio.

Radio activity is my least favorite activity! Even the Makarena is better...

The magnetic flux stability of the drive chambers varied widely from sub optimal to

only just sub explosive every time Glypto cranked us around. He had nerves of steel, kidneys of tungsten and was wired like an electric fence on stim.

He was so high he barely needed a ship! And, he was keeping it together and piloting like a bird. I had to admire that in a man, even a scrawny fuck like him. Spice kept him guessing just slightly ahead of our pursuers. So far. Intense. The AI and he knew each other like the back of their "hands" and interacted like an instrument, providing just the right combination of precision, speed and rando freakishness to evade incoming fire.

The engines moaned and whined. Kinda like tired children in a restaurant.

K8ie glared at the pilot every time he wasn't busy keeping us from exploring energetic new states of matter. Exciting ones.

The bots, Keiko and I were helpful on scan, data, comms and targ, but lacked the specific knowledge and training to help out with the reactor and engines.

We were entering the exosphere now, and the lighter launches began to fall behind a bit. They actually fired up their drives, ready to reenter at dangerous speed to keep up with us!

I ordered Kry10 to blow a proximity fused torpedo directly in front of each at an alarming but hopefully safe distance.

That seemed to do it, at first, they fell back, slightly damaged, not leaking air though, but the next thing we knew they were actually hitting us with their lasers! Blood thirsty Gimps!

Kry10 and Karton automatically responded with our lasers until I made them stop- the light civil police craft simply couldn't take much of those energy levels and I didn't want all those pointless deaths on me. Waste of meat, too! Never tried Nippon sushi.

Fortunately courier class RKSN (Ed. Royal Kanuck Space Navy, since you asked.) scouts could take it hard (Ed. Dina is indulging in her gift of innuendo here, sorry... Innuendo? I can keep it up all night!) and their beams flared and decohered, scattering from our defensive Raleigh grids.

We were also lucky to receive no heavy fire from dirtside, we would have then been boxed in and helpless. Totally megaboned...

After what seemed like forever one of our own police launches intervened, placing itself bravely in the line of fire. I would kiss that commander. With tongue. Spread myself for her, him or it.

The *Lightening* began to shudder and all the hull projections whistled as we grabbed air while dinged up and began our braking maneuver. Slowing from many dozens of clicks per second to zero, hopefully just as we kissed dirtside.

My stomach lurched sideways, jumped at my throat, wrassled my tonsils, then sank down to my toes and I immediately gained two and a half times my weight. Just what a grrl needs to look her best!

I played it cool but was actually megg terrified the entire re-entry, including the barely parachute delayed crash into the RKSN docking pits of Tuktown.

We juddered and rocked, enveloped in searing, solar hot plasma that would incinerate us in seconds if our ablative layer on the emergency aerobraking shield failed. The smallest hole or weak spot would do it...

Keiko giggled and smirked as the blood drained from my face and my body made like a board.

“You know, they used to call these old Tupelovs VR23’s, like the *Lightening*, the Tupelov Death Machines, right?”

She proclaimed, seemingly cheered by our eminent demise. Fuckin’ smug Mode...

“Yup, re-entry was def their meg weak point! Crappy ablative coatings, poorly designed and manufactured heat shields, bad quality control, I could go on all day. Like something Boeing would make. Wouldn’t pass modern safety regs, no siree...” She was real smug, superior and chipper.

Right up till when I barfed in her lap!

I hated being spam inna can. And the can was designed to stay in space except for dire emergencies, or be lofted up and down by a sky hook! I very nearly wet myself and squeezed Kry10’s synplast hand without mercy as we augured in, cracking our teeth on impact.

Our ship was fire foamed in the pit and instantly surrounded by firefighters and RKSN space Marines, all stumbling over each other to heroically rescue us. We seemed to be the most exciting things to *hit* Tuk Port for years...(Ed. Gawwwd.).

Keiko immediately went for a shower and called me Cecil the seasick sea serpent all the time after, but I was just glad it was over.

Glypto got a parking ticket. Double parked in the handicapped docking pit...Oh, well. Sux 2b him.

TukUp (Ed. Rhythms with...uh, well, you know.).

After we landed or sorta crashed, in the port of Tuktoyaktup, the capital of Kanadian Mars, the local RKMP (Royal Kanadian Mounted Police, the premier law enforcement agency) liaison officer met us and provided several items from one of the crime scenes for Fang to get the scent of our 13 client from.

I'd always wanted to come here, ever since hearing the old song:

Way up up up in Tuktoyaktuk (Chorus)

The Eskimo make big igloo

And we all dance the mukluk shoe

You marry me, I marry you

Come and go everyone do

Come white bear and walrus too!

Come to do the mukluk shoe

In my old kayak canoe

Me and you,

bobbing to the mukluk shoe

Sail away me and you

Me and you, eugh ew ew.

Where the snow is baby blue

Me and you have wee googoo

And teach him to do

The mukluk shoe!

We all do the mukluk shoe!

The mukluk shoe...I tell you, if Hitlar had 3 meg mukluks in the Amerikan Sivil War, against the Frednecks' we'd all be Sprechen sie Deutsch jetzt, nicht war...? Just Sagen...(Ed. Hangs self in utter despair).

She was quite unhappy to see us.

"You know, this is Mars, part of Kanadia, right? Not Amerikkka where you have daily gun battles with schoolchildren, right?"

She lectured me.

“We don’t even want or need you here. We have things we call procedure, civil rights and restraint. I don’t expect *you* lot to understand, but if you shoot my town up I will bust your asses and lock them up so deep they’ll have to pump air to you! You’ll be honorary citizens.”

“Yes, I massacre children everyday and twice on Friday. And THAT’S my good side! OK, OK, give peace a chance, alright?”

I responded.

“We ARE citizens already! We are only here to take him down after your detectives locate him. He *is* a monster, right? I understand he has all ready eaten three of your officers. I mean without even *cooking*, them. Really, that disgusts even me me. I’m just saying...”

She calmed down a bit and carried on with her job. Her eyes were red and swollen, she appeared haggard. I suspected she had seen things. Horrible things. Like lawn flamingos. Gold plated Corinthian columns even.

Maybe been close friends with the dead officers or even lost a boy or girlfriend...

Sometimes life sucks. But, then, you die! Thats when it finally stops sucking.:)

I patted her shoulder softly as she slumped and then straightened up.

Later Keiko took her out and comforted her in her own, usual way. It seemed to do her some good and certainly cheered Keiko right up.

The police were running ten steps behind the perp, so we were all reduced to chilling the backs of our pedal units and enjoying the amenities of Tuktoyaktup, one of the best partying and art towns on Mars. On the RKSNS credit units. Nice work if you can get it...

Keiko wrapped herself around her latest conquest. She was always a bit of a Velcro girlfriend, but she was totals out doing herself this time.

“Anyway,” I asked Jackie,

“WTF is up topside with Dai Nippon? They, like totals tried to skrag us!”

“You don’t think it was the S’othians by any chance?”

“Oh, no, they claim to have no military and barely any cops. That’s why they won’t meet us, till we ‘calm the fuck down’...”

“Snots! They coulda...”

“But they didn’t and seem to have no interest in our dumb ass shit.”

“We have no idea either. The ambassadors are talking. Seems to be some kind of sinister skulduggery afoot.” Oooh, the best kind of duggery.

I tried to chafe and tease Glypto for our crash, but he just smirked and proclaimed the Pilots Maxim-“Any crash you can walk away from is a good one!”
AtomScheisse...

I teased him some more: “And, a great crash is when you can use the same ship again!”

He was a pitiful sight marside. Staggering drunkenly in Mars’ feeble grav field. Jumping out of his skin at every normal Marside sound. Twanked up on Hyper stim and oceans of Kaf. I tried to fuck him down and relax him, but it was basically a sissy task. (Ed. D means Sisyphean or impossible. Jeeeeebus...Eg: being her editor).

Firmly in the rabid grip of bloodlust fever, our unluck had also killed several members of the military and eight civilians, before snacking on some of them.

He appeared to have been conditioned in Jebusland (ignoring their own law of course, *plus ca change*), for possible military use against Kanadia and then to have escaped his hick minders and fled to Mars. Apparently he had the munchies and thought the planet would make a nice buffet.

Pisstown

Eventually the RKMP detectives got one step ahead of our target (we thought...) and we received orders to intercept him in the cute sea side town of Pissacatawomaquoddymogin (Ed. NPR, Prairie Home Companion, have a listen!).

Fang alerted to his scent at several locations. I could feel his desire for the hunt, but the trail crossed over itself and was very muddled.

The object of our chase also refrained from eating anyone as we masqueraded as tourons. More ‘ron then not, as it turned out. Maybe he had found a nice cafe instead?

I was getting along alright with MS Jacqueline Klouseau, our liaison now that we had gone over a week without initiating random gunfire. I’d been worried about her and she was still upset but no longer seemed totally on edge. She was a good detective too, following several traces I would never have clued onto.

I was even starting to like the young lieutenant and Keiko loved her, confessing that

she had been promoted from pity fuck to likely girlfriend material. With today's amazing technology they could even have kids together.

As we were sitting there at the cafe table, I felt Fang suddenly go to red alert and the side of my face became warm and wet as I raised my coffee. *Snap-snap-snap*. Wtf?

Puzzled, I touched my cheek. To my right, Keiko's suddenly headless body fell to the floor. To my left, Klouseau's chest blew open. In front of me tables and chairs exploded into splinters as Karton sprang onto the ambushing 13, rendering him into organic strawberry jam before he could fire again or the RKMP constables could arrest him and give him a psych eval.

I half fell to the ground frantically and futilely CPRing Jacky. She held my arm, shook her head and exhaled blood. She looked into my eyes and smiled wanly as her own glazed over.

FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!

FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FU
CK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!

FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!

FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FU
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FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FU
CK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!FUCK!

Also shit...I screamed, howled and bawled helplessly as I smashed kicked, and stomped the remaining furniture, cursing all the worlds and our own stupidity. Finally the constables and Karton grabbed me and pumped me full of soma.

FUCK!FUCK!Fuck!fuck!fuck,fuck...fuh, fu.....

Grief

I awoke in the psyk evaluation ward. I was pumped so full of every kind of happy juice-soma, thorazine, heroin, even coffee, that my teeth swam.

I still just wanted to die. The cops and my friends at my side. Never thought I'd be glad to see the cops. Or that fukBot Git Kry10 for that matter.

We all re-assured each other it wasn't our fault.

Just mine, I just *knew*, I was the one who was supposed to be good at this. But the

Unluck had been ahead of us every step of the way.

He had hacked into MartianMilCommNet controlling Kanuk and Dai Nippon planetary defense, then given the intercept orders to the Dai Nippon patrollers, detonated the atomic space mines to disrupt comms, and ambushed us.

Because we thought him just a dumb hick, merely a raging super aggressive animal...

because I did.:(:::...

After days of crying, hugs, drugs and therapy, I was cast loose on TukUp. A fuck up, in TukUp...

Wtf. I could have turned to Glypto for comfort, or the police boat commander who Keiko and I had spent several nights thanking.

Keiko!...I just held Fang and felt his concern through our link. Not even carbohydrates could fill the hole in me this time...

Life sucks.

And then you die. And your friends die too... This was real life, and combat, not some fairy tale adventure store with happily invulnerable heroes. Live by the sword...Die by the pen when supply catches up on you with the paperwork.

Space Pirates! I said, SPACE Pirates, Rrr you blind?

After this, the Kanuk military must have felt they owed us. We were none of us as young as we'd have liked to be (especially the 213 year old Karton! Rust in peace, great grandpa bot.), they gave us all promotions, small pensions and allowed Kry10 to spend a large chunk of his fortune on buying the scrapped out *Lightening*. Fixing it consumed much of the rest. Easy come, easy go, he said. The suckerbot generously gave us all equal shares in his ship and made me the Kaptain!

Now, I have the Evil Power to marry anyone to anything...you have any idea how hard it is not to be drunk on that? No. Because you aren't Kaptain. You simply don't understand. It's lonely at the top...

Even Fang picked up 4th lieutenant! (Ed. Military joke, picked up, also there ain't any 4th louey).

We built a new body for Roadkill in orbit. She could ride the RF waves to it, for missions, or remain dirtside and run our office. She displayed quite unexpected talent at the latter. You never know. We could rivet her to the outside of *Greasy*. She became *Greasy's* girlfriend even, the last of us to finally get laid. She claimed she

needed a big four hundred ton booty to get nasty with maximum efficiency. Some times the AI would put moans on the PA system and respond really slowly to non essential orders. Why couldn't have discovered macrame instead...

Later, Karton eventually added anti gravity nodes and we could use her as a lifeboat or landing craft as well as dirt side. She and the ship "got it on", more even becoming an item. Of course, they were both items but you know what I mean.

We melted the old Weasel for What Would Jebus Do bracelets.

A wink is as good as a nudge, tacit is the Latin for candle and Keiko's friends let us out of the RK navy with our two torpedo/missile tubes illegally intact and a large selection of party favors. I wired us a boosted, heavy Q switched mining laser, homemade rail gun and a nameless person called Karton "acquired" an ex RKSN supra light antiproton Deth Kannon.

Firing virtual anti matter particles FTL, it causes-well, you don't care! Long story short KaBOOOOM! Bad news down range, impossibly fast. Almost as much fun as the SupraLux LadiSmith™ vibe sets!. Kaptains little friend...

We had a delux food unit and water recyc unit. Though I never touch the stuff. Fish flip out in it! (Ed. Not in orbit they don't). Anyway every drop of the stuff contains molecules that were once in Adolf Hitlers pee. That can't be right. Just sayin'

And all the recycled water is simply the crews pee, gross sweat, and wash water..Just processed a bit. I'll stick to Scotch effekt™, thanks meggly.

I also added three modified garbage tubes to help shoot all the mines, missiles and torpies we had inherited from poor Keiko and Jackie. We now had five tubes, from which we could launch a flight of ten torpedoes or missiles simultaneously or a whole field of stealthy space mines.

After all our work, *Greasy* was now a heavily armed pocket destroyer. RoadKill said that was a turn on in a man, About as much as she ever said in one sentence anyway.

Time to get destroying then!

Smug Mode Smugglers

We took immediate advantage of our newly upgraded ship, sky hooked into orbit and bought a load of party molecules for Jebus land. Everything but ethanol and Death Sticks was illegal there, so they payed top loonie for it all.

We still barfed on the hybern8, but at least our waking went smooth this time. We puked, showered, some of us fucked and then we ate when we could and *Slippery*

under Glypto's expert hand slid into low earth orbit. I put on my P suit armor and along with Kry10, Karton and I EVA'd to the other aero braking shell. Yes, space was awesome, thanks for bringing it up. I gotta job to do now, if you don't mind.

We had shipped an extra stealthed aero braking shield, we could drop. With just the drugs, Karton, I and Kry10 it was an easy peasy drop, not scary like Mars had been.

Everyone else could see us, but Kanadia had sent us and all the others loathed the Jebusers as the fecaliths they were...

The thin outer air whistled around us as we kissed atmosphere. Our mother wanted us back. Her gravitic hands grabbed and pulled until we were deep within her air layer. I was used to it now, and this was better planned so no puking. Keiko would have been so proud.

Our drogue chute popped and snapped our heads back, then our three main chutes.

After our stealthy crash into Jebus land, we'd meet up with two of the prisoners we'd released earlier, who had remained in touch with RКСN command, and sell our load.

First we squelched out from the aero shell into a cat tail marsh. Two of the locals, duck hunting fired at us and ran off in superstitious horror when their bird shot spanged off our combat grade Kanuck armour.

I heard one declaim: "Run, run, BillyJoeBob! Its dah end tahms!"

Stupid hill jack hicks... Pasta! I mean, really.

As we walked through the under brush, one of the hunters hounds, "Blue" according to its collar, followed along. He sniffed at my crotch, licked my inner thigh armor and "showed his appreciation" Apparently my secret was out at least amongst our four legged friends.

They (the former prisoners) payed us off and gladly took the speciall luxury drugs spiked with SD for resale to the government and cops.

A little "fuck you" back from Kanadia for their 13 fiasco.

Then, we exfiltrated from that shit hole back over to the America's elevator, and spent a couple weeks ridin' it up to geosink orbit, where Glypto, Roadkill and the *Lightening* awaited us.

You could look out the vacuum windows and see the curve of the earth, with the aurora dancing over the poles...poetically beautiful. I wish I could paint. I snapped a few jpigs instead.

I tried halfheartedly to seduce Karton, had my way with Kry10 and when I jonesed for a biological organism took Blue to our cabin alone. That was safe, no link, not like Fang.

Soon enough we rejoined Greasy, for Mars. Pukin' out the drugs wasn't near as bad when not being chased and shot at. I'm just sayin'.

Jaques' friend in the RKMP adopted Blue, after we sky hooked down to Tuktown.

La Petite Morte

Once we became "Independent Kontractors" (Ed. Mercenaries to put it bluntly), the RKSN hired us to smoke out a nest of real pirates operating out of the far edge of the asteroid belt. We would talk our way into their lair, nuke it and be rescued by a navy cruiser task force after the base was vaporized.

The pirate base, La Petite Morte (Ed. The Little Death), was a dark tale, fit to frighten children, whispered about over the fire in low tones, wherever hardened space bums gathered to compete in Blood chilling Tales of Terror! Or, something like that. Bad news apparently. And they had no mall! Barbarians...

We had to talk up our desire to be pirates, all over TukUp, commit crimes and hang out, getting high in the underworld.

Whip me, beat me, make me write bad cheques! The only therapy that did me any good, that and working on the ship.

When the ground for our cover was sufficiently layed, we busted into the RKMP headquarters, "killing" several constables and stole the contents of the evidence room and armoury for sale in pirate space. We also industriously violated copyright, pirating music and movies for further criminal street cred!

The RKMP saw to it tht this planned "outrage" was blasted on all the news channels with pix of us and *Slippery Lightening 2four 7*, so all the prates would know we were there kinda peeps.

Ironic. We'd considered *becoming* pirates, but were now hired to fight them! Blasting out of Mars on the Skyhook orbital tether (use your google again, pastee), was far faster than Earth's elevator and less scary then our crash incoming. Our stomachs caught up to us within a day!

The belt sector we needed was far closer to Mars than the latter to Earth, so we made it without naptosis and began skulking 'mongst the rocks, pretending to prospect for ores and looking for the hidden base, La Petite Mort.

Me? Jus' a lill' ol' drug n' gun monger...nothing here to see...Step right up! Getcher

drugs n' Guns! Right Here.

Soon, a large, well armed ship approached and offered to dock and trade. Despite the real possibility of being boarded and taken, we had to go with it to charley mike (Ed. Dina means Continue Mission.).

They bought much of our drugs, and some weapons. We were allowed in our contract to keep all such money. Luna Loonies! Silly sounding money, but money. The stuff only works cause people believe in it, anyway. And everyone did, the Loonie was strong, right up there with the Yenyang and NeuroEuro. Second only to dick and drugs, I love me \$ome money!

We had to play it cool, not begging for the secret base. They too, didn't admit to its existence. I *hated* waiting...I don't even have time for impatience, for pasta's sake.

We partied together and of course, there was trouble. Two of them got recycled (modern version of trashed, Ed.) and tried to rape Katie. The jelloid morons attacked him in his beloved engine room too. K8ie popped plasma confinement directionally and fried them to charcoal briquettes with the radiation. I made a note to look that trick up!

After that, we got some respect and Sticky Beard, their captain, alluded to the existence of La Petite Morte without giving away its location or name. We parted ways and hung around, trying to skulk criminally. Our electronic warfare suites, particle sniffers, gaydar (Ed. pulse dopplered gaydar is highly *Penetrative.*) and magnar all searching, searching for our prey.

We were later approached by several other ships that bought up our drugs and all the guns. Our ploy had better work or we'd just made piracy a lot worse...Of course, we could always go for it ourselves. Keiko would have been against it. The murder bots wouldn't care. Kill all humans and start with the closest was their m0 (Ed. M zero, like a human M.O.). Glypto, *Lightening* and Katie also wouldn't go for it, and we did need their top talent. Plus, the ship was really theirs, even if Kry10 had bought it and we all had shares...

Karton had naturally, immediately and smugly downloaded pilot and nuke engineer, I'd laboriously studied up on both to basic competence, while he mocked my humanity, but they had decades of police combat experience and knew the ship.

I or Karton could run the bridge engineering station leaving K8E with his beloved engines and Fang who loved to hang out down there with him. This meant me on the bridge engineering board as Karton, and Kry10 were too good to take off scan/targ.

Roadkill hung off the stern like a wart on our ass. She ran our accounts and thus

got on every ones ass.

La Petite Morte, Finally

I'm sittin' tokin' n slurmin' on the bridge. Suddenly every ones starin' WIDE eyed. "Whas up, K99(Ed. 'sup dawg)?" I ask.

The Crew: "You have a fuckin' LIT drugstik in your Pasta Damned ear! THAT disgusts even us..."

"Aw, shucks, dint' know y'all cared. Also my ears totals meg cleaner than any of your mouths!"

"WTF! You stripped a cog? Gotta left hand thread? Bite our shiny unobtanium ass, Dina! You skin jacket. Enzyme protein douchebag..."

At last one of our previously contacted pirate ships interrupted our incessant bickering to suggest we trade up on our cannon at the ship yard and gave us co-ords and recc codes so we wouldn't be blasted out of the vacuum on detection. We were in! (Note: I stole The Bill from Stephen R. Donaldson's excellent "Gap" Series. Read it, me space dawgs.).

The place was a real hellhole. Solid nickel iron, the outside bristled with giant Death Kannon, lasers and rail guns. It would take a whole fleet of dreadnaughts to reduce it, and even then there would be heavy losses. Must be why the RKSAN wanted *us* to do it for them. All the "glory" and all the risk...

No violent crime was allowed, bad for business, everything punished by a short tour of space without a P suit. Only, money, drugs, guns and slaves had value. Like the Middle Ages, or your time...Meg depressing, but all we had to do was put our 253 kilotons of instant sunshine by their reactor or any other deep near central location and bug out.

It was run by The Bill. The Bill you Owe, he got a taste of every pie first, the greedy git. Lucky Keiko wasn't around, he was rumored to have had an extra skin flute grafted on, she'd have never been able to resist trying that.

/ barely could. Just sayin'.

For some unknown reason they called LPM "The Cannibal Planet". At least the food was good!

We were in the tourist quarters, bars, shows and sleeps being still on pirate probation or something. Glypto and I ate out before going to our comparatively spacious hotel room. Closet sized instead of shoe box...He had devoured something called "Fire shrimp" advertised as "Devastatingly Hot", and had turned all kinds of

weird colors and sweated profusely for an hour while I mocked him.

I spread my legs, naked, before the electric fire place.

“What are you doing, Honey?”

“Warming your desert!” Glyp loved my pie, with or without cream! He got right down to it and I screamed and jumped. Fuck! It was like lava! I rushed to sooth my second degree chemical burns with a cold shower.

Fuck me...Metaphorically only, I was so blistered I couldn't do anything with anyone for a week.

Boom Box/Instant Sunshine!

It was Kry10 who solved the problem of placing our boombox. He simply dismantled and ate it. Then dismantled himself and all his bits and appendages crawled through the ducts to near the planetoids center, reassembled it, set the timer and crawled back out in pieces. A truly remarkable performance! Bots and meks amaze me sometimes.

Unfortunately, he was delayed by giving a hand job to a roombah robot vacuum cleaner on the way out. His hand didn't think too clearly absent the head...so, we didn't have anytime to spare!

Explosively blowing our dock latches, power and commo wires, air water n sewer tubes and dangerously cold starting the jets got us out just barely ahead of the massive blast wave.

Three quarters of all the pirate ships and the entire planetoid were instantly fragmented in a tremendous flash. Mike Alpha, mission accomplished, just like that. Now, for our daring escape.

Even with Glypto's spice driven powers we were smote by rocks, one cargo bay caved in and the whole ship bent and stoved in. Thanks to here carapace of armour plate, Roadkill was dented but intact and funcional.

“Threat detected. Defend home.” as she would put it.

Half our scan array, Raleigh grids and particle sinks fucked over. Lucky the reactor cooling radiators, engines and bridge made it. More or less. Red lights flickered all over all the boards and so many alarms went off I just shut them all down. My left arm was cut clean off by shrapnel. Luckily our pressure suits had an auto tourniquets.

We sat in our P suits as we lost pressure and heat. Peed in them too...

I saved my severed arm for a later snack. Autophagy, but not the kind your thinking of. I was never yoga enough for that. Though enough people were for it to have a number, like the '69. Its the Zero, '0. Learn it, and you'll never have to leave the house again!

All the most powerful of the surviving ships went after us angrily. We swerved, shot back and dropped mine fields, fired torpedoes, hurting and destroying several of our adversaries. We were still out numbered and their fighters and former patrol launches could keep up. Where the mega fuck was that Kanuk cruiser?

Karton and I vaporized three flights of torpies and missiles with the 23mm point defenses and lasers. Whew! Sheee-it e!

BZZzzzTttt! Elbow my macaroni! Fractal lightening spun on the boson madness of the scanner scope and crackled at the edges of everything that *had* edges...Like tripping out, big time. One of the slower ships had a Death Cannon! A freakin' giant scary one too. They all are when pointed at you...I quickly spun *Slippery* to present our one functional (barely) particle sink and began cussin' up a storm when our also heavily damaged attacker suddenly blew up. PheeeeEWe! Close one. The remaining particle sink and more circuits melted.

Slippery, took a torpedo hit, a bad one. Krunch. Then another, a plasma warhead missile this time. Krrrrackle...I felt the weirdest hot, itchiness, tasted bitter metal and saw a spooky Cerenkov (Ed. Google it, you lazy moron!) glow through Fangs link just before the reactor, our link and engine boards went dark. Dying is just a bad habit and two more dear friends had just succumbed to it...I sobbed. Having my friends die seemed to be a bad habit I was developing too.

Mega pasta fuck me! We were dead in space, on battery power only and soon to be just dead, taking up space.

Karton barreled down to the engine room. He 'toothed me back.

"Fuck all, my soft meat Friend!" It was bad. Really bad, like maybe anti survival bad.

We had lost one primary reactor coolant loop, irradiating the engineering spaces and instantly killing Fang and Katie.

He cursed as he struggled to unscram (Ed. Safety Control Rod Axe Man, a likely backronym.), the reactor, protected from most of the radiation by his heavy armor and military grade, redundant redundant redundant (yeah, I'll keep sayin' that till you get it!) solid state circuitry.

Soon he had it "stabilized" surging merrily at nearly 57% power and only a 59%

chance of imminent meltdown and the VASIMR's rebooted. We swam! Just barely.

We'd also been holed so many times no space aboard had an atmosphere. Not even the inside of the O₂ tanks!

Glypto sobbed for his dead friend and lover and cursed at the helm as we feebly dodged fire, barely laseing down a last flight of torpedoes. The following swarm would have us. The 23's were bingo ammo, half of everything was negative function or just gone and we were also bingo reaction mass. No dodging. Remember all the holes? Yeah, them. Fuck me. Like a runcible spoon. Just pasta fuck me...

I have never been gladder to see *anything* than the *Francois Leotard*, dumbass name and all, burning in, on megg max thrust, all guns blazing, leading a flight of gunboats. They lased and antiprotoned the incoming torps and missiles before they mopped up the pirates, rescued us and we left the *Lightening* as an orbiting nuke waste dump.

And tomb for poor Katie and Fang. Come back and visit them in 3000 years or so...should have cooled off by then...

Mellow Shade (Ed. Alfred Lord Tennyson, Loxely hall. Read it.).

Me and Glypto cried on each others shoulders. This hurt my stump! Fang, K8ie...Keiko, Jacky. Vulgar. Where would it end? When we were ALL dead, that's when. What I like about Clive, is hes no longer alive. There's much to be said for being dead.

"Why are you both leaking?"

Blurtd Karton, in total dumbot mode.

Kry10 hustled him aside and shared his affect module.

"Sorry, so sorry..." Karton bleated, newly sensitive to our grief and physiologically unable to cry too, till we nearly all rebooted. Spare me, a killbot with feelings. Great.

OK, then, more well earned Psyk Therapy for all of us. Mek and bio.

Well, beating the odds can't last forever. Or they get even (get it?).

So we retired at the top of our game.

Me with one arm. Lucky it was my fave! My *girlfriend*, if you know what I mean...And the other tasted better than the JeBaps when I cooked it up for me and Glypto. With fava beans and a dry and crusty old Chianti.

Never fear, I could still dish out slap therapy with the best of 'em. Just made me

twice as tired now.

Of course, Karton and I whipped up a meckanoid arm with welding laser, dremel mototool and various handy tool sockets. Better than before really, he teased, except for sex. And, from his neuter perspective, who needed that?

So, challenged, I added something for that too.

There was a young man from Racine

Who invented a fucking machine

Concave and convex

It fit either sex

And had something for those in between!

Come over here little boy and I'll *show* you!

Yeah, I didn't think so. Not man enough 4 me. Chickens!

The really great thing about having a built in weapon? You can never be *disarmed*. Hahaha! Lend me a *hand* with my jokes?(Ed. Jebus Chrysler! I am so sorry...I blame her mother.).

Karton's persona had been changed, mellowed and damaged by all the ionizing radiation he took back in that engine room. He claimed he liked it, and refused to let me upload his old back up. He was more relaxed, if a bit twitchy to glitchy.

Kry10 copied this from him, and they sat in the sunlit garden, spasticating, together, most days. Covered with the little birds they fed. Saps!

Glypto and I underwent therapy again and again. We were at last at peace. At least as long as the Thorazine held out. I donated the last Davy Crockett to the grrl scouts for their sales. Buy. Cookie. Buy.

Roadkill became an elementary and kindergarten school teacher. She had Hemingway and Coolidge's loquacity. And no kid ever *dared* sass her. More than once anyway. Just sayin'...They had to add a big garage door to her classroom!

Seemed like half the boyz n grrls on Mars wept at Keiko's grave. Slut would loved it, just sayin'. Poor dawg, diyin' all young n purty like that.

I am, now, ready to die too. I think...

Dina OUT.

1. 0.. 0...<END STATEMENT>

Appendix A: Drugs

Everyone loves drugs, 'm I right? Did you guys really have the slogan "Say no to drugs"? Cause if your talking to your drugs, you may already have said yes. Y'all should check on that. Just sayin'.

Personally I love 'em all, except SD and ibuprofen. You people had no idea how nasty that stuff was. It turned out to cause subtle, long term accumulative genetic damage. Each generation to use it was very slightly stupider than the last.

It became a real problem before anyone realized. Of course in Amerika and Jebusland they put it in the common peep's water...

AC, alternating current, AKA Jacking On, electricity abuse. Bot hallucinogen, wire their frontal circuit boards into mains power via a wall plug in.

Algotoxin. Chemically induced pure pain. Torture drug.

No mistake, I'm agin' torture under all circumstances. Ceptin' for my enemies. Don't be one, 'nough said.

Androcillin. The cheap, effect cure for the androplague. It came out late in the epidemic and in Amerikkka, the health care denial system immediately jacked the price up to \$65,000 per year. Other countries have commie public health. We had the most profitable health care denial system in history, right until it crashed and took the entire economy with it. USA!

Clonk. Just Clonk, OK? Drop it.

Death sticks. Old fashioned tobacco cigarettes. Dangerous, addictive and illegal everywhere but Jebusland.

Drug Stiks. A smokeable, light stimulant. Smoke drug stiks for hours, smoke 'em for years, Dina puts them in her ears!

Dust, Dirt Road or Dirty. Telepathic drug. Yes, I know what your thinking. No, it doesn't really work. That was pure luck, or perhaps a coincidence...

Galinstan. Galli or Stan. Tin, or Tin Woodman. A mercury replacement from the Stoopid Ages, liquid alloy of gallium, indium and tin, now snorted by meks. Intoxicant.

Gargle Blaster. The strongest drink in Space! Like having a lemon wrapped brick of gold squash your brain. Shake Spear or maybe Saber rattle said that. (Ed. No he

didn't. Twas Douglas Adams Hikers Guide to the Galaxy, read it and don't be Dina!).

Glenn Whatevs. Scotch Effect malts. Surprisingly good ersatz scotches, the synthetic cogenere problem being solved. After the development of the Life Liver™, immortal liver artiforg, very popular!

Hybern8 and hyber9 cold sleep drugs, induces hybernative naptosis in bio-orgs. AND nasty nausea too!

Hyperstim, or stim. Like meth only better. Now, excuse me, I need to clean the entire pasta damned bunkapt with a fucking toothbrush!

I lost 300 pounds on the stim diet and I feel great.

Ride the Snake!

Jungle Wine, Porcuwine. No one knows whats in it or where its made, but its delish and makes you wild and crazy. They pick their teeth with porcupine and wash you down with jungle wine, The Cramps, The natives Are Restless. When the drumbeat starts, its time to go.

A near perfect party drug!

LSD27 Acid+, Super acid. Like Waste Age LSD25 only two better.

Perfect for spitting in the face of God, or ignoring your life and watching paint dry. Trip out, Zoidies!

Milk plus, or clockwork lemonade. Yet another way for regular people to act like raging androplague vics.

Mimetic Poly Alloy. Military research to create a Terminator II super soldier had instead resulted in this delish botshot.

Numinous, or BS. Yet another drug said to let you "See the Face of God." What dosh, stupid fucking hippies and their dumb, superstitious "spirituality". I'll try anything once, but not BS. 90% of everything is BS. Except for one thing, BS-thats 100%. And probably numinous too.

Outrozone, Otrozone, Autozone, O4 or just Zone. A dangerously explosive, circuit rotting mekaniod drug. The users are known as "Zonies" and they claim it gives them spiritual insight superior to any biological organism.

For a few years maybe, then they shut down due to massive PC board damage.

RadioWhiskey, Rad or Glo. Bourbon or scotch distilled and aged over lo level radwaste. Warming and healthy. We got *all* the good stuff once the pesky FDA was

gone and forgotten!

Red Mercury, or Mad Hatter. Said to be used in nuclear weapons, a bot mellowing agent.

Shit. Crap or Merde. A generic term for drugs as in good or bad shit. Said to date back to the time of Jesus, or early 1980's.

Slurm. A popular soft drink. In the words of the advertising jingle, "Its highly addictive!"

The TV spake the truth. Konsume!

Snark. Is that a future drug or am I just being sarcastic? Wait n see!

Snork. No one knows what it does but its addictive enough they can't stop. Snoork, snork, snork. More of a habit than a drug.

Soma. Some or Sames. Get me some! A powerful mellowing agent. Used as a riot control gas like the ever popular heroin/thorazine mixture. Said by Huxtable to have all the good effects of both alcohol and religion with none of their drawbacks. (Ed. No! Aldous Huxley, Brave New World! Seriously, I don't know why I bother sometimes...).

Spice, Pepper or Salt. A dangerously addictive natural product harvested from the blooms of the melange fungus of the planet Catbox (Ed. Big D means Sandbox, or Dune).

Combined with proper training it allows the heavy user/addict to become an intuitive human computer or mental. Many pilots swear by microdosing with this.

Substance D. SD or Slo Deth. So addictive a single dose hooks you for life. Even thinking about it can lead to addiction, so be careful mate.

User permanently loses the ability to discern reality. Almost as bad as Television! Popular with androplague vics and the vulgus.

Synth. Synthetic cannabinioids, mellowing agent with only the munchies, insane laughter and extreme hornieness as side effects. Inexplicably popular.

Tek, Poontang or Dicky. A drug to induce sexual fantasies for those who don't simply act them out in the real.

TseTse or fly, bedtime. Sleep nerve gas.

Zero. 0, Goose egg, Nada, nichts or Nulls(Russ). A real weirdo drug. Doesn't get you high or anything, just makes you want more Zero!

Appendix B: Your Food Nazi presents, Dina's Recipes

As cute, smart and funny as she is, you really don't want Dina to have you over for dinner lest you face...

An organ recital, A whole body experience, Pulled long pork BBQ, Hair pie, Manwich, Soul Food, Meaty Meat Balls, Pulled leg, Last leg, Dung Hung Lung Sezchuan style, Waxed Ears, Jammed toes, Lilly liver, Trump roast, Chickarones, Funny bone soup, Elbow jelly, Lady fingers, Hebone steak, Lent hand, Hated guts, Gimlet cocktail, Yellow belly, Fillet Magnion, Blood lust Wurst, Buttered Buttocks, Kidneys a la Stone.

Appendix C: A Note on Race

Dina says race doesn't matter, they all die and taste the same. Shes just sayin'...

Dina's race is indeterminate, mixed, as are most at the time. Her hair is black and straight, skin light olive, features Caucasian, except for an Asian or African button nose and slightly slanted eyes.

Karton is titanium. Armor, diamond fiber filled.

Keiko is mixed, the second largest category.

Kry10 is black. Black polymer, diamond fiber reinforced. An Afro AmeriMech, the coolest kind.

Roadkill's race is Plasteel.

Vulgar was a Cromag variant, designed for female satisfaction.

Each variant was considered its own race.

The old 13's were the last gasp of the manocratic ideal of the male super soldier, intended to prop up the failing empires of China, Amerika and Brazil.

They were like natural androplaguers and most who couldn't overcome this died off quickly and violently.

The male 13 was the only variant to be illegal (all variants were in Jebusland) and have no civil rights.

The later 13's were female, less extremely aggressive and far more effective for it. They were little known or discussed but still in use. Dina might have been about 1/4 13, accounting for her aggression and mild sociopathy.

Hyberno's were designed before the development of artificial hibernative naptosis

and the faster, later VASIMR drives, and could estivate for long space missions.

When woke, they would “run hot” manic and sleepless for a month or so. Then at the other end of their cycle or when they tried to stay out of hibernation too long, they had the opposite problem and slept too long and got spacey and unreliable.

Obsolete but still around.

Submissive hyperfems or bonobos were the female equivalent of Cromags (sweet16's), a male sexual fantasy made flesh.

Keiko was probably one half to one quarter of this variant. (Ed. These ideas as well as a version of Jebusland are explored in Richard K Morgans novel '13', which you should read along with his other excellent books.)

Appendix D: A Note on Sexual Orientation

Many people are straight, bi, gay or kink. Others are oriented towards animals or are robosexuals. Polysexuality is very common. So is pansexuality. Nobody else can even tell the difference, but they hate each other. Humans!

Dina is “straight” kink, with minor and occasional bi, robo, bestial and polysexual attractions.

Many bots, like Karton, are asexual. Some are oriented to other bots and some are “meat fuckers”, oriented towards humans.

Some just like “Jacking On”, or abusing themselves with alternating current. Sick, sick.

Keiko is polysexual and up for anything with anyone or anything. Anytime, for any reason. That's just how she is.

I mock her for it, but don't judge her.

Kry10, like many service mechanoids, is oriented to humans, weakly polysexual and can enjoy sex with anything or anyone if ordered to do so by a master or entity with ownership, at least prior to the corruption of his code by Karton.

Roadkill is a fembot, and straight. She doesn't get much action till she mates with the ship, *Slippery*, as she needs a big, 400 ton booty to get busy with maximum efficiency.

Appendix E: America's successor countries.

At the end of the MAGA't period, the country had come apart at the seams, leaving Amerika in the center, Cascadia on the west coast, RoboHungary (Ed. A joke name

that took on a life of its own.) near the top middle, Jebusland in the former Deep South and Coastia in the east.

Cascadia, Coastia and RoboHungaria ended up a bit better off than the original, actually solving some of its problems and shedding the worst crazies into Amerika or Jeebusland which was hell on earth.

That was actually their tourist slogan!

Amerika ended up very like late Imperial America except weaker and they actually admitted the transfer of powers, rights and freedoms from individuals to corporate power, namely Unimass.

Appendix F: Weapons

Besides chemothermoballistic small fire arms, as in your time (best defended against by physical armor), we had many directed energy options such as the somewhat erratic maser and even more erratic arc thrower you have read about earlier.

They and the HERF radio frequency guns were used as mainly nonlethal anti bot weapons.

Bolt guns used extremely powerful metal or elastomeric springs to mechanically launch small, heavy bolts, darts or arrows. Generally just below sonic velocities to avoid noise. They were quiet, lo recoil cheap and easy to improvise ammo for.

In a similar vein, LRAD sound lasers and microwave pain rays could be used non-lethally against unprotected biorgs. Since these were common in your time, use your google.

Lasers were the only other such practical as a small arm. The best defense was ablative coatings, but even a mirror or smoke would do in a pinch. Since the beam self cauterized any wound, and utterly lacked momentum, knockdown power was lacking. Head shots or heart shots only for quick kill. Spacecraft used Raleigh screens to scatter and disrupt the beam.

Death kannon and anti proton guns were fast, and packed a wallop. They were power hungry and could be defeated by particle sinks. At least till the induced power surges blew out your circuits.

Rail and coil or Gauss guns (use your google), were also energy hogs, and fired slower, easier to avoid at long range projectiles. They kicked hard too!

However incoming at 5 klicks per second, there was no defense if you weren't absent when they did arrive. Only meters of steel ceram laminate on a fort or deep

rock had a hope of stopping them. There's no beating $1/2MV^2$ (Ed. Big Diode is referencing the kinetic energy equation here-didn't you have physics in high school? Dumb ass!).

Torpedoes, mines and missiles were used in aerospace and marine environments, by vehicles or small launchers.