

1 MindFuck

With utter **stealth**, the darkness of night reached out of the bitter blackness and slid its icy fingers across the slippery silver skin of Serena's neck. The soothing hands of the black sky, pouring down amongst the metallic bath of sheer moonlight, swam freely through her soul, stirring but little sentiment. Serena's mind, on its knees, blissfully bowed to the whispering, baiting, lusty beckonings of Gomorra's flourishing legacy. She tilted her head back and let her body absorb the sensation as it dripped down from her neck, through her attentive breasts, and into her awakening nipples, where the sensation intensified. Breathing steadily heavier, her body began to warm and writhe just ever so. Her heart, she noticed, was marching out a slow, but thunderous gallop, which reverberated throughout her being. Her very soul seemed to come alive with soft anticipation and warm, ethereal energy — with purely ecstatic joy and perfectly blatant ecstasy. The sleeping cleft of her womanhood stirred with the surge of warm pounding blood, and soon spoke in smooth, silent secretions. Serena drifted into the hungry euphoria as it washed over her in successive waves. The tingling completely engulfed Serena's body, and she melted into the cloud that now carried her into oblivion.

Oblivion, my friend, is a heavy existence. The absence of everything is a great something — a great, heavy something. And oblivion marches on inexorably. Serena's vestigial neural activity began spinning transcendental marrow for her bones to chew on while her drunken flesh writhed in the pleasure bath now coursing through her veins. These are the near-thoughts that gestated within Serena's being as time wound itself down in a curiously rapid fashion:

["i am Francys Serena Kendryk — i am FSK, and i am free, pouring out all of me. wonderful, flowing down to the sea — Francys the Serena, the beautiful breast of sweetness. we are always right at the center of time. we look down on our mirror of gentle beauty, we see that the wings of time are folded together, forward and backward, in perfect symmetry — time is eternal forward and backward so we are always in the very center of existence: the prettiest point of life even though those horrible hate things are always hating and doing the horrible things..."]

Her mind, currently smacked into a sort of euphoric splendor, provided safe haven for a chariot of spirits to march their gallant galloping all the while chanting this diabolic diatribe back at her:

"I am the space between all material objects. You are in me. I surround you. I hold you. I know you. I taste you. I am your lover, I am your wyfe. I am eternal, I'll deliver your lyfe."

The erotic white horse galloped onward, Serena upon its mighty back. Time began a swift obfuscation of her awareness and she sashayed vaguely, floating through the reality of her confusion... ..drifting through the confusion of this reality...

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Suddenly, a pair of blindingly sharp eyes appeared and hypnotically drove a deep stare directly into her mind, pouring an opaque stream of solid vision down into her thriving essence. Serena felt herself ooze forward. Her hungry center compelled her wet mouth to open and engorge the swimming daggers of light as they poured down her willing throat. The vision a contorted, swirling blur, cognizance would remain a distant cousin for some time to come. Still, the eyes regarded her intently for what must have been just a brief moment, then instantly disappeared, leaving these long, black, twisted devils' fingers reaching down for her. The creepy, hungry, prodding fingers began to motion something, as if dancing out a titillating notion, or posing a seductive, yet perilous, temptation. She was climbing, shooting skyward. In the echo-chamber of her chest cavity, her precious little heart was beginning to rhythmically pound out the thundering percussive boom of a jet fighter crossing the sound barrier again and again in hasty repetition. Was there no peak in sight? Incredibly powerful and lascivious, the swirling seduction of the moment was fast becoming overwhelming.

Truly, the icy fingers of the night began to feel less welcoming and more smothering. Serena noticed little barbs beginning to dig tiny little stabs into her skin. She felt her grip slip. Unnervingly, the warm sea of contentment began to stir with the unsettling waves of disquietude. A sharp chill of apprehension rushed through her mushy mind. Would she be consumed? The peace of the moment before morphed into curious confusion and semi delusion, then, with charging force, deteriorated into sheer terror — terror laced with icy fright — and she had no earthly idea why.

The pressure around her neck was intensifying quickly. Panic swelled in her veins. Her organs itched with dread in anticipation . . . anticipation of the situation. She fought for quick gulps of valuable air. Everything was spinning, whirling slowly around in her mental frenzy, like a liquid tornado of thick pureed mud. There was no time, or energy, to even attempt to form a thought, let alone develop one. This was a primal struggle. Pure life. Or not. She began to feel the edge of coherence soften. The crispy cereal of her alertness was turning soggy from the black milk pouring out of the malicious night sky. As consciousness seeped, an increasingly inebriated sky spun slowly in circular swerves. The fragility of life threatened to deliver its eventual and inevitable destiny: the permanence of death.

Forcing her eyes open, she shot a piercing stare upward — upward into a black, tangled web of hauntingly dark devils' fingers covered with random specks of sparkly glitter — hungry, skinny, black, gnarled fingers that twisted out of the night reaching down as if to pluck the very soul from the casket of life that was Serena's body. Devils' fingers laced with sparkling glitter. This was her salvation. Devils' fingers. . .laced with sparkling glitter. Somehow. She knew she had to cling to the glittery devils' fingers if she wanted to survive. Cling. And not let go. Hold on with her soul. Or slip. And not be.