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Digital Zombies

1 | First Period

“You got the Omega? Sweet – was just reading about it.” “Yeah, my Mom and Dad made me activate it right away. They wanna be able to keep track of me.” “Let me see your hand. Yep, that’s fucked up that we have to have that thing tied to us.” “It’s pretty tight, still. The video projection on the back of the eyelids and the I.MD.C. is legit.” “I – D – M, what?” “Don’t you read or pay attention to the news and what not?” “Fuck no.” “Got it. Well, it is I – dot – MD – dot – C. which is an acronym for Inner Mind-Dimensional Connection.” “Fuck does that do?” “It allows you to be a character in a movie and other stuff. Like, you can experience the emotions of whichever character you choose is having. Then you see what they are seeing. I guess it’s like being in a dream, but you are still awake. I haven’t tried it yet. I’m too scared to try it on anything other than a G-rated movie. Once you get yours, we can experiment. The thing is basically useless if you don’t have another person nearby with one activated. You can play games with people as well. It’s actually just like that one Black Mirror episode from back in the day. I am sure it has the ability to feel sex from the opposite's point of view, but those types of features are locked until I am eighteen, apparently. It still isn’t fully functional, though. They won’t be until the majority of us

activates it." "That does sound sweet. It works on that new molecular transmission stuff, right?" "Yeah. Not sure on how it works, but yeah." "Does it hurt when you activate it?" "Nah. The thing melts into like subatomic liquid that seeps in through the cells of your body. Then it combines with the nuclei of each molecule, essentially making you some sort of a robotic thing." "Cybernetic, I think." "Yeah, like a cyborg." "Why is the logo switching colors like that?"

Ethan flips his left hand over to look at the Apple Corp logo glowing on the palm of his hand. The image looks similar to a projection being cast; only the light creating it is emitted by glowing cells. The two gaze upon the shimmering rainbow logo for a moment, then Asher closes his hand.

"I am not sure. Maybe it is downloading software?" "Looks cool switching from green to pink to blue and whatnot. Does it have to be the Apple logo, or can you change it to something else?" "Good question. Not sure. Maybe if you hack it, but considering it is literally a part of your body, I don't know if that is possible. When do you get yours?" "Tonight. I think they were all supposed to be delivered by end of week or something. Doesn't the law state that we all have to have them activated by a certain time?" "I

think by Sunday. Stupid B.S., the president, is forcing on us. We can't buy or do anything without it once it is activated. It's like the *Mark of the Beast* shit." "How did they manage to get that law passed that we have to use this." "It was the new president; she enacted the *Stick Together* memorandum thing. The one that was created to bypass the constitution. You know back when the countries united forming the U.S. National Government which then enacted that shit to force everyone on the planet to get vaccinated." "Yeah, I remember reading about that in history class. I was born with the antibodies." "I think we all were. Anyone born after 2023, they said."

Amid Ethan and Asher's conversation, their teacher walks in and greets everyone, "Good afternoon, class. Today is a special day. Can anyone tell me what today is?" A few seconds go by without any responses. Then the teacher says, "No one? Well, guess we'll never know. Alright then, let's get to it. Today we will be covering..."

Just as the professor begins the lecture, Siri starts talking from the students' devices in the classroom. Her voice plays in sync from multiple speakers creating an operatic experience.

[Attention, due to an unforeseen glitch within the soon to be obsolete tower system, all U.S. National citizens must return home and activate the iPhone Omega. If you have not received your Omega, please remain within your home until you do. All current devices will no longer be working after this message finishes.]

The announcement repeats a few more times while all the kids stand up and work their way out of the classroom. As the students scramble to get out of their seats and out the door, the professor talks loudly over Siri's amplified voice, saying, "Okay, class. I'll be in touch once the new system is up and running. From what I understand is that we may be switching to virtual class meetings on the I.MD.C. system. Have a good rest of the week. I assume we will all return Monday."

When Ethan and Asher get outside the school, Ethan notices his iPhone 32, the iPhone Flip, has become frozen.

"Dude- my phone stopped working." "That sucks. It's probably because tower-to-tower transmission is gone. The Omega uses a flesh-to-flesh method."

Ethan and Asher walk a few blocks together. Then they go separate ways to their own houses. Ethan spent the short walk trying to turn his Flip on and off, but it just remained stuck in limbo, showing the Apple Corp logo on a blacked-out screen.

2 | In Head

By the end of day Saturday, all the people of the world have—or are—activating their Omega devices, letting the small black disc melt into the palm of their hand. Their hand then turns metallic as if they dipped it in a pot of melting silver. Afterward, the material quickly dissipates into the skin, disappearing. Once fully absorbed and fused to one's genetic makeup, an image of a flat-grey apple appears on their palm. Shortly after, the classic bite is taken from the apple, thus showcasing the Apple Corp logo. Then, the intertwined Omega begins processing, and the logo turns into a flat-rainbow color.

When the processing is completed, each strip of color glows and alternates, indicating the software is uploading. This event is accompanied by a digital projection that appears before the user's eyes. The image comes as a reflection of oneself only older or younger depending on the person. At this point, it can take one to seven days to finalize. When the finalization is completed, the user is assigned their designated color—a color determined by their age and sex regardless of personal identification.

Ethan lies on his bed, watching and listening to the holographic image of his older self as his device begins uploading to him. He had decided to hold off on activating his Omega until the weekend since the device is more or less useless until all people are fully synced. Once Ethan finally rested the device in his palm and became one with the technology, he decided to visit Asher to try out the Inner Mind-Dimensional Connection feature—a feature he just learned can be used immediately upon activation. That is, just so long as the users are within close proximity.

After a short walk, Ethan meets up with Asher at a nearby playground. The two immediately sense the presence of the Omega device when they are about ten meters from the other. Asher then brain-dials Ethan, and they transition into the digital world.

“Dude! This is so cool. Try to kiss me.” “I ain’t gay, man.” “No one cares; everyone is Bi these days. Even gay people are Bi. Come on, it’ll be fun. You can change your image, or I can change mine. I wanna know what it is like to have a female orgasm. Siri-turn me into a woman.” [At this time, your parental restrictions prevent access to all features.] “Awe – damn. I knew that was going to happen.” “There is something I always wondered about that.” “What’s

that?" "So – like – if a transgender Tgirl gets with a natural-born girl, does that make her gay or straight?" "Whatever, come here, and let's try and make out." "Alright, screw it."

When Asher attempts to put his lips up to Ethan's, the two are pushed back like opposing magnets of the same side.

"What the fuck was that?" "I think it's that underage lock thing." "I am gonna have to fix that. I ain't wait in two more years to get freaky in here." "You may just have to find someone to do it with, in person. Though- maybe that seems like too much work now. Also, kinda gross. And don't look to me, I don't wanna mix up all their germs and stuff." "I thought that – I think – this device or the nano junk in us or whatever is also supposed to act as birth control and kill bacteria and viruses and things and whatnot. Like it is supposed to make us impervious to all diseases. I think that is how the president convinced everyone to agree to the tech." "Yeah. Hey, do you have a problem accessing everything?" "Yeah. I can't get into much of anything in here. We are stuck in an empty room. It's like a dojo in here. Like that old Matrix movie. Shit – is this the start of the

Matrix future? Siri- what is the software status of the Omega?"

[The new iPhone Omega is currently updating software. The apple logo will have a multicolored glow when updating software. Once all devices are activated, the software can finish updating, officially syncing society.]

“Oh, yeah. I get it. It’s because the cell towers are obsolete now. The nano stuff is using each of our bodies as a tower instead.” “Does that mean you can read my mind?” “I hope not. I am already disappointed being in here with you.” “Shut up.” “My Mom is calling me for dinner. I gotta run. I’ll jump back on later and see if there have been any updates and let you know on Monday what I find out.” “Cool.”

3 | Jail Broke

“Hey, Man.” “Sup.” “You have a good weekend?”
“Nah. Fucking boring as shit without the software update. Couldn’t text or play any games. I had to read an actual book. Then, I ended up pulling out some really old iPhones from when my Mom was in college. They work on those old sim card things, so the new tech doesn’t affect them, and they couldn’t force them to a blackout screen. Couldn’t really do much with it except connect to the home internet. Had to do some tricks to get that to work too.” “Nice. I was bored too.” “I did find some old code on hacking iPhones. I downloaded it to my head somehow just by looking at it.” “You think it will do anything to the Omega?” “Let me try something.”

Ethan closes his eyes and then opens them and looks to Asher. Asher twitches and then opens his eyes. “Wo, man. That was nuts. It was like someone sticking their finger in my brain. I got the code. That is some old-ass-looking code. It is all two dimensional.” “I know, right? How did they even program anything with just writing two D symbols?” “Not sure. Glad I don’t live back then.

Can you imagine having to type or write this stuff?”
“Don’t even want to.”

“Well, I gots to cut this session short and get back home. I just ran up here quick while my Mom is in the shower.” “Sounds good. I’ll see yeah tomorrow at school. Meet at our spot – seven-thirty?” “Sure.”

4 | Activation

“Yo, Dude. I haven't heard from anyone except you since the Flips got cut off.” “I haven't heard from anyone either. I don't think this stupid Omega is working.” “Me neither.” “Is your logo still all multicolored and shit?” “Yep. My parents turned to a reddish color and a whitish color.” “Oh, yeah. I read about that. In order for people to know someone's sex and age, a different color is assigned to each person's genetic classification.” “What?! So you're telling me a transgender girl is gonna have— what color is for guys?” “Uh – I don't know. There is a color for guys under eighteen and girls. Then there is one for people over eighteen. I guess it chooses the color off of the DNA code and the rate of decay of cells or something.” “It won't turn when we turn eighteen?” “Right, when we are somewhere around eighteen, it does. The new law of consent is based on the color of the device. They said it's supposed to protect people. Like guys getting fooled by underage girls. I don't see why that matters since the nano-tech inside us kill STDs, sperm, and fertilized eggs on demand.” “Who the fuck knows. The people that are in charge are morons.” “Power- hungry people usually are.”

“You see that over there?” “Yeah, what is she doing?” “Fuck. She is chewing on that boy.” “Nah – they gotta just be playing.” “What the hell? Seriously. Let’s take a closer look. That little girl is on him like a wolf to a rabbit.”

Asher and Ethan walk away from their meeting spot behind the high school to the next-door elementary school’s playground. An area fenced off with signs informing all non- students and staff of trespassing violations due to minors being present.

They get up to the fence and look closer at the boy and girl. They see the young girl kneeling over the seemingly lifeless boy, with her teeth sunk into his forearm.

“Yo, little girl! What are you doing?” Yells Asher. Then he says to Ethan, “Dude. Should we get in there and stop her?” At the same time, the girl removes her teeth from the boy's skin and rapidly jerks her head, turning to them. When they see her face, her eyes are a silvery metal color but liquidized like loose mercury wobbling across a table after being spilled.

“What the fuck is that?!” “I don’t know. It’s like she is possessed.” “Look at her hand, dude. The Omega. The logo is like dark red, glowing.” “What’s

dripping out of her mouth?" "Yeah, look at the boy's arm. There isn't any blood from where she bit him, and she bit him pretty hard. I can see cuts into the flesh, but it doesn't look like flesh." "It looks kind of like code." "Yeah, it does." "Look close; it's like his blood turned to three-dimensional digital code, and it is dripping from her mouth." "Look, when it hits the ground, it turns red back to blood." "What the fuck is going on here?" "I don't know, man. Let's get out of here." "Should we tell someone?" "I suppose, but what do we say? Some ten-year-old girl in a sundress has turned into some sort of digital zombie?"

The girl doesn't spend a second looking at the boys before returning to her feast. Asher and Ethan go to class wondering if they are both hallucinating or if what they saw actually happened. When they walk into the high school, something immediately seems wrong. The place is nearly vacant. No teachers have started classes, only half the classroom lights are on, and the hallways are not lined with students tending to their lockers. There are only a few clusters of people scattered about.

"What is going on here?" "I don't know." "Look – look at the football guys over there. They are all just standing in a circle with glowing eyes staring at

nothing.” “Weird. Their logos are like flickering between white and green.” “I read about that too. They are in a virtual setting together. Can we talk to them in that state?” “Let’s find out.”

Asher walks up to the group and tries to communicate with a somewhat friend. He shouts to him, “Yo, Lincoln.” as he approaches. Lincoln’s head turns to him, and Asher and Ethan see nothing but a lifeless look with glowing eyes. Then, Lincoln turns his head back, pointing to the group's center.

“I think something is going on here, Asher.” “Yeah, no shit.” “Can you reach your parents or anyone?” “No, this stupid Omega shit still isn’t working. The only person I seem to be able to reach is you.” “Me and my younger sister Emmeline were able to connect over the weekend. Let me try her. She should still be at home.”

5 | Emmy

Asher and Ethan both connect in their mind dojo and attempt to reach Asher's sister. When they do, they enter into a world of chocolate and butterflies. The two – for a moment stand amid a fantasy forest of pink trees with caramel trunks growing in coco dirt. They then see Emmeline riding a rainbow unicorn dressed in a wedding gown in the distance.

Ethan looks to Asher with a stunned look on his face and asks, "How old is your sister again?" to which Asher replies with an even more confused look saying, "Uh. Hmmm. I thought she was sixteen, but now I think she must be six." "To each their own, I guess."

As they stand gazing upon Asher's sister's magical land of pink fluff, she spots them, and then suddenly, they are back staring at the hallways.

"She must have booted us out, man." "Yeah, that would have been embarrassing to share with someone." "How did we get in without her permission?" "I think my parents set some safety thing for us to auto-connect while in school so as not to disturb classmates or something if we need to

talk." "Creepy shit." "Seriously – last time I am doing that."

"Oh shit. You see that? That dude that looked at you earlier. He has the red apple now and mercury eyes. He is walking towards us."

The two boys stand in the hall, watching the metallic laced eyeballs near them. They stand frozen in fear of what is to come, but the boy just walks through the two of them as if they aren't even there, bumping their shoulders as he passes.

"Dude- let's get the fuck out of here." "Indeed, Ethan. Indeed." "Let's go check on my sister." "Alright, no one is at my place."

The two didn't notice it on their walk to school. The streets were essentially empty – no cars or pedestrians except them and the little girl on the playground. There were also no noticeable parties outside of the circle of football players in the school. When the two arrive back at Asher's, they slowly enter with extra caution. Asher whispers for Emmeline, and Ethan keeps an eye out behind them. The two slowly creep in, lightly shutting the door behind them, making their way further into the house. But once they start, Emmeline comes floating

around the corner, gliding past the couches in the living room. She is gliding on what looks like a holographic hoverboard made out of starlight.

When Emmy sees her brother and Ethan, she zips up to them. Her body comes flying at them, tilted at an angle with her hair dangling over her face covering her eyes. Then air blows it out of the way, and they see that she has the red apple logo on her palm and mercury eyes just as the boy at school did. The two freeze, wondering what she is going to do. She then stops as though she hit an invisible wall before reaching them. When she stops, her apple logo turns a neon sky bluish color, and her eyes go back to normal.

The first thing that comes to Ethan's mind is, (Why is her logo blue? I thought that is the color for guys.)

Emmeline then asks Asher, "What are you guys doing home from school?" Then her eyes begin to glow, and the logo turns back to the red color. The hoverboard made of light reappears, and Emmeline pushes through them, heading to the front door they just came through. Ethan starts to yell to her to prevent her from crashing into it, but just as he does, her whole body turns to a glowing light, and she passes right through it.

“Alright, man. Like seriously, what is going on? Is this Omega thing supposed to give us superpowers? I want mine to start working now. That looked awesome. By the way, Is your sister really a dude?”
“She is a girl.” “But she had the blue apple?” “Just remember- she is a girl.” “Got it. Pretty sexy she is. We need to find some other people. How can we get ahold of anyone?” “Fuck if I know. Maybe through email on an old device or computer or something, but then the other person would also have to have one.” “Let’s go check around the city for people. It was like the city is deserted or something on our way home.”

5 | Strolling

Asher quickly opens the door looking for Emmeline, but she is already a few blocks away, zipping around a corner behind a row of houses. When the two go about walking after her, it is suddenly as if the town came back to life. Everyone seems to be getting back on with their day-to-day routine. When they examine the people they see, they notice various colored Apple logos on their palms. None with the red logo or the rainbow logo they both have.

“Let’s go find my sister before she hurts herself. Something must be wrong with her device.” “What is up with ours then?” “Not sure. Let’s ask someone if they know what’s up. That’s my neighbor, Thomas. He is chill. Let’s go ask him.” “Cool. I see, ‘he’ has a blue apple logo too.” “Come on. Before he gets in his car.”

The two attempt to approach the neighbor, but when they get near him on his way to his car, he doesn’t even know they are there. At first, Asher thinks the man is rude but then doesn’t ever recall Thomas ever ignoring anyone or being rude to anyone in the past. He just walks by them, gets in his car, and starts the engine. At this time, Ethan decides to knock on the window. When he does this, Thomas becomes

startled and turns his head to look out the driver's seat window. Then he looks to the back and the sides and says under his breath, "That was weird."

"Dude, Asher. What the fuck is up with this guy." "I think I am starting to realize what is happening here." "What's that?" "If our devices don't activate, we are invisible to them. Like the software etches us out of existence as if they are color blind to non-omegas." "Let's get back to school" "Yeah. I agree."

Asher and Ethan get back to class. When they do, they go to their scheduled classes, as usual. When they arrive, they find that everyone is now in their seats, and the teachers have begun instructing. The two continue to be invisible to everyone throughout the day. So, they try to listen in, eavesdropping, in hopes of figuring out how to fix their devices.

By lunchtime, they still hadn't learned anything. In fact, it is as though the other people are on some sort of autopilot, just going through the motions of the day. They sit in the lunchroom hall eating what they can steal since no one knows they are present. While Ethan bites into a cheese croissant he swiped from the checkout counter, another student jumps on a table. Then a few others stand up and then more. They all hold their non-dominant hands in the air to

expose that they have a solid white apple logo in their palms. The others do not notice what is happening. They continue to go about their eating and robotic conversations. Ethan and Asher watch as the white palmed students' eyes begin to glow and their jaws open in hang down, leaving their mouths nearly unhinged like a snake about to swallow a rabbit.

“What the fuck are they doing, Asher?” “I don’t know. Maybe we should get out of here.” “Wait – I wanna see what they are going to do. We are invisible, right?” “I’m scared.”

The two stay for a moment and watch as each of the white-palms find a nonwhite-palm and begin chomping on their flesh, ripping chunks out and swallowing them down. But, again, it isn’t red meaty and bloody body parts – it is a type of three-dimensional computer code designed to program fourth-dimensional objects. Unlike two-dimensional code being transmitted one-dimensionally, this is fourth-dimensional code riding 3D bodies.

After seeing one full-body eaten and devoured by a group of white-palms, they get up and run away out of the building as fast as they can. Ethan suggests they go to his house because his parents would likely still be at work. `They make their way, and

everywhere they go, they see white- palms eating people with different colored logos. Cars have crashed, and fires have started. Some people lay half-naked in the street, ripped to digital pieces.

When they get closer to Ethan's house, which is not too far from Asher's, they see Emmeline again. She is still floating down the street on her light-board, zipping around like Tony Hawk at a skatepark. Her skirt flails in the wind as she does. Ethan finds himself quite attracted to her, sneaking peeks of her small bottom poking out under her rippling dress.

"Dude. Look, there is your sis." "I see her." "Let's go get her. Look, she has the red logo still. She must be safe from the white ones. Can you enter her head again?" "I've been trying. It's like making a phone call to someone with their phone shut off." "How do we even make calls on these things?" "Social security numbers." "What?" "Yeah - they have been rendered useless due to the interconnecting of our DNA with the Omega. So they programmed them to be our calling number or whatever." "Alright, how do I get her social?" "I'll upload it to you, but I doubt you'll be able to reach her."

The two try to chase her down as she zips up and down the streets, unaware of anything. Luckily, she hadn't been hit by a rogue car or simply ran into a

tree. Ethan gets no response when he attempts to dial into her head. They both then take different paths so they can cut her off, and finally, Asher tackles her close to a curb and knocks her down.

When he does this, her logo turns back to blue, and she comes too, asking, "What am I doing out here, Asher?"

Asher tells her to be quiet and then says, "We got to get out of here, sis. Now!" She sits up slowly while he tries to pull her up off the ground, and she asks, "What is going on?"

Ethan stands by watching. When he sees the Apple turn blue, he also sees pedestrians down the street with white Apples. The instant her hand turns blue, the white-palms begin frantically charging towards her on all fours. On their way, their jaws split open, and strange electronic sounds come out of them. Sounds similar to radio waves detected deep in space.

"Asher- get her up! We got to get out of here now!"
"Come on, Emmeline, we gotta go."

Feeling a sense of protective responsibility for the girl he just met, Ethan instructs Asher to get Emmy

up and head for his house. Asher does, and Ethan then takes some trash cans nearby, throwing them towards the digital quadrupeds. They cannot see the trashcan being held by Ethan, but when he releases it, it becomes present.

The can flies towards the digital zombies as if it slipped through a wormhole. It then rolls across the ground, and they trip over it and fly forward, giving the three-time to escape.

It is daytime, so the people coming after them are retired elderly folk as most others are at work. It didn't seem that way when they were hunting. However, the tumble they took broke one's arm and the other's leg. Ethan stood guard for a moment, watching them scream without sound and roll around with half limp jaws wiggling about. Then, their limbs began to heal and come back together. When he sees this, he takes off, running as fast as possible. Before the

fallen couple could see where Emmeline went, she and Asher had disappeared into Ethan's house. Ethan is on his way, still invisible to the old couple.

7 | Red, White, and Blue

“Emmeline- are you okay?” “I don’t know what is happening. I was just dreaming or well trying out the Omega’s ema thing.” “The I.MD.C?” “Yeah, that deal. It’s like totally legit, Bro.” “So, I’ve heard. Look, we are in a lot of danger. I think. Well, I don’t know. You may be more than Ethan and me.” “Why, what’s going on?” “Not sure. Something with the devices is causing people to act crazy or something.” “Seriously? Nothing has happened to me.” “Is that a fact? Let me ask you- while you were out blindly air-skating the streets, did you happen to think you were riding a rainbow unicorn across a field of marshmallows?” “How do you know that? That is supposed to be my secret.” “Pretty fucking gay secret at your age.” “What? I can’t let myself feel like there is a world out there that isn’t filled with judgmental, power-driven hypocrites?” “Never mind that – we have bigger issues at hand.” “Like what?” “I guess you didn’t notice out there—the people trying to eat you alive?” “What?”

Emmeline starts to confusedly respond, then Ethan comes running into the house, slamming and locking the door behind him. He then runs to the window to see the couple back on their feet, walking as they were a moment earlier as if nothing had happened.

“Asher, is she okay?” “Yeah, she seems to be alright.” “She know what the fuck’s going on around here?” “Not a clue.” “What the fuck was she doing out there.” “I wasn’t doing anything. I thought I was at home.” “Ah. So what’s up with you. Can you call anyone in your head or whatever?” “Uhm, I don’t know. I haven’t tried. The thing has been uploading on and off or whatever for days.” “When did your apple turn red? Mine didn’t change at all over the weekend.” “Me neither but the two of you have had yours in you for a few days longer than me.”

“I woke up this morning with it like this. Well, I woke up and it was blue. I have never seen it be red at all. Don’t know what you mean by that. It was all rainbow-e like yours are, then it turned blue. I don’t know why it is blue. I thought blue was for boys. Mine is supposed to be pink or purple or something.” “Do you have access to the device now? Like full access?” “I think so. Let me go into the mind mode thingy and see.” “I’ll try and meet you there.” “K.”

Emmeline enters her mind back into her clouded pink land of cocoa-dusted earth. Asher is able to enter, and Ethan is too. When inside, Ethan thinks that Emmy’s imagination is what Tinkerbell’s sex dungeon would look like.

“Alright, Emmeline, can you access all-new data for today?” “K. Siri- What is today’s news?” “Emmeline: Here are today’s top articles. Today, in USA-National News, All citizens of the U.S.A. The national territory has activated their Omegas. President Joe Biden’s son, Beau, runs against his former sister Ashley, now Jim Biden, after a sex change. Would you like me to keep reading?” “No.”

“Emmeline, give me access to your data logs.” “No way!” “I mean, like let me access the internet. I don’t wanna no anymore about your freaky Cinderella sex box here.” “It’s not a sex box!” “Then why does everything growing look like a dildo made of candy?” “Huh?” “Asher, I don’t think you need permission to ask for the internet. Watch- Siri: What are the purpose of the different colored apple logos?” “Ethan: Here is what I found on the web. Would you like me to read any of the articles?” “Yes, the first one.” “When initially activating the iPhone Omega, the logo may be many colors or no colors at all until it has fully integrated

itself into one’s subatomic cellular structure. Then, once fully integrated, the device will likely have a shimmering rainbow effect. (This may differ from body to body.) The rotating rainbow colors indicate

an uploading process. This process may take 3-5 days to complete. However, it can be interrupted and delayed. Once the software is fully upgraded, one's genetic code and age (based on cell formation) will determine the coloring so that others in society can differentiate between minors, adults, and at birth sexes. The underage male is assigned azure-blue, whereas the female is assigned mulberry-violet. Would you like me to keep reading?" "No."
"What the hell? I am not a boy!"

When Eithen hears Emmeline say this, he asks with half sarcasm and half seriousness, "Are you trans?"

"Dude, Ethan – I told you she isn't" "Yeah, what the fuck dude. Do I look like a chick with a dick?" "Honestly? "Yes!" "Who the fuck can tell these days. In the porn I watch, I can't tell if the girl is a girl or formally a dude or a girl born with a dick or what. My point is most of the transgender t-girls I've seen are more feminine than half the real-woman I see. So, statistically speaking, yes and no. And then you have the blue Apple, and I am like thinking you are so hot and what is under that skirt." "Does it matter what is under this skirt?" "Not to me. I'd go down on you if you are six inches deep or eight inches out!" "So, you are Bi?" "No, I like girls." "But you just said..." "Wait. So, you are telling me- if I were with a

transgender girl, who looks like a real woman, I'd have to identify as gay or bisexual, but everyone in society must identify him as a woman? Like, defend it and whatnot? So, I am gay for being with what looks like a woman, and he is a woman because he says he is even though he could get pregnant? I'm confused."

Asher laughs and says, "That's a woman for yah!" "Okay, whatever. I think you are drop-dead gorgeous, and whether you have or never had a penis doesn't change how I feel about you. I ain't Bi, though. I don't like men. I could handle a chick with a dick because I know how to handle a dick, and I like chicks. I also like anal just so long as she looks like you, Emmy."

Emmeline blushes and shyly looks down.

"Alright – alright. We all get the picture, bro. can we get back to WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON OUTSIDE?"

Emmy asks, "What is going on outside? As far as I know, I woke up, and everything was fine." "Yeah? Do you know what time it is?" "Yes, I do now, but I thought it was hours earlier." "That's because you are in some sort of a trance." "Shit! I know what's

happening!” “What’s that, Asher?” “Yeah, what’s going on, Ash?”

“I downloaded some code accidentally from an old iPhone your mom had or whatever.” “Oh Fuck! You are probably right. That old jailbreaking code is probably disrupting the finalization of the software upload.” “Yeah, and you jumped into Emmeline’s head for a minute and must have passed it like a virus.” “Dude, we have to figure out how to get this to everyone else. It’s like a vaccine.”

Ethan has a thought and asks, “Siri: can you tell me the status on Emmeline’s software update to the Omega?” “The update is in progress.” “Yes. But are there issues?” “I don’t understand your question?”

When Asher hears this, he disappears from sight, jumping into his head out of Emmy’s. “Siri: What is the hold up on my software being installed?” “Asher: There is an issue with your coding. Product development went through a flawless process to ensure proper coding of each individual’s DNA. It is currently being debugged and should be fixed within 24-48 hours.”

Asher returns to find Ethan kissing his sister with his hand up her skirt surrounded by candied butterflies

floating about the pink horizon. He disregards it after, wondering for a moment how the situation could have happened so quickly.

While Ethan has his holographic tongue down Emmy's throat, he sends Asher a thought-text, reading: It is a girl! Ethan immediately responds as he walks across ginger-colored Lilly pads resting on a pond made of jelly, reading: I know, dumbass. She is my sister...

Asher announces, "Guys, I know what is happening. Well, with us at least." Ethan and Emmeline stop fondling each other to listen.

"You are right. It is that code. It is temporarily keeping us from fully absorbing the software. Siri said we have like 24-48 hours before it is fixed, and then we become like them."

"What about me?" "I don't know, Sis. You just got a taste where we got the full meal." "What should we do?" "I don't know. I don't want to become a digital flesh-eating whatever the heck is out there." "Flesh-eating?" "You don't want to know." "Um, yes – I think I do." "Alright, let's get out of this pink fluff nightmare a – s – a – p and figure out what the hell is going on. Like why some of the people are being

eaten, and some are not, and why they cannot see us.” Just as he says this—within Emmeline’s princess realm—a screen pops up, and a woman that looks like

Emmeline’s older self begins speaking in Siri’s voice. [Upon transference of your resonance from the home planet, some of the humanoid specimens will not be able to fully adapt to the transient metals due to their being pureblood homo sapiens. These particular avatars will be rendered useless, and their data should be consumed to preserve cross-dimensional-biological matter.]

“What the fuck is cross-dimensional-biological-matter?”

[C.D.B.M. is the interdimensional universal glue that connects the physical to the non-physical. The coding allows the light world to program itself within the dark world, creating the world you live in.]

(Whatever the fuck that means.)

“What do you mean homo sapiens will not survive?” [Many years before the modern era—on multiple islands and continents—lived various forms of humanoid species. Long before any of the naturally

evolved Earth species were capable of electricity, we sent a team of scientists to re-design the genetics of these humans so that they would eventually be able to unify with our home planet's core metals. These metals permit for everlasting life but only bond with Anunnaki blood.]

“Are we going to bond?”

[I don't understand the question.]

“Am I going to be eaten, or am I going to fuse with the trans metal stuff?”

[Any pure blood hominoid species will not bond. Any capable bloodlines will bond and then be reset so that Nibiru-bound Anunnaki are able to utilize the bodies as avatars for their personal use. This was the purpose of the allowed evolution of the humans.]

“What?!”

[Humans were not made extinct for this purpose. The traveling distance from Nibiru and the planetary chemical makeup would not allow for their physical residence upon the planet. The Anunnaki people permanently dwell within their planet's core, finding refuge in the human avatar experience.]

“How can we stop this from happening?”

[There is no way to stop or reverse a brain reset. All data is wiped from the host and replaced with a designated Anunnaki.]

“Why cannot anyone see us?”

[Until the transition is complete, the resonance of an Anunnaki is incapable of seeing non-transient flesh. Once the data upload is complete, they can see who is transferred and who is human. Then they must consume the human’s digitalized flesh.]

“Wait, will any of the people of Earth survive?”

[Anyone that has not activated the tranoquart device known by the Earth-bound people as the iPhone Omega will survive. They will be able to live unnoticed by the Anunnaki. However, the number is estimated to be so insignificant that their long-term survival is statistically zero percent. And their hidden existence is of no threat to the mass body of Anunnaki-laced groups.]

“Is it possible to extract the Omega?”

[Once the Omega has mended with the subatomic particles, it is not possible to break the connection.]

“Why did an old code prevent our devices from syncing and finishing the job?”

[This is unknown to me. The system is attempting to reverse the intermingling of this foreign data and backlog it to prevent it from spreading.]

“Why are you telling us this?”

[I am simply an interactive database and guide to assist you with your transition to Earth. May it be a lovely stay for you.]

Emmeline tells the screen to go away and then announces to Asher and Ethan, “That thing thinks we are one of the Ah – Nah – Ku.” “Anunnaki.” “Thanks. It thinks we are one of these Anunnaki things.” “Yeah. I think we are fucked, guys. And Emmeline might be the first to go.” “Guys, we gotta try and spread this code virus to the rest of the people.” “Asher, you heard her. She said once they reset, they are gone, and we are dinner.” “Fuck – we are fucked!” “Yeah, Man. You saw how many of those red apple zombies were sucking the light out of everyone. We are screwed. And how long is this

code gonna keep us safe?" "My Siri says, not long that it is being decoded and sent back to Nibiru to prevent it from happening to anyone else." "Guys- we have no choice. We either wait or do something." "You are right. Maybe if we go back to our parent's box of old iPhones and see if we can find a way to keep the jailbreak code going." "Let's do it." "Emmeline, you stay here." "What? No way!" "Yes – you must. You can still be seen when your apple goes blue, but we are invisible to them." "Yeah, I get it. Alright. I'll stay here." "Okay, we'll be back. I love you." "Me too." Says Ethan, making Emmy blush again.

End Times

Asher and Ethan get the old devices and bring them back unnoticed. Emmeline is again gliding about the house on her light-generated hoverboard with a half blue half green logo embedded in her palm when they get back. The two don't know what to make of it, and she doesn't know they are present. She was left in the basement, and from what they can make of it, she is incapable of finding her way up the stairs. She just zips about the underground layer, floating on light—dress flapping in the wind.

Asher takes iPhone's fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and more out of the box-checking each one for signs of jailbreaking. Then Ethan informs him that the jailbreaking was abandoned around 2024 when the COVID virus mutations wiped out half the planet creating a technological monopoly putting Apple Corp in charge, taking over government and military. To which Asher immediately recalls from his history courses.

"Do we have any of the earlier models?" "I am not sure. I think the fourteen was the last one which was the one I was messing with." "How did you get the code in you?" "I don't know; it was like adaptive or something." "So, like you just looked at it?" "Yeah."

“Fuck it, let’s just look at them all then. You think your sister is alright?” “I don’t know. I think when she is done ice skating on the cement of the basement, she will make her way upstairs.”

tap – click – tap – click – tap

“Speak of the devil. Sounds like she is back.”

While the two sift through useless old cellular devices, Emmeline comes up out of the basement and walks right past them to the outside. They try to grab her attention, but she doesn’t acknowledge them. They then see that she has the strange-looking color logo in her palm, a color that is indescribable to the human eye.

“Ah shit, man. They must have got my sister. She is gone, and we are running out of time. Wait, I feel something. Shit, I am – I am.”

Ethan’s heart drops in his chest when strange sounds come from Asher’s body. He watches as every cell of his skin vibrates like water pooled on a subwoofer. His Apple logo then turns blue like his sister’s, and the molecular movement stops. For a moment, his eyes are mercury-like, then he blinks and looks completely normal. Right as this is happening, Ethen

jumps into Asher's head to see if he can still connect, and it is a success. However, the two only had a moment together before Ethan's consciousness erased. The two quickly asked the database if Ethan was to be consumed or transitioned. Only, before the Siri avatar of Ethan could speak, Asher is kicked out, and Ethan's mind and memories are gone.

Asher speaks to Ethan while staring blankly at a wall, saying, "I know you are there, but I cannot see you." He then says, "Goodbye, my friend."

As Asher's brain finalizes its reset, his logo changes, turning him to a white palm. Simultaneously, Ethan's logo turns to his assigned shade of blue, making him visible to Asher.

End...

False Reality Publishing

Fragmented

Author Jonathan David

A short story series with no point...

Event 1

(Where am I? What is this beneath my back? Some sort of separated land as if the stone melted into tiny granules. The moon is beautiful. I have never seen such a moon. It is so brilliant that one could mistake it for a dull sun.)

He stands up and feels sand squish between his toes, noticing an oddly placed tattoo near his heel. Next to him are a pair of sandals. Instinctively, he slips them on and begins walking along the ocean shore, observing the almost daylight experience the moon is projecting across the land. As he walks down the waterline, he sees two large towers and people lined up and down the beach enjoying the night.

(Strange. I don't recall seeing animals such as these before? They seem to have some sort of intelligence.)

He looks at his arms, legs, and body, realizing that he is one of them.

(Odd. I don't remember being such a being. I don't know anything. I don't think I do remember anything. What do they call that? Amnesia. Right. What is this I am wearing?)

He pats his body all over, feeling the fabric of his clothes. There is a solid rectangular-shaped item in his left pocket. In his right, there is a cylindrical trinket accompanied by a metallic dreidel.

He pulls each item out and examines them for a moment, and puts them back. He then pulls the object from his left pocket back out and looks at it again. When he tilts it, it glows, and a screen turns on. It reads Wednesday, July 7th, 2021 – 11:03 pm.

He doesn't quite understand what he is looking at or interpreting. He begins to fondle the device in search of buttons or something to work with. He has a sense of déjà vu about it as if he has worked with it before. First, he says, "Activate." Then, "On." Then, he sees a disk at the base of the screen and puts his thumb to it. The screen then unlocks, exposing multiple icons of which he hasn't any clue of their purpose.

(Interesting.)

He puts the phone back in his pocket with the screen still on, letting it glow through the fabric.

(I wonder where I am?)

After walking some more, he comes by a sign which reads: MIAMI BEACH, WELCOME.

(Miami beach. What is a Miami?)

As he walks, he starts fidgeting with the items in his pockets. He picks at a loose piece of leather wrapped around his phone. It pulls back, and he feels a slot under it. He takes the phone back out of his pocket and flips a flap back on the back of the phone to see a driver's license, credit card, debit card, and a card that reads, "Seville."

Just as he reads the card, he looks up to see the name and logo match a sign in front of a building he is close to. He puts one and two together and heads to the building.

(I must be staying here. I hope it's nice. Huh, this must be me on this ID card. Dr. John D. Asterope. Wonder what Dr. stands for?)

Dr. Asterope heads up to the hotel, exiting the beach, and walks inside. He is immediately greeted by a young girl working the front desk who says to him, "Dr. Asterope, welcome back. Your luggage arrived a few hours ago and has been placed in your room

for you. Would you like us to send up any accommodations?"

(Accommodations?)

"If you are hungry or would like a drink, just let me know or dial zero on your phone upstairs, and that will connect you directly to me. I will be here until midnight, then Patrice takes over."

Confused about what to do, the Dr. begins to open his mouth but hesitates, and the girl can tell he doesn't know where to go, so she asks, "Would you like me to show you to your room?" "Yes, that would be good."

The girl responds with a big smile, and her hair bounces slightly as she walks out from behind the desk. The Dr. doesn't understand his feelings when looking at the girl's facial features, hair, and slim figure. He can't comprehend it, but he likes it.

"Come on, Dr. Asterope, follow me."

He follows her and watches as she walks to the elevators with an ever-slight left to right bump of the hips. Then they switch from right to left while her high heels click on the floor with each step. It is as if

the sound of the heal snapping on the tile is meant to announce the derrière's next shift.

"You are on the sixth floor." The elevator announces it is going up.

The two stand quietly in the elevator.

The girl looks out the corner of her eye to check out the Dr., finding herself attracted to him. She thinks to herself, (I wonder if he is single. I don't see a wedding ring. I hope he isn't gay. There are too many gay guys here. I need a man, like a man's man. He is tall and muscular. I bet his chest is firm and chiseled. I didn't expect him to have a body like this."

DING: Sixth Floor.

The two exit the elevator and walk down the hall to room 6166. "Here is your room Mr. – Dr. Asterope"
"Ah."

He doesn't quite know what to say. He watches her as she slips a card into the door, and a red light turns green. Then the locks click, and she turns the doorknob and opens it.

"Here you are."

She walks into the room, something she isn't supposed to do unless requested. She acts as if it is her job to give him a tour. After, she sits on the end of the bed, trying to signal to him that she is interested in him and could come right up after her shift ends. Still, he doesn't understand the body language.

He walks around the room and then looks out the window to the ocean. Not too far from his room is the area he had just woken at, and he can see the indent in the sand of where he was. The thought of he got here and where here is comes rolling back to his mind. He thinks he should feel anxious about it, but he feels comfortable as if it is supposed to be this way.

Event 2

Not sure what to say to the girl sitting on his bed, the Dr. just kind of paces about the room. She sits quietly, waiting for him to say something to her, hoping he asks her to come back when her shift ends. After a few minutes, she becomes impatient. She starts to open her mouth, but a bell sound comes from the Dr.'s pocket right before she does, and the rectangular screen glows.

“What was-is that?” “Huh? Oh.”

He takes the device out and looks at the glowing screen to see a message from 034017. He then reads: Have you arrived?

“Wow. That is a funny-looking camera you got there, or is that one of them portable TVs?”

The Dr. doesn't say anything to the young girl; he stands there just as confused about the device as she appears to be.

“Well, I can see you are busy, so I will get going. My name is Jenny, by the way. If you missed that from my name tag. I get off at midnight.”

She again implies that she would like to spend time with him after her shift if he were interested. He looks at her and grins slightly. Then, he puts the device back in his pocket and fidgets with the stuff in the other pocket without taking them out. He contemplates if there is a connection between them all.

“Ok. Bye-bye now.”

She thinks that maybe he is just shy, so she decides to take the initiative by telling him, “I will be at the hotel bar about 12:15 if you felt like having a drink and someone to talk to.”

He snaps out of his dazed state when he hears this and looks at the girl pushing herself up off the bed. He asks “Do I know you?” “No, not really. I mean, we met earlier when you checked in, then you left.” “What time was that?” “I think about 4:00 pm. It was right when I started my shift. Are you alright? You were a lot more chatty this afternoon. Did something happen to you?” “I do-don’t know, really. You say I checked in this afternoon. Checked in?” “Yea, you came in told us your luggage was being delivered and that you would be back later. I gave you your key, and then you left. Where did you go?”

“Hmmm.” “Well, if you want that drink, you’ll know where to find me.”

The Dr. again goes silent and turns back to looking out the window, and he hears the door close shut behind him.

(Meet for a drink. Drink? She must mean some sort of consumption. Maybe this is the pain I am feeling inside. I think this body is telling me to do something. Perhaps I shall meet this girl. Perhaps she can shed some light on the situation at hand.)

Bing: Another message comes through from the same sender with just a question mark.

(What is this messaging system. Who is 034017? ‘What time is it now?’ ‘It is 11:55 pm.’ ‘Let’s go meet with this girl.’ ‘Alright. First, let’s check the luggage. I feel like I know what is going to be inside the burgundy case.’)

The Dr. opens up the luggage. Inside the case is a grey rectangular block of metal with a bitten apple logo on it. He puts his fingers to it and slides them across, feeling the smooth and satisfying texture of the material. He takes it and sets it on the bed next to the suitcase. The rest of the luggage is everyday

clothes, except behind it is a thick leather folder about the same size as his phone. He takes it and flips it open to see a strange-looking badge that reads: Agent Asterope.

(Agent Asterope. I guess I am an agent. What does that even mean? Why can't I remember anything?)

The Dr. takes the laptop, badge, phone, dreidel, and the cylindrical trinket to the hotel desk and sets them down neatly organized. He sees the indent in the crease of the laptop. He slips his finger between the screen and keyboard and pops it open. The screen lights up and suggests he use his fingerprint to unlock it. First, he puts his finger randomly on the laptop, thinking any part can detect it, then he uses common sense and puts it on the shiny black key in the top right. It then unlocks.

The desktop shows a list of folders, all with different titles. He looks through them and sees one labeled: Seville. He is not sure how to operate the device. He puts his fingers on the keypad but doesn't press any keys. He then looks at the square cutout mousepad and puts his finger on it. The cursor shifts just a hair when he does this, and he has an ah- ha moment. He then moves the cursor to the file and starts tapping,

assuming that the action required to unlock the file must be correct. When the file opens, it is empty.

Event 3

The Dr. decides not to investigate further into the computer until he understands his whereabouts. He changes his clothes into something from the suitcase and goes back down to the lobby. When he arrives, the girl is gone, and Patrice is in her place behind the desk.

“Excuse me, can you tell me where the hotel bar is?”
“Sure thing Dr. Asterope. It is just straight back that way, then down to the right. Can’t miss it.” “Great.”

It isn’t hard to find the bar, and when he walks in, there she is, sitting all pretty with her legs crossed and a tall pink martini in front of her. The Dr. goes to her and pulls a barstool out next to her and sits down. She looks up at him and smiles, then she takes a cherry stuck to a plastic pick and bites it off with erotic gestures.

“Hey, there, handsome. Glad you could make it. You feeling better?” “I suppose. What’s that you are drinking?” “It’s a tequila sunrise martini. Wanna try it?” “Sure.”

She hands him the glass, and he takes a sip. The juice hits his tongue, and it tastes good, but his brain tells

him not to consume anymore because of the sugar content. He says to Jenny, "That's good but a bit sweet for me. What do you recommend for me?" "How about a scotch?"

Not knowing what scotch is, he simply concurs. "Hey, Jordy, can I get my friend here a Macallan, 12-year." Jenny turns back to the Dr. and asks, "You want ice with that?" He scrunches his lips and squints his eyes, and says, "Sure."

A few minutes later, he is presented with the drink. Jenny then holds her glass up and publicizes, "To a beautiful night."

The Dr. picks his glass up, clinks it gently to hers; then, he thinks how he knew to do that. He then takes a sip, not expecting the strong fumes to flood his nostrils and the burn of the liquid on his tongue. When it hits his throat, he coughs, and the girl laughs a little. "Maybe scotch isn't your drink either." As he coughs, trying to get the drops of scotch out of his lungs that went down the wrong pipe, he says, "Maybe not." Once he gets himself together, he takes a good sip, now knowing what to expect. "That's better. Tastes good." "Good."

“So what is that camera deal you have? I have never seen anything like that. What are you some sort of secret spy?” He doesn’t know what it is either. While he thinks of what to say in response, he feels the warmth of the alcohol fill his belly, and then suddenly, like being struck by lightning, he sees flashes of memory fly through his eyes as if the back of his pupil was a movie screen and his optic nerve is the projector in the back of the theater. He becomes still like a manikin as he watches the information present itself to him.

“Are you alright, sweetie?” A few seconds pass, and he says, “Yes.”, then takes another sip and when the ethanol flows into the blood, more images and data come pouring in.

“What are you doing? It looks like you are watching a TV in space.” “Sorry. The alcohol is kicking in. I don’t think I usually drink.” “What do you usually do?” “I am not sure. I don’t think I am from this time.” “Huh? Are you a crazy person?” “No. I don’t think so. What year is it?” “1998.” “What year do you think it is?”

To avoid any misunderstandings, he replies, “1998. I am only joking. This scotch is strong.” “Oh, good. You had me worried there for a moment. So, John.

You mind if I call you John?" "Not at all." "So, John. What brings you to Miami, and where are you from?"

Before he starts to try and respond, the barkeep reappears and asks if the two of them would like another round. Jenny replies quickly, telling Jordy to get a second of the same. The bartender then asks if they would like a tab or separate bills. Jenny looks to John, anticipating he will do the gentlemanly thing and offer to pay, and he does. He remembers that he has a credit card under a flap on his phone. He pulls it out and gives it to the bartender. The bartender then takes it and sets it on a receipt on the counter by the mirror.

"Would you like me to keep this open?" "Open?" "Yes, if you choose to have more drinks or perhaps order some food." "Oh, yes. I suppose so. I think I need food. Are you hungry, Jenny?" "Maybe an appetizer." "Alright, what's good?" "I love the calamari." "Calamari it is." (Whatever that is.)

Essential human communications start becoming apparent to the Dr. as the two of them sit and converse with each other. The images flying past the back of his pupil help him understand how to respond and what to do. Each sip of scotch he takes

brings on more instructions, and the situation becomes easier to handle. When she asks questions of his past, he can extract data that allows him to reply in a manner to her desire.

The calamari arrives, and the two take little bites between sips until the plate is empty. They have another round and continue flirting with each other. The Dr. is starting to like the situation and doesn't understand why. The drink makes him more and more comfortable with each sip, and she becomes prettier and prettier to him. She starts to press her shins up against his and slide her foot up and down his calves. She can tell it is exciting him.

(What is this girl doing to me? It feels so interesting. I don't think I have ever felt something like this before. At least not in this casing.)

At the beginning of their conversation, she again takes a bite of cherry stuck to the plastic stick. This time she sucks on it and pulls it out, making sure to make her lips look voluptuous. It excites the Dr. further. She leans forward and whispers in his ear, "Are you ready to go back upstairs?"

The simple blow of wind on his neck inches his pants upward, and she was watching. She puts her hand to

his thigh and presses it up firmly to his groin. Then goes back to face the bar, finishes the last of her drink, and signals to the bartender that they are ready to check out. The two sit quietly until the bartender returns.

When Jordy returns, he comes up to them, leans forward over the bar, and says softly, so the other customers don't hear, "Is this some sort of a joke?" Jenny asks, "What, Jordy?" "This credit card doesn't expire until 2023. The machine won't even recognize it." Jenny grabs it from Jordy's hand and looks at it. It is smooth without any brailed numbers and has a metal chip embedded in it. "What the hell is this, John? You some sort of scam artist?" "No. Sorry, that must be a prop of some sort. Can you charge it to my room?" "Prop?"

Jenny tells Jordy that the card on file for the room worked fine, so it is OK to charge it. Then she says, "Or I can pay. Let me pay – that is fine because I invited you anyways." "Alright, thanks."

The two of them make their way back to the Dr.'s room. Jenny asks him, "So what is up with that card and that weird camera? Are you from the future or something?" "Maybe. Just maybe."

(Maybe I shouldn't be bringing this girl back to my room, but something tells me that I need to be with her. A primal instinct I cannot control.)

"Do you have any protection?" "Like a gun or a knife." "Cute. No, a condom." (Condom?) "Um." "I'll take that as a no. Well, are you clean?" "I think so." "How often do you sleep around?" "I don't – well, I do sleep. What do you mean?" "When was the last time you had sex and were tested for STDs?" "I don't think I have ever had sex." (Not sure what that is?)

As they walk into the room, Jenny presses herself up to him slipping her hand down his pants, saying, "You are in for a real treat then, Doctor."

When he feels her embrace him, more images fill his eyeball, and he is reminded of making love.

The two spend a few hours entangled in each other, and then Jenny falls asleep. While she sleeps, the Dr. further investigates his trinkets. He takes the pen-shaped object and clicks a button on it. When he does this, a short needle pops out the end. The sight of it brings a flashback of memory to him. He sees the needle stick into his throat from the reflection of the mirror in front of him. It startles him, and he drops

the device. When it hits the ground, the force pushes the button, and the needle retracts.

Event 4

Dr. Asterope wakes up in his bed to see the girl at his desk staring at his computer.

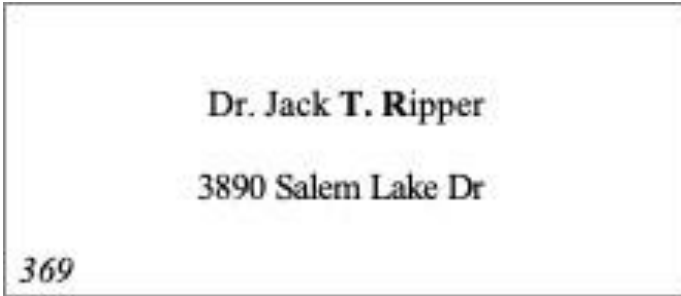
“What are you doing?” “This is the craziest laptop I have ever seen. There is no way this isn’t some sort of government secret spy shit. Who – are you?”

Feeling much more comfortable with the girl now that they have had intercourse, he decides to tell her the truth that he doesn’t know who he is or how he got here.

“I don’t know who I am or how I got here. I just woke up on the beach with those items in my pockets, and when I came to the room, the laptop was in my suitcase.”

“Says here on your badge thingy that you are an agent. What kind of agent?” “I don’t know. I really don’t know.” “You are not joking with me, are you? This isn’t some sort of way to get out of calling me or seeing me again?” “Believe me – I wanna see you all the time.” “It looks like you got some messages on this camera deal last night. Here.”

Jenny hands the doctor his phone. He then unlocks it to read a string of messages from 034017.



Have you arrived?

?

What is this I hear about you having sex? You know this is against protocol.

Respond agent!

"What does it say?" "I don't know." "Do you know how to unlock this computer?" "Yes, you put your finger to the top right button."

Jenny puts her finger to the button then the screen shakes and says incorrect password. "I think it must only work with your finger." "Alright, one second."

Dr. Asterope gets up off the bed and walks over to the desk where the laptop is. He then sits down and unlocks it. Once unlocked, he feels a pinch on his neck, and everything goes blank.

A few hours later, he wakes up and feels the sensation of the sand supporting his back as he lay on the beach staring up at the moon. He pushes himself up off the sand. The previous night that hasn't yet happened begins flashing before him like a picture slide printed on the back of his pupil. Simultaneously, other parts of his memory come back, and he has a sense of where he is. He pulls his phone out of his pocket and slides out the cards in the wallet case attached to it. He sees his driver's license, the credit and debit card, and a key card, but this time the access card says Miami Beach Edition.

He checks the date and time and reads Wednesday, July 7th, 2021 – 11:04 pm. Only a minute after he first checked when he woke up last time. He remembers he is supposed to meet someone at the Miami Beach Edition.

(Dr. Watson. Yes, Agent 034017: Doc Wat. We are to meet at midnight. Wait, was last night just a dream? I don't quite know exactly what I am doing here or

who I am. I just know that I am supposed to meet the Doc. I wonder if there are any messages.)

He checks his phone for messages, but the strings are empty. The whole phone is blank, and there is nothing but factory presets—not even a single contact.

Not too concerned about the situation, the Dr. walks back to the hotel once named Seville and enters. He expects to see Jenny at the desk, but the whole lobby looks different, and she is not there.

Event 5

“Hello Dr. Asterope, will you be checking out tomorrow? Your luggage is in your room.” “Room 6166?” “Yep! That is the one.”

As the Dr. stands in front of the desk, he watches as the girl texts or fiddles with something on her phone instead of providing him service. After a minute, she looks up at him and asks, “Did you need something?” He doesn’t say anything and walks away, and she goes right back to her phone unphased.

He decides to head up to his room to see if he has the same luggage. When he arrives at his room, he is surprised to see that the luggage is already open and the laptop and his badge are sitting on the desk just as he left them last time.

“Hey, you.” “JESUS! Where the hell. What?” “I was wondering where you went. You just up and disappeared right in front of me this morning. I mean – like – are you a magician?” “Huh. I thought. What? What day is it?” “Same day as it was this morning. Some guy stopped by looking for you. He said to tell you that he’d be at the bar at midnight. You got time for a quicky?”

Confused about what is happening, he first decides that he must leave, but then Jenny walks up to him and lets her robe slip off and fall to the floor. The moment he sees her petite and supple bosoms, he gives in and takes her right there on the desk, pushing the items aside.

The dreidel gets knocked off the table, rolls across the floor, and starts spinning while they are going at it. When it did this, a holographic image appeared of a man dressed in a trench coat and fedora hat, keeping his face unseen. He begins to talk: Agent Asterope-Your mission is to find and destroy project tinker bell. If your memory dilutes you, rub the tattoo on your leg to jump-start your I.M.S. (Inorganic Memory Storage).

He sees this happening in the mirror's reflection just above the desk while he has Jenny's legs wrapped around him. He decides he wants to finish before he rubs this tattoo. Then he feels her legs wrapping tighter around him and her arms squeezing his neck. He is still thrusting in her, and the combination of the loss of oxygen from her choking him with an orgasm sends a rush of blood to his head, and everything goes fuzzy. He sees little stars dancing all about the room, and he then passes out.

When he wakes up, he is back on the beach again, and this time he has the Seville card. He immediately rubs the tattoo on his leg, and it starts to illuminate and rearrange. He realizes it is not an actual tattoo. Instead, it is liquid nano storage of data that remains secure during interdimensional travels to extract any information that may have been lost in transferring one's body. The former tattoo melts away and seeps into his skin. His body becomes erect as if possessed as the material makes its way through the blood to his brain cells. Suddenly everything becomes apparent, and his mission is clear.

This time he knows exactly what to do. He jumps up and heads back to the hotel, and Jenny is back working at the front desk. He replays the same act as he did the first time he met her and heads to his room to avoid suspicion.

The suitcase is there unopened this time. He takes the laptop out, turns it on, and goes right to the Miami Beach Edition file. When he opens it, there is a picture of Jenny titled *Tinker Bell*. He then opens another document that explains the mission at hand. It warns of the dangers of falling in love with her and to steer clear of any provocative situations.

WARNING: Intercourse with target *Tinker Bell* could cause a temporal vortex. Do not engage without full memory activation. Suppose you are in a sequence of repetitive events. In that case, she is also in the same sequence with all memory of the previous events.

When Agent Asterope reads this, the door opens, so he quickly turns his head towards it. He sees Jenny standing there holding something. He tries to see what it is, but he cannot make it out from a distance.

“Looking for me, sweetie?” “Who are you?” “Does it matter? I was really enjoying our endless days of lovemaking. It’s too bad you don’t remember them all. You got me pregnant once, and we had a good life together. Then you disappeared, and here we are again.” “How many times have I been here.” “Oh, I don’t know, maybe twenty.” “And it lasted longer than the day on occasion?” “Decades. I was actually hoping you’d be interested in another long-term stay. We are destined for each other. We can stay here together forever, my love. No one can stop us just so long as we continue making love. But this is the last time we can do this since you activated the transient tattoo. Come with me; I want to show you something.”

With his full memory activated, he recalls the complete mission to destroy Jenny. Still, the very sight of her is intoxicating, and the memories she mentions come to him as miniature flashbacks. A simple sensation of true love fills his heart. He tries to stop himself from thinking that way, remembering that he was warned of this girl and her manipulative ways. It was a common saying in his class: When is a Jenny lying? Whenever they open their mouths. Stories of these situations had been told amongst other agents and the difficulty of walking away from pure beauty and innocent sex.

Agent Asterope couldn't help but follow her, thinking that if something goes wrong, he can just restart the mission from the beginning knowing the end result now. As he believes that, she says to him, "You won't be able to come back after this one. Your I.M.S. is activated, and now your memory won't survive the trip." "Why would you tell me this?" "Because I love you. I have and always will love you."

Confusion fills the Dr.'s brain as to whether or not she is lying or telling the truth. "You don't need to be confused." (I don't?) "No." (You can read my mind?) "Yes." (You can read mine also.)

The two of them walk down the beach in the moonlight, having a telepathic conversation with each other. (Don't you remember who you are?) (I am Agent Asterope – Timewave Operations- Task 3.) (That is one of your identities.) (You and I were sent here millennia ago to initiate this race. We have been lost in time. I have been trying to find you for centuries. I created the temporal vortexes to trap you long enough for you to remember your past. At least that was my plan. Somewhere in the past, we had to jump bodies to survive, and yours went wrong. We got separated. I have been searching for you for eons. I even split myself into multiple persons to try and find you faster. This is why your team calls us Jenny's. But they are all just me. I am just simultaneously existing on multiple timewaves.) (How do I know you are telling the truth?) (You don't. But how do you feel when you are with me?) (Perfect.) (Then let that be the truth.)

Dr. Asterope stops and leans in to kiss Jenny, and she becomes still, letting him embrace her. He can tell by the looseness of her muscles that she trusts him. (He's coming.) (Who?)

Without notice, bands of electricity start to wrap around the two of them, and they become frozen, unable to move. Just before Dr. Asterope passes out from being tased, he sees Doc Wat. The Doc is

holding a long shiny metal photon emitter, spitting straps of lighting laced ropes out of it and around him and Jenny. As his eyes drift shut, he hears Dr. Watson say into a small speaker on his coat, "We got them."

Event 6

(Where are we?) (In a timewave capsule, being sent back to one of their basecamps. You should know all about it.) (I do. I was sent to capture you, but why are they charging me?) (Because you are their real target. I am just a pawn to them. I tried to keep them away for as long as I could. It was when you activated the nanotech tattoo that they were able to locate us.) (But, I have been with them since I was a child?) (Many have. They recruited all the men on a particular set of timewaves, knowing one of them is you; they just didn't know who. So they set up a trap to try and find you by using me.) (How did you know about this?) (I got wise to it with the first one they sent. It wasn't difficult as I can read minds. You can't imagine how happy I felt when you arrived.) (How long ago was that?) (Technically, only hours, but I was able to keep us tied up for a few hundred years. We had a family once. It was beautiful. Our daughter lives in another dimension.) (We must break free and find her.) (I wish we could, but we are in a cellular structure that separates us from reality. There is no way to reach the worlds we lived in. Humans may be primitive, but when it comes to imprisonment, they are pretty ingenuitive. Stems from greed.) (What will happen to us now?) (This is it. An eternity of this.) (What is this? I can't see, hear

or feel anything.) (This casing is a cross-dimensional data platform designed to host a conscience at a two-dimensional level, which means we cannot reach anyone in our fourth-dimensional world. To them, seeing us is like trying to see the writing on a piece of paper by looking at it from the side.) (We have to get out of here.) (The only thing we can do is wait for someone to download us into another organic vessel or for the material to decay, and we can be released.) (How long will that take?) (Essentially forever since this is a quartz-based hard drive we are in. The decay rate is astronomical.) (How can you be so calm about this?) (We are immortal. This has been our existence since the beginning of time. I am just happy we are back together.) (What is your name?) (We have had many words over the ages. Most know us as Adamah and Ḥawwāh.)

The End

False Reality Publishing

Rainbow Blunts

Author Jonathan David

In a world where one man's penis rules all anuses,
terror spreads across the tapping of all asses.

It is the year 2234 on timewave 3, and the *Straight Region* is under viral attack... A dormant mutation of the nanoCOVID strand has reemerged...

1 | Historical Events

In the year 2020, on *Timewave 3*, the novel coronavirus transformed after a former Nazi Soldier contracted it. The soldier had been part of a top-secret experiment performed by Nazi scientists during World War II, at the Auschwitz camp.

The surviving combatant was living incognito under the identity of Lyle Quasar for some 60-years.

During Christmas break 2020, after his return from Beijing China, graduate student Lijun Wang, unknowingly brought a new strand of coronavirus to Madison, WI. The rushed vaccine that allowed for airlines to reopen prevented the patient from getting sick but did not prevent contagion. Mr. Wang effectively infected the entire 6th floor of *The Metropolitan Place Condominiums* where Lyle lived as his neighbor. The majority had little to no symptoms, however, complications due to the new COVID strand caused Lyle to die at the age of 96 while resting in his bed.

As Lyle laid dead on his back, a transmutation occurred with the virus and a preexisting material. The COVID-20 fused with a nanoquantum-extraterrestrial-liquid that had been dormant in the

blood of the renegade. This liquid like metallic substance embedded itself in the DNA, and the combination gave the virus the perfect median to become the host for the alien technology. It then transformed into a super strand of nanoCOVID, which was an unfortunate event for *The Anunnaki* as it ruined their plans to use the human's bodies as avatars on *Timewave 3*, allowing humanoids to continue to flourish well beyond the year 2040.

The alien technology was discovered by the Nazi party during an excavation of the sphinx in Egypt; not by accident but under the instruction of Hitler aka Abaddon. It had been planted there for the purpose of human experimentation around 10,000 BC by Anunnaki scientists.

Before Hitler could fully instruct the Nazi scientists on how to decode the material, his body had deteriorated, and his *resonance* was returned to Planet X. The scientists had little instruction on how to use the substance and were unsuccessful in reverse engineering it, yet still able to apply it to warfare.

They eventually repurposed the nanoquantum metal and merged it with the blood of Jewish prisoners, and other undesirables. The scientists then surgically

installed a sort of pacemaker that sends electrical currents through the blood after the heart stops beating. The waves of electricity emitted sequenced patterns designed to program the movement of muscles. The hopes of the experiment was to turn dead soldiers into lifeless killing machines.

The surviving soldier, Jakiw, was the only Nazi injected with the metallic liquid and surgical implant. He was the first and last as the war came to an abrupt end on September 2nd, 1945. Prior to the war ending Jakiw was kept in an underground lab with the American soldier, Lyle Quasar, whom was also experimented on. The two of them spent months together giving Jakiw ample time to learn the customs and nature of American society.

Lyle was the first subject to be killed in order to test the process of the experiment, which was a moderate success.

After the Soviets liberated the Auschwitz camp, Jakiw stole the identity of Lyle Quasar, leaving Poland and relocating to the United States. The Soviet soldiers mistook Jakiw as a captive as he was living in a large cage in the underground lab. Once Jakiw's heart stopped beating, the electrical pulses of the device embedded in his chest activated

and began emitting sequences of electrical pulses. The quantum nanoparticles from the alien metal then came to life and mated with the COVID virus. The man's lifeless body rose from his bed with superhuman strength as if gravity had no effect on him. The creature instinctively sought out everyone within close proximity the same way a Viper detects infrared radiation when hunting prey. The possessed old man broke through the walls and doors of his neighbors, beating and battering them to death. Some defended themselves and wounded the zombie soldier and its blood splattered onto them. Within seconds, the nanotech fused with their blood turning them into killing machines. A few people managed to escape out the stairway carrying the nano blood

spatters on their clothing. The rest of the tenants, that turned, attacked and killed each other until nothing remained but bloody chunks of pulp scattered floor to ceiling amidst broken bones and lobs of meat. The body parts were able to keep moving and attacking until the blood fully drained from them causing the nanoCOVID virus to deactivate after oxygen encompassed the cells carrying the virus.

Inactive stands of the virus laid dormant in the meat furthering its mutation as the flesh began to rot. Once

methane particles protruded from the decaying chunks of meat, the virus latched onto the CH₄'s making it airborne.

By the time responders were able to investigate the scene, the 6th floor had turned into a nanoCOVID Gas Chamber. The virus waited patiently piggy backing on the methane duplicating itself at an unprecedented rate. All responders that arrived on the scene contracted the virus instantaneously by breathing in the air. The masks they wore offered zero protection as the virus had a quantum relation and was sucked off of the methane particles once in the respirator allowing it to slide through cracks of matter.

Unknown to the medical field, the virus targeted blood types O (positive and negative). Approximately 45% of whites, 51% of blacks and 57% of Hispanics have this blood type amongst high ratios in other races as well. Within days, half the planet was killed off by the Nazi death machines.

The elimination of the majority of this blood type and thinning of purebred and semi-breed races helped bring in the new era of the unified breed. Many were killed and did not come back to kill because they were not blood type O. However, the virus had some

success in transforming non-O types but couldn't become contagious in the process.

After all O-types died off, the virus appeared to disappear. But, within a few months of no *turned ones*, the nanovirus resurfaced, mutated, and was then being transmitted via heterosexual sex. With the new version of the nanovirus, the person didn't have to die to become a killing machine, it would happen within moments of the male ejaculating inside a female's vagina. The virus used the sperm as the delivery device. The sperm mutated into miniaturized nanorobots that carried the mutated COVID virus. Once the sperms left the tip of the penis and entered the vagina, they became aware and activated upon female orgasm. The T-cells in the juices secreted by woman's reproductive organs provided the perfect food for the sperm-O-bots to multiply. Within seconds they laced the blood of the female and swam back up the urethra of the man's penis. This would happen as both the male and female climaxed, just so long as the man kept himself tucked deep inside the woman.

After simultaneous orgasms, in the midst of their ecstasy high, their bodies would turn to lifeless killing machines.

Once the blood was taken over by the sperm-O-bots, the infected one's eyeballs glazed over with the alien metallic liquid substance, resembling mercury, but slightly darker. Neither of the two people would make it out of the bed. They would rip each other apart before they could try and kill another target. It was a rare case for someone to escape, usually when there were three or more partners in an orgy. In most cases, responders would find sheets saturated with blood supporting inactive scattered body parts and organs.

The newly mutated nanovirus had one weakness: Once all the blood drained from the bodies and or body parts, the *turned ones* would stop trying to kill and the nanovirus's that bread with the females T-cells died instantly upon exposer to oxygen, leaving it unable to mutate further.

Any runaway *turned ones* were easily captured and hung up like a pig to be drained of their blood. This is when scientists learned that the virus was being transmitted via heterosexual sex.

The only solution was to ban heterosexual sex across the globe. The politicians made an argument to the public: "Due to the perfection of cloning, we can use uninfected frozen semen and female eggs from the

pre-COVID era in order to reproduce our race. Going forward, natural born man must be with natural born man, and natural born woman must be with natural born woman regardless of one's sexual identity or sexual preference."

After much debate, it was ruled that any male/female relations are globally banned, and the act is punishable by death—that is, if they don't turn and kill one another beforehand.

On July 30th, the U.S. International Government ushered in the *Anti Heterosexual Sex Act* of 2022. Despite the punishment for the act, many still had relations with the opposite sex but they either transformed into lifeless killing machines or would be imprisoned and sentenced to death—that is, if authorities could stop the act before ejaculation occurred.

Between the years 2022 and 2140, pre-slip, scientists made discovery-after-discovery once they successfully reverse engineered the blood of the *turned ones*. The Quantum Alien Nano Organisms, aka QANO, altered society in such a way that no one needed or wanted for anything. By the year 2221, the various forms of QANO technology gave everyone perfect health, unlimited food, shelter and so on.

Over the 22nd century, heterosexual sex became a sort of a myth and the surviving continent of the post-slip *Dome Region* divided into three different categorical districts ‘man with man,’ ‘woman with woman,’ and or ‘transgender with straight of same birth identity.’

There were no regulations to which region one had to reside; some transgender woman preferred gay men, and some transgender men preferred gay woman and so forth—even some straight men became willing to be with gay men after developing a deep male bond.

On timewave-3, the pursuit of knowledge became a pointless act since the fountain of youth, brought on by the QANO, evolved society into a sex and drug crazed culture; an indulgent that had no physical or mental consequences due to the advanced healing nanotech in their bloodline. In fact, the removal of the male/female sexual relationship altered the chemistry of the humanoid mind allowing the timewave-3 human animal to begin to use almost 100% of its brain power. It turned out, after heterosexual sex was banned, that the reason people could only use 10% of their brain was because the primal instinct of mating was so powerful that it

used the remaining 90% for the purpose of reproduction.

Around the year 2100, before society reached an entirely heterosexual absence, many people continued to attempt, in secret, to not simultaneously orgasm, but the urge was too powerful to resist and resulted in turning and in some cases, for ones that were immune, to give birth to a turned one. After the first birth of a *turned one* transpired, a fear was struck into the post dome society that caused a new law to go into effect. The new law entailed not death but rather an elongated prison sentence, a prison sentence in total isolation.

Instead of the of the death sentence, the accused would be injected with a specially programed set of nanobots that essentially gave them immortality. They would then be segregated from society until the destruction of Earth.

The last known *turned ones* were broadcasting their love making via streaming-porn as a protest against the *Anti Heterosexual Act* and *Elongated-Sentences* in the year 2127. Billions of viewers whom had previously been skeptical about “The Virus” were able to see, first-hand, what happens to a couple that orgasms together. They described the act as, “Rabid

Author Jonathan David

blind apes ripping each other's limbs apart amidst a
fornication of bloody passion."

2 | Gangs Established

Back in the 2030's, people of all ages, race and backgrounds began forming gangs to control their communities. This was due to the consistent executions of black people in America performed by on duty police officers. It had become strikingly evident that the cops in America had unified into a dangerous gang, a gang above all the rest, and they were backed by the ultimate Mafia, *The IRS*. No one could step to them. It wasn't until brave young adults across the world took a stand and stood up against the old ways of America bringing balance to society and abolishing all racism.

It took years of protesting and rioting by the *Black Lives Terrorist* party—a spin-off of the *Black Lives Matter* party—which was staged, behind the scenes, by top Russian and China societal scientists. After half the society was killed off by the nanoCOVID strand, the government had no choice but to give in to the demands and not just defund the police but abolish the order in its entirety. A new law went into place that made policing a federal crime punishable by up to 50- years in prison.

After the police were eliminated, *The Black Lives Terrorist Party* came clean and admitted they were

the ones primarily responsible for the COVID virus. The virus was chosen to target elders as they are the principal racists of the world holding on to archaic beliefs such as religion and inequalities amongst humankind. They also contributed nothing to society. People ages sixty and up have been rooted into society as the most selfish of people to have lived. Their willingness to send millions of young men and woman to war for their own well-being but unwillingness to fall on the sword when the virus came was taken as an act of treason. The elders running the world selfishly made over ninety percent of people suffer just to try and cling on to their last few years of their lives.

The remaining survivors of the pandemic supported the terrorist's decision to do such a thing. Many of the type-O bloodlines were innocent, and the alien virus was unpredictable. The killing off of all the elders redistributed trillions of dollars into the hands of spenders while eliminating religion and racism, helping to bring piece and unification to humankind.

After a few years passed, as expected, the absence of police created a lawless society and crime took over—ten percent of the population was murdered overnight.

Due to the new structure, governments reduced taxes and told society to continue creating their own forms of law regulation. The only law that was still federally enforced and agreed upon by society was and is the elongated prison sentence; everyone new that a reemergence of the nanoCOVID virus was not worth the risk of heterosexual sex. This eventually led to the division of the post-slip dome region to be split into three sectors *The Queens*, *Bitch-Land*, and *The Straights*. *The Queens* mostly consist of the naturally flamboyant gays and men that prefer men, *Bitch-Land* is primarily lesbians and transgender woman that prefer transgender woman and *The Straights* are mostly non-homosexuals and transgender men and woman whom prefer the same birth sex that are not transgender which give *The Straights* some sense of normality to their lifestyle choice—that is, if they choose a non-robotic relationship. Some refrain from sex with other people and some have relations—usually with other transgender man pre and or post-op.

Over the centuries, almost the entire human race, both male and female grew to prefer anal sex—both give and receive. Post-op surgery was not always preferred. Most of the male Straights wanted to make love to a woman but afterwards also have their asses filled with their T-girl's dick and cum. In sexual

education courses, instructors explained to the students, “Anal sex for a *Straight* is an acquired taste like coffee.”

Now, the female *Straights*, generally kept their bodies normal and used a lot of toys like strap-ons and facemasks or they purchased sexbots and or dressed up. The advancement of robotic sex toys was more or less a suitable substitute for heterosexual sex. Men had a harder time being satisfied by the robots whereas woman did not. Contrary to popular belief, men need an emotional connection during sex in order to be satisfied where woman just need to be fucked, and they then get their emotional connection through friendships and emotional conversations.

Humans tried to create flawless sexbots, but they just couldn't provide the emotional connection everyone needs—despite the perfectionism of artificial intelligence. It was discovered in the mid 2100's that A.I. doesn't resonate on the quantum level with natural organic lifeforms. This led to the discovery that deep emotional connections, is not entirely due to emotional and physical connections but via subatomic waves that can only be intercepted by organic beings. This was and still is a mystery to scientists since it had been shown that inorganic beings can host an immortal soul. Something that no

one is willing to do after learning that they could never connect on a “soul-mate” level with someone—that is, if they were to transcend into a machine.

By the year 2200, in the post-slip dome region, violence and hate became a relic and people merged into a single mixed-race of light and dark skin. All newborn children were spliced from every race and culture that previously resided on Earth. From the supply of pre-COVIDs frozen sperm, the scientist extracted the best traits, both external and internal from all races creating the modern superior race.

There was no more suffering in society and the fear of the destruction of Earth had no hold on society as each individual has an escape pod to a mother ship that is ready to take them to the stars when the day comes. The only thing that divided the groups, besides physical and sexual preference, was music. Music had become the way to measure which gang and gang leader has the greatest say amongst the three regions.

The gangs are geographically separated but their music is universally followed.

3 | Present Day

Gangsta Jay has been the top recording artist for some years now making him the chief leader and most desired of the post-slip dome society. Woman, Men, T-Girls and all other genders found him irresistible. He held a power over everyone due to his unprecedented talent in the studio and on-stage presence. His only “real” competition is T-Girl Judy, a new-to-the-scene artist from *Bitch-Land*.

Among the regions, whoever has the number one hit, has the ultimate say in what goes on in society. These dictations include orders such as clothing styles, if and or when people are allowed to switch provinces, which regions get which harvests and so on. Gangsta Jay has had no regulations on relocation so over the years many people have branched out into unfamiliar regions finding that they may be, without their awareness, interested in more than what they thought they had been. Many *Straights* are finding that they actually prefer the company of the same sex and that their fear of homosexuality was only a figment of their imagination.

This relax on regional relocations is something that was, at first, feared but then became something that

all respected greatly only helping Jay to stay on the top charts despite some not so worthy releases.

Gangsta Jay's mellow and peaceful way of life and leadership is something that no one wants to lose, but the new hit releases by T-Girl Judy and Sister Jake may throw him under the carpet and bring to rise a new leadership. A concert held at Madison may be his only hope to regain the #1 spot on the charts, securing his continued leadership for the next year.

4 | Queens's Land

Rap Artist Gangsta Jay releases his latest album: *Tea Bags* with #3 hit: *Deep in That Ass Bro* just behind #2 hit, *Balls and Tits* by Sister Jake from the T-Girl region, closely following Big Booty Judy's (aka T-Girl Judy's) #1 hit *Lil Cooty with da Booty*.

This is the first time in over a decade that Gangsta Jay has not had the number one song. The news of Sister Jake and T-Girl Judy teeter tottering between first and second on the charts has society in a whirlwind of gossip over who is to be the next leader of *The Dome Region*. Not that the public wants Jay to

be put back, but human nature instinctively craves change and chaos regardless of how well things are going. A decade of peace and harmony has pivoted the psyche of the average person into a state of delusional-despair.

For the first time in fifty years, a “Bitch” will perform with a “Queen” live on stage. There had been a few Bitch/Straight and Queen/Straight performances but Gangsta Jay didn’t want any Bitch’s up in his region. One of his orders, as leader, was that, no Bitch’s are allowed in Queen Land. He is only taking his group to the battle in the straight region to get back to the #1 spot on the charts.

5 | Gangsta Jay's Tru Love

"I wanna be with a woman man." "You can't be doing dat, it ain't be wort da prison time mang." "But I cannot help it. Like, I was born that way you know? It is like I am attracted to petite woman. You cannot tell a fat person to date fat person because they are fat. I cannot help that I was born attracted to pretty girls just like you cannot help that you were born attracted to skinny little light-skinned guys." "Look baby, I know it be tough but once you let me get up in dat ass, youz gone love it bra." "Have you seen your cock man? I might as well fuck a horse." "Yea. I hear dat – I hear dat, but dat be why yo colon 5 feet long. I can get way up in der. Weze just gots ta warm it up you know. Get it lose and U'll be loven it baby." "Shit man. I don't think I wanna try that." "Hey der hun, I be genital as a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis when I spread dem cheeks. You gun love it mang. When you first feel da tip lil jimmy slip on in u gun get hard as a rock. Sheet man, bitches just love riding a hard cock in they ass, well fake ones and real ones, you know, so why aint we allowed to enjoy da same?" "Yea, I guess. It just seems weird to me still. I have been looking at old porn from the heterosexual era, and watching a hot petite teen stuff her ass with a fat dildo is probably the most elegant and beautiful act I have seen, especially when she

takes it and puts in back in her mouth. I cannot seem get off to anything else. I tried watching non-solo acts but something about a tiny flat chest blonde girl doing ass-to-mouth on herself just takes me to a whole other level, like, I feel like I am being lifted off the ground when I feel myself bust right as she pulls the tip of the dildo out of her butt and then sucks on it licking off every last bit of ass-juice. There is a hole in my soul, I desire it so much." "Dat why you gots to let me get up in you babe. U Gun bust like a cannon when I hit de prostate. Den, I flip ova and you do me. You can put on one dem old porns and lay yo tablet on my back and fantasize bout me being a little girl. Sheeeeet mang, you aint gun like elongated prison if U even findZ a gurl out der willin." "Yea. I know. I know. FUCK. Let me think about it." "Alright honey. U know I ain't gun be with no one but you. You is my true love Tru and we is meant to be togedah. I take care of you. I gots enough credits for us to live in heaven for da next hundred years. You just let me know when you is ready, k babe." "Alright. I am gonna get back to studio and get *Slip on IN* edited. I will see you there later Jay." "Aight Tru. I see U der."

“A penis in the anus is a dick in the ass.” Gangsta Jay

6 | The Studio

Tru makes it to the studio, settles into his spot in front of the dials, puts on *Slip on IN* and blazes up a rainbow blunt.

While different colored streams of dank smoke hotbox the studio, Tru contemplates a relationship with Gangsta Jay as his voice emanates from the speakers:

Pumpin dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, I'm pumpin dat ass, let me slip on in. Pumpin dat ass, babe pumpin dat ass, I'm pumpin dat ass, gonna slip on in.

Said I'm Pumpin dat ass, PUMP-in dat ass, Gun pump dat ass, let me hit it again. Yo ass so tight, jus feel so right, let me slip on in urvry day and night. The vocals continue as Smokin G enters the studio.

"Yo tru, what up mane?" "Just getting in to do some editing. You up for a blunt bro?" "HellZ yea, you know me, dirty bad old smokin G gots to be puffin on the rainbows B." "How could I forget – Hold up, let me twist up another Rainbow—I got some thinking I need numbed." "Yea? You cum on over hurr-ah and I give sum numbin." "Man, don't talk that shit to me, you know Jay has me tagged and I

ain't fixin to be tagged." "Oh yea but he ain't gonna give you what I can." "What's that?" "I loosen you up with my tongue after we smoke this blunt and show you." "Nah G, I am good bro. Here, hit this shit and turn that track up so I can get it cleaned."

Pumpin dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, I'm pumpin dat ass, let me slip on in.

I said Pumpin dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, I'm pump dat ass, gun ah slip on in. Up in dat ass, straight in dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, gonna hit again.

Yo ass so tight, it jus feel so right, let me slip on in urvury day and night. No need to be clean as long as its tight just spread them cheeks and I'll be in it all night.

When I see you with the pants hanging of dat ass, I gets rock hard and wanna take you on the boulevard. I treat you real good take you out of da hood, and give all my wood so good.

When you back you can hit my back stick straight til it hits my neck. I wanna feel you like you feel in me. Slip on in and while I'm on one knee.

Take me to heavens with your seven T.

“That all we got so far G?” “Yea – Jay has ben slippen off his game lately. I tink, it because dat performance wit what’s her face from Bitch-Land tonight. He aint never fell off #1 be-FO.” “Judy?” “Yup. Dat be da one. She fine dough. Petite, blonde perfect little ass. I don’t know why she go by Big Booty cause it’s like a perfect little peach you know. I gun hit dat backstage when Jay out der doing his thang.” “You sure that is a good idea?” “Why not, I aint tagged and she aint a real woman—she look like one dough. I bet her ass is as tight thirteen-year-old virgin. Bet yo’s is too. I heard she ain’t been taken yet by any of the other T-girls. I just wanna taste of it; never been wit one before. Wonder if I might like it. You aint done busted your booty cherry yet have ya? I hear ya like da petites. You may change yo mind when you see Judy. I hear she is as woman as they come.” “Nah man. I think I may be a celibate.” “You can’t be celibate if you fucking dem dolls or makin it wit yo hands every night. Trust me mane, Judy may be da girl of yo dreams boy but not until I get at her first hahaha.” “I don’t think so. I guess I am semi-celibate.” “der ain’t no semi; you eider busted nuts or you aint. You sure you don’t wanna take a dip right quick Tru? Jay ain’t got you til he gets in you. Dat’s just da way it be and he gots to play by da rules

too. When you part of da drip-drip gang, you get a stake on one, and the rest is up for grabs. Since you ain't

been tapped yet, you up for grabs unless you wanna be tossed around. You aint gun like being tossed boy. You best let me take you under my wings before Jay gets at ya." "Man, just cool it with that talk." "Hey boy, you almost eighteen and you know that is when you gotta make yo choice in this here group less you wanna have yo choice made fo ya. How you end up in this region anyways? Why aint you with the straights." "I just didn't understand what stuff was all about when Jay hired me to produce for him. He came to the cloning lab and picked me out and offered me a Job. I didn't realize, I was gonna have to make a choice about which region I was gonna have to be in. I didn't even know what sex was. Besides, I can only be with a man regardless less I want prison time so what's the difference." "Exactly Tru, what da difference? Don't worry mane, you gonna like it both ways. We all scared at first but once the tip of that cock slips up in you and you feel it throbbing inside, sliding back-and-forth, slipping in and out, you gunna wundah why you hesitated." "I hope so." "Gim me dat roach clip over der so we can finish this up this rainbow. Watch out dough, I bet ya dollah's to donut's Tru, U gun fall for T-Girl

Judy. Only problem is dat you belong to da drip-drip Gang so it be like some Romeo-Juliet shit."

"Sup crew." "Hey Jay." "Sup Gangsta." "Smells like U bitches lit up wit out me." Gangsta walks up to the dials and slaps Tru's ass and grabs his jeans squeezing gently and then firmly sliding his finger up between his ass cheeks pushing in so Tru can feel his middle finger graze his rectum, and says, "Tru baby, light me up a purple spliff while I get ready to lay this track down.", and then he puts his stomach to Tru's back and breaths on his neck and in into his ear, without slang talk, and whispers, "Tonight sweetness. Let me take you tonight. I'll love you forever baby." He then slips his tongue into Tru's ear and swirls it around stiffening it into the cannel. Tru is creeped out having a large dark colored man embrace him from behind but then, the sensation of Jay's tongue in his ear gives him an erection and goosebumps all over his body. He thinks to himself, *"Fuck. I am gonna have to let this nigga stick his cock up my ass tonight. I do kinda love this guy though. I guess, if I am gonna be with someone, might as well be the great Gangsta Jay."*

Tru puts on some of Jay's freestyling while Jay smokes up a blunt and talks to Smokin G in the studio's lounge area.

I'm Gangsta Jay fuckin twinks all day bend the fuck over N I'll put it in you A.

I get you real loose like long neck goose while sticken my cock straight up da caboose. It's ok - if you aint gay - you gonna love it anyway.

...

Tru turns to Jay and says, "Yo Jay, you ready to get to work on this?" "Yea mang. One sec." Jay takes in about an eighth of the spliff in one hit and blows out a huge cloud of sky-blue smoke followed by a sequence of deep huffs and coughs.

Gangsta Jay is now in the recording room laying down his rhymes looking directly into Tru's eyes, through the glass window. Tru knows Jay's lyrics are meant for him and he is talking about the two of them hooking up tonight. Tru finds it oddly romantic knowing that the billions of people that listen to this track won't know that the lyrics were written for him. In that moment, he decides that he will let Jay make his mark on him after the show.

Jay continues starring deeply into Tru's eyes while rapping:

When it goes drip-drip straight out da tip-tip you just grab right on with a tight grip Slip it on in and feel fat tip when it goes real deep it goes drip-drip I'm gunna spread you open but you gotta stretch it out, baby bend ovah and I show you what it about.

Don't worry baby, it aint no sin all I wanna do is straight dine in, so let me get all up in and let me slip on in.

I'm gonna slip on in, and pump dat ass.

Straight pumpin dat ass, I'm pumpin dat ass, straight I'm pumpin dat ass, let me slip on in. I say Pumpin dat ass, I'm pumpin dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, gonna slip on in.

Said I'm Pumpin dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, straight pumpin dat ass, let me hit again. Yo ass so tight, it so jus feel right, let me slip on in uvery day and night.

...

Tru signals to Jay in the booth, that he has recorded all the lyrics by waiving his hand horizontally in front of his throat.

G says to Jay and Tru as Jay walks out of the recording room, "You boys ready for tonight?"

“Sheet ya. You know doin a show ain’t no thang for me and I gots me a treat wating for after, don’t I babe?” Tru looks at Jay and says with a coy demeanor, “We’ll see.”

7 | Bitch-Land

Sister Jake plays on the radio as T-Girl Judy and B-dog get ready for the show: I gotch yo face in da grass wit my dick in yo ass - bend da fuck ovAH I do it real fast.

Flip you straight back stick it down in yo throat Get you back around and I'll show you the goat

...

I wann see you go down make dat aaaasssssss clap spread dem cheeks and show me da trap Get it real wet real slick real wet and deep when im in dat ass gunna feel dis skeet

...

8 | Judy's Depression

It has been a rough time for Judy over the past few years entering into adulthood. She has just turned eighteen and hasn't yet had a partner. She resides in *Bitch-land* amongst lesbians and transgender woman but is not finding herself attracted to them. She thinks she is meant to have been stationed with *The Straights*.

Judy was undoubtedly born with pure feminine traits, but biologically, male. She is a rare T-Girl; one that grew perky A-cup breasts without surgery or the use of medication, and her hips and physique naturally formed into the petite fancy she is today.

Prior to her fame, it was a daily routine to explain to lesbians that she is not a natural born female. It was difficult for many to believe her as she resembled the ideal woman from head to toe and her penis and testicles were just as dainty making it easy to conceal beneath tight jeans or a skirt; her body was also naturally hairless.

Many times, in order to avoid the come-ons by woman, Judy just pulled her pants down or skirt up to show them her package so to avoid giving an

elaborate sales pitch that she is actually, reproductively, male.

The confusion between her sexuality and the constant badgering from others has put her into a sort of emotional funk. Having the number one hit only made it worse as she now has pressure to become the leader of the three regions, replacing Gangsta Jay. She doesn't even have clue how to handle this kind of responsibility.

Mostly, Judy longs for love with a 'real man,' and thinks that if she maintains #1 status after the concert, her first order as leader is to relocate herself to *The Straight* region and to find herself love with a natural identifying straight guy.

9 | The Show

“B, you ready for the show?” “Yea Jude” “Alright, we have to get on up to Madison quick. I got private cabins for the speed-train; we have to be at the docking station by 3:00 pm.” “Alright, sounds good. I am gonna just take a quick nap and I will be ready. Wake me up if I sleep through the alarm” “Sounds good. I am gonna packing.”

Judy rehearses her rap under her breath while getting ready for the show.

Yea I am T-girl Judy wit the big Booty – yea I am a cuty, I’ll do ya where ya dooty.

...

I’m big Judy wit da big booty – bend on ovah I do ya where ya dookie

...

She is nervous because she is supposed to battle rap Gangsta Jay in order to secure her #1 spot; a spot she does not necessarily want but there is a lot of pressure on her from the woman of Bitch-Land to secure the position. She would become the first T-

Girl in history to lead the three regions. She has been contemplating all day about skipping the battle so that she doesn't have to take on the responsibility, if she wins. However, she knows this is a career crushing mistake so the thoughts are more fantasy than something she would actually act upon.

Judy calls out to her snoozing best friend and producer B-Dog, "Alright B, get yo booty up out dat bed and let's get going, it is almost 2:00pm!"

B-Dog moans and groans as a child would to their parents forcing them to get up to go to church early on a Sunday morning, "Uhggg, do we have to go Judy? I don't think I have ever left Milwaukee before." "What are you talking about girl, you were the one that was the excited to visit straight land. I thought you had big plans of hooking up with a straight girl?" "Oh yea. I forgot about that hehe (giggling). Alright. I am up – I am up. Let me get ready, I wanna find me a hot young girl that doesn't know if she is Bi or Straight yet—virgin hopefully." "You crazy gurl. But, me too – well a guy." "I bet you will Judy. You are soooo hott right now. You know even straights, gays, woman and T-Girls want Gangsta Jay. Something about being the leader changes one's sexual preference. Maybe it is the power, but it works, so you should be able to get

whomever you want after you whoop his but in this battle!”

Judy blushes after hearing B-Dog and says, “Shut up. Let’s go.”

10 | Judy's Not So Tru Love

Judy and B arrive at the Neutral Territory in Madison, WI after a 15-minute train ride from Milwaukee where the three regions meet.

Technically, most of Madison is classified as *Straight Land* but there has been much debate and unwritten rules about which region it actually is. The majority just consider Madison as a neutral zone.

Judy and B are booked at the Hilton on Monona Terrace right across the hall from Gangsta Jay, Smokin G and Tru. Judy saw them entering their room as she got off the elevator. The site of Jay made her feel a sudden sensation of being frozen solid and nerves took over her body. Then, Tru turned as he entered the door and got a glimpse of Judy. It did not register until he had gotten in the room and shut the door that he just saw 'Big Booty Judy' but when it clicked, he suddenly understood what Smokin G was talking about. Tru thinks to himself, *'Is that Judy. My God she is beautiful! There is no way that she is a man. It must be some sort of physical defect or an evaluation in our culture to help satisfy the needs of heterosexual sex. Am I – Am – Am – Am I feeling, what am I feeling? I have never felt this before. I think, maybe, yes. Holy crap. I am in love. Yep - that was love at first site. No way. Did she*

even see me? Can I do this? I don't know how I feel about her having a penis, but actually now that I have seen her, I don't think I mind. I mean, I am actually getting hard right now imagining holding her erect feminine cock tightly in my hand while I am behind her embracing her hips having my thighs pushed tightly up to her backend while I am deep inside her. Ok – Ok calm down now. Your pants are about to have a sideways tent popping out. Don't want these fags to see it, they may get the wrong idea.'

Judy also saw Tru when he turned and made eye contact with her. This is the first 'real man' she has ever seen in person, and the scent of his body wash lingered in the air of the hallways filling her nose simultaneously as their eyes connected for the briefest of moments. She thinks to herself, 'Wow. He is cute.'

11 | On Stage

Judy's Group and Jay's Crew did not run into each other again until they got backstage at the Alliant Energy Center in *Straight Land*. Tru is doing everything he can to try and find a way to get to Judy's wardrobe room and meet her, but Jay can sense that something is amiss about Tru's actions. Jay had studied every ounce of Tru's behaviors and personality traits over the years. He knew Tru better than Tru knew himself. Jay is drop dead in love with Tru and won't stand for anyone else to have him. Smokin G was messing with Tru earlier and would never step over Jay's bounds. There is a code amongst the drip-drip gang and going against it meant hell to pay, a sort of hell that isn't worth the finest heroin on Earth.

12 | Straight Land: The Isthmus

The smallest of the three regions, *The Straights* mainly reside in *The Isthmus* of Madison, WI. An odd turn of events compared to the Early 2000's where the majority of transgenders and homosexuals lived.

Over the centuries, most of the world naturally evolved into a homosexual society and very few remained heterosexual. It was rough for heterosexuals; they could never have their deepest desires fulfilled unless they want to pay the price and suffer for eternity. They were, for the most part, considered outcasts to society until they accepted the situation and partnered with the same sex, which led to a lot of alcoholism in the area.

More liquor is sold in *The Straight Region* than any other location. It is speculated that the process of same-sex sex for the straights is less evasive when intoxicated. The saying goes: "When a good drink goes down easier so does a Straight." Sister Jake.

Sister Jake is notorious for getting straights to turn. His rap music mainly consisted of how he gets a heterosexual to sleep with him and love doing it. Sister Jake is from *Bitch-Land* but is not transgender nor a cross-dresser. He just likes being around

woman and sleeping with real men that identify as straight. He has had his eye's on Tru ever since he saw a special on 'Gangsta Jay's studio.' The anticipation of the upcoming show has his primal instincts on que for the hunt and conversion of Tru.

13 | All Eyez on Tru

Judy, Jay and Jake are all on stage battling for the #1 spot. Sister Jake could care less about winning; he could easily have been #1 time-and-time again but did not and does not want the responsibility. He plays it safe making sure to miss shows and act out and offend people in order to safeguard his place on the charts while not hitting the #1 spot. Jake planned all along to lose the battle and get backstage with Tru while Jay and Judy finish the fight out.

Battle Begins:

Jakes up: Yo Jay, is you a Gay or don't you take it in the A. I see how you play, it's gotta be fake to make it anothah day.

Jay's turn: Fake you say, how do you play? Turning helpless straights into a gays. You probably couldn't get a dick in da ass unless u drank sum 90 proof shit too fass.

Crowd howls oooooooooo - snap

After some more lyrics, the crowd determines Sister Jake is eliminated and the battle continues between Jay and Judy while Jake walks off the stage heading

to try and get at Tru. He hears Lil Judy spit her game as the curtains fall back behind him:

Judy: Shoot son, you may have been the big one but now you gots to get a taste of these sticky buns. I'm on the top, youZ about to drop, so best put down the microphone and just plain stop.

Crowd cheers random people "awwee shit." "Jay's got his work cut out for him!"

Sister Jake gets back to the dressing rooms and starts looking for Tru. He grabs a box of machine rolled Rainbow Blunts and a bottle of Cristal on his way. He strolls down the backstage halls of the Alliant Energy Center and finds Tru's room and there are two bodyguards standing outside. It appears that they are keeping a tab on Tru.

Jake waits for a bit down the hall until Tru comes out to get some food. He plans to follow him, but the bodyguards won't break free from Tru's proximity.

After some time, Jake gives up and leaves to hit the local Straight bars either forgetting or intently skipping his performance, which is up right after the rap battle is finished. He had only been to *Straight Land* once before and didn't want to miss his chance

to hit at least two or three guys before he left back to *Bitch-Land*.

14 | After The Show

It is just after midnight and a bunch of producers and other artists from the show join Gangsta Jay for a celebration. Jay just barely won the battle—a huge relief for Judy— and is entertaining for a bit. Jay made sure to find a new hotel once he had his suspicions about Tru’s feelings for Judy.

After some light partying, around midnight, Jay got everyone to leave while Tru was in the bathroom.

Gangsta Jay and Tru are all alone now in the presidential sweet at Edgewater in Madison. Jay is adamant about getting up inside Tru tonight and had pressured him into drinking a couple stiff cocktails so to help loosen him up. Tru came out of the bathroom instantly feeling awkward seeing the place empty and just big Jay spread out on the big leather sectional couch. Jay talks to Tru with proper English and in a gentle tone now that they are alone. It surprises Tru.

“Tru darling. Please come sit over here with me on this couch. I’d like to talk with you.”

It dawns on Tru that Jay is an actor not a hardcore gangster. He wonders why he didn’t see this before.

Tru walks up slowly to Jay holding a glass of Hennessy. He takes a sip of the drink and then gulps the rest down, almost vomiting. He stops and catches himself stiffening his throat to prevent the liquor from coming back up.

“Are you alright Tru.” “Yea, I am good Jay. I just never drank before. Well, straight liquor. I have only had beer.” “Look honey, I could tell you like Judy.” “Yea. You are right.” “I know how hard it is to want something so bad and not have it, but the thing is that sometimes the thing you think you want is only a primal desire brought on by millions of years of instinct. This desire will pass, and more often than not, when you feel such a way about someone, it is not a “good feeling” you are feeling but rather a “bad feeling” that is being misinterpreted as good driven by lust and media manipulation of what a person should be like and want in another person. I have watched you become a man over the years and have learned to appreciate you for you who are. I cannot imagine a day in my life without you there. Do you really believe that this Judy girl could give you what I can? She is just a girl and has everything and everyone at her fingertips. Even if she gave you a chance, it would be short lived once she feels the urge to venture out. Plus, you are part of the drip-drip gang. This is something we have to hold true oo

else our power over society would crumble. You are the first person I have ever spoke to in my natural tongue. I trust you and love you Tru.”

Tru sits back and feels the rush of the alcohol take over his stomach seeping into his veins. The buzz from the alcohol calms Tru’s nerves and suddenly the thought of Jay’s large dark penis slipping slowly inside him arouses him. He looks at Jay and Jay smiles gently to him and puts his hand on Tru’s face caressing the side of his head moving his large hand around his neck and then pulls Tru slowly in until their lips come together. Tru says to himself, in his head, *“Maybe it’s from the liquor or maybe I am attracted to him, but this doesn’t feel bad at all. I guess I am gonna go all the way with Jay.”*

Jay pulls back still holding Tru’s head and says, “I am gonna let you in on a secret Tru. This is my first time too. I have been saving myself for you ever since I reserved you from the cloning lab five years ago. Something deep inside me told me you are the one, the moment I first looked into your eyes.”

Hearing Jay say that made Tru feel something tingle in his stomach. Something special the two of them will share together for the rest of their lives being the only ones either of them have been with or will be

with. Tru suddenly feels an unparalleled trust for Jay and the sensation makes the whole process easier.

Tru grabs Jay's head and forcefully pulls his lips to his and then slips his tongue out of his mouth wedging it between Jay's big pink lips. Jay opens his mouth inviting Tru's tongue in using suction to grip onto it sucking on it like a stiff popsicle. Jay puts his hand on Tru's crotch and rubs it feeling Tru's stiff penis under the fabric. Tru follows his lead and puts his hand on Jay's crotch able to feel his cock pop through the hole of his boxer shorts as he always has his pants sagging of his waste. Tru pulls it the rest of the way out. It pops almost 12 inches out angled to his chest.

The site of Jay's massive cock would have scared Tru earlier, but the alcohol has got him wanting to put it in his mouth. Tru pulls his tongue from Jay's mouth hearing a popping sound as the suction breaks. He looks Jay in the eyes and then leans into his lap and embraces the shaft of his erect penis with both hands and then wraps his lips around the tip sucking as hard as he can. He then slides it to the back of his throat and gags and has to stop for a second to prevent himself from vomiting. Jay says, "It's ok baby. Take your time. I want this to last as long as we can make it." Tru puts the tip of Jay's penis back in

his mouth and creates suction on it swirling his tongue around for a moment and then flicks at the g-spot until a little bit of precum leaks into his mouth. He tastes it and likes it and licks it up swallowing it down. The sight of Tru's throat moving the juice down made Jay ten times harder. Jay grabs Tru's head by the temples and says, "Slow down baby, you are so good. I'm gunna bust to quick if you do that. It feels so good though baby. Come up here and let me taste you now."

Jay unzips Tru's fly pulling his light colored, almost white, penis out surprised to see that it is quite thick and large for a little light skinned fella. Jay feels like he grew another inch just seeing it and returns the favor to Tru for a minute edging him. Right before Tru is gonna cum, Jay stops and pinches his penis to prevent anything from coming out. He then pulls Tru's pants down to his ankles and grips his ass putting his fingers on to Tru's asshole and sets him back on the couch. Tru wiggles the pants off his feet and then puts his legs over Jay's shoulders and Jay pulls up his testicles and forcefully slides his tongue up inside Tru's ass. Tru didn't clench, he loosened right up and let Jay tongue fuck him while he simultaneously strokes Tru's cock. Tru sucks on Jay's fingers moaning wondering why he waited so long for this. The anticipation of anal coitus is overwhelming for the two of them. They both feel a

sensation of complete muscle relaxation and comfort. The same way one feels when in deep mediation or flying high on strong ecstasy.

Jay pulls back after getting Tru's ass nice and loose and he tells Tru to spit on his dick, and he does. Jay strokes his shaft until it is lubed with Tru's spit and then puts his hands behind Tru's kneecaps and puts his calves on his shoulders. Jay grabs his long hard cock and touches the tip of it to Tru's anus. Tru feels it and moans slightly. He says, "Put it in please. I wanna feel you." Jay looks at Tru deep in his eyes with his legs bent back stomachs pressed together and Tru spreads his cheeks open with both his hands while pushing his anal cavity wide to help Jay get inside.

Tru feels the tip of Jay's penis push at it and have some resistance so he pushes harder and then the tip slips in. Tru's heart pounds and he feels like he is floating ten feet high as Jay slips the tip in and out barely getting passed the the rim.

Tru says, "Slow baby. Slow. It feels amazing but pinches still."

Jay takes his time putting himself in and out until Tru starts to gape and become totally loose.

Tru says passionately while looking into Jay's eyes, "I am ready. Deeper but slow." Jay slips about a fourth of himself into Tru and sees Tru's penis grow harder and harder. The tiniest little squirt of come leaks out of Tru's throbbing penis. The sight of a thick vein lined up Tru's shaft almost made Jay cum instantly. He had to stop in his tracks and not move a centimeter to keep himself from having an orgasm. Jay leans into to tongue kiss Tru feeling his stiff cock press against his belly. The urge to cum has passed so he plunges himself deeper inside Tru.

Tru puts his hands on Jay's chest to indicate to slow down again and then puts his hands back to his butt and pulls his cheeks wider apart so Jay can slide all the way in. When he spreads them further apart, he pushes again to gape more feeling himself open up and he tilts his back upward a bit so Jay can maneuver all the way in until Tru feels his ballsack resting on his tailbone.

Jay almost cums again and stops himself while pushed as far in as he can get. Tru can feel the pulsations of Jay's penis as he holds back from orgasming. The reaction sent a few more drips of cum leaking out Tru's tip.

Jay sucks on Tru's neck while pushed deep inside him. He wants to give him a hickey so that everyone can know he has marked Tru. This just makes Tru grab Jay's hips and try to push him in even deeper. He thinks about opening up enough to get his balls inside too.

Tru can feel his entire penis deep inside his ass and up into his stomach. Tru relaxes his sphincter entirely now and Jay can slide in and out all the way to the tip feeling Tru tighten back up slightly before he pushes back in going balls to crack repeating again and again.

In only takes about five repetitions before Tru explodes and cum shoots out splashing on Jay's chest and shoots on his own face. Jay leans in and licks the cum off of Tru's cheek and kisses his lips and thrusts himself in as deep as he can a few more times. Tru wraps his arms around Jay as tightly as he can pressing their chests together. They both feel like they are one unified entity. The passion and pressure of the other's body is intoxicating and Jay cannot hold it in any longer. He plunges himself one last time as deep as he can possibly go while pushing Tru into his body and bursts deep-deep inside Tru. Tru feels like he is floating on river of rainbows wanting the high to never end. He whispers in Jay's ear, "It

feels so warm. I can feel it coming out. There is so much. Baby don't stop." Jay moans heavily "Uhhhh" as he finishes the last squirt deep inside Tru.

They laid there for a few moments looking into each other's eyes while Jay's erection slowly deflated while still inside Tru. As he felt the tickling sensation and pleasurable pain of trying to pull himself out, Jay notices Tru's eye's hazing over into a dark liquid metal. Jay instantly recalled from the history books what that meant and jumps back feeling his cock yank out of Tru's ass hearing a suction-fart sound followed but his cum flooding out leaking onto the leather. Tru's penis turns into solid metal with a sharp point and Tru jumps off the couch like a loaded spring and grabs Jay's arms with such force blood trickles down his biceps. Jay screams, "What da fuck nigga. Get da fuck off me." Tru flips Jay around on his hands and knees as if he were a ragdoll and jolts his solid metal cock up his ass causing Jay to scream in agony, "HELP SHIT HELP ANYONE HELP!!!" Tru just kept fucking his ass holding with him pinned down until he shot his metallic cum with the consistency of mercury into Jay's ass. The moment the cold metal filled his insides, Tru let go and Jay stopped fighting and Jay's eyes glossed over.

Some staff members of the hotel came barging in the room dressed in butler uniforms and tried to grab Tru and get him off Jay but then Jay stood up and the staff members see what looks like a shiny cannon sticking straight out off Jay's pelvis. Tru and Jay both grab one of the staff members and force them on their hands and knees. They shove their sharp metallic dicks right through back of the uniform cutting the fabric. The staff members scream for help and other hotel members come to the open door in the hall to see the staff members being anally raped by demon-eyed zombies.

After Jay and Tru came inside the staff members, the staff members get up and run after the other guests. Within minutes the whole top floor of the hotel was turned sending the group on a butt fucking rampage.

Within a few days, the entire male population ass-raped themselves to death. The turned ones could only cum 3-5 times before they keeled over and died, which was more than enough metallic semen to get the job done.

The nanoCOVID virus had returned and this time the mutation was formed by the love of Jay and Tru. The blood inside Tru's ass mixed with dormant

nanovirus in Jay's sperm was the perfect recipe to reanimate the dormant sperm-O-bots.

The human race thought they had wiped out all traces of the virus by using sperm from the pre-COVID era, but it turned out that the frozen sperm used to clone Tru was a rare type of O blood that mimicked A/B and the sperm Jay was cloned from had traces of the COVID-18 virus that no one knew about because it didn't cause any symptoms. The combination of their DNA strands woke the sleeping virus.

Jay's penis had held the doomsday prophecy bringing an end to the male population leaving only females to remain. Once the last of the erects remained, the urge to anally rape someone overtook them and they began going after the woman. Each round of butt fucking evolved the zombies allowing them to cum essentially an unlimited amount of times.

The butt fucking zombies continued on their rectum breaking rampage killing off what was left of the human race.

The trans-mutated-anal-dwelling-nano-virus could only remain active with a fresh erection and the hosts eventually died off once limp.

It only took a few months for the virus to work its way through everyone's ass. Any survivors died off from starvation and within a thousand years, the planet returned back to its natural state free from the humanoid parasite.

The mobile corpses went on a butt fucking rampage sodomizing society into extinction. The Earth would not see intelligent life again until '*Planet X*' returned to the Goldilocks' orbit in the year 3127 when The Anunnaki plan to reseed Earth with the next generation of their Human Avatars.

THE END

Author Jonathan David

The Pebble Dropper

This isn't a story about your average young lady; this is a story about a special person on the cusp of discovering a secret power hidden deep within her bloodline.

{1 - The Pebble Dropper} On a not-so-quiet street of a quiet neighborhood resides two young siblings that spend their days looking after the other. In their world, the outside world does not exist. They have found sanctuary within the company of the other and depend upon the other for survival. They have a companionship second to none amid the realm of brothers and sisters. Young Immy holds a special place in his heart, almost as if he were her father. Kell, Immy's brother, spends his days catering to her needs, and she spends hers assisting him with his.

Immy isn't the most popular girl at school, but she doesn't know that she really is. Only the most famous are badgered emotionally to cater to the attackers' insecurities. She is a petite young lady coming of age with much confusion about society and friendships and oncoming desires of love. On the other hand, her brother is quite apt to the future emotional states she will enter, but he doesn't know that she is far beyond her years.

Kell is your average young man who enjoys what most average young men enjoy, such as games and sports—spending time with his family and so forth. His primary concern in life is that Immy can make it into adulthood and upscale from their upbringing while avoiding any serious consequences. Together

they motivate the other to proceed with their daily duties at a much more precise and effective level than others their age. This is partly due to Kell's age, but primarily due to a specialness about Immy.

A unique trace of an unknown particle from a planet far away at the edge of the galaxy makes up the very nature of her fabric. This particle entered the atmosphere billions of years ago. It integrated itself into a skipping mutation of the human race which landed itself as part of Immy's genome. This structure of her genetics advances her far beyond her peers.

One of the things about Immy Kell admires most is her ability to use language in such an advanced way. An ambiance that comes off as a college student in person and an adult on paper—even though she is only on the cusp of womanhood. Skillsets that he has yet to acquire. There is no jealousy between them—only admiration.

Immy naturalizes adulthood and knowledge as elegantly as a lion precisely pouncing its prey. This type of personality is exactly what causes a dilemma in school for her. Even though her intelligence and beauty surpass any of her mates, she cannot see the diamond in the rough that she truly is. Fortunately

Author Jonathan David

for her and her brother's good nature, their lives are about to become what they always should have been.

{2|Tears of an Angel} “What’s wrong, Immy?”
“Nothing. I’m okay. I’ll be fine.” “Do you want to talk about it?” “Not really.” “Well...” “So I am in class, and all my friends that have been my friends for years suddenly want nothing to do with me. It’s crazy.” “It’s probably because you are so much smarter than they are.” “No. I am not that smart. I think they think I am ugly. Look at this acne.” “What acne?” “Don’t lie to me. I know what I have on my face.” “Well, whatever you think you have, it is beautiful. Remember: Our flaws are what make us unique and special. There is a girl in my class with a scar on her face that makes her so insecure, and she acts so shy because of it. But, what she doesn’t know is that we all find her to look like a movie star.” “Yeah – okay, but I am actually ugly.” “Ha! That’s rich.” “Why do you say that. You are my brother; you have to say that.” “Alright, well, all my friends tell me how much they like you and wish you were older.” “They do?” “Yep. I have to bat them off with a stick.” “You’re joking. But, they are so much older?” “You look older. In fact, that is probably why your friends are jealous. I don’t think they have filled out quite like you have yet. I’d be jealous if my friends suddenly grew a foot taller than me or bulked up out of nowhere. I don’t think I’d ditch them, though. Women are like wild animals with each other battling for the rights to a territory. It’s weird

that people always think men are like that cause I have only seen a woman do that. Well, for the most part, I guess” “Yeah, that does make sense. So, you are saying they are threatened by me because I am superior, so they are trying to run me out in order to maintain power?” “Exactly. See, you are super smart!” “It probably has a lot to do with them orange eyes you seem to have developed. I don’t remember your eyes being orange or amberish like that before. I guess when they are filled with tears, they really shine through.” “They are?”

Immy pulls a small pocket mirror from her purse, flips it open, and looks to see a shade of color she had never noticed about her eyes before.

“I didn’t even know people could have orange or amber or whatever color this is – eyes?” “Me neither. See- that is why you are so special.”

As the two admire Immy’s seemingly new shade of orangish-amber eyes, their mother comes in to ask them if they are hungry.

“You two hungry?” “Yeah, Mom.”

Kell does not respond, knowing what the usual is for dinner.

“Kay. Well, there is some leftovers in the fridge. I’m heading out. I’ll be back in a few hours.”

Every night it is the same for Immy and Kell. Their mother provides no family gathering and then leaves to drink herself to obliteration only to return the following day half the time. That or she sits in front of the TV sipping straight liquor until she falls asleep, leaving Kell to have essentially taken care of Immy her whole life.

“You take it easy, Sis. I will go put some food on the table for us. Don’t let yourself have them stupid girls mess with you. People change, and people adapt, so get with the program and live your life for you and only you.”

{3|Project Profit} “Hey Ims, Mom never came home last night.” “Okay.” “And, she didn’t leave any money for us.” “When do you think she’ll be back. I don’t know; she has been hitting the bottle pretty hard lately. I am getting worried there is more going on than that, and she may never return at some point.” “What can we do?” “Maybe we could ask someone.” “But who?” “I don’t know. I guess we could sell something.” “Sell what?” “What about those little stones you are always rubbing on. Maybe, we could sell those.” “I love those. They are mine.” “Okay, how about we go get some more from the neighbors’ yards.” “Yeah, we could do that. We can say they are magic stones.” “I know some kids down the way that might fall for that.”

Immy and Kell make their way out to the streets in search of magic stones. There is no school for them on this day, so they venture off unsupervised to find a way to earn money for their day to come.

“How about these one's Ims?” “No. They have to be magic.” “How can you tell they are magic?” “Hmmm, here this one right here. See how it glimmers?” “No. It looks just like the one I have.” “No, it doesn’t. It is sparkling like diamonds with a blueish hue surrounding it.” “What? I don’t see that.” “That is strange. You cannot hear the sound it

is making?" "No, I cannot." "Huh. It is like a harp played by a butterfly." "Have you always seen this, Ims?" "Yes. I thought everyone did?" "No, I don't think so." "Huh. That is odd." "Good, well, we can convince the kids down the street that they are magic and sell them for some lunch money." "Okay."

The two gather up some more pebbles of magical properties and head towards the neighbors. While walking, Immy thinks to herself, (Is there something wrong with me? Am I crazy? I wonder if I see other things differently than other people do. I do feel different as of late. Perhaps it has something to do with my eyes. This is really weird, too – I also never heard the stone speak to me like it did today. Maybe it's trying to tell me something.)

As Immy is in deep thought and Kell keeps a close watch around them, a couple young Granglers that live down the street seemingly pop out of nowhere and start hassling them. Luckily it is just the runts of the overpopulated litter.

"Hey there, little lady, looking pretty good today. Wanna come play with us?"

Kell immediately steps in front of Immy with a piercing look in his eye that delivers fear directly into

the depth of the boys' souls. Almost simultaneously, the two say, "We're good." They then walk off.

"Immy, I don't want you walking alone down this street ever and always keep your phone ready to dial." "Okay." "I am serious. Do you promise?" "Yes." "I am not joking. Look at me and promise."

Kell puts his hands to Immy's shoulders and makes her look to him and promise, and she does.

{4|That's Weird} "Alright, we are almost to the kids. You see them anywhere?" "No." "Shoot." "Well—ah, there they are. They are down at the park."

On the way to the park—to try and sell the rocks they found—Immy spots a particularly unusual stone that radiates a sort of metallic color she cannot describe. She breaks away from Kell's protective circle to run and go grab it. Kell was looking the other way as she did this and then turned to see she is gone. He then shouts out to her, "Immy, where did you go?"

He begins to stress thinking one of the Granglers grabbed her, but then he sees she is at the base of one of the block's house's windows gathering more stones. So, he runs up to her and grabs her arm with a tight but not forceful grip, and says firmly, "Don't ever run off like that again."

Just as he says this, an elderly lady comes squawking out onto the front porch with a broom, attempting to talk loudly but is too old to do. She waves a broom at them and says, "What are you kids doing in my hedges!"

"Sorry, Mrs. Bagster. We just thought we saw something. We are leaving."

They then both run off.

“What did you find?” “It looks like some sort of precious metal. Might be able to sell it at the pawnshop.” “Yeah?” “Yeah, here, let’s go to the tunnel, and I’ll show you. I don’t want old Bagster to see in case it was hers.”

The two find one of the old cement sewage pipes converted into a tunnel for the playgrounds and station themselves in the center out of sight. Immy then pulls out what looks to her like something from another dimension, and this time Kell can tell there is something about the stone, but he still doesn’t quite see what Immy is seeing.

They both gaze at the object, and then it starts to glow and shake and separate into tinier versions of itself. And then, even smaller until it dissipates into its individual molecules and then further into its subatomic particles. Kell sees what is happening and looks to Immy’s eyes to see them turn an even brighter orange as the melting stone sinks into her skin, disappearing into the very fabric of her molecular structure.

“Where did it go?” Asks Kell. “I don’t know. What the heck just happened?” “What did it look like to you?” “Like making a piece of candy in reverse. Like the sugar crystals turning back to their organic state or something. What did you see?” “I just saw the thing melt into your hand and disappear, and then your eyes glowed.” “They did?” “Yeah, what is going on with you?” “I have no idea. I am scared, Kell.” “Maybe we better get you to a doctor.” “I hate the doctor.” “I do too. Good thing it is free for us here. I’d hate to live in America.” “Oh! Great idea. We can get food from the hospital cafeteria while we are there. It is free if you are a patient.” “Okay – I guess. I am starving. I hope they have chicken tenders and Yorkshire pudding.” “Me too and Toads in a Hole.” “Yuck.”

The hospital is only a short walk away for them, so they bail on their mission to sell the magic stones and go to get checked out.

Their neighborhood isn’t the safest or friendliest, but for some reason, no one seems to ever need medical attention. Yet, they are all ill in one way or another. A strange place embedded in society while somewhat stuck in another universe separate from everything else.

Within thirty minutes, Immy is perched on a hospital bed while Kell sits in a chair across from her. Before the doctor enters, Kell tells Immy to just say that she isn't feeling well. He suspects if they tell the doctor the truth, they will be hauled away to a mental hospital.

"Why, hello, young lady."

Immy looks downward and shyly responds, "Hi."

"What seems to be the problem today?"

"Uhhh..."

Kell interrupts and says, "She isn't feeling well. Not sick but off-balance."

The doctor responds but to Immy, asking, "I see, and how long has this been going on?"

Kell gets the gist and doesn't interrupt. The doctor gently puts his hand to Immy's chin and tilts her head up while saying in a calming tone, "It's alright, little one, you can tell me."

When she looks up, she keeps her eyes closed but then slowly opens them, revealing the shimmering honey-amber color they have transitioned to. When the doctor sees them, he raises one eyebrow slightly, tilts his head, and says, "Well, my oh my. Aren't

those just the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen?" He then looks at Kell to see his eyes are an average brown and then goes back to Immy and asks, "So what exactly is the problem here?"

"Um – Uh. Mmmm. I – I."

Immy pauses for a minute, and Kell and the doctor both remain silent so to give her a chance to build her confidence. After a few seconds, she begins talking.

"My eyes. They just turned this color in the past few days. I used to have the same color eyes as my brother."

Kell shakes his head back and forth, disappointed that Immy didn't just tell the doctor she wasn't feeling well. Then, the doctor asks.

"You did? I see." "Yes, I read that yellow eyes are cirrhosis of the liver."

The doctor chuckles a bit and asks Immy, "So, you are a big drinker then? What's your flavor? Gin, Vodka? Beer?" "Huh? I don't drink whatever that stuff is. Wait, I tasted my mom's beer once? Does that mean I am an alcoholic?"

“Hahahaha. Darling, you’d have to drink quite a bit to get liver disease, and besides, that yellowing of the eyes is not the iris. It happens in the sclera.”
“Scarlett?” “No: Sklur – Ah. Sclera. It is just the white part. Is there something else going on?”

Immy looks to Kell, and he gives her the slightest unnoticeable left to right nod indicating do not tell him what just happened. The doctor is no fool. He saw the unspoken communication between them and knows he won’t get the truth. He has a fond interest in Immy’s eye color. So, instead of attempting to pry, he makes an offer to soothe the situation.

“Alright, well, my young friend. I believe you are fine, but why don’t you let me draw a sample of your blood so that I can run a test and see if there is anything different about you.”

Immy cringes thinking about a needle sucking blood from her vein, but the doctor calms her and comforts her saying, “Don’t worry, sweetie, it’s just the tiniest little prick of the finger. If you even feel it, I’ll give you eight pounds.”

When Immy and Kell hear this, they perk up and hope it hurts.

The doctor leaves and returns a moment later with a little plastic device. He takes Immy's hand and gently embraces it, turning the palm upward. He then pinches her pointer finger and pushes the device to it, saying enthusiastically, "That's it!" "Awww. I didn't feel a thing." "Told ya. Glad you didn't bet against me, aren't yah. Okay, let me go run this deal in the machine. It will take about a half-hour. Why don't you two go on down to the cafeteria and have some lunch? Here are a couple passes for free dessert and pop."

They both thank the doctor and go forward to indulge their hungry little stomachs.

{5|Strange} “Well, kids. I have no news for you.” “What do you mean?” “The scanner couldn’t evaluate your DNA.” “How’s that?” “At first, I thought the deal was busted, but then I did my own sample and the nurse’s sample, and it worked fine. I tried yours again and again with different cuts of the drop we took and got nothing.” “The same thing happens when we try to scan animal DNA or put something metallic in the apparatus.”

Kell responds defensively, “Are you saying my sister is an animal?” The doctor chuckles. “Gosh no, son. It is an anomaly. To be honest, there is nothing wrong with you. I wanted to take your blood because your eyes are so unique. It doesn’t surprise me that the machine couldn’t read it. I have sent the sample off to the university for further analysis. There is something quite special about you, and I’d like to find out what it is.”

Immy says quietly, “I’m frightened, doctor.” To which he replies, “Oh, Hun. Don’t you worry about a thing? I bet you are just extraordinary and have something to offer the world that changes it forever.”

The kind words put Immy at ease, and she and her brother head out. “I’ll be in touch when we get the results.”

Immy and Kell both respond with one letter, “K.”

On the way out of the hospital, Kell says, “Well, I guess you are fine then, but maybe you are an alien?”

(An alien, I am no green big-eyed oozing monster.)

“An alien? I am no alien!” “Oh, Ims. I mean like a god-alien- majestic and beautiful—a world apart from all others.” “Awww. Okay, that is a good alien, then. I prefer goddess, though.” “Sorry, the goddess- Ali-awn, you are! Like Demeter.” “Who the heck is that?” “You don’t know Demeter? She is one of those Greek gods. I think the daughter of Kronos and Rhea or something. I don’t know exactly.” “Okay.”

After bickering on some more about Greek mythology neither of them is entirely educated on, they decide to head back home and see if their mother has come back yet.

On their way back, they are ambushed by the Granglers, and this time the two boys brought their older brother. The older boy sneaks up from behind Kell and grabs his arms, holding him too tightly to break free. Kell struggles trying to head butt the big boy with the back of his head but is slugged in the

gut before he can and loses his wind. Then the two boys go to grab Immy, and Kell struggles, trying to yell but hasn't caught his breath yet.

Immy wants to run, but she doesn't want to leave her brother behind, so she hesitates and does not move. She'd been holding one of her magic pebbles, and when the boys grabbed her, it slipped out of her grip, falling into the pull of gravity.

For Immy, the moment the pebble left her hand, it was as if time slowed like trying to observe water go from liquid to frozen. Only, she isn't stuck in the vortex.

At first, she stands still with confusion, but then she realizes she can break free. It isn't easy because the boys are a lot stronger than her, but she eventually pries their fingers loose and breaks her brother free. While doing so, she observes the rock floating in midair motionless only to see it has moved a hair's glance later.

Time isn't completely frozen for her; as she breaks her brother free, she can see the three boys and her brother still moving ever so slightly. It dawns on her that the magic stone must have a certain property related to time and that when it hits the ground or when she grabs it, time will likely resume as normal. To test the waters, she takes another one out. She

didn't know the type that had just dropped, but she does know the kind she picks out of her pocket. It is a New Jade stone. When polished, it looks like a green emerald, but to her, it is the color of a distant planet teeming with glassy-green life. She holds it in her hand and then turns her palm slowly, letting it fall to the ground, and just like the previous stone, it stops in midair just as her skin breaks contact. Then, she blinks and finds herself in another world filled with grassy fields.

She thinks for a moment that she has lost her brother but looks around and can see their astrophysical forms, which are like translucent versions of their normal bodies. She can also see the two stones she dropped, both floating in the air, moving at astronomically slow rates in the gravitational field they reside.

Immy decides to take advantage of the moment and explore the surrounding area. She strolls about feeling and hearing the grass scrape against her dainty legs. The grass is so long it stems right up to her knees. She then realizes she isn't in a different world. She is at her old Grandparent's farm, where she grew up with her brother before their father passed. It is a cherished and comforting place for her.

The connection is made for her about the differences between each stone—precious stones.

A sort of intinction comes over her as if she knew all along with her supernatural capabilities. She has a flashback to a time and location she is unsure of. She finds herself standing amid a group of darker-skinned people all dressed up in strange robes and feathered crowns.

(I remember these people from school. They are the American Indians. I think there is something taboo about that name in their country like they are supposed to be called Natives or something, but then they originated from Asia or something I don't know.) Immy contemplates her education on the American Natives. She observes them dance and howl about in the night, circling a young woman. They are unaware of her presence. The flashback is not of her memory but of the girl being circled. She walks up closer, and when she gets near the girl carefully maneuvering through the dancing tribe, the girl's head sharply turns to Immy. She opens her eyes, exposing the same brilliant amber-orange color.

Immy's heart drops when she sees this, and then she snaps out of the trance.

She quickly runs back to her brother and snatches the memory stone out of the air. Then she uses all her might to push each boy to the ground. Once they are flat to the cement, she grabs the time pebble and her brother's arm and says, "Run. Quick."

"What – what is..." "Shut up, Kell, let's go!"

The two run off, cutting through old Bagsters yard to take a shortcut. She sticks her head out the window and yells at them again to stay off her yard, but they are gone before she knows it.

When they get home, their mom is still gone, and they are all alone. Kell shuts and locks all the windows and doors, and the two go and hide in Immy's bedroom with all the lights off. They then spend hours talking until the sun goes down.

Immy doesn't keep any secrets from her brother, nor does she lie to him. Their bond is unbreakable—a true unity of trust and honor so rare that it could only happen once in a century. So, she explains to him what had happened and what she saw. He is dumbfounded by her powers but always knew something was different about her. Mid conversation, they hear a shout, a shout from their mother. She shouts with a mildly drunken slur.

“You kids home? Why are all the doors locked and lights off?”

They then hear footsteps stomping up the stairs, and their mother walks into Immy’s room to find them sitting in the dark.

“What’s going on in here? Why are the lights off?”

“We were just scared of the neighbors, mother.”

“What they damn Grang-a-lingers boys again? Why

don’t you protect your sister, Kell?” “No, mother. They had big Alfie with them.” “That little prick. I’ll go have a talk with them tomorrow at church. Not sure why they’re even allowed in that building. Evil they are.”

Kell tries to tell her that that will only make matters worse, but she won’t listen to him. Immy wants to ask her mother if she knows anything about her powers, but she knows her mom is in a state of mind that is incoherent, and she might also want to put her in the psych ward, so she keeps it a secret between her and Kell.

“Well, I brought you home some supper. Get some Italian from that place you love so much, Immy. Got you the triple thing with the pasta and the lasagna.

Bunch of breadsticks too. I'm watch the telly – go eat
on see you in the morn.”

{6|Rest Assured} Later that night, after their mother has passed out and Kell falls asleep, Immy gets under her blanket on her bed with a flashlight and all her magic stones and decides to test each one. She has a stone polishing kit with a book to identify them—a gift from her late grandfather. It dawns on her that perhaps he knew her secret.

She had already polished the ones she had found previously and was working on the ones she found today while she waited for her brother and mother to fall asleep.

She sits Indian-style with a quilt over her head, making a teepee to the outside viewer. It is an intentional display of what she now believes to be a distant heritage of the Ojibwe tribe of the Northern Americas. Before bed, she had also researched the headdress she saw, identifying it to be indigenous to a specific Ojibwe tribe of the Dakota regions of the U.S.A.

Once situated, she opens up her rock polishing book to the precious stone section, where it lists thirty different stones polished to perfect round pebbles. At this time, she has only collected twelve and has polished them to the best of her ability.

She sets each stone on the page like a game of chess, resting them in front of their names. She takes a deep breath, scared of what might happen when she drops one. But before she makes her move, she realizes that they all have something in common- their color. Half the thirty stones are darker colors, and the

other half is brighter and colorful like flowers. These are the ones she found. She wonders if it is on purpose or if it is because they are easier to see. After all, a pink, red, or rose color stands out more than a dark green or black. But then she recalls that that isn't how she found them at all. She hears them and sees their aura, and that's how she finds them. She shrugs it off and starts systematically from top to left between the scattered stones resting upon a grid of images lined five by thirty. The placement of the not-so-smoothly polished stones lay like an abandoned game of chess.

She first removes the New Jade stone because she already knows it has something to do with memory. She learned that the time slowing one is the Goldsand Stone after she polished it up and could identify it, which leaves her with ten remaining stones to try.

Rose Quartz: Love Stone

Upon the release of this milky rose-colored rock, she finds herself in class, sitting next to Jacob, a young lad she has had a crush on since the start of school. The stone allows her to communicate with him and live in a reality that only lasts until the rock hits the bed, thus proving her theory that the power is only as long-lasting as the distance the stone falls.

Unikite: Passion Stone

When releasing the Unikite stone, she finds herself picking out an outfit for after class. It doesn't register to her that this is currently her passion, so she grabs the stone and says, "I'll come back to this one."

Carnclian: Sex Stone

Dropping the Carnclian stone, she finds herself in a situation that frightens her, so she snatches it back up in the blink of an eye and tosses it across the room right into the blanket, forgetting that she is covered by it.

Topaz: Hunger stone

This stone puts her into a palace of food resembling The Great Hall of Hogwarts, but she isn't hungry. So, she grabs it.

Red Aventurine: Laughter stone

This stone makes her laugh uncontrollably. She quickly grabs the stone and covers her mouth, and shuts off the flashlight hoping her mother or brother didn't hear her. After a moment, she is safe.

Red Jasper: Kindness stone

She simply sees her brother, Kell watching over her.
Sodalite: Forgiveness stone

Forgiveness is not something Immy has ever had to take part in as she is a pure soul, so the dropping has no effect, and it just hits the bed. She thinks it may be the wrong stone, but she is mistaken. She will learn later on in life—after finding the remaining eighteen stones—of the thirty meanings of life and will come back to this stone.

Natural Carnelian: Knowledge stone

This stone instantly provides her with the solution to a math problem she had been stuck on all week. She

thinks, (Hmmm. This is a tricky situation- to cheat or not to cheat? I'll just keep that one on the side for now.)

Blue Aventurine: Healing Stone

This stone has a powerful effect on Immy. When she lets go of it, she sees her mother's actual pain and suffering from alcoholism. A sickness of the mind that has no cure and is misunderstood throughout society.

She can see something glowing in the back left part of her mother's head as she sits in her chair, sipping away. It emanates through the skin originating from the brain outward. This makes Immy distraught yet comforted, hoping that the power of the stones will allow her to heal her mother. She doesn't even have to worry; she immediately knows if she finds all thirty stones, she will be able to do so.

Rhodonite: Future Stone

Immy sees herself, her brother, and her mother all living in London happily together, celebrating Christmas.

When she sees Kell all grown up holding a baby in his arms, with a woman to his side and his mother sober and shimmering with happiness, a sense of total peace comes over her.

Immy stays in the vision until the stone hits the blanket and then repeats again and again, each time moving further into the day. She does this until her eyes cannot stay open any longer and she falls asleep.

Down the road...

Kell will only recall this day as a childhood game.

Immy will spend the following years of her teen life finding the remaining precious stones going on fantastic adventures throughout the universe.

And although she keeps her superpowers to herself, she always keeps her precious pebbles nearby in case there is someone in need that she can help.

More adventures await!