

Hoelogue – The Shit That Changed Everything

Phoenix, Arizona. July 13th, 1972. *150 degrees*. Not just heat—*hellfire*. The kind that melts souls, silk... and premium jheri curl juice.

James Lee Harrison stood tall in the infernal blaze with his velvet coat flappin', pimp cane glowin', and his jheri curl glistening like it had been anointed by the Lord Himself.

Across from him, the ground cracked open, belching smoke and damnation.

Satan rose. Eyes blazin' red. Hooves stompin' molten asphalt. His breath alone had the air tasting like *burnt catfish* and *sin*.

James didn't hesitate. He soared into the sky, cocked back ***The Pimp Hand of Judgment***— ready to slap Satan's skull into next Tuesday.

But the Devil was fast. He snatched James mid-air, hurlin' him across the battlefield like a rag doll wrapped in mink.

Fiery chains cracked through the sky—chains that once bound Satan in the abyss for a thousand years—aimed straight at James.

WHAP!

James caught them barehanded, grimacing through the pain. He twisted, snapped them back, whipping Lucifer straight into the pavement.

Satan coughed up blood, and a rotten tooth—laughin' through the pain. "You're a powerful negro," he sneered.

"You're a powerful

James twirled his cane, its celestial pimp energy hummin'.
big for God's dirtiest mistake."

"You talk real

The battle raged.

The Earth shook.

Reality trembled.

And then... it hit. A dark rumble in James' stomach.

The bubble guts.

James froze.

"*Not now, nigga... please...*"

But his ***Pimp Digestive System***™ betrayed him. Violently.

With a horrifying blast, James shat himself—a hot, catastrophic eruption of past meals, Hennessey, and regret.

The air turned toxic.

[James blinked, sweat pouring from his forehead. His knees buckled.]

Satan recoiled, mid-incantation.

"Nigga, did you just shit yourself?"

James gritted his teeth, eyes blazing.
“Mind ya damn bidness, devil.”

But it was too late. The battle shifted.

Hellfire cracked, and even Satan faltered—just for a moment.

And in that moment... she saw her opening.

Sideneesha—James’ most loyal Pimpstress. His top earner. His Sacred Hoe of Hoes.

Standin’ proud atop the levitatin’ chrome majesty of ***The Celestial Lacrament***, hips cocked, gaze fixed, WAPthedral hummin’ with ancestral fury.

Her thighs glowed with divine vengeance—illuminatin’ the battlefield like two holy floodlights of redemption and raw sexuality.

And then—she vaulted off the hood.

Upside down.

Legs wide.

Coochie *first*.

The move?

The Upside-Down Twat Drop.

A legendary forbidden technique known only to the holiest of hoes.

Satan turned too late.

BOOM!

Coochie collided with his forehead like a divine meteor of pussy power—an impact so raw, so righteous, it rewrote three of the Ten Commandments mid-air.

She flipped, caught his horns mid-fall, and locked eyes with James. Then without a word, she activated it—

The Sacred Cheek-Cooch Fusion Strike.

A celestial combo move so devastating, it triggered a minor planetary extinction in a nearby galaxy.

Her cheeks clapped with nuclear precision—each slap releasing holy shockwaves of hoe power. And just to disrespect the devil proper, her coochie lips collided in perfect unison—beatin’ like a war drum blessed by the Original Hoe Spirit herself.

The rhythm?

Sacred.

The force?

Unforgivable.

Satan was sent flying through five buildings.

James sat there soiled, stunned, still leakin' hair grease and heartbreak.
"...That's my bitch."

Victory was in reach. But... Sideneesha ran forward, slipping right in James' freshly laid fecal matter. She flipped, slammed headfirst into the pavement.

James rushed to her side, heart shatterin'.

Covered in blood, sweat, and shit, she whispered: *"You gotta finish this, Daddy... tickle my clit... open the portal..."*

Tears streamed down his face as James rubbed furiously. A portal to the Lake of Fire tore open behind Satan. With one final blast from his cane, James sent Lucifer spiralin' into the abyss.

The ground sealed. But Sideneesha... was gone.

Cradlin' her lifeless body, James wept—in a pool of his own shit and sorrow.

And from that day, he vowed:

- To never return to Phoenix.
- To never use his powers again.
- And to always keep his jheri curl.

Because some losses cut deeper than any pimp slap.

And some stains... they never wash away. But
some promises?

They're made to be broken.

[This is where the saga truly begins.]