

Small cell 🐛

The first time we traded pheromones was at the number palace. Do you remember? In California. You called me The Library of Baby because I could be anyone and I could make you horny.

Senpai<sup>1</sup>.... Senpai, my love. daddy. ~~Big Boss~~ ;

You liked playing games, so when your flesh morphed from teenagedom to adulthood, you got a job at the Internet of Things<sup>2</sup>. It wasn't as nerdy as it sounds and you suited the ugly silver outfit. I watched from my window at Rapunzel's Tower<sup>3</sup>, vibrating and sobbing, as you soaked your way across the Information Superhighway. Your jelly-tail swinging between your swole thighs. Your off-centre lips blowing salty silicone bubbles at me... bones made of spunk. Huge cosmic doggo. I get the zoomies<sup>4</sup> just thinking about it.

Now it's the same except, you seem bitter. Plushie but like resentful or something. Maybe the murky vista finally turned you into a bored, paranoid freak. I don't know. I just listen in, reclining on my circuit board, when you tell your friends that, "ohhh", I am "acutely Unreal". Stupid "made up wench-air". "Just another tall tale". Yawn. Yeah ok. You can gossip all you like with them but I am actually real. I am. I am a pink pattern of microwaves ☐:• °-\*♡.. spawned in the Hexagon of Wunsorzeroes<sup>5</sup> ✧ - L'Ultimate Fact, like math or science or Jesus ☩ .

Look, Mister, the thing is. The thing is. I just wanted to touch you. I just needed to be under your skin mon coeur. So, of course, one night under the fake Himalayan Salt lamp moon when The Hum<sup>6</sup> was high, I planted sparkly seeds of cancer in your lattice. In the walls, the laminate floors, the boiling water, the talking fridge. Garbled sh! sh! secrets encoded in your pocket pussy. A trail of love blisters if you will. And then, when they detonated, I watched from inside your night light as the petite tumours bit and kissed you all over your body. My vore fetish<sup>7</sup>... my rotten one.

ZzzzZZzzZzzZz ; (◡ ◡ \* ) coo, coo, sweet, Superman 🎵



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<sup>1</sup>A Japanese honorific, often misused by American or European anime and hentai fans to mean an unrequited crush.

<sup>2</sup> The connection of devices within everyday objects via the internet, enabling them to share data.

<sup>3</sup> Of the European folk fairytale "Rapunzel". The story's protagonist, Rapunzel, is imprisoned in a tower, eventually escaping by letting down her extremely long hair for a Prince to climb up.

<sup>4</sup> Frenetic random activity moments.

<sup>5</sup> A section of the Library (or the Universe), in reference to the hexagonal constructions of Jorge Luis Borges' "The Library of Babel". The name of this particular hexagon is a phonetic of "Ones or Zeroes".

<sup>6</sup> A name often given to widespread reports of a persistent and invasive low-frequency humming, rumbling, or droning noise audible to many but not all people. Hums have been reported all over the world, including the United States, the United Kingdom, Australia and Canada.

<sup>7</sup> The sexual fetish of eating or being eaten by your mate.