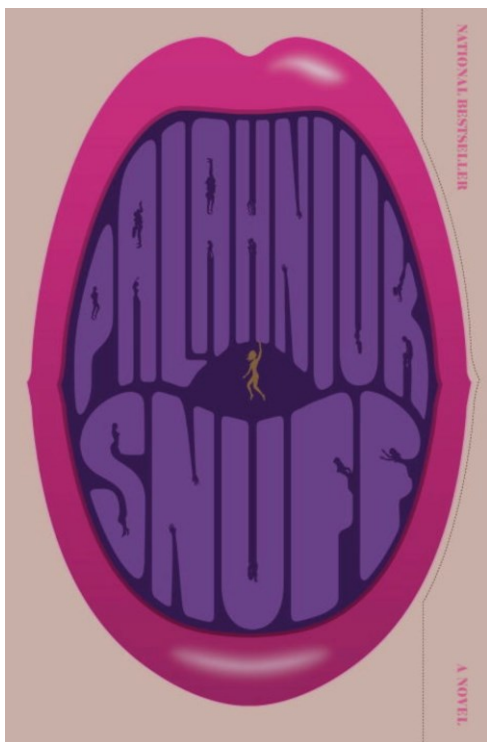


SNUFF



Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

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CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

A porn-star attempts to set a record of having sexual activities with 600 men.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; drug use; references to suicide; reference to abortion.

5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	<p>Some one-shot dudes, they're just here to say they were. Us veterans, we're here for the face time and to do Cassie a favor. Help her one more dick toward that world record.</p> <p>...On the buffet, they got laid out Tupperwares full of condoms next to Tupperwares of mini-pretzels.</p> <p>... The same hands scooping M& M's as reaching into the fly and elastic waistband of boxers to stroke their half-hard dicks. Candy-colored fingers. Tangy ranch-flavored erections.</p> <p>...Tweakers scratching their arms bright red. High-school virgins wanting to lose it on camera. This one kid, Mr. 72, is looking to get deflowered and into history in the same shot.</p> <p>...Loud dudes talk on cell phones, talking stock options and ground-floor opportunities at the same time they pinch and milk their foreskins. All the performers, the wrangler Magic Marker—ed their biceps with a number between one and six hundred.</p>
3	<p>An open casting call. A hard-on and a doctor's release to show you're clean, that was the audition. That, and nobody's shooting kiddie porn, so you had to be eighteen.</p> <p>We got shaved pecs and waxed pubes standing in line with a Downs-syndrome softball team.</p>
4	<p>Other dudes ain't dicked anything but their hand, watching nothing but Cassie Wright videos.</p> <p>...Today, her last performance.</p> <p>...Up those stairs, to anybody after the fiftieth dude, Cassie Wright will look like a missile crater greased with Vaseline. Flesh and blood, but like something's exploded inside her.</p> <p>...The Sheila babe pushes the glasses up her nose and goes, "When I call you, you'll need to be camera-ready." By that she means fully erect. Condom-ready.</p> <p>... Six hundred dudes. One porn queen.</p>
7	<p>The stopwatch girl says how the actress Candy Apples, when she set her record with 721 sex acts, they used the same group of fifty men for the entire production.</p> <p>...When Annabel Chong set her early record, the stopwatch girl says, performing 251 sex acts, even with eighty men showing up for the cattle call, some 66 percent of them couldn't get their dicks hard enough to do their job. That same year, 1996, Jasmin St. Claire broke Chong's record with three hundred sex acts in a single shoot. Spantaneous Xtasy broke the record with 551. In the year 2000, the actress Sabrina Johnson took on two thousand men, fucking until she hurt so bad the crew had to pack ice between her legs as she sucked off the remainder of the cast.</p> <p>...At most, she'd done five hundred sex acts, and instead of two thousand men, only thirty-nine had answered the casting call.</p>
9	<p>Guy 137, he says how Cassie Wright spent six months shadowing an endocrinologist, learning his duties, studying his demeanor and body language, before playing a doctor in the groundbreaking adult feature Emergency Room Back Door Dog Pile. Cassie Wright spent six months of research, writing to survivors and studying court documents, before she set foot on the set for the adult mega-epic Titanic Back Door Dog Pile. In her single line of dialogue, the moment Cassie Wright says, "This boat's not the only lady going down, tonight..." her west-country Irish accent is dead-on, depicting exactly how hot the steerage free-for-all sex must've been in the final moments of man's worst sea disaster.</p> <p>"In Emergency Room," he says, "in the lesbian scene with the two hot laboratory assistants, it's obvious that Cassie Wright is the only performer who knows the correct way to work a speculum."</p> <p>The critics, guy 137 says, justifiably raved about her portrayal of Mary Todd Lincoln in the</p>

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	Civil War epic Ford's Theatre Back Door Dog Pile. Later re-released as Private Box. Later re-released as Presidential Box. Guy 137 tells us, in the scene where Cassie Wright gets double-teamed by John Wilkes Booth and Honest Abe Lincoln, thanks to her research, she truly does make American history come alive.
11	That's the same doom you feel, that drop in blood pressure, when the music shuts off, three in the morning, closing time at the ManRod or the Eagle, and you're left standing still unfucked, all alone.
12	Right here: Branch Bacardi, star of The Da Vinci Load and To Drill a Mockingbird, The Postman Always Cums Twice and the first all-singing, all-dancing adult feature, Chitty Chitty Gang Bang.
13	To them, doing porn was a lark. ...Playing the male lead in The Twilight Bone or A Tale of Two Titties was a joke to put on their résumé.
14	"Sildenafil," the young lady says, and taps her felt-tipped pen against my hand holding the bottle of blue pills. "Get it hard, but if you overdose, watch out for nonarteritic anterior ischemic optic neuropathy." She steps away. And I swallow another blue pill.
15	In every corner of the ceiling, you have monitors hanging down, showing hard-core adult films. One is The Wizard of Ass. Another plays the classic Gropes of Wrath. ...The monitor Branch Bacardi's watching, it shows him a generation younger, riding Cassie Wright doggy style in World Whore One: Deep in the Trenches.
16	It was after World Whore Two won the Adult Video News award for best boy-girl-girl scene, where Cassie Wright teamed with Rosie the Riveter to suck off Winston Churchill, it's that year she took a long sabbatical from moviemaking. ...She did the epic Moby Dicked. She racked up another AVN award for best anal scene in A Midsummer Night's Ream, which went on to sell a million units in its first year of release. ...In Much Adieu About Humping, the actress Casino Courvoisier slipped the bottle inside herself and demonstrated how the long, curved shape bashed the cervix for perfect deep-vaginal orgasms every time. The actress Gina Galliano did the same trick in The Twelfth Knight, and retail outlets couldn't keep 100 Strokes in stock. ...Pony Girl films shot for the Japanese market, where women wear saddles and bridles and perform dressage routines for a man cracking a whip. Or fetish movies like Snack Attack, a genre called splosh films, where beautiful women are stripped naked and pelted with birthday cakes, whipped cream, and strawberry mousse, sprayed with honey and chocolate syrup. No, nobody here wants to see her last project, a specialty film called Lassie Cum, Now! Among industry insiders, the rumor is that the movie we're shooting today will eventually be marketed as World Whore Three: The Whore to End All Whores. The moment in World Whore One when the doggy scene shifts to three doughboys liberating a convent of French nuns in Alsace, as the new scene starts, Bacardi slips on his sunglasses.
18	She got knocked up doing a reverse cowgirl, when Benito Mussolini lost his load inside her.
19	Borrowed an old precaution from gay porn: you wear a blue condom inside a regular pink condom, that way, if the dick turns blue in the middle of anal sex, you know the outside rubber's busted.

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20	<p>Standing so close the dripping head of the pud-puller's dick touches my hip. Soft as a kiss. A tiny battering ram.</p> <p>Look down at the shiny string drooping between my blue-jeans leg and his dick head.</p> <p>The pud-puller slides his fifty onto my clipboard, saying, "Listen up, baby. I only get an hour for lunch."</p> <p>...These pud-pullers. These jerk jockeys. You only need to look at them to read their minds.</p>
21	<p>Gang-bang protocol, ever since Annabel Chong first called the shots, it says all the guys have to wait, sh-long-out naked.</p> <p>...So—all six hundred pud-pullers have to stand around almost bare-assed.</p> <p>...These monkey-milkers.</p>
22	<p>Meat-beater 573.</p> <p>...Among those five, the first man got erect was the one got to screw her. Each group was on set for ten minutes, and whoever was able got to ejaculate. Even if some guys never got hard, never touched her, all five counted toward the 251-man total.</p> <p>The real genius was to make it a competition. The erection race. Plus, studies show that when males are placed together in close proximity before a sex act, their sperm count will rise. These studies are based on dairy farms, where bulls will be staked in groups near a fertile cow. The resulting harvest will yield greater volumes of viable semen. Stronger convulsions of the pelvic floor, maximizing the height and distance of expelled seminal fluid. The science behind a good money shot.</p> <p>Increased affinity and surface tension. Higher viscosity. The physics of a good facial.</p> <p>...Basing porn films on modern dairy-farm procedures. Trade secrets that can destroy the romance of any good gang bang.</p>
23	<p>Want to drag the bottom for every loser, every pervert with issues around intimacy, men completely unable to reveal themselves and terrified of rejection—you want a cross section of those bottom feeders—just run a couple newspaper ads seeking male performers for a gang-bang feature.</p> <p>According to the British anthropologist Catherine Blackledge, the human fetus begins to masturbate in the womb a month before birth. At thirty-two weeks, that ripple, that twitching within the uterus, isn't the baby kicking. The nasty little thing starts jerking off in the third trimester and never, ever stops.</p> <p>This crew of pud-pullers, these ham-whammers, it's they who killed the Sony Betamax.</p> <p>...These lonely jerk jockeys, voting with their dicks, they decided HD versus Blu-ray for the world's dominant high-definition technology.</p> <p>...These pud-pullers, these jerk-offs, it's them leading the rest of us. It's what gets them off that decides what your million kids will want for Christmas next year.</p>
24	<p>You could cite Annabel Chong—real name: Grace Quek—who fucked that first world's record of 251 losers because, for once, she wanted a woman to be "the stud." Because she loved sex and was sick of feminist theory portraying female porn performers as either idiots or victims. In the early 1970s, Linda Lovelace was delivering exactly the same philosophical reasons behind her work in Deep Throat.</p> <p>...Or how, before becoming a porn star, Grace Quek had been raped in London by four men and a twelve-year-old boy.</p>
26	<p>The girl up there, sucking the clit of Boodles Absolut, that girl used to say how she was going to rule the industry someday. That sweet young Cassie Wright, the way she told it, she could lick anybody in the world.</p>

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27	<p>Today, anybody in the world can lick her... ...There's dudes here who will do the deed thinking she's just asleep. Ain't no human body that can take a pounding from six hundred hard-ons. We're talking one pussy fart getting pounded in too deep. Or eating snatch, one puff of air up inside her works and a bubble gets into her bloodstream. An embolism.</p>
28	<p>No, any inquest happens, and every dick here will swear she was alive when he was humping away.</p>
29	<p>Cassie Wright will be dead, but her backlist of videos, everything from The Ass Menagerie to her all-facial compilation Catch Her in the Eye to the classic A Separate Piece, will turn into solid gold. Bang the Bum Slowly.</p>
30	<p>If Cassie Wright fucks six hundred dudes, she's a world-beater, and this company has the season's top product. But if Cassie fucks 599 guys, she's just a big slut. And the company ain't got jack shit to market.</p>
40	<p>A person can't simply say, "Hello, Mr. Branch, I absolutely adore your dildo..." Everyone I know, man or woman, keeps your dick in their bedside table. The battery-powered vibrator, or the manually operated regular dildo. Yours is the Goldilocks of dildos: not a long pencil dick, like the one copied from Ron Jeremy's erection. And certainly not one of those so massively big around that you feel plunged like a stopped-up toilet. No, with the length and girth of it, the Branch Bacardi is the one-size-fits-all of celebrity-replica sex toys. ...The Cord Cuervo Super Deluxe tapers too much; from a circumcised head the size of a pencil eraser, the finger-long shaft spreads to a base big as a beer can. One could always ask Bacardi about the mass-production aspects, the assembly lines in China where sweatshop workers wrap and package endless silicone-rubber copies of his erection, still hot from stainless-steel molds. Or they package and ship jiggling armies of pink plastic vaginas cast from the shaved pussy of Cassie Wright. Chinese slave labor, by hand, tweezing in pubic hairs or airbrushing different shades of red or pink or blue. Accurate down to Cassie's episiotomy scar. Bacardi's every vein and wart.</p>
41	<p>Long after Cassie Wright becomes old and demented or dead and rotten, her vagina will still haunt us, tucked under beds, buried in underwear drawers and bathroom cabinets, next to dog-eared skin magazines. Or, showcased in antique stores, Bacardi's rubber erection, priced the same as the hand-carved scrimshaw dildos of lonely, long-dead Nantucket whaling wives. ...A person can always ask: How does it feel, that the cock of Branch Bacardi and the vagina of Cassie Wright are reduced to kitsch? ...A person could ask: Thanks to the Branch Bacardi Butt Plug, how's it feel to know that people around the globe go to work, to school, to church with your dick wedged up their anus? How's it feel seeing your dick and balls, or your clit and cunt flaps, cloned a zillion times and sitting on the shelf behind some gum-chewing porn-store clerk?</p>
42	<p>One could risk sharing the story about how Carl hooked up with a trick—oh, years ago. And the two men went home together, only to discover they were both big passive bottoms. To satisfy everyone, they shared a two-headed Branch Bacardi special. This happy bumping of sphincters worked fine until—wouldn't you know it—Carl felt his paramour du jour was enjoying more than his allotted half. What had started as a casual, anonymous encounter</p>

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	turned into a savage butt-sex tug-of-war, only with no knot in the rope, no flag to keep one partner from gobbling down all the shared real estate.
43	After Miss Wright signs, I plan to copy her handwriting and add, “Thanks for the Fuck of a Lifetime!”
44	The same as, inside all those nightstands and glove compartments, all those Branch Bacardi dildos and Cassie Wright vaginas. I could tell Bacardi that the electric vibrator was first marketed in the 1890s. The first household appliances to be electrified were the sewing machine, the fan, and the vibrator. Americans enjoyed electric vibrators ten years before electric vacuum cleaners and irons.
45	Measured by the movies playing overhead, he looks at his secret for a three-way... two blow jobs... and one clitoral orgasm.
48	Her face tilts up a tad, as if to catch a spotlight, and Ms. Wright sings, “... I got bang, bang, banged on the trolley...” ...Some pud-puller. I asked, Did she know Adolf Hitler invented the blow-up sex doll?
51	The sour smoke of marijuana from little one-hitter pipes.
53	Only then did the star of Ali Boobie and the 40 D’s and Robofox shoot herself in the head. ...It’s why pussy queen Shauna Grant died at the business end of her own .22-caliber rifle. And why one night, Shannon Wilsey, the blonde high goddess of porn known as “Savannah,” went out to her garage and put a bullet into her head.
54	Me, personally, I tell dude 137 how I’m adding an embossed slogan to my dildos. Cast in high-relief going around the base, it’s going to say, “The Dick That Killed Cassie Wright...” On the thickest part, so if you twist it the letters of the writing stimulate the clit. ...A dildo in six different colors, one butt plug, and a double-headed whopper.
55	The legal standard for a gang bang is called “instances of sex,” meaning any hole—her cunt, ass, or mouth—and any instrument—your dick, finger, or tongue—but for only one minute. ...Whether or not you cum, you’ll find yourself undressed and shoved out some fire exit, pulling on your pants in the alley.
58	The 137 guy says, “No, wait.” He says, “Rumor is, there was a kid conceived during The Blow Jobs of Madison County.” Mr. Bacardi says, “No.” Shaking his head, he says, “She terminated.” And guy 137 says, “That’s what the industry calls an ‘outtake.’”
60	His voice flat and even, as if he were reading from a book, he says, “The male performer achieves orgasm inside the female performer, without wearing a condom. After he withdraws, the female performer contracts her pelvic floor with enough force to forcefully expel the ejaculate from her vaginal orifice.”
62	Bacardi says, “Little dude’s a total boner-kill.”
68	Breasts bouncing, swinging side to side, strapped inside a white sports bra. ...At her crotch, the black spandex stretches to cover a small bulge. Bigger than camel toe. Swelling bigger than moose knuckle. Way bigger than a clit. Ms. Wright’s crotch swells, bulges, bounces. Another stride, her foot stamping concrete, and the bump inside her bicycle shorts starts to inch down one spandex leg.
70	The next six cum-casters and pudding-pullers. ...The pink ball, she says it was molded from silicone. A Kegel exercise. You put the ball

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	inside and tense your pelvic floor. Used to be, Asian women would insert two metal balls with mercury inside their hollow cores. The mercury would shift all day, rolling the balls, stimulating the women, getting them hotter as the weight of the balls strengthened their pussy muscle. Their husbands came home, and those revved-up housewives would fuck them at the front door.
71	Wiping the stone against the leg of her shorts, brushing dead leaves and grains of dirt from it, Ms. Wright says, "A couple months of hauling this, and my pussy could go to the Olympics..." All of this, training for World Whore Three.
72	Trading this crop of ceiling-spacklers for the next six weasel-teasers. Turning the plastic page, I tell how Annabel Chong compared a gang bang to running a marathon. ...For my part, I've tried to pace the gang bang the way Messalina would, spreading out the ugly yogurt-yankers, the old and obese bone-honers, the dirty and deformed gland-handlers as far as possible. A monster inserted between every eight or ten ordinary sea-monkey sprayers. Ms. Wright nods at a familiar face, joystick-jerker number 137, and she says, "He's hot..." A washed-up TV ham looking to toss some baby gravy. At Ms. Wright's crotch, something new swells under the black spandex. The bump jiggles down her leg.
77	The diaphragm or the sponge is nothing you want in your works, not if you're double-teamed with a pair of professional dicks like Cord or Beam or yours truly. No babe doing a double penetration wants anything wire tucked up inside her, I tell the kid.
78	Dudes stare at the monitors hanging from the ceiling, Cassie Wright riding cowgirl on the boner of Cord Cuervo as he sits in his wheelchair, she's bracing her weight with one arm planted on the plaster cast of his fake broken leg. The fact nobody's walked out, it's a testimony to what dudes will endure for a piece of ass. If there was a free, hot piece of snatch waiting on top of Mount Everest or on the moon, we'd have a high-speed elevator already built. ...In the picture, she was naked and playing some wrestling game with some naked superhero muscle guys. The private parts of them were showing, but they were all trying to hide them inside each other. Some tag kind of game.
79	But it's not impossible he maybe slips a finger inside? Maybe, reaching to hug her, his little finger by accident sticks in her ass? ..."No," kid 72 goes, "beating off."
80	"Dude," I go, "if Cassie don't get fucked by six hundred dudes today, she's screwed."
81	Just, I guess, reading a book in a chair next to a lamp in a nice room without gallons of hot jizz all over her. On bulletin boards, online message boards, where fans post details about every mole and eyelash Cassie Wright has, every color lipstick she's wore, guys dissect every blow job, I don't know, like it was for college-homework extra credit.
82	That pocket vagina, you could press the clitoris and it would pop out. Press it back inside the hood. Press again to make it pop out. I could do this until my fingertips were red raw, about to bleed. I slept with it under my pillow.
86	On my computer was playing a pirate copy of World Whore One, and whatever Lloyd George did, I did the same. Pulled down the pink thong panties. Unhooked the push-up bra. Lloyd and I were both laying pipe when Cassie's breasts went from a D cup to a C. By now my dick was bumping mattress. She was leaking, losing air. The faster I pumped, the flatter

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	she went. From a C cup to an A. Shriveling and wrinkling underneath me, wasting away. The more I pumped, the more Cassie Wright's face collapsed, caved in. Her skin felt loose, baggy, and slack. With my every push, she aged a decade, dying, dead, and decomposing as I hurried, faster, pounding mattress, rubbing myself raw in my rush to get off. Pumping this pink ghost.
87	That, the last boner I would ever sprout.
90	Overhead, the monitors are showing excerpts from The Italian Hand Job, where a team of international jewel thieves are plotting to steal a billion in diamonds from a museum in Rome. During the heist, Cassie Wright distracts the guards by engaging them in a double-penetration three-way. The moment the museum alarms sound, the loud sirens and flashing lights, she clenches her pelvic floor and her jaw, effectively becoming a flesh-and-blood set of Chinese handcuffs and trapping the guards inside herself.
92	His head tipped back, his brown eyes watch Cassie Wright stash several cool millions in diamond ice deep inside her shaved pussy.
94	Fucking him as a sort-of sexual sorbet.
95	All of this I told to Ms. Wright as we sat in my apartment eating popcorn and watched Annabel Chong fuck her way through 251 jizz-juicers. Groups of five. Ten minutes per group. Sock-soakers. Bone-beaters. ...The World's Biggest Gangbang.
96	Pud-pullers and palm pilots already calling to get on the list.
100	Kid says, "I can't fuck her." Kid says, "I can't get it hard."
101	Above us on the TVs, the ugly dago police dude's jackhammering Cassie, pounding her poop chute so fast that diamonds, rubies, emeralds spill out her snatch, slot-machine style. ...Fuck her? I ask.
102	Kid 72 whispers, "What'll I do?" I tell him, Fuck her. And the teddy-bear dude says, "Obey your father."
103	Above us on the TVs, the camera comes in for a close-up penetration shot, and the wop dude's nut sack is pockmarked with botched electrolysis scars. Craters of the moon. Showing on a dozen TV screens, both his nuts pulled up tight under the exploded disaster of the dude's wrinkled red asshole.
108	On the TV screens, it's some old scene of Mr. Bacardi ramming my mom from behind. Every draw back, when he shoves his wiener in, his saggy old-man balls swing to spank my mom on her shaved taint. That noman's-land dividing her snatch and ass. The Dan Banyan guy, he says the only trick to starring in an all-male backdoor gang-bang movie is you have to really relax. ...He says you kneel on the edge of a bed and five other guys come in and dork your ass a couple strokes each. Those five blow their loads across your back. Then another five come in. He really wasn't counting. Then he lost count. Taking a strong dose of Special K helped. ...A fluffer, he says, is somebody whose job is to blow guys or give hand jobs to make sure they're ready to act on cue.
109	Her lips and her snatch she has in this movie, they look nothing like what I have at home.

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110	Most of the rest is him officially denying rumors how his massive rock-hard wiener and relentless animal ram-job is responsible for my mom being dead. ...I don't have to blow him or anything.
113	As the last surviving hottie, she has to wear crippling thong underwear, a push-up bra, and high heels, then fuck or suck off every guy in the evil fascist, quasi-religious, theocratic, Old Testament-inspired government. The movie's called The Handmaid's Tail.
115	A couple dandruff flakes after Branch Bacardi's walked away, the talent wrangler says, "He pressured her to get an abortion. Said he'd pay for it. Said a baby would ruin her tits, end her career in movies."
116	Is this some mass black-widow-spider snuff movie? Does somebody on set kill each of the six hundred actors the moment after they ejaculate?
118	Here in the basement, Branch Bacardi says, "You die in there, pitch yourself a stroke or a heart attack, and they'll just roll you on your back and let Cassie ride a reverse cowgirl on your hard, dead dick."
126	In adult features, she says, the close-up of the erection inserted in the orifice is called the "meat shot." Her eyes still closed, teeth clenched, her fingers balled into fists as the wax dries and sweat soaks into the folded towel, Ms. Wright says, "Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my meat shot..."
129	They say, "How many queer fuck films end as snuff films?"
135	Still watching that door, Mr. Bacardi says, "Best advice my old man ever gave me was"—and he smiles, his eyes still on that door—"if you shave the hair back from around the base of your dick, hard or soft, you'll look two inches longer."
138	My fingers sticky with powdered sugar and doughnut jelly, I'm still holding the little pill Dan Banyan gave me, cupped in one hand, the drug for when I need to get my wiener hard.
139	Just a plain little pill. Inside the heart. "Potassium cyanide," Mr. Bacardi says. ..."Cassie's a born masochist," he says. "It's the greatest gift a son could give her..."
140	This here's the last world-record gang-bang movie ever.
142	A couple laughs, not two puffs on a cigarette after I ejaculate across Cassie Wright's lovely breasts, my sperm still warm and crawling around, and the wrangler's shoving a paper bag full of clothes into my arms.
143	Through all our small talk, I'm pumping away, in her vagina, in her bottom, in her hand, between her breasts. Us having our little hen party, just yak-yak-yakking away, and my erection's going in and out, in and out.
145	The locket is gone, and he says, "So you managed to fuck her." ...Two pills rest in the hollow of his palm, and he asks, "Which of these did you give me for an erection?"
153	After watching my share of faggot porn flicks, it's no surprise they get off on eating their own jizz. Eating anybody's.
155	On the phone, the teddy-bear dude says, "Right now, I need an escort, anybody with a dick, any race or age, so long as he can get hard, pump, dump, and bail."
156	My old man said the way ancient dudes never got their ladies pregnant, before rubbers and birth-control pills and sponges and shit, was, a little bit after they shot their wad, with their

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	dick still buried deep, ancient dudes knew to piss just a dribble. Just let a trickle of piss leak out. Piss, my old man said, was enough acid to kill the sperm. He means to pee inside her.
157	<p>Brenda baked chocolate-chip cookies, and we got a little loaded and made love. Not like in movies, where it's a dick and pussy in a battle to the death, porking and banging and slamming, but more like our skin was having a conversation.</p> <p>...Under that tree of little flowers, Brenda and me held on to each other, carried each other through our first climax together, the start of our lifetime.</p> <p>...Laying inside Brenda, just so to protect her, I let a little piss leak out. That bladder of mine was busting, and my flow couldn't shut off. My little dribble kept gushing, and Brenda rolled her eyes to look into my eyes, our eyes close to touching, our noses touching, her lips brushing my lips. Brenda said, "What are you doing?" And bearing down to stop, clamping down to not piss, still inside her, I said, "Nothing." I go, "I'm not doing anything."</p>
159	On the TVs, I'm an old-time caveman daisy-chained in an orgy with a tribe of other humanoids, dirty and hairy and hunched over, none of us quite human, not yet evolved.
164	<p>With her other hand, she waved me closer, she scooped that hand under her breast, and stretched the nipple toward me, saying, "Don't take his shit. He's just the director." Cassie held out her breast, saying, "Come to Momma..."</p> <p>..."Suck," she said, and rubbed her nipple across my lips.</p>
167	<p>"Now," Cassie Wright said. She pulled the bedsheet off her bottom half and said, "Be a good boy, and start fucking me."</p> <p>...Punch-fucking Cassie Wright, hard, one leg bent back so far her knee's in her face, I heard the stopwatch girl say, "Time."</p> <p>Still fucking her, rolled over and nailing her on her side, her legs jackknifed, I heard Cassie Wright say, "This kid fucks like he's got something to prove."</p> <p>Stuffing her doggy style, on all fours, my hands grabbed full of her wet, loose ass-skin, I heard Cassie Wright say, "Get this little bastard off of me!"</p> <p>...Folks were pulling me back until only my dick was still touching her, my hips still bucking until just the head of my dick was inside her, until I popped free, my 'nads jumping out ribbon after ribbon of white ooze across her butt.</p>
169	On the monitors hanging above the room, echoing and empty save for the three of us, a full-breasted Cassie Wright plays a stern ward nurse, righteous and tyrannical in her starched white uniform and sensible shoes, who brings joy and freedom to the residents of a men's mental hospital by giving them all blow jobs. A classic of adult culture called One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nuts.
170	He says the film we're watching is about a feisty young pitcher who earns herself a starting spot on an all-male softball team by giving her teammates blow jobs.
179	Watch World Whore Three and you'll see how certain folks say the death scene is just another cum shot.
185	Cassie's eyes are rolled up to show only white, her arms flopping loose at her sides, her head rolling around on her neck so far the pull opens her mouth, drool sliding out the corner of her lips. Slack as a blow-up sex-doll version of herself. If you want to know, that first film I did with Cassie Wright, I slipped her a diet soda mixed with beta-ketamine and Demerol. With the camera set up on a tripod next to the mattress, I fucked her everywhere my dick would fit.

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187	Later, Cassie told me the drugs, the beta-ketamine and Demerol, stopped her heart. Her brain cooled, and she rose up out of her body, hovering near the ceiling, looking down, her and the video camera watching my ass clench and relax, clench and relax, as I fucked her until her heart started back to pump. Fucked her to death, then back to life. Humping her dead body around that mattress, I ended the old life she had, wanting to act, and gave her a new life.
188	On the TVs, I'm popping my load deep inside Cassie's dead snatch, pumping her back to life. A decent money shot wasted, worthless for nothing except making some kid.
192	At the same time, Cassie squats over Bacardi's hips, sitting on the stubble of his shaved pubic hair. With both hands planted on her knees, she pushes down to raise herself. Half standing, she slams her hips down again, but not too fast, not so fast you can't see Bacardi's stiff blue erection disappearing inside her. Even dead, that's a big dick. The Goldilocks of dildos. Battery-powered or manually operated. Dead as the pink rubber version under my bed. As any holy relic in a cathedral. Stiff as the shrink-wrapped rows for sale in adult toy stores. ...Cassie Wright lifts her hips and slams them down, the flash of blue, lifeless dick appearing and disappearing, and she says, "Upstage me... you prick piece of shit." Both of them drenched in sweat. She pounds her pussy down, snarling, "You stole my biggest scene, you rat bastard." ...And Cassie stands until the fat blue erection is their only link. That dick their only connection. Until the fat head of it pops free of her dripping labia. The stiff blue dick still reaching out, stretching straight up to touch her as she pulls away.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	26
Bitch	7
Cock	3
Cunt	4
Dick	42
Fag/Faggot	4
Fuck	51
Piss	14
Prick	1
Pussy	12
Shit	20
Spic	1
Tit	3