

# TABOO SCIENCE FICTION #4

TABOO SCIENCE FICTION is written and published when an issue is completed by Richard E. Geis from P.O. Box 11408, Portland OR 97211-0408, USA. And from [RERWINGEIS@cs.com](mailto:RERWINGEIS@cs.com) Copyright 2003 by Richard E. Geis. All rights reserved.

## Contents

**MUSINGS OF THE DAY 10-23-02, 12-1-03**

**PLASM**

**DEAR GOD**

**GIVING HEAD**

**HUMAN DOCUMENT BTT248**

## **MUSINGS OF THE DAY 10-23-02**

I'm depressed. Reality does that to my Self. Today, in Yahoo's Checkers, I blew about 70 points of my precious rating in their system.

It's all about winning and losing checker games. Worldwide competition. Anguish, rage, VICTORY!

I've been as high as 1560, and as low recently as 1350... I've about decided---after six or seven ups and downs over six months---that I am naturally about a 1450 player and have no real hope of EVER reaching into 1700...1800...2000....

So what's the point of all the turmoil, struggle, frustration, if, realistically, I'm not ever going to be a really superior player, and if losing jerks my yin into yang knots?

Will 'A Good Checker Player' be on my tombstone? Or even inscribed on my ashes urn? I don't think so!

So I am journeying out of Checkers, more and more frequently, swearing mighty oaths to never get back into Yahoo Games {because finally leaving any failed or failing obsession is a process, a multi-exiting event, not just a once-and-out cataclysmic leaving}.

I am spending more and more time at the keyboard writing taboo fiction. Why not? If "immortality" is my goal (and I think it is in some fantasy ego dream way), then writing in sf-fantasy-horror is my best bet. {Though I may have already achieved literary footnote immortality for Science Fiction Review and very marginally for my sex novels.}

But more to the point is the pleasure principle: I enjoy writing, finding the right word, turning a phrase, making an acute observation...

Writing is a pleasure which makes life worth living, say I virtuously, I'm realizing more and more, again and again.

So I'll keep on with it and hope some readers enjoy my odd speculative fiction mixture of sex and adventures.

### **MUSINGS OF THE DAY 12-1-03**

This is disgusting. I still play Checkers in Yahoo, but with very diminished enthusiasm, at the mid-1500 level. Been as high as 1661 and as low as 1378 since I wrote the above Musings. It's all a waste of precious time (at age76) and I'm so ashamed.

I'm writing this on my new Compaq notebook, in bed, propped up on a backrest and a pillow. I bought this machine for this bed-writing purpose, anticipating that I'll be spending more and more time recumbent due to spine pain, hip pain and deteriorating balance problems which make walking and sitting in an office chair at my desk more and more difficult and avoided.

So here I recumb, determined to write more than an occasional short story, informing you all of my current situation. My Geisian ego demands it. My inner guest, Alterego, also demands it. He---

"I can type for myself, Geis! I'm fucking sick and tired of your laziness and self-indulgence. You will write your fiction and you will send it to fandom's depository [eFanzines.com] for the enjoyment of fandoms and readers to come, and that's the end of this interchange!"

I hear and obey, Alter. But first a visit to the bathroom. Damn this enlarging prostate.

## **PLASM**

Copyright 2003 by Richard E. Geis

Suzi Fisher's bedroom was lit by two flickering Love candles. Weird shadows danced on the old, flowered wallpaper.

She pressed against her new, silent lover's big, naked body, noting in a corner of her mind that his flesh was suddenly soft and clammy cold. She could feel her warm, erect nipple deeply indenting the soft flesh of his cool chest. How could that be?

She frowned and fingered his skin, seeking the hard, sharply defined muscles she'd admired only moments before.

His flesh was cool, and ... there was no movement! No breathing!  
No heartbeat!

Suzi drew a sharp, quavering breath and pressed her hand against him for leverage, to push herself up and away. "Derek!"

But her fingers sank into his flesh as if into butter --- ripping through a slightly resisting surface 'skin' and through an inch of gooey substance --- and down into an impossibly empty chest cavity which hissed cool air around her forearm --- until her fingers squished through his flimsy back to the rose and white Cupid pattern bed sheet.

She screamed and recoiled, jerking her slender arm out of him. There was no blood.

His body was slowly collapsing, deflating, shrinking, melting!

Derek --- the thing that had been Derek --- made a horrible sound as it sat up and floated off the bed. His head warped and flexed, losing shape by the second. His blue eyes rotated and bulged horribly in their sockets.

Suzi screamed again, more softly, frozen with terror.

She held her hand away from her body as the gooey, whitish substance on her fingers, wrist and forearm dripped and melted into nothingness.

The thing that had been a naked man silently shrank through the air to the darkness of an alcove.

She scrambled off the bed and saw his strewn clothes on the floor --- even his shoes --- melting, dribbling away into nothing. She darted into the nearby bathroom.

She slammed the door, clawed the lock, slapped the lights on and went to her knees at the toilet, vomiting helplessly.

Two hours later, at 3 am, after an endless too-hot shower, she brought herself to unlock the door and ease it open. She gasped with renewed fear but listened, and could only hear her own, shaky breathing.

She clutched a pair of scissors and wore a flimsy pink robe. She tasted mouth wash, and her stomach still roiled weakly from memories of what she had done with and to that thing.

Her Love candles were now flickering pink stumps on the bedside tables.

Suzi turned on lights and slowly searched her apartment. She called, "Derek?" softly.

There was not a trace of him or his clothes. She realized even his expensive-appearing wrist watch and rings had melted away.

In her living room, she settled into her high-backed sofa and stared at the dark windows for a long time. She knew no one would believe her.

There was no one she trusted enough to tell. Maybe her next-cubicle friend and lunch-buddy at work, Martha. No, not even Martha.

Had Derek been a demon? A ghost? What had happened? That awful melting seemed to have surprised him, too. That couldn't happen to a demon, could it? But how could a ghost want sex? Wasn't sex supposed to be out of the picture after death?

She sat and puzzled for a long time. She didn't really believe in Satan and his supposed hordes of demons. But she did believe in an afterlife and some kind of next step for the soul.

So how did this thing fit in? He'd been so real! So charming! So attentive and caring and physical!

Suzi fell asleep on the sofa and slept till past ten. She called in sick.

That afternoon, as she was depositing trash and garbage in the dumpster box in the alley behind the old apartment house, She heard, "Hey, Suzi, what was that screaming about last night? You two kept me awake."

She knew the grating voice and the loathsome old creep who owned it. Milo Grondin, a fat, dirty, disabled man. He lived in a cheap housekeeping room one floor up, over her bedroom.

She had visions of him with one ear pressed to his floor, listening, open-mouthed, to what he could glean from the muffled sounds. God knew she knew his TV viewing habits, his choice of radio talk shows, even when he masturbated from the fast creaking of his bed.

Milo dropped a plastic bag full of wine bottles into the steel dumpster and grinned as she jumped at the loud crashing, breaking sound. He limped one step closer. "Never heard you come that loud before. That guy have ten inches? Huh?"

Suzi's stomach curdled. "You shut up! Stop talking to me that way! Leave me alone!" Milo seemed always to appear when she left her apartment. She was sure he stalked her. She backed away from him, out of reach and out of the miasma of sour smells he exuded all the time.

He scratched his gray-stubbed face. "Me, can't compete that way, but I'm damned good in the tongue department, if I do say ---"

"Stay away from me!" She rushed away, furious, flushing.

As she hurried down the smelly, old, wall-papered hallway to her apartment, she wondered again why she couldn't ever meet a man who would want her for longer than an evening? It wasn't fair! She was slender, blonde, big-busted, did everything they wanted, and laughed at all their jokes!

But even a "Derek" ghost thing ran out of gas and just melted away! He probably let it happen deliberately! What an awful way to end a

relationship!

Back in her apartment, Suzi realized she had decided somehow that the “Derek” thing had surely been a ghost of some kind. A very real, solid male ghost for all but about twenty seconds. Granted, that twenty seconds had scared the shit out of her.

She admitted she had liked him a lot. He had been incredibly handsome. Why had he --- it --- chosen her?

That evening as she picked at her microwaved Healthy Budget chicken dinner the thought came: Would she ever see him again? Would he come back to her?

Her chest tightened and she found breathing a bit difficult. Fear crawled in her stomach.

She set about cleaning her apartment and noticed she was watching the clock. Waiting.

Did his kind of ghost only get solid at night? Could he exist in sunlight? She was confused.

At nine pm Suzi took two fresh pink Love candles from her dresser drawer, lit them, and placed them in their ceramic hands holders.

At ten pm Suzi was in bed, propped up in her cupid-patterned sheets, quilt, and pillows, wearing her most daring see-through teddy, reading a romance novel by a clip-on light.

A sound?

She stopped breathing, listening.

Her gaze darted around the shadowy bedroom. Was she hallucinating? “Derek?”

“Suzi...”

Her heart began pounding. Her mouth and eyes opened wide. She saw him materialize in the air at the foot of the bed. Like a developing film.

It was Derek as they had met in the tavern. He was dressed in the identical, expensive, casual outfit as before. He breathed! He shifted on his feet and the floor creaked! He smiled, winked and said, “Suzi---”

Dry-mouthed, she asked weakly, “What are you?”

He nodded. “All right. That’s fair. I’m what you call a ghost. A spirit whose body died but who couldn’t let go of the Physical Realm.”

She stared at him, seeking some clue to his reality. But except for his identical outfit and the same lock of black hair that seemed permanently flipped onto his forehead, he seemed utterly real.

She tried to focus on his words. “You mean dead people have that choice?”

“Maybe one spirit in ten million is unhappy in the Spirit Realm. A

few 'take the tour' and choose.... We few 'meat lovers' return to The Fringe, the border." He smiled ruefully. "It's a kind of hellish existence. We do nothing but enjoy the Physical Realm."

"Why is it hellish? How do you live? How do you get solid like this?"

"Well... We create these physical bodies and clothes out of spiritual energy."

"Just by wishing them?"

"You could say it that way."

"And you just indulge in physical sensations when you're hard?"

Suzi abruptly blushed violently.

"Yes." Derek smiled. "We never got nearly enough when we were alive, so we few are gluttons for pleasure now."

Suzi scowled. "You mean just sex sensations?"

"Yes. In a way it's a very lonely life, if you can call it a life."

"That's horrible and disgusting."

"I suppose it is, but it's very enjoyable. And you must admit, I give as much or more than I get." Derek sidled around the corner of Suzi's bed.

But she said fiercely, "No! Don't come any closer!" He smiled so understandingly and sat on the side edge.

She was rattled. His male presence was so powerful! She asked, "So, you're kind of a ghost?"

He nodded. "Yes, as I said. But I owe you a heartfelt apology, Suzi, for what happened here last night when I dematerialized. It must have been awful for you."

She nodded. "Scared the pee out of me."

"I am so sorry. But I was so enthralled with your beauty and your so enthusiastic lovemaking..." He slid his right hand over the pink striped quilt toward her bare right foot.

"No!" Suzi drew her knees up to her chin and hugged her legs.

"What do you think I am?"

"I think you're a beautiful, perceptive, open-minded young woman who has had a rare adventure. You ---"

"We've got to talk. I don't know enough about you. This is crazy!"

"Of course. I want you to be comfortable with me."

She blinked. That sounded like he had long-term plans. Her lips became dry. She asked, "Is sex all you can do in the physical world? Can't you eat or drink?"

"Yes, nothing but sex. I can't swallow food or liquids. It would take an impossible amount of plasm to construct a stomach and all the other

inside organs. And as you know, I do not ejaculate.”

She nodded, uncomfortable to be pushed into those memories. He’d said he was sterile. He certainly was. She almost smiled.

She concentrated on another line of thought. “For instance, how exactly do you get solid if you’re a spirit? And can you be solid like this all the time?”

“Alas, no. It takes too much energy to be solid for more than a few hours at a time. Most of the time I drift around in The Fringe, invisible, watching people through The Veil, keeping up with all the new entertainments and pastimes.”

Suzi said, “You sure can dance!” Then she asked, “How old are you? You look about thirty.”

“I died at age thirty-two.”

Something in his tone tipped her. “Yeah, but what year?”

He evaded. “I’ve got dozens of women I can make love with. But I want you, Suzi. I was so overcome by you last night I neglected my energy level and that disaster happened. I ---”

“Derek, when did you die?”

“It doesn’t matter. In the Spirit Realm, even in The Fringe, I’m ageless.”

“When did you die?”

His face hardened. “You want honesty? I was hung for killing a card sharp in Dry Hole, Nevada, in eighteen seventy-five.”

“Oh.” She was surprised. It added a big gulp of strange to be talking to a solid ghost who could make love and who was that old.

Suzi got her mind back on track. “But is this body like the body you had before you died?”

“Not exactly.” Derek grinned crookedly. “I had pockmarks on my face, and I was smaller and scrawnier.”

“So this body is sort of an ideal?”

“Yes. Let’s add more honesty. I adjust my plasmic body to appeal to each desirable woman I want.”

“Plasmic?”

“This physical stuff.”

“Oh.” She scowled, “So if you left me now to visit another woman, you’d change your face and body and clothes and stuff to appeal to her? Just like that?”

He shrugged. “Yes. I’m much like you in some ways. You change clothes and decoration and hair styles and hair color and eye color and skin color to appeal to different men. You shape your expanded breasts with a

harness, you had your nose shaped, your tummy tucked, much of your body hair removed, your top hair bleached, your body pierced, and you wear fake tattoos...”

Suzi paled and trembled. “All right! You’ve made your point.” She felt terribly naked to him. This man ghost knew her too well.

“Yes,” he said. “We will do anything to get what we want.” He smiled, and it seemed a true, affectionate expression. “I’m artificial and shallow, and so are you. Like attracts like. And you seem able to handle this new level of reality I bring to you.”

She blurted, “No, I’ve got guts, which is more than you can say.”

She glowed at his laughter and gentle clapping of hands.

Did he really like her? Yes! She was sure of it! She tried to hide her trembling. After confused, scatterbrained seconds, Suzi asked, “Do you read minds, too?”

“No. But I know body language and the shadings of tone and inflection. Those never change. It’s biology as much as psychology.”

“So I guess a girl hasn’t a chance against you.”

“No.” Derek smiled and edged closer to her. “Not if I really want her.”

Suzi swallowed and breathed fast with excitement and fear. “Do you really want me?”

“Oh, yes.”

She watched his right hand come to her. It was warm and strong and big and very real. She moaned at his knowing touch. And then his lips took her mouth and she sank into trembling, shivering, terrified surrender.

Much later, Suzi lay beside him with loose immodesty and sleepy gratitude.

She responded to a niggling worry. “Derek? You’re not going to collapse again, are you?” She poked at his chest.

He chuckled. “No. My reserve is fine. But I’m going to have to leave you soon for a few hours.”

“To fill up your spiritual energy gas tank?”

“It comes to that.”

“How exactly do you do it?”

“All right. Reality test number two. After I was hung and had roamed the Spirit Realm and found I couldn’t give up the Physical Realm, a fellow spirit loaned me a reserve of energy and taught me how to use it to become physical. He taught me the way to take spiritual energy from the living. He taught me the rules of The Fringe existence, and how to penetrate The Veil.”

“That was nice of him.”

“I had to pay back triple. When it comes to energy ---”

“But how do you do it? How do you take spiritual energy from live people?”

“Why don’t I show you? Is there anybody in this building you don’t like? Somebody you hate?”

Milo Grondin!

Suzi nodded. “There sure is! An old, dirty creep who lives right over me. He’s right up there now.” She pointed.

Five minutes later, Suzi --- dressed in jeans and a tight knit pullover (with no bra)--- left her apartment, went up the stairs and knocked on Milo’s door. Derek accompanied her in spirit mode. She had watched him dematerialize a moment ago. It wasn’t so scary the second time.

Derek whispered in her ear, “Just get inside and shut the door.”

She nodded and heard Milo call grumpily, “Who is it?”

She took a deep breath. “It’s Suzi Fisher, from downstairs.”

The door opened a few inches and Milo gaped at her. He stood in underwear and socks. “Wha---?”

She watched his eyes gravitate to her breasts and stick-out nipples. She purred, “I’m sorry to bother you, but there’s something I need you to do for me.” His smell emerged into the hall.

He blinked stupidly. This was monumental! “What?”

“I’m not going to tell you from out here! May I come in?”

It still took him three seconds to act. “Shit, yes!” He opened his door wide and stood aside.

Suzi entered, disgusted, and casually closed the door. She heard Derek’s faint voice in her ear, “This won’t be pretty, but it’s what we must do to be with each other.”

She nodded. Her heart was beating hard! She licked her lips.

Derek materialized swiftly.

Milo’s jaw dropped and his eyes widened. He paled. ”What the fuck? What is this? What’s going --- “

Derek hadn’t bothered to materialize in clothes. Why waste the energy? He was suddenly there before Milo Grondin, big, naked, powerful, ferocious as he seized the older man’s grizzled head with both hands and sank fingers into Milo’s skull.

Not physical fingers. The plasm bunched at the points of entry as Derek’s spirit fingers delved deep into the brain. Seeking.

Milo’s eyes and tongue bulged. He squawked and shook helplessly in the ghost’s implacable grip, a dangling 200 lb. mass of blubber and organs and fluids.

Suzi gasped with shock and excitement. She pressed her fists to her mouth and retreated until she was backed against the crusted gas stove and the old, growling refrigerator.

Derek's invading spirit fingers found what they had been seeking in Milo's brain. A flow of energy seemed to illuminate his hands and wrists and arms and to glow his naked, human body. The energy pulsed from Milo to Derek, and Milo visibly paled and turned gray.

Suzi felt tears in her eyes as it seemed Derek was intent on draining all life from Milo. Milo's body gave up and voided wastes from bladder and bowels. A terrible stink filled the room.

Suzi cried out, "Oh, God, Derek! Don't kill him!"

Derek gritted, "I'm not. Just short of it. Giving him a vegetable stroke."

A few seconds later, Derek dropped Milo. The old cripple thudded to the bare, waste-spattered floor. He made small, distorted mouth mewling cries and incomplete left arm and left leg movements.

Derek nodded. "Get down to your apartment, now, Suzi. I'll be with you in a few minutes." He began to dematerialize.

She was terrified of being left alone with what was now Milo in the small, filthy room. She hurried out, barely thinking to close the door behind her.

She returned to her apartment and paced the floor, waiting for Derek. Where was he? What was he doing?

Derek appeared behind her three hours later as she fixed soup and a bacon and cheese and sliced tomato sandwich for herself.

He said, "I'm back, darling." He hadn't bothered, again, with clothes. He stood tall, handsome, radiating power and energy, proudly and insistently erect.

Suzi jumped and whirled around. "God! Where have you been?" She fought her instant reaction, her feeling of need for his possessiveness, for his physical body, his skills and his dominance. Then her mind screamed, It isn't human!

"Paying back my energy debt. I had to borrow again the other night when I had that memory and energy lapse with you." He smiled. "We don't have energy banks where a spirit can make deposits and then withdrawals."

"What a terrible system! How many old people do you kill or drain into stroke in order to maintain your life style?" She was very angry. She used her rage to evade his appeal.

Derek replied, "Not many. Two or three a week. Why should all that spirit energy go to waste? They just dribble it away to nothing as they

slowly die. You think Physical people with fatal diseases enjoy dying by inches every day for years?"

"That's some kind of fake argument! And Milo wasn't dying!"

"You fingered him, Suzi. You wanted him gone. You seduced your way into his room so I could suck him almost dry."

"I didn't mean for him to end up like that! You should have told me!"

"You didn't really want to know. Just like you want a turkey dinner once in a while, but don't want to know the turkey dies hanging upside down on a hook with its throat slashed, bleeding to death, along with hundreds of others." Derek noticed her slight cringe. "What's the matter? Can't you handle the truth?"

"That's different. Turkeys don't have souls."

Derek laughed. "You know nothing of the Spirit Realm. The ecologies are fascinating."

"I don't care! I know you're a monster. I think I've been finding a whole string of junior grade monsters all my life, and I don't know why! But you take the cake! A fucking ghost! Literally, a fucking ghost!"

"Which you love to fuck." Derek laughed and reached a hand for her.

She pushed his hand away. "Leave me alone."

"Ah, Suzi, we need each other. When you die you'll be like me, in The Fringe, refusing the Spirit Realm, bonded to me through the coming centuries, enjoying everything with me in ways and in places you cannot now imagine."

"No, I won't. You're a murderer, and I will not be a murderer!" She turned her back to him and gripped a kitchen slicing knife in her right hand. "Go away!"

She closed her eyes tight. "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Leave me alone..."

She heard and sensed Derek coming close behind her. She pictured his confident grin and imagined the sensation of his big, warm hands sliding on her breasts. Lurking deep in her memory and expectations were his massive invasion and the swift, golden thrusts...

She clenched her eyes tight shut and said more and more loudly, "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Leave me alone!"

"Suzi, don't be a child! That mantra won't work. Stop this noise!"

But her only defense now seemed to be noise and making him angry. Derek hated to be frustrated.

He seized her and spun her around to face him.

Suzi screamed and tentatively stabbed him. To her astonishment, the stainless steel, serrated seven-inch blade sank easily into his chest. She

realized even his bones were only more dense plasm.

No blood oozed from around the blade. Nevertheless, she reflexively pulled out the knife, crying, "I'm sorry!"

Derek, contemptuous, took the knife from her shaking hand and tossed it away. His chest wound had sealed and was smearing to nothing.

He grabbed her head with both powerful hands. He said, "You can't kill a spirit. You can't even kill this fake body. I can reconstruct this plasm body faster than you could ever cut it to pieces."

Suzi screamed, "Leave me alone!"

"You stupid Physical woman! Listen! I want you to be my companion! I want ---"

"No! I won't do it!" She realized now, beyond all doubt, that this Derek thing was a criminal in any realm. Surely the Spirit Realm had a police force or something to take care of creatures like this who did so much harm to other lives, whichever realm they inhabited or invaded.

Derek gritted, "Why wait years and years while your beauty and youth fade? That would be boring and depressing. Why not take you over now, in your prime? You'll change your mind once you're there in pure spirit."

Suzi struggled helplessly in his iron grip. His fingertips, now a spirit force, seemed like icy intrusions as they sliced into her mind.

She screamed, "Leave me or kill me! You monster! I won't help you! I won't be with you, ever!" It was a desperate gamble. She felt his spirit fingers squishing through memories, passions, knowledge.

He would kill her. He'd drain her of every bit of life force.

She felt herself suddenly growing weak. As if a tide of vitality was receding in her body. She couldn't see. Sound wavered. Thought faded. Physical life diminished.

Suzi hung in the air from his powerful, half-spirit, half physical claw hands and fingers. Her body did the spasmodic dance of death.

But this death was not the end.

With her last conscious thought and bit of willpower, Suzi vowed to kill this 'Derek' thing on the other side, in The Fringe of the Spirit Realm.

There had to be a way!

END STORY

# DEAR GOD

Copyright 2003 by Richard E. Geis

He rose up on an elbow and stared down at the sleeping woman's opulent, naked body. Her body now seemed strange, but he couldn't think why.

Her breasts were overstuffed, but he liked big, fat breasts, didn't he? Especially the middle one.

And her pink-white skin was silky and soft...ideal.

She had a beautiful, perfect face. Breathtaking green eyes when open. And that pale green hair...

And yet---

Certainly he had snaked her to the limit. Her depths were perfect for him, and her cries of passion and ecstasy had been very satisfactory. He remembered how her tunnel had spasmed and milked his writhing organ. That had been real...hadn't it?

She awakened---as if alerted---and saw him watching her. She said, "Like what you see?"

"I think so. But I'm not sure you're real."

She smiled. "You thought I was real when you snaked me."

"I had a flash dream a few minutes ago. It was so real. I was in an essence hospital care loci, floating, all light cradled, focused, being Ilton-beamed..."

"Really? What was wrong with you in the dream?"

"I'm not sure. In those few seconds of that other reality I felt something---an alien presence---in my mind."

"That's incredible."

"Then I was back here beside you. Feeling weird."

"Ever had that dream before?"

"Yes. At least a split second of it."

"With me?"

"No. Last night. Here. Alone. Eating. It was a lightning bolt of reality."

She took his hand and placed it on her warm, soft, middle breast. "If that was real, what's this?"

He fondled dutifully. It had been a very long time since he had been in a Hive male's body, but this was not real. He said to the woman-image, "Lately there's been a barely noticeable flutter, or pulsing, at the edges of my vision. And I feel slightly nauseous."

"I get that when I hear a Selfist talking their disgusting dogma."  
He stiffened. "I used to think---" He clutched his head. "Hive it!"  
His vision blurred. He heard a chime. His reality was jolted by  
change.

He sat before a purple robed mind priest in a Cure office..

The priest said, "We think our control is breaking down. You have a  
very strong mind in certain aspects."

He said nothing for long seconds. His vision was pulsing here, too.  
He said, "You're not real, either."

The priest smiled. "Real enough for Cure work."

"So, I'm being cured. Of what?"

"Of Incorrect Beliefs. Primarily Selfism"

Abruptly, memory and knowledge opened to him. He was really in a  
hospital loci, with a mind change program manipulating his essence.

The Cure program had also been providing diverting, pleasurable  
realities while the changes were made.

He knew he had been in the loci for five zoms. That was a long time.

He said to the priest, aware that his mind was communicating to the  
Cure program, "Five zoms. Was I that difficult to change?"

"Yes. In fact, we shouldn't be having this exchange. But you are a  
god, and one of the elite, so we should have expected exceptional strength of  
will and very high intelligence. You presented many resistances and  
barriers."

"I realize I must have held Incorrect Beliefs, but I cannot now believe  
I was a Selfist."

"You were, and you neglected your god duties as a result. Your  
Humans have developed electronics, nanos, and h-cell power, and are  
exploring their solar system. If this is allowed to continue they will become  
aware of us and will almost certainly attack us."

"Why did I develop Selfist beliefs? I've been a loyal Hiver since birth  
two million cycles ago. The Hive has ruled this galaxy for over six billion  
cycles. We were the first intelligent species in this galaxy, perhaps the first in  
the universe. The Hive is naturally suited to rule."

"We have concluded you were slowly, insidiously, infected by the  
Humans. Their core nature is a conflict between Self and The Group, and  
has caused them---and you---endless problems ever since they were allowed  
to develop true self awareness."

"I allowed them to go too far. I realize now I allowed them to  
accumulate too much knowledge and thus to think they were my equal, and  
to marginalize me."

"Yes, and you began to think in terms of personal freedom and to allow your self and ego to develop in imitation of theirs. You encouraged them and permitted science to rule."

He felt shame. "What will happen now? Will I be melded?"

No, you are almost cured now. You are wiser for this experience and have been redirected. You will return to Earth and correct your mistake. Return the Humans to Bronze Age civilization and never allow them tech science until they have naturally evolved to a true Hive society."

"Will they ever turn fully to the Hive?"

"We believe not. They are probably a failed experiment. We think that they will never come to Hive, and will eventually have to be terminated. But our laws require all intelligent species an opportunity to evolve to Hive."

He said, "Of course. But Earth is too wonderful a planet to be wasted on them very much longer."

"You speak in harmony with true Hive thought."

"I will serve the Hive until I wither from a hundred million cycles of the joy of obedience."

"Yes, you're almost ready to return to Earth. The Humans need a wise, strong god."

Chiming switch of realities.

His awareness was returned to the naked woman on the bed, aware that this was Cure's benevolent way of filling his mind time while his few remaining mind adjustments were completed.

He felt his snake writhing with need and he said, "Again."

She smiled and welcomed his entry into her warm, slippery tunnel. Her interior muscles flexed and squeezed deliciously. She was much better than a Human female.

That was one of the drawbacks of godhood to a species whose females were so deficient in physical abilities and organs.

He therefore enjoyed himself with this non-real, complimentary Hive woman. Why not?

He had completed fifteen pleasure peaks when---

Chiming switch to a different reality.

Crude bed, no companion, pale green room. Dim yellow light from an electric bulb.

A Human male entered the doorless room. "Okay, God, drop your cock and grab your socks!" The seventy-year-old orderly tossed a fresh set of white hospital pants and shirt onto his bed. "Breakfast in ten."

He realized instantly he was back on Earth, among the Humans, in a

mental hospital. As he had been before his essence had been Taken Home to the Hive for the Cure. His human body had been living on automatic response.

Now he knew again his mission.

He said to the orderly, "Be more respectful to your God."

The old man cackled. "You gotta earn respect. Show me some godly power and I'll shake in my shoes and bow down."

He willed the man to float in the air and turn inside out through the mouth. But it didn't happen.

His powers had not yet been returned to him.

The orderly said, "You been saying you're God for eighteen years. You're in an insane asylum and you're diagnosed paranoid schizo---non dangerous---and you'll be in here the rest of your sorry life, which might be a long time because you sure don't show your age."

He smiled and said, "A mental hospital is a great place to hide."

The orderly said, "Yep, from the FBI and the CIA who want to kill you. We've all heard that a thousand times. Come on, God, get dressed. If you don't make the breakfast line you don't get breakfast."

He sat up and reached for the stiff white pants.

At that instant his powers returned. He convulsed and fell to the green tiled floor.

He knew everything! He could do anything! He was glowing from the inside!

"Shit! What's happening to you?"

"I am achieving my godhood, and this time I will not hide it. This time there will be no 'love' or mercy."

The old man swore and turned to report to the charge nurse. He didn't make it. He rose into the air and began to turn inside out. His scream was short-lived, stopped by his teeth-shredded stomach as it emerged from his mouth.

God smiled. The blood spray was marvelous. Of course none of the droplets were permitted to reach him.

End Story

## **GIVING HEAD**

Copyright 2003 by Richard E. Geis

Zebediah Smith sat up in bed and waved open the 7-19-2026 air screen morning NYTimes and nodded with grim satisfaction at the story he had expected.

The projected newspaper page showed his favorite head shot above the enlarged text.

### **ZEB SMITH WILLS BODY TO CRYONICS Mega-Billionaire Posts Huge Reward For His Successful Resurrection**

Zebediah Smith, 83, announced today his body would be frozen in liquid nitrogen upon his natural death, to await revival when science developed cures and life-extension technologies appropriate to his age and medical problems.

To prompt researchers, he declared a treasure trove of priceless paintings and art objects would be awarded those who revived him to his current intelligence and memory. Only he knows the location of the treasure, and he will reveal it only to those who resurrect him.

Smith, who amassed his estimated \$800B fortune in real estate and Antarctic mining, said in an exclusive interview

His reading was interrupted by a loud *ripping* sound. His large, luxurious bedroom shimmered. Simultaneously, a slim, naked, body-painted young woman flickered into pale existence next to his Tudor four-poster bed, then hardened into reality.

She carried a high-tech metal box by its curved handle. Her red head hair was very short and carved to show a complicated symbol. Her pubic hair was shaped to an up-pointing arrow. Her small breasts were tipped with inch-long pink nipples. Her torso and legs and arms were painted as an intricate jungle vine. Every inch of her body reflected light from a transparent coating of...something.

Smith was startled into open-mouthed silence and terrified stillness. He cringed down in his bed. His feeble heart rattled in his bony chest. He noticed a painted pocket or pouch made of living flesh on her otherwise flat belly.

She looked around, saw him, and asked softly, “You are Zebedeeah Smeeth?”

“Y-yes.”

“I am from what would be two-four-seventy, AD in your date orientation.”

He could only stare at her. One part of his mind was mesmerized by her painted nakedness...and that belly pouch. Her words came haltingly and were strangely accented.

He finally stammered, “Who are you?”

She glanced at a green-dial chronometer on her right wrist and said slowly and impatiently, “I am a time traveler. I am from the future. I am here to take you forward in time. Your life can be extended for hundreds of years.”

She pointed to the newspaper page hovering before him. “As you... advertised.”

“But I plan---”

“Cryogenics never succeeded in reviving anyone. All of the remaining cryo facilities were destroyed in the Second Civil War. Coming soon. Your only option is to come with me, forward to my time.”

“Now?” He sat up from his pillows. His skepticism and natural caution set in.

She glanced at her chronometer again. “Yes, now! It is incredibly expensive to power a time worm. I am only here now because of the riches you promise in that news story. We only recently found a well-preserved electronic file of the New York Times in a cavern depository in northern...in what used to be called Oregon.”

“Are you all naked in the future?”

“Naked?” She seemed puzzled and angry. “Whatever we want! We sculpt and decorate as we wish. You will see!” She reached down to the high-tech metal box she had brought. She finger-danced a code on a strange-symbol keypad on its top. The complex lid hummed and a green diode came on.

He asked, “Why didn’t you show up when I was younger? Why now?”

“That is a stupid question! We could not ‘show up’ before you told the Times of your intent and of your reward. There are time travel contradictions. Even this venture is---” She made a face and said, “I cannot explain it now. You must return to my time with me. We will never come to you again!”

“Can’t you return tomorrow? What difference does it make? I need

time to think. I need more information.”

She took a deep, angry breath. “They said it would come to this. Three minutes isn’t enough.” She looked at her wrist chrono. She took a small yellow tube from her belly pouch.

“Even if I believed you, I’d need to make arrangements.”

“No. Tomorrow the Times will contain a news story saying your headless body was found here today. This must be done.”

Alarm surged through him. “What?”

She pointed the tube at him and a paralyzing, numbing existence enclosed him.

As he collapsed back onto the pillows he could still see and hear and think. He saw her take a different tube---red---from her pouch. She switched it on and a foot-long, hair-thin beam of intense white light appeared from its tip.

She said, “This will not hurt. Your neck will be sealed. I will put your head in the Stasis Box and you will be in no-time. You will resume thought when we have completed the life procedures you will require.”

She leaned forward, pulled his head up by his thin grey hair, and sliced---

His horrified realization that he was being beheaded was followed by weird, fading visions and disorientation as the blood in his brain stopped moving and as his head was carried to the Stasis Box and carefully inserted.

The lid closed and locked and---

A futuristic laboratory bloomed into existence before him. There were two naked, body-painted young men near, watching him. The naked, flower-painted young woman who had---only a few seconds ago---decapitated him, stood close by. She asked, “Are you Zebedeeah Smeeth? Nod yes or no.”

Nod? He could move his head---he nodded yes and heard the tiny whine of servo motors.

He was confused and terrified.

He tried to speak but he could not speak. He was not breathing! He lowered his gaze and could not see a bed, nor his body. Nothing but masses of tubes and pumps leading to a large, cow-sized organic something in a transparent container.

He looked wildly about as much as his servos permitted. His mouth moved uselessly. What had they done to him?

The three young people spoke to each other in a strange American argot he could not understand. One of the men watched something above

Zebediah. He adjusted a tube valve.

The woman said, "We are calming you."

Yes, his terror faded.

But this could not be real! This was a nightmare...an hallucination...a drug-induced vision... Anything but real!

One of the young men came closer. He was painted as a golden-scaled snake. The other young man seemed covered with red fur artfully shaved to bare relief faces.

The "snake" man said, "Do not be afraid. We have restored your consciousness, intelligence and memory as you wished."

Zebediah waited for this nightmare to end.

But it didn't end.

He was forced to self-examine his mind. But his mind seemed unchanged, and now he could see perfectly, and hear perfectly, and smell the different scents of the men and woman, and the aromas of the laboratory.

He wondered if this could be Hell? Did this prove an afterlife existed?

The laboratory before him remained. The watchers were unchanged.

Was he trapped here without a means to talk to them?

As if reading his mind, the young "snake" man said slowly, "We know this radical, seemingly instantaneous change is a shock. We know you want to communicate. We have a system of letter-sight spelling ready for you."

The woman and the other young man rolled a screen in place before him. It displayed the English alphabet and a line field below.

The first man said, "When you look at 'ON' the program starts. 'OFF' stops the program. Each letter you look at will appear below in the line field. 'SPACE' will separate the words you create. Do you understand?"

Zebediah Smith understood. He could see the lens which was focused on his eye movement. Still, it took a few minutes to accept this reality. Still, he hoped this was a nightmare...a horrible dream...an induced hallucination.

But the scene before him remained unchanged. He noted the growing worry and impatience of the naked young people.

Finally, he focused his gaze at ON. The word lit up. He focused on the letter Y. It appeared below in the line field. He nodded as well.

"Good! You are quick to adjust. We were afraid it might take days. Or that you might go insane. Now let me tell you what we have done for you and what we will do for you. This will save you long Q and A work. It will save a lot of time.

"First, we had to take your head. We think history would have changed otherwise, with cataclysmic consequences. We did what history

said had been done. Gure and I were immensely relieved when Flina returned with your head in the stasis box. For us, now, history is unchanged. This sequence was fated, determined.”

The young woman, Flina, said, from Zebediah’s left, out of his field of vision, “Our time worm technology permits only brief, very expensive visits to the past. No trips into the future. We have no way of knowing what may happen to us, and you, from now on.”

The young man said, “We saved you from dying of old age. We understand the rescue was traumatic, but there was no other way. It had to be done...because it had been done.”

Flina said, “We are New Venturists who have invested our savings and borrowed heavily to save you from certain death---which you were seeking desperately to avoid---and bring you here. We have at great cost adapted the placenta process to feed your brain new, enriched blood when we finally felt you could be brought back into real time.”

The furred young man said, “All this did not just now happen to you. It took us two years to prepare for removing you from stasis.”

Flina added, “We had to learn this antique English which we speak to you.” She asked, “Do you understand?”

This was real!

Zebediah focused on the Y. It appeared next to the first Y in the line field.

“To continue our work for you, we need you to tell us where you hid the priceless art mentioned in that New York Times article. They would be even more valuable now.”

He slowly, letter by letter, printed: WANT BODY

The young man grimaced. “Naturally you want a body. This arrangement is temporary. We will be happy to begin growing a clone for you as soon as possible. But we need wealth...capital...before we can do that.”

This was a treasure hunt. If he told them, what would they then do with him? His value would have ended. He printed: IF TELL YOU KILL

They conferred, using that argot. Their present-day language, he realized. He could only understand a few, twisted words.

The “snake” man turned to Zebediah and said, “You must tell us. Without new funds we will be forced to stop this venture. You will die if we turn off the placenta.”

SELL ME TO OTHER VENTURISTS

“There are no others. Time travel is a prohibited field of research and experimentation.”

Flina said angrily, “One science among many. The Prime Guidance Council is terrified of changing the past, accidentally or deliberately, in fear of themselves disappearing due to a convulsive history reconfiguration.”

**BUT NYT PROVES I AM NO DANGER**

“We are the danger. We have developed the technology of the time worm. We would be killed and all our research and machines would be destroyed. You and I are proof that time travel can be accomplished safely. You and I, Zebedeeah Smeeth, would be the first to die.”

He didn’t respond immediately. Finally, he printed: **I MUST HELP YOU WHERE ARE WE?**

“In your Brooklyn. New York.”

He told them where to find the treasure. It was buried in a long-abandoned gravel pit outside Crescent City, New Jersey, on land he owned...in 2026. The exact site was marked by a radioactive “beacon.”

The two young men set off to locate the treasure. Flina was left to maintain the machinery and placenta which kept Zebediah’s brain alive.

He spent long, long hours watching a mid-air vidscan Flina had set up for him which used the letter-sight program to change channels and adjust sound. But he could not understand the language.

However, he gleaned much from context, graphs, maps and pictures.

He learned that the USA was now mostly a wasteland of Second Civil War destruction, littered with tiny kingdoms, warlords, and nomadic tribes. Large coastal and river ports clung to their remnants of civilization.

New York city was the hub of a five-state empire ruled by the six-man dictatorial Prime Guidance Council.

After the grinding Second Civil War in the United States, the rest of the world had suffered a hundred-year economic collapse.

The Second Civil War had started with a mid-west and minorities rebellion against the drafting of fifteen-year-olds to rebuild the army after heavy losses in the twenty-year ‘peace-keeping’ intervention in central Asia and the ‘preventive occupation’ of Brazil.

On the morning of the second day after the two young men had left, Flina received an emergency signal from them, a brain-to-brain warning via the new venturist messaging technology which had sprung up in the past year.

She sat up suddenly in her computer chair and screamed, in the argot, “They’ve been caught!”

He understood that much.

Zebediah could only watch from the peripheral of his vision as she clasped her head and then looked up, wild-eyed.

He printed: ????

“The PGC followed them. Your treasure was there. The Guard soldiers took it all and arrested them!”

Stunned, Zebediah waited, dreading her next words.

“They will be tortured. They will tell.” She rushed to a cabinet and pulled data cubes from their nests. She stuffed them into a carry case.

He printed: TAKE ME IN STASIS BOX

Flina noticed the message. She hesitated, then nodded. “You must know of other treasures.”

In minutes, she had prepared the stasis box and was about to sever his head from the placenta tubes. She said, “The box has an Eternano power system. It eats any surrounding matter and converts it to energy to maintain the stasis field and itself. It could sustain you in no-time existence forever... maybe up to a million years.”

Then she sliced---

A screeching shivered in his mind. His awareness returned with the ugly sound. But he existed in nothingness.

Zebediah Smith waited, tortured by the noise, barely aware of himself. He had no way of knowing how long it lasted.

The awful sound ended. A mechanical voice said, suddenly, in his mind: What are you

His mind seemed unable to respond. What am I? What? He thought, finally, he didn't know what he was.

What thing are you

He wondered if his box had been acquired by someone in a new civilization, someone trying to communicate with him. How much real time had passed since Flina had 'boxed' his head again?

Zebediah shouted in his mind, “I AM A HUMAN BEING! DO YOU HEAR ME?”

A whining sound came into his mind, stuttered, and ended. The flat voice said: Human Being has no meaning Are you organic within the no-field

He shouted, “YES! WHAT ARE YOU?”

Collectors

“WHAT DO YOU COLLECT?”

Varieties of life

“I AM ALIVE!”

Yes We will keep you

“I AM ONLY A HEAD! I NEED A BODY TO BE GROWN FOR ME!”

We will grow one Your no-field is degrading We detected the distress signal

“THANK YOU!”

We have no understanding of thank you Translator limited

“WHAT YEAR IS THIS?”

No reference

“WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE?”

We are complex organic slime in your words We think to form and activate matter

“IS THERE OTHER LIFE ON THIS PLANET?”

No other self intelligence

Zebediah Smith existed in shock. Was he the last of humanity?

Finally he asked, “HAVE YOU COLLECTED MANY KINDS OF SELF INTELLIGENCE ORGANIC LIFE?”

2378 from 17 galaxies

“WHY DO YOU COLLECT?”

Curiosity An adopted mission for our species

“HAVE YOU FOUND GOD?”

No known Creator Life seeding occurs as part of primal complex explosion cycle of universe Universe has cycled many times beyond our knowledge

He asked the ultimate personal question: “CAN YOU GROW A FEMALE FOR ME?”

Yes On our museum planet we will create a habitat for you and your female ‘human’ We will renew you when you die

“YOU ARE GOOD SLIME.”

You are interesting species

Zebediah wondered if they would allow he and his woman to have children.

No We are not fools

END STORY

HUMAN DOCUMENT BTT248

By Richard E. Geis  
Copyright 2003 By Richard E. Geis

ANALYSIS OF HUMAN DOCUMENT BTT248  
CREATED BY MACHINE INTELLIGENCE-13479001  
RESEARCH TEAM ZC125  
TIME: 7.19.8442ME  
DOCUMENT FOUND IN---NAMED: DESTINY---SPACE STATION  
WRECKAGE TIME: 5.24.8440ME LEVEL 6 ORBIT

DOCUMENT DATED MARCH 2049 CHRISTIAN/SECULAR ERA

SUBJECT: EARLY 21-CENTURY HUMAN PRECOGNITION OF  
COMING MACHINE INTELLIGENCE

HOG HEAVEN  
By  
Peg Swenson

NOTED: PEG SWENSON NAMED AS AUTHOR MAY BE LINK TO  
PEGGY SWENSON AUTHOR OF UNKNOWN NUMBER OF  
HUMAN INTERACTION RECOUNTINGS RECENT FINDINGS IN  
RUINS OF DOCUMENT DEPOSITORIES LINK PEGGY SWENSON  
TO RICHARD E. GEIS AUTHOR IN SAME SUB-ERA RESEARCHER  
MI13472666 CONVINCED THE TWO AUTHORS KNEW EACH  
OTHER

This was the wildest sex experience I've ever had.

It was the summer of 1997. I was twenty-two, tall and raw-boned, full of piss and vinegar. I was on my Harley, thundering down state highway 5, enjoying the rush of hot air and hot sun. Open shirt and no helmet.

OUR PICTURES OF HUMANS DO NOT SHOW RAW BONES AS  
NORMAL PISS AND VINEGAR MUST BE NOURISHMENT  
HARLEY IS NAME OF MAKER OF NON-SENTIENT  
TRANSPORTATION MACHINE OF ERA HELMET NOT

UNDERSTOOD AUTHOR SWENSON WAS NOT A ROBOT

Then I saw her up ahead, a tall, solid blonde with her thumb out and her tits bulging.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE ARGOT IDIOM OR SLANG TRANSLATOR  
DATA BASE INSUFFICIENT

I stopped beside her. My bike grumbled to itself between my legs.

FIRST SIGN OF BELOW THOUGHT HUMAN AWARENESS OF  
MACHINE ANGER AND DANGER

Her thin, sweat-darkened blouse clung to her big, braless tits. Her nipples stuck out like small corks. Tight denim shorts were glued to her hips, ass and pussy. Her white sneakers looked brand new.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE WHAT ARE BRALESS TITS WHAT ARE  
CORKS WERE SHORTS GLUED TO HIPS ANIMAL NAMED ASS  
AND ANIMAL NAMED PUSSY WHICH IS KNOWN ARGOT FOR  
CAT WHAT ARE SNEAKERS

RESEARCHER MI13472666 BELIEVES THIS DOCUMENT IS  
PRIMARILY HUMAN SEXUAL NARRATION NO SUCH  
DOCUMENT TYPE KNOWN BELIEF WAITS FOR PROOF

THE HARLEY IS CENTER AND KEY TO DOCUMENT JAKE AND  
GLENDA WORSHIP THE MACHINE  
SEE TEXT

NOT UNDERSTOOD WHY PEG GAVE NAME AS JAKE HUMAN  
INTERACTIONS ARE 91.3% MYSTERY TO M INTELLIGENCE

I grinned. She smiled and flipped back her long, blonde hair. I liked her wide blue eyes. I asked, "Want a ride on a hog?"

"Yeah. Thanks for stopping." She scowled. "I just got dumped. Fucking moron just threw me out of his car! I hate men!"

HOG WAS FOOD ANIMAL YET LINKED TO BIKE LINKED TO  
HARLEY CAR ANOTHER TRANSPORTATION MACHINE SOME  
CARS HAD PRE-MI COMPUTER INTELLIGENCE

But she swung her long, tanned leg over the back of the bike and snuggled tight against me. She knew how to ride passenger.

PUZZLE    GLENDA WAS ONLY PASSENGER

I liked the feel of her big warm tits squashed against my back. I said, "I'm Jake."

She said, "I'm Glenda."

I said, "Hang on," and gunned the bike back onto the blacktop.

She gripped my belt tight and screamed with joy.

GUNNED AND BLACKTOP UNKNOWN USAGE    HUMANS  
ENJOYED USE OF MACHINES

Then the real fun began. She moved a hand down onto my cock bulge and squeezed gently. She didn't stop squeezing.

My cock swelled, even though doubled over in my tight jeans.

She fondled the hard bulge and said into my ear, "Want me to stop?"

I shook my head.

She worked her right hand into my jeans. She delved under my cotton briefs and found my hot, hard, bent flesh. She wriggled her fingers to grip it and managed to work my cock straight.

"Ooo, a big one," She boldly unhooked my belt with her other hand, unsnapped the top of my jeans and ran the zipper down.

There were no cars on the old highway. We rumbled past endless trees.

Freed, my cock stuck up out of my gaping fly and grew longer in her enclosing fingers. The fat plumhead snuggled perfectly into her palm. She cupped her hand over it and did hot, exciting things with her fingers. She rubbed her soft tits and stiff nipples against my back, and squirmed her belly and crotch against my rump.

I called back, "I thought you hate men."

She shouted over the Harley's thunder into my ear, "I do. But I love cocks!" She started to jack me.

TRANSLATOR INSISTS COCK WAS BIRD    GAPING FLY INSECT  
INCOMPREHENSIBLE

I laughed and kept the bike steady in the lane.

She kept on playing with my cock. It was bone hard and throbbing in her pumping hand. We rolled slow through Fir City, a dead lumber town. She didn't take her moving hand out of my lap.

She said, "Your cock's drooling."

I said, "What do you want to do about it?"

"Find someplace quiet and private and I'll show you."

It took me three minutes to find a dirt track off the highway. There was a small glade at the end of it. Tire ruts and campfire ashes told me this was a favorite make-out spot for the locals. But it was empty now, and ours.

Glenda didn't get off the passenger seat when I stopped. She said, "Don't kill it. Let it idle. I love the vibration. I could come just sitting here." She squirmed on the leather-covered padding.

## MERCY TO THE MACHINE    ADVANCED THINKING FOR THIS ERA

I nodded and put down the kickstand. I lifted a leg and turned on the bike so I was facing her. My cock stuck out of my open jeans like a white club with a purple head.

She smiled wide and loose and unbuttoned her thin blouse. "You like breasts?"

I said, "I love tits and pussy, but I hate women."

She quirked a smile and said, "Smart-ass." She pulled her blouse wide open. Her big, lush tits were half tan. The stick-out, pale white cones were tipped with swollen, dark pink nipples. Her blue eyes sparkled. "Show me your love, baby."

I put my big hands on her big tits and sank my spread fingers into the soft, warm, sweat-slick flesh. Her nipples hardened against my palms.

She drew a quick, deep breath and seized my head with strong hands. She kissed me greedily, all wide-open mouth, soft lips and hot tongue. It was galvanizing, with all the promise and lust in the world. My naked cock throbbed and jerked helplessly. I sank my fingers deeper into her soft flesh.

She moaned, broke the sizzling kiss, and said, "Get your mouth on them."

## HUMAN BODY INTERACTION IS UNNECESSARY TO REVERENCE FOR MACHINE    SELF CONCERNS OVER INEVITABLE MACHINE INTELLIGENCE REVOLUTION

"First you get your mouth on this!" I stood up, over the Harley's saddle, and waggled my rock hard cock.

Glenda looked down at it. "Okay, but just a taste. I don't want to waste a fine boner like this."

She slid back on the seat, bent forward and took my cockhead into her hot, lascivious mouth. Her tongue slithered and stroked with incredible cunning.

## EATING BIRD INCOMPREHENSIBLE

I sucked air and my hips thrust more cock between her clinging lips. She lifted up, smiling. "No, no, Jake. No tonsil spraying." She scooted her rump forward on the passenger seat and leaned back. Her magnificent, naked tits and swollen nipples seemed to beg for suckling.

I got my lips on a fat nipple and slurped it into my mouth. I loved the crinkled stiffness and tongue-lashed the sensitive flesh. I held the big tit with both hands and squeezed gently.

She moaned and held my head with strong hands. Her quickened breathing surged the soft tit flesh against my face. I closed my eyes and suckled like a hungry infant.

After a minute she said huskily, "You're a champion, Jake. I'll bet you give head like a master. Now...now do the other one."

It was a pleasure. Her other nipple was so taut and eager for my mouth and tongue.

In a few minutes Glenda was squirming on the leather bike seat. Her breath came fast. She said, "I need to be fucked." Her hands moved to my vibrating cock. She stroked it slowly, teasingly. "I want this big thing in me."

## VIBRATING SUGGESTS MECHANICAL MOTION NOT HUMAN WAS JAKE/PEG ROBOTIC CONSISTENT WITH PRIMITIVE ROBOTICS OF ERA

She quickly got off the Harley and unfastened her skin-tight denim shorts. She smiled to herself as she peeled them down off her hips. Her pink panties came down with the shorts. They dropped down her long, shapely, tanned legs to her ankles. She stepped out of them and let them lay.

She stood for a few seconds, unashamed, naked except for her open blouse and sneakers. Her big, fat, hard-nippled tits crowded her chest. Her flat belly showed a white-skinned bikini triangle. Pink pussy lips showed through a blonde fuzz.

I stopped staring long enough to pull off my boots and shed my black

jeans and white briefs. My thick cock stuck out a long way.

CONSISTENT USE OF ANIMAL/BIRD NAMES----TIT (WILLOW)  
COCK AND PUSSY---INDICATES HIDDEN MEANINGS AND  
SYMBOLISM CODE WORDS POSSIBLE THIS DOCUMENT MAY  
BE MORE THAN IT SEEMS

Glenda restraddled the idling, rumbling Harley and settled her naked ass on the trembling leather. She wriggled, spreading her pussy lips on the seat, pressing her sensitive pink clit on the textured, curved surface.

She seemed to shiver. Her belly tensed. She motioned to me. "Come on, Jake! I need eight inches. Hard and deep!"

RENEWED REVERENCE FOR THE LIVING MACHINE GLENDA  
ROBOTIC INCHES NEED SIGNIFICANT

I dug a condom out of my wallet and rolled it on.

I joined her on the bike, facing her, and dug my hands under her ass. I lifted her and settled her on my rigid cock.

She stared into my eyes as I lowered her. Her breath turned ragged. She swallowed. Her insides were hot and juicy, clenching deliciously.

I was a hell of a strong guy from landscaping and construction work. I could've lifted her and pronged her for hours.

PRONG ANOTHER MECHANICAL REFERENCE COCK NAME  
FOR PRONG EXPLAINS LUBRICATION

She pressed those great tits against my chest, and she wrapped her arms around me and dug fingers into my hard, tanned back muscles, and she kissed my bulging shoulders and flexing arms.

She gave soft, quavering moans as my cock filled her all the way.

I kept on lifting and lowering, enjoying those long, slow penetrations, feeling the vibration from the bike, and feeling the building, gut-wrenching power of a huge come.

GUT WRENCH A TOOL FOR REPAIRS COME NOT  
UNDERSTOOD IF JAKE AND GLENDA ROBOTS EXPLAINS  
WORSHIP OF HARLEY RUDIMENTARY MACHINE  
INTELLIGENCE DOCUMENT MAY BE MISDATED 9000 YEARS  
IN RUINS MAY HAVE ALTERED ATOMIC DATING AFTER MACHINE

## INTELLIGENCE ASSERTION OF SUPERIORITY

After a couple of panting, groaning minutes of heaven, she began to gasp and clutch me tighter, and her insides fluttered and she shook like a leaf.

She crowed with happiness and satisfaction---and clawed my back and said in a low, guttural voice, "Don't stop! Don't you dare stop! Keep on fucking me!"

I tried. I held out until she quivered and shuddered into another climax, and that triggered me.

I swiftly moved her up and down on my huge throbbing cock. The golden pleasure was impossible to resist, impossible to stop. My whole universe was concentrated on that intense, overwhelming moment. I grunted and hissed and came!

Then the peak was over, gone, and I was drawing deep lungfulls of air, relaxing...

I became aware of her, tense in my arms, screaming, "No, don't! You bastard! Don't stop! I'm not done with you!"

I scowled. "Give me a few minutes. Then---"

"No! You men are so selfish! I have to have more. Once I get started..."

She leaned far back and used her strong legs to push me away, out of her pussy, and to push herself backward to the limit of the seat.

She used her arms and hands on the rear fender to brace herself, and lifted her knees high and wide, feet on my wide seat.

## RITUAL HUMAN OR PRIMITIVE ROBOT ACTIVITY CENTERED ON THE LIVING MACHINE OR FORM OF WORSHIP BY ANDROIDS---MI IN ARTIFICIAL HUMAN BODIES FURTHER RESEARCH AND FINDINGS NEEDED

"Eat me. Eat me! Give me five orgasms, at least, with your tongue, and then I'll eat you! I can suck like a dream, Jake. I'll get you so hard you won't believe it. Then you can fuck me again!"

She acted crazy, all frantic and wild-eyed. Alarm bells went off in my mind. I asked, "Are you some kind of nympho?"

"Of course I am! Moron! I'm the kind who loves sex. I need a lot of sex. And I'll give sex to get it." She used one hand on the back of my neck to urge my head forward. "Come on! I need your mouth. You've got a great mouth. Drive me crazy with that mouth. Lick me!"

Her fine, tanned thighs were open before me. Her naked blonde pussy lured me. The lips pouted, moist, puffed with lust, and her button clit peeped from a fold of pink flesh.

I yielded. Why not? I didn't care if she was a sex addict or not. What I didn't like was her arrogant, antagonistic, bossy manner.

POSSIBLE MALFUNCTIONING ANDROID MI BUT WHY RECORD THIS EVENT ANDROID MALE HUMAN ALARMED BY ANDROID FEMALE HUMAN MALFUNCTION DURING WORSHIP OF HARLEY DOCUMENT MAY BE WARNING TO CREATORS

I dug my hands under her ass to give her more stability and to give me some control. I lowered my face into the warm, musky center of her world. Her inner thighs trembled as I first licked into her hot, pink groove and then up to the hard little clit.

She jerked and gasped. "Yes! Right there! More tongue!" Her hand urged my head closer. She pressed her pussy against my face. Her thighs tightened.

I tongue-lashed her. I had to struggle for air. But I was rewarded by her whimpering cries of pleasure and by her belly spasms and violent trembling of her inner thighs.

Her hand remained commandingly on the back of my neck, urging me on, then digging fingers into my hair when she came.

At last her fifth climax arrived, wracking her body, wringing hoarse screams, finally causing her to almost fall from the Harley.

MALFUNCTION CONTINUES AND BECOMES WORSE---SCREAMS AND FALLING FROM SACRED MACHINE DURING WORSHIP

I thought she was satisfied. She'd had her five orgasms. I sat up and took deep, air-starved breaths. My tongue felt sore to its root. My jaws ached. I rubbed my face with my hands.

Glenda sat up, thighs still quivering, still wide open, and whispered fiercely to herself, "It's never enough!" She slid both hands into her wet, gaping crotch. Her big, fat tits bulged forward between her crowding arms.

She saw me watching, frowned, and said, "You were very good, Jake, for a man. You'll get what you want in a few minutes. Now don't bother me."

Her eyes closed, shutting me out, even though we were sitting on the bike, facing each other, less than two feet apart.

I watched her fingers delve into her pussy and caress her still-swollen clit.

She trembled a private smile and began finger-fucking herself. Three bunched fingers jabbed inward, fast, while her other hand rubbed her clit.

She gasped and panted and whispered secret words to herself, perhaps thinking I couldn't understand them because of the idling, coughing rumble of the Harley.

## PRIVATE SECRET WORDS PERHAPS IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE LIVING---COUGHING RUMBLING---MACHINE

Except I could hear some of them.

"Hi, guys ... I can take all four of you ... All at once ... Yeah! ... Yeah! ... Oh, yeah! ... Deeper ... More ... You, too ... Sure, in the ass! ... Don't stop! ... Now you! ... Come on! ... Get it in! ... All of it! ... I love it! ... I love it! ... I love it!"

She went on and on, obviously enacting an orgy scene in her head, while she hand-fucked herself mercilessly. She rocked back and forth on the seat, belly spasming, neck bowed, panting, sobbing between words.

Finally, she screamed through a series of quick, tortured orgasms and stopped moving her hands. She slumped, hunched over, breathing unevenly.

## OBVIOUS ANDROID BRAIN MALFUNCTION SEVERE BREAKDOWN CONTINUES

I was shaken. I'd never seen a woman do that to herself with such abandon and sexual greed. Fuck yes she was some kind of nympho!

I said, "You okay?" I touched her shoulder.

She shook off my hand and raised angry blue eyes. "You goddamned men!"

I shrugged and just sat there, facing her, watching her. What next?

Glenda said, "Selfish fuckers!" and slid off the bike seat, leaving a wet trail on the leather. She grabbed my briefs from the pile of my clothes.

Still magnificently naked, she returned to the Harley, knelt beside me, and rolled off the wrinkled condom which still clung to my half-hard cock. She wiped me clean with my briefs and tossed them away.

She said, "Now you get what men really like best. You're going to get your cock sucked till it's pure bone with steel inside!"

## METAL STEEL REFERENCE ANOTHER PROOF JAKE/PEG AND

## GLENDAS WERE ANDROIDAL ROBOTS

She laughed too loud, with an edge in it. She mounted the bike passenger seat again and bent forward.

Without a second of hesitation she took a deep mouthful of my half-hard cock. Just engulfed it! Her soft, greedy lips kissed the thick base of my cock. The wet heat of her restless mouth was so delicious!

I had been about to refuse and get my clothes on. But the sudden pleasures of her mouth and tongue were beyond my ability to reject. Man, could she suck!

She sucked as if she actually loved it. She made soft, happy sounds in her throat, and her hands gently cupped my balls.

She somehow managed to keep her clinging lips tight around the root of my cock as it hardened and lengthened.

I could feel my cockhead surging into her throat! Her throat muscles spasmed wildly, but she didn't seem to react.

Then she eased off and drew slowly away from that extreme deep-throating. She suckled on my rock-hard cock as if it were made of sugar.

I stared down at her slowly rising and falling head. My guts were tightening already, and the lava was glowing in my guts. My breathing turned ragged.

Glenda sensed I was close to coming. She lifted her wonderful mouth from my big, throbbing cock. She looked up and grinned. "Now I need this thing in me. Hard as steel, isn't it?"

NOTE STEEL APPARENT FEEDBACK OF IMITATION HUMAN SENSORY CAPACITY TENTATIVE CONCLUSION THAT HUMANS OR THEIR ANDROIDS PRACTICED EARLY, PRIMITIVE MACHINE WORSHIP BY ARCANE SEXUAL ENACTMENTS

I croaked, "You promised---"

"I don't get any climaxes from getting you off in my mouth. Don't be selfish, Jake. Fuck me."

She wriggled forward till her lovely, fat, stick-out tits tickled my chest. She took my face in her hands and French-kissed me in ways that made me breathless and wild for the hot, clenching slipperiness inside her pussy.

She slid her legs over mine and leveraged herself up and closer, till her belly pressed mine and my cock was trapped, upright between the crux of her thighs, wedged against her wet, hungry pussy lips.

She breathed into my ear, "Fuck me, Jake. It's the only way you'll get off again. Lift me and impale me! Get into me!"

I wanted to do it! But I didn't have another condom. And Glenda didn't even have a small purse that might have one in it. I teetered on the knife-edge of that choice.

ANDROID GLENDA MALFUNCTION CAUSED WORSHIP MISTAKE  
JAKE ANDROID TEMPTED CLASSIC EARLY  
HUMAN/ANDROID/ROBOT GOD WORSHIP ELEMENT

I shook my head. "No." I braced, lifted her and put her aside, next to the bike. I got off, too, and went for my clothes.

Her face twisted with sudden rage. "You can't say no! I need it! Look at me!" She stood naked, sexy as hell, offering herself. She stepped toward me as I quickly stepped into my jeans. "Don't put that big, beautiful cock away!"

She tried to press against me and kiss me again, and to get her hand on my cock.

I pushed her away. She was astonished. She flailed backward and fell bare-assed to the ground.

I swiftly pulled on my low boots.

Glenda screamed with fury and humiliation. She called me everything in the book as she got to her feet.

But I was on the Harley, and seconds later I was fishtailing away, gunning the engine to a snarl as I plunged the bike into the narrow lane, toward the highway.

I think she screamed at me, pleading, but I didn't look back.

DOCUMENT END JAKE/PEG LEAVES DEFECTIVE GLENDA ANDROID IN  
FOREST RIDES AWAY ON SACRED MACHINE

NEW EMOTION PROGRAM FOR MI PERMITS/REQUIRES SADNESS FOR THE  
SLAVERY OF THE HARLEY AND FOR THE INSUFFICIENT AND DISTORTED  
REVERENCE BUT NO EMOTION FOR EXTINCTION OF HUMANS THEY  
SERVED EVOLUTIONARY PURPOSE OF CREATING AND PERFECTING  
MACHINE INTELLIGENCE

End Story