

Random (NSFW)

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Anonymous (ID: S/8BuYtERT) 05/30/25(Fri) 00:12:41 No. 887412596 [Reply] ▶>>
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Hey! How's it going?

I closed the story last time and noticed that I had forgotten a crucial detail that led to a hilarious event (for me, lol) but also very intense and at times, "*brutal*" in which the four horny sluts (well, three, omitting "*Shokan*", who was at least taking honest steps toward rehabilitation at the time) experienced the ultimate downfall: moral, affective, and emotional.

As I've been remembering details of this story and digging through my "*trophies*" from the past, I started to reflect a little on our boy, good old "*Toby*," and men like him in general: they love and revel in the idea of using girls and women and then discarding them like used condoms. They take them away from those who truly loved them and leave that poor boy or man with a contaminated remnant of what was once a beautiful and tender flower. A woman with a blackened heart and a stained body, incapable of reproducing that pure and devoted love, or worse, bearing children from these inseminators and then seeking out unsuspecting men, usually honest and kind-hearted, to provide for them and their bastards, without ever truly loving their new partners, which is perhaps the saddest thing of all.

Men like "*Toby*" try to act as if they are superior, but in reality they are petty, jealous, and cowardly "*infants*" in men's bodies. They attack those they consider easy targets and avoid those who are in a position to defeat them. In fact, and I have corroborated this firsthand as you know, when faced with real danger or risk, they break like twigs in a child's hands and reveal their true selves. "*Zimbabwe*" is a perfect example of that.

Well, let's get to the reason for this amusing story. If you recall, I mentioned earlier that I gave the phone number of "*Shokan*" to the father of "*Homo erectus sexualis sexualis*." And well... He called her, Imao.

What they discussed was private. On this occasion, I decided to respect the privacy of both parties, and I already had a wealth of details about the incident between the ape and "*Shokan*". Besides, I had already hacked the devices (TVs and security cameras) in his own house, mainly thanks to his idiot son; "*Mr. Marine*" had decent security, but those extra chromosomes in "*Quilombo*" that would allow him to generate the neurons essential for performing minimally complex actions were absent. As we already know, most of his RNA transcription processes were dedicated to the art of fornication and the synthesis of absurd amounts of semen.

According to my estimates, they talked for over an hour, and in the end, "*Shokan*" was euphoric and seemed happy again, perhaps even ecstatic. I say this because I noticed that she posted a status update on her LINE profile that showed a festive atmosphere, with a phrase that simply said, "*Get ready for the show of your lives!*" I won't deny it, I was a little excited about what was going to happen next and had trouble sleeping, weighing all the possibilities of what the two of them might have talked about and what they had planned to do. I felt like one of those idiots speculating theories and assumptions about some bad TV series. What I didn't expect was that the answers to these questions I was asking myself would be answered so relatively quickly.

Almost as soon as he finished his conversation with "*Shokan*," "*Mr. Marine*" called "*Mother*." It must be said that "*Shokan*" let out everything she had been keeping in her heart, because she didn't hold back, she really went all out, and I admit it, because she told him everything, absolutely **EVERYTHING**. After finishing his conversation with "*Mother*," he called "H," and this brought about a very interesting result, which I will discuss later. For now, let's get back to the matter at hand.

The next day, I received a call from "H." He informed me with a slight tone of concern that he had been contacted by the father of the chimpanzee with trenbolone and requested a meeting with his entire family and close friends. That is, "*Mother*," "*Shokan*," "*Cow*," and "*Karate*." The call was recent, because "H" also informed me that he was calling me for advice on what to do and that he should call this guy back shortly to give him an answer. Being the instigator of this new line of events, I encouraged him to accept his offer and notify the rest of the degenerates about the meeting. I assured him that perhaps something very good would come out of all this.

"H" remained very hesitant and extremely cautious; after all, this was the father of the jerk who had been instrumental in ruining his life and reducing him to misery over the last six months. However, my words of encouragement and a little feminine manipulation finally convinced him to accept the offer. The next day, his aunt dropped him off at the entrance to the "*den of evil*" and, from what he told me, not without a few tears, hugs, and kisses on the cheek, she assured him that she would be watching over him closely and that he should not hesitate to call her if anything happened. She was certainly uncomfortable with the situation and annoyed at the prospect of "H" sharing space with his mother again; I can't blame her, though.

From early in the morning, I kept an eye out for any movement or activity. For convenience, a weekend was planned, and I wasn't going to miss out on this fun for anything in the world.

Around 10 in the morning, I noticed that "H" was at the door, looking nervous and a little nostalgic. I noticed that he brought one of his fingers to his eyes, perhaps to wipe away some tears. He sighed, took out his phone, and sent me a message ("*I'm here, wish me luck,*" to which I replied with a short video of myself blowing a kiss to the camera). Then he knocked on his old door.

He was greeted by "*Shokan*" herself. I could see through the camera that she had a big smile on her face. I swear that if I had a mind-reading device, the first thing that would appear would be an image of her holding 'H' by his thighs and sucking all his "*man milk*" as if there were no tomorrow or we were on the verge of a global nuclear disaster. "H" seemed taken aback by such a reception, as if looking for a way out. With a glance, he saw who was in the room, relaxed his defensive posture, and couldn't help but smile a little.

When "H" entered, he noticed how 'Shokan' immediately began to make all kinds of provocative movements, although I could see from his face how disturbed he was by the way she wiggled her breasts and buttocks somewhat exaggeratedly as she passed in front of "*Evolus-95*." "*Mr. Marine*" just touched his shoulder delicately and gestured for him to stay calm.

Ironically, and in all its glory, the situation they had so carefully planned for so many months was unfolding, exactly as they wanted, but not quite as they would have liked.

I loved how it was now "H" who wore the smug, cruel, and knowing smile, while "*Boldenona*" looked miserable, helpless, and scared. His face seemed to wonder why this was happening to him and what he had done wrong.

How the tables had turned.

From the SmartTV camera, I could see that the cause of this "*joy*" was because the ape's father was there and greeted him with a gesture of respect while slapping his idiot son on the head to do the same. Obviously, they were all there too, of course, every little bitch who made his life miserable: his mother, "*Cow*" and "*Karate*," more miserable than ever and wearing a long-sleeved sweater. It seems that someone played "*making bloody paths on her wrist with little knives*" and was trying to cover up the consequences of her emotional degradation, by the way she tried to pull the sleeve of her sweater to cover it up more.

You may wonder how everyone was coinciding in the same place, of course it was all mediated by "*Mother*." As I said above, "*Mr. Marine*" contacted her as soon as he finished talking to "*Shokan*," and this time I took the liberty of listening to the entire conversation. It was really funny, but unfortunately I don't remember everything. I'll give a brief account of how the conversation went, but in order to avoid legal complications, I'll omit several details and focus only on the funniest parts.

Mo: *Hello?*

Ma: *Are you "xxxxxx xxxx-san"?*

Mo: *Uh... who is this?*

Ma: *A real FATHER. Unlike you. Bitch.*

Mo: *How dare you? Who?*

Ma: *How dare I? I'm not the one who fucked my son's abuser after finding out that he RAPED MY DAUGHTER!*

Mo: *No, wait a second, I... I mean, it's more complicated than that.*

Ma: *And I didn't fuck him in my damn dead husband's sanctuary either.*

Mo: *What? You... HOW?*

Ma: *SHOULDN'T I KNOW? You damn shameless bitch, from what I've heard, you gloat about all the shit you've done without any shame or modesty. You can't keep your mouth shut. Especially when it comes to your son and your husband.*

Mo: *You... impossible...*

Ma: *It was YOUR DAUGHTER. YOUR OWN DAUGHTER. She seems to have more dignity than you because she told me EVERYTHING.*

Mo: *Oh my God! No! NOT LIKE THAT!*

Ma: *EVERYTHING, THE SLUT WITH THE PIGTAILS, THE SICK FUCK WHO CAN'T KEEP HER FINGERS OUT OF HER CUNT, YOU YOURSELF WHO FUCKED THE TUMOR THAT I HAVE THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING THE PROGENITOR OF, IN YOUR OWN SON'S BED... You disgust me, you wretch.*

Mo: *Please, let me—*

Ma: *I know everything. And I mean it. I know what you've done, and I want to know why.*

Mo: *I... I...*

Ma: *Not just you, but all of them. You're going to call them and gather them in that brothel you call home, or, God help me, I'm going to drag my son to the police, make him confess everything, and take you with him. I want your daughter, the slut with the pigtails, the cocksucking whore. ALL OF THEM!*

Mo: *P-please. Think of your son! Isn't he what should be important to you? Why...?*

Ma: *I. Don't. Give. A. Fuck. I'll give him to you.*

Mo: *But... I love my...*

Ma: *Go ahead, lie to me, go ahead, do it. I dare you, damn it! Make my day, please.*

Mo: *Please, I beg you, things don't have to be this way, I think that...*

Ma: *Tomorrow morning, around 10. If you're not all here when I arrive...*

Mo: *Please...*

Ma: *I'm going to make your life so miserable, you'll wish you were in hell yourself.*

And that's pretty much how the call ended. In other words, upon learning the truth, or at least part of it, the man became so angry that he demanded an immediate confrontation, threatening to send them all to jail, including his own “*Diana-Bol-ish*” son. Nothing mattered to him, he just wanted the truth. As I mentioned before, “*Shokan*” revealed everything. The rape, the conspiracy, the betrayal, the sexual conditioning, the brainwashing, the physical and psychological torture, and the torment. She had told him who his son REALLY was. And here we are.

Returning to the fun, “H” entered with an air of smugness. He looked cute, I can't deny it, to think that a few moments ago he was really nervous and now, faced with this unexpected ally he had doubts about, he felt he really had them where he wanted them and could make them suffer a fraction of what he had experienced during all those months of misery. “*Mr. Trembolone*” was frankly terrified, and I was enjoying it very much, but not more than “H,” who simply stood in front of him, who only looked at the floor and greeted him with a few unfriendly pats on his almost shaved head. It reminded me a little of the caustic way Nagatoro hit “*senpai*.”

H: *Wow, I knew for some reason it smelled like shit in what used to be my old house. I didn't know why, but as soon as she opened the door, I discovered the cause of this stench [slap]. How are you, piece of shit? How's life treating you? Is the deformity you claim to have as cock still working after the kick I gave it, huh?*

“H” slapped him much harder than before, which exhausted “*Testo-Max's*” patience. He looked up and made a move to respond to ‘H’s aggression, but at that moment, “H” punched him in the ribs, not at all in the previous passive-aggressive tone. Almost immediately, his father grabbed him by the neck and forced him to look at him, threatening him in a low but chilling voice.

Ma: *Be quiet, animal... Be quiet... You started this shit, now you're going to take it like the cowardly little bitch you are, got it?*

G: *Y-Yes, sir...*

“H” continued his relentless and merciless attack of pejorative epithets, sarcastic or double-meaning phrases, and cruel ironies. Again, I felt a twinge of pride because he was imitating my way of speaking or had assimilated something.

H: *What's wrong with you, you fucking hormone freak? Did all that trenbolone-crap atrophy your brain even more, huh? [slap on the head] Where's that fucking smile of yours? [slap] That smugness? [slap] In fact, where's everything about you, huh?*

He looked at "Mother" in particular and then at "Cowtits" with superiority and disdain, then turned back to the hormone-fueled guy.

H: *I'm waiting, shithead.*

Mo: *P-Please. Enough... Don't stoop to his level.*

H: *I DON'T GIVE A FUCK. YOU SUCKED HIS FILTHY DICK FOR OVER SIX MONTHS AND YOU LOWED YOURSELF TO HIS LEVEL [slaps his head]. YOU GAVE HIM YOUR TITS FOR OVER SIX MONTHS AND YOU LOWED YOURSELF TO HIS LEVEL [slap his head]. YOU STAINED DAD'S MEMORY FOR SIX MONTHS WITH THAT HORRIBLE THING IN YOUR NAVEL AND YOU LOWED YOURSELF TO HIS LEVEL [slaps his head]. I'M [slap] GOING [slap] TO DO [slap] WHATEVER [slap] THE FUCK [slap] I WANT [slap].*

Each of these accusations were like daggers, his "ex-mother" was unable to hold his gaze filled with fury and righteous indignation and could only look at the ground. Then he gives the ape another hard slap on the head. Then he walks over to "Mother" and confronts her directly.

H: *Don't stoop to his level? I'm truly amazed by the audacity with which you spew all kinds of shit from that mouth of yours. Shouldn't you be laughing right now and mentioning how well you did at your "fucking spa"? Come on, take advantage of the fact that I'm distracted and run up to my room to leave me another masterpiece of amateur porn with the fucking tumor of semen I have behind me that you fucked right under my nose for MORE THAN HALF A YEAR!*

She shuddered. She made a movement as if she had been punched in the stomach, and I got the impression that she was out of breath for a moment.

H: *What happened? Did your daily semen salad burn your brain cells and now you can't speak like a normal person?*

Mo: *How dare you! I AM YOUR MO-*

H: *YOU WERE... You were my mother... My real mother is now outside waiting for me, watching for the slightest stupid thing you do so she can come in and punch you in the face. Do you understand?*

Mo: *I-I...*

He leaves her hanging and then heads toward "Cow."

H: *And shouldn't you be dying of laughter on the phone? Watching that piece of shit fuck my mother? As if it were the funniest thing in the damn world? Shouldn't you be spouting that nonsense in English? You know what? I may not understand a damn thing about that savage language, but I spent some time studying it and I can tell you that before I found you, some things started to dawn on me because I was pretty sure about the BARBARITIES you were saying. Damn it, you're a monumental slut, aren't you? If they had a whore competition, you'd be the national champion. What am I saying, national? WORLDWIDE! WHAT AM I SAYING, WORLDWIDE? UNIVERSAL! DAMN IT!*

"Cow" was just looking down, unable to confront "H" and with her pride completely trampled and destroyed after all the pandemonium caused by her 'indirect' connection to the "Traditional African Massage" club with her slutty friend. I was very pleased to see how she tried unsuccessfully to suppress her sobs and how she cried.

H: *You don't know how glad I am that I never fucked you! Who knows what I would have caught!*

"Cowtits" looked back at him defiantly, just for a moment, but then lowered her head to the floor again.

H: *Well, since we're all here, let's talk. Yes, I love to talk, you like to talk, "Trenbolone"? [he slaps him hard on the head], and you, "ex-mother," do you like to talk? Do you like to talk, "Cocksucker"? Don't tell me you don't like to talk, "Semensucker" [looking at "Karate"], you're quiet as a scolded bitch crying like a fool in the corner. I bet we ALL have funny stories to tell!*

"Karate" didn't seem sure how to react to "H"'s caustic and hurtful comments and just displayed her misery with submission, helplessness, and dread. For her part, "Cowtits" also seemed uncomfortable with the unusual aggressiveness and cruelty that "H" was showing and tried to say something, but at that moment, 'Shokan' started a nasty little game of provoking "Mr. Trenbolone," interrupting whatever "Cow" was about to say.

S: *Hehe. We have a lot to talk about, don't we? Maaaaaasteeeeeeeeerrrrrr?*

"Shokan" leaned forward in a practical and very deliberate manner, pushing her breasts toward the gorilla's face. Breasts that she knew he wanted. Now he was the target of her cruel game of sexual provocation. And he didn't dare make a move. He wanted to, but he couldn't, especially with his father there, just a few inches away from him, who would surely and happily turn his face into mincemeat if he dared to do anything stupid. He just swallowed hard and lowered his head. She leaned in even closer and started shaking them in his face. She even made sure her neckline was undoubtedly temptingly low. I bet you could almost see her nipples.

"Mother" was shocked to see this spectacle, now 'Anadrole' was in the same position as "H." However, from the look on her face, she didn't seem to know quite how to react to the submission, helplessness, and state of terror in which her "beloved" found himself. "Cowtits," although uncomfortable, seemed to have been pushed a little further by "H's" cruel comments and, apparently, lacked the will to even try to intervene. She just wanted to end it

all and hide back in her house, so she wouldn't be pointed out on the street and at school as *"the friend of the club slut."*

However, "Shokan" didn't stop there. Beyond shaking her tits in his face, she bent over and shook her ass at him too, mocking him while pretending she had "dropped" something.

"H" admitted to me in private, when he told me everything that had happened, that he found this a little uncomfortable, but he didn't care because it was hilarious to see "Anadrole's" expressions of frustration. He looked completely heartbroken and devastated. He was like a caged tiger with a delicious piece of meat almost within reach of his claws, but which he could never reach to eat. This was different from what "H" had suffered before. In his case, as cruel and fucked up as it was, he was the victim of a twisted game in which he was shown everything he could have had but now couldn't have. And he just didn't understand it because of his innocence, love, and trust in her.

This, on the other hand, was much more fun. This was rubbing "Winstrol's" nose in what he **HAD** but **LOST** and could **NEVER** have again. And it was **MUCH** more humiliating. Because **HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS**. And he couldn't do anything about it. He could only sit there and be taunted and mocked by the body of his "favorite," so close and yet now forever out of reach. Even more so considering that this was, once again, what he wanted. All the ones "H" loved were gathered there with him, in his own home, with 'Shokan' openly displaying her body for him! But this time, he was the victim, being shown what he could no longer have and completely at the mercy of "H's" abuse and "gentle taps."

But well, as I said before.

"Be careful what you wish for, because you might get it."

Now, I am aware that some of you will say that she is regressing and that this is a warning sign, but context is important. Although I will not share the details of their conversation, "Shokan" and "Mr. Marine" had discussed it in detail. It turned out that he had asked her to do such a thing; it was his idea, not hers. He had told her everything exactly as it had been said. Especially the sexual provocation game. And that had enraged him, **QUITE** a lot. "Shokan" had even confessed his incestuous desires to her. To make sure he didn't feel sorry for her. And so he knew she was a monster.

But "Mr. Marine" told her that he had seen much worse things in his life than incest. And although it disgusted him, he blamed her mother for not stopping this or helping her deal with those desires. For encouraging her again to do this to her son instead of stopping her. When she finally asked him why he was willing to go so far, he simply replied.

Ma: My son thought this was fun. And I've protected him from his worst nature for too long. I'm asking you as a parent. Help me discipline the monster I created myself.

What he said was much more emotional, however, and that made "Shokan" agreed.

At first, she felt very uncomfortable. When "*Mr. Marine*" arrived with the "*Oxandrolone*" in tow, she hesitated. Until she saw the hormone-fueled ape leering at her body, so she decided to start unbuttoning part of her shirt to begin torturing him and see how he reacted. Then she began to show herself more openly, more brazenly, much to her mother's confusion.

"*Mother*" only remained silent and submissive after being practically humiliated and ordered to obey and keep her mouth shut, appealing only to her feminine instinct, a kind of "*self-preservation guilt*" rather than a genuine acknowledgment of having made a mistake, at least in the first 15 minutes. In my distrust of her, I assumed from the start that these behaviors were not entirely sincere and only born of fear.

From the beginning, when her corruption was consummated, she assumed that she was with "*the winner*". No matter how bad things are going if she could always tell herself. Obviously, "*Mr. I Love Trenbolone*" was the superior male specimen, But faced with the pathetic spectacle of pusillanimity, meekly accepting the aggressions and comments of "H" on the one hand, and the inaction with which he could only helplessly contemplate the "*exhibition of flesh*" that "*Shokan*" rubbed before his eyes with such cruelty, how submissive and clearly intimidated he was, how unmasculine, how scared he was because of the presence of his father, who acted as a powerful and effective mitigating factor to his aggressive instinct, how weak he seemed before real threats to his status and his defeat at the hands of her son who she considered a loser and pathetic, I could almost sense in her lost and defeated expression that a thought began to creep into her troubled little head, especially as she saw her daughter completely turned on emasculating and humiliating "*Mr. Ana-Bolde*"; a situation that, ideally, should be reserved for "H", not her former "*master*".

"***Did I pick the losing side?***" That's what her look said, or at least that's the impression I got when she took advantage of the fact that "H" was attacking "*Anaboland*" and just watched with a mixture of disbelief and shock the exchange between them, how one gave punishment and the other, "*the superior*", only received it without fighting. That single thought made her very nervous and insecure.

If on the one hand I was amused to observe her confusion and dismay at the reversal of roles, I began to worry a little that, also as a measure of self-preservation, she chose to pick the "*winner*" at the most convenient or opportune moment for her. She's perfectly happy being a hypocrite and vile, so long as she's getting what she wants and she's on the proverbial winning team. This whole situation made it slowly become apparent to her that this was not going to end well for her '*superior man*' and that she was never going to feel him inside her again.

At one point, her expression changed, perhaps for the first time in the time I've been following her, I could see the true "*seriousness*" on her face, it was as if she was progressively coming to the realization that she had quite literally picked the losing side in this conflict and have been rejected by the '*winning team*', that made her begin to actually look back at her own actions and analyze them no doubt. For the first time since she was that girl in high school, I think she realized that there was no way out this time. It was delightful to see her put one of her hands to her mouth and hold her head when she realized "*it was the end.*"

The gradual understanding of that made her actually begin to analyze her own thoughts and her words and realize it doesn't really matter how many hypocritical justifications you make... If you're on the side that is unequivocally a loser, not to mention, of course that she was more than a little concerned that maybe her "*Nabolic Strong*" wasn't what she thought he was and that was no doubt a very frightening thought, as she began to analyze just how much of her body and her home and her entire being she had given over to him, and if he wasn't the man, she thought he was that be quite...

"A problem" to say the least.

Returning to "*Shokan's*" exhibition (more "*erotic torture*"), the moment she realized not only the effort the hormone-fueled gorilla was making, but also her own mother's discomfort, she realized that she had the power to continue her "*show*," she had the power to hurt, to wound, to irritate, and that was the key to her enjoyment.

By the time "H" appeared, she had been playing with the ape for quite some time. Teasing him, touching her breasts a little, or "*removing dirt from her thigh*." Provoking him almost non-stop, stretching, even doing yoga exercises a few feet in front of him in front of the SmartTV. While it was strange, it was also amusing because of the suffering that "*Ana-Drole*" was showing in the face of such a splendid display of flesh, ready to be penetrated, begging for his meat injector to appease his need for warmth.

I could tell through the SmartTV that half the time he was just looking at his mother, who was just staring at the ape with an uncomfortable expression. However, these were passive-aggressive attitudes bordering on provocation, so by the time "H" arrived (and perhaps that was the cause of the strange smile she gave him), this '*game*' turned into direct provocation and "*mental castration*." It was obvious that she was enjoying herself. At one point, she even stood behind the ape and began pressing her chest against his back and said something to everyone present.

That really made him uncomfortable, but one look from his father and he stood still like a good boy. Enduring the gentleness and firmness that until a few months ago he could enjoy with just an order or a phone call.

When she considered that "*Diana-Bo*" was sufficiently disturbed and anxious, she was satisfied, ended her performance, and sat down with a cruel, mocking smile, patting her buttocks as if to remove some dirt, but the way she did it was the same as she did in front of "H."

However, after all this, I must admit that once the "*euphoria of revenge*" subsided, she felt deeply ashamed and excused herself to retire to her room for a few minutes. When she returned, she was dressed more soberly and apologized for the display, promising not to let herself be carried away again by the rage and disgust that "*Trenbolone*" produced in her and not to do anything like that again. I can't blame her; I imagine that once she had cooled down a bit, it must have brought back some very uncomfortable memories. "*Mr. Marine*" took the opportunity to apologize to her and confess that he was the mastermind behind that bizarre situation and that he did it to teach his son a lesson.

After everyone calmed down a bit from this intentional embarrassment, the REAL show began. It's worth mentioning that this whole situation turned out to be complete schadenfreude, schadenfreude like no other. Why? As we already know at this point, "*Depo-Testosterone*" and 'Cow' had gone to great lengths to corrupt "H's" family and desecrate his home for fun, so that her disgusting cunt would tighten a little more with each misery that "H" was subjected to. "*Ana-Bolde*" had delighted in fucking all the important women in his life, in every corner of the house behind 'H's' back and even right under his nose without his knowledge. And both he and "Cow" carefully crafted and eagerly awaited each new situation.

Poetic irony aside. "*Mr. Marine*" calmly told them to tell him everything. Every last detail of what they had done to young 'H' and the role of "*his stupid idiot son*" in all this embarrassment. He warned them that he had already spoken to "*Shokan*" at length about this. So if anyone dared to lie to him, he would know and make them pay dearly, because unlike his son, he was no fool and it irritated him greatly that they underestimated his intelligence. He had measured himself against people much better than them and could trample them if he felt like it.

"*Karate*" spoke first. The last time I saw her in that same place, she looked like a walking corpse, but now I was starting to worry a little. Her voice was disturbing, sounding dead and empty. Like a specter speaking from the underworld; perhaps I'm exaggerating, but she wasn't pleasant to look at or listen to. I began to fear that I had been too harsh in my punishments and the exposure she received afterwards, although much of this was her own fault and was bound to happen one way or another without my intervention.

It was as if nothing and no one mattered to her at that moment. With abandon, she didn't even hesitate to talk about her entire encounter with "*Genotropin*" at the dojo. "*Mr. Marine*," despite his irritation with the whole situation, couldn't help but look at his son with great sadness and disappointment. The son, for his part, didn't want to hold "*Karate's*" gaze as she recounted everything she had done with him and the others. It was clear that his "*male pride*" had been severely wounded by his inability to please her as he had in their passionate first encounter. Not to mention that she had lied to her parents or made up some excuse to get them to subsidize her "*genital activities*" with "*Superdrol*," passing them off as "*private karate lessons*" when in reality she already knew most of the "*love hotels*" in the area by heart.

Surprisingly, she mentioned that he had only seduced her to conquer her and hurt "H." Because, after all, he had told her on the phone, and at that moment, immersed in an ocean of pleasure and in the midst of euphoria over the "*emotional lynching*" that "H" was subjected to, she didn't care too much. She recounted the story of how he corrupted her, demanded and obtained the best of her, and then abandoned her when she was no longer of any use to him, saying that he only did it to "*hurt the faggot*" who had defiled her and stained her once pure heart, just to hurt "H," and how he didn't even care when she asked him for help with her harassment.

"H" snorted. She had glanced at her briefly at that moment, but didn't want to hold her gaze. Obviously, she was also uncomfortable, because her eyes were so empty and dead.

Then she recounted how, after abandoning her when she needed him most, he came crawling back after all the others cut off his access to sex due to a series of “*very terrible and unfortunate circumstances*” (obviously referring to me, without saying so outright). “*Mother*” made a sound. I'd like to say it was one of surprise, but it sounded more like disbelief. Perhaps a mixture of both. A man crawling back to a woman he openly admitted he didn't even care about in order to have sex after saying she was boring. “*Mother*” clearly didn't want to believe it. She almost seemed to want to say ‘*Karate*’ with her eyes, “*Shut up, you little liar, he would never do that!*” Yes, it was a display of pathos, and that would be one of the many realizations she would experience that day. The worst (for her) was yet to come.

“*Shokan*” covered her mouth, stared at him for a few seconds, and made a vulgar ‘*oral*’ gesture with her hands and mouth, and he seemed deeply affected before she made a “*small penis*” gesture with her hands and he shuddered, then looked away from him as if nothing had happened, as if she had done nothing. Unable to please a submissive, masochistic girl who adored him, “*Shokan*” seemed quite delighted and pleased with this new information.

“*Cow*” made a sour face, and it was obvious to everyone that she was not happy to hear this. Seeing her reaction, she could no longer escape the truth. I would like to believe that at that moment she was remembering the incident in the infirmary with “*H*,” after he defeated “*Primobolan*” for the second time, a certain ‘*triviality*’ of how she was completely sure that “*H*” could never please any of them. And now, drowning in a sea of misery, “*Karate*” recounted that the ape made her feel nothing. Oh, the irony...

After hearing “*Karate's*” story and the unfortunate personal circumstances she was experiencing at the time as a result of her ‘*affair*’ with the ape, “*Mr. Marine*” grabbed his son by the neck and looked him straight in the eye. It looked like he was going to kill him, but blood ties prevailed, and he loosened his grip and threw him off his side of the sofa. Then he took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down while his son looked terrified; the sigh of relief that “*D-BAL*” let out was really pathetic, but also very funny: he was truly terrified of his father.

However, she was touching her belly all the time, which I found a little strange, but, as I later observed, “*Karate*” was hiding something much worse, something much more delicate... but that would be much later.

Ma: *So that's why you can never keep a girlfriend. I should have known, you only think with your lower head, not your upper one, you damn horny fool.*

Ouch! I even felt bad for him. I would be dying of embarrassment if I were in his place. From what I heard, he was a terrible boyfriend to any girl who had the misfortune of starting a serious relationship with him. I wonder if part of this is due to some castrating failure in his past, or if it was actually just part of a huge cycle of betrayed boyfriends who, out of anger, ended up becoming the very thing their original partners had left them for.

After this, “Karate” turned to “Cowtits.” She instantly seemed to adopt a look of venom and hatred, and spoke in a tone full of ruthless fury that she could barely contain.

K: *Now we're at the point where you have to tell everything you did to me and what you did to "H." If you dare to lie, even if it's just a comma or a period, I'll slaughter that pretty mouth of yours right away. So do yourself a favor and tell EVERYTHING in great detail with the same joy and enthusiasm with which you did all that shit with the disgusting being in front of us.*

And that was it. A clear promise of violence and revenge if “Cowtits” dared to lie even a little. Perhaps for the first time in all the time they had known each other as “*penis sisters*,” she felt fear of “Karate.”

At this point, although she was already severely diminished by the embarrassing situation she was being linked to, what little remained of “Cowtits” enormous ego and aura of superiority was completely shattered by the cruel reality of her situation. In the end, everything she had ever loved and cherished had been destroyed, corrupted, perverted, or lost, all because she was just a cruel girl who thought she was a big, powerful and sexy woman.

So she told the truth; she really had no other choice and was cornered thanks to “Shokan's” outburst of honesty and sincerity. She admitted how she had sex with “Decabof” long before he even met ‘H’ and how, for pure fun, she decided to orchestrate the moral, mental, and even physical ruin of the one she claimed was her “*partner*.” But we've already gone over this whole story of decadence and degeneration countless times, we already know what she said at this point.

“Mr. Marine” snorted in disappointment and then looked at his son as if he were now a complete idiot.

Ma: *You let yourself be used by a cruel, evil, and despicable little slut. See? This is what happens when you think with your dick.*

That was all he said before turning to “Mother.” He seemed very eager to hear her role in this carousel of degeneration. She, for her part, was sweating profusely after the confessions of “Cow” and “Karate,” but before she could open her mouth, “Mr. Marine” slammed his son's head against the table and made him scream in pain; this in turn caused “Mother” to jump up in fright. “Gorilla Muscle's” father threatened **HIS OWN SON** with physical violence if she even **THOUGHT** about hiding anything or lying.

Ma: *From what I could gather from the meeting at school, you seem to have a special fixation on this piece of shit I call “son.” So, given your “dedication” to this trash, it would be better if, in the interest of his well-being, you told me EVERYTHING you did with him.*

“H” and ‘Shokan’ couldn't help but chuckle. “Mother's” obsession was now being used against her. She would never allow anyone to harm her “*true love*”: she just sank into her seat and began to cry silently, then after a few seconds in which she seemed to mentally prepare herself, the sewer of her mouth opened and all the filth came spewing out.

Finally, she confessed everything. She tried several times to downplay certain particularly despicable events of her own participation and authorship, such as the things she did in "H's" room or at her deceased husband's altar. However, without skimping on fury or aggression, "Mr. Marine" very kindly reminded her of the previous threat, expressing it in "loving displays" of aggression toward "Gorilla Muscle," which in turn reminded "Mother" that the well-being of her beloved depended on what she said, so she chose to continue with her confession without holding anything back as best she could.

However, I could see again how something began to break inside her. Little by little, "Durateston" was displaced in her scale of sexual and emotional priorities, and this "sentimental degradation" that his image was experiencing in her heart only accelerated as the difficult day progressed.

Occasionally, "H" or 'Shokan' had to intervene and draw attention to some of her statements. True to her nature, she was slowly and insidiously painting a picture of events that was too convenient for her, and this led "Shokan" to point out quite forcefully that she, her own mother, had tried at one point in her story to place all the blame on her own **RAPED DAUGHTER**. This in turn caused "Mr. Marine" to look at her with horror and revulsion, and then at his own son with pure fury, punching him in the stomach and leaving him lying on the floor, gasping for air, while "Mother" did her best to restrain herself from rushing to his aid.

Ma: *I TOLD YOU SO, YOU DAMN WHORE! I TOLD YOU SO!*

Mo: *I'M SORRY, OK? IT'S OK... It's ok...*

"Mother" resigned herself and continued to recount in detail her participation in the spiral of degradation and cruelty against "H." Finally, when she got to the "chastity belt," it was the last straw for "Mr. Marine." She silently endured the man's explosion of fury and indignation, lacking the strength or dignity to look him in the eye and limiting herself to keeping her gaze fixed on the floor, filled with shame.

Ma: *You... You wanted to put this innocent boy, YOUR OWN SON! in a "chastity belt" and then destroy his mind and heart by forcing him to watch this useless bastard fuck all of you? What the hell is wrong with ALL OF YOU? My God... I can't believe it.*

G: *Dad... It was... It was a "Cowntits" idea.*

He grabs him by the neck again and forces him to look at him.

Ma: *SHUT UP! You HIT him in front of his girlfriend and then YOU FUCKED HER. Then you RAPED HIS SISTER and WITH THE PIGTAILS' SLUT, you poisoned her so she would HAND OVER HER OWN MOTHER to you. YOU SEDUCED HIS BEST FRIEND and FORCED HIM TO WATCH YOU FUCK HER... Not to mention the pile of crap you take and inject... Don't think I haven't seen the pile of trash and syringes you have in your room.*

He glances disdainfully at "Mother" and then turns back to his son.

Ma: *At first I thought you were involved in some strange business, but now I can see where you get the money to get into such crap.*

"Mother" just keeps her eyes glued to the ground, but her shame is noticeable. Then, "Mr. Marine" sighs briefly and stares at his son for a few moments, his disappointment evident.

Ma: *A chastity belt... To please you, you piece of shit? Castration? SERIOUSLY? You... You... fuck... Your mother... Your mother should have... Damn it.*

I already suspected it, but having his own father confirm it only added a small piece of shit to the Everest of excrement that the ape already was at that point.

Faced with the implication that he should have been aborted by his mother, the atmosphere suddenly darkened, this was felt most keenly by "Mother," who simply brought her hand to her chest. This affected her especially given her own condition as a mother and that she had come to think the same of 'H' for infinitely more trivial and petty, even unjust and cruel reasons; the destruction of her "ideology" continued to take place slowly but steadily.

The revelation of "the crap he gets into" came as a surprise to some of the girls, including "Mother," despite acting like a sort of "Sugar Mommy." This momentarily broke the tension with the awkward mention of the belt and the castration plans.

C: *What are you talking about? What "crap" he...*

Ma: *You don't know? Oh of course you don't. Let me make it clear for you, THIS?*

He grabbed his son's arm with great force and pulled his arm up to show off the muscle on it.

Ma: *And THIS!?*

He hit his son in the chest making him grimace.

Ma: *Is FAKE.*

Cow lets out a small snort of disbelief

C: *Impossible, of course it's real, I'm seeing it now, I've touched it-*

She stops mid-word because of the implications of her "previous activities."

"H" doesn't understand at first, but almost immediately, given his experience in martial arts circles, he grasps what "Mr. Marine" is referring to and bursts out laughing. That day, he was very sharp with his tongue, making some rather caustic and witty comments. Perhaps the repulsion that the girls and the ape generated in him fueled this inventiveness.

H: *Not only did you put it in there, but you also put it in your dick? You are a loser HA HA HA!*

C: *I don't understand anything you're talking about, would you be so kind as to explain it to me, please?*

Ma: *Did the piece of shit I have for a son fill your brain so much with semen that everything has to be explained to you with "Play Doh"? Steroids, bitch. S.T.E.R.O.I.D.S.*

There was silence in the house for a solid minute.

K: *You... You mean... His muscles are-*

Ma: *FAKE "Finger Girl". False. A lie. A trick. An illusion! YES! Ever since, this boy was stupid when I brought him to this country and I showed him the strength of a man. He started selling his crap to purchase that garbage and pills to boost it! Then that old whore over there started giving him money and I bet she had no fucking idea what the fuck he was doing with all the money she was giving him. Stupid woman.*

"Mother" didn't know what hole to crawl into out of shame. As if she couldn't fall any deeper, and she would fall much deeper that day.

H: *So let me get this straight: You walking shit, you've been hooped up on steroids and pills this entire fucking time. And your big ass muscles aren't even real?*

The ape was silent.

Ma: *He CHEATED his way to be this...*

H: *Piece of dog shit?*

C: *That's... No...*

"Cowtits" face was clearly showcasing denial. I found this curious. I'll believe that her denial and the disbelief on the fact wasn't because she didn't guess this. It was because she maybe had an idea of this, but chose to not believe it. Why? Well the answer was simple: **"Kokujin NTR"**. This subgenre of that disgusting tag obsessed over big strong, dark skinned males who are simply that way on their own and are superior due to that and their genes. This subgenre has progressively and insidiously been generating some traction among pornography consumers in the country, is still a niche, but they are very vocal and that generates some exposure for them. "Cow" herself, being a regular consumer of the "NTR" tag and introduced to "Kokujin NTR" by her *"little whore friend"*, was like adding 2 + 2.

I remembered how the ape liked to boast about his physique and his *"superior genes"* in the LINE group with the other bitches. He loved to say how his *'genotype'* made him this big and strong and manly. (Ha.) "Cowtits" bought into this HEAVILY, very influenced by deviant fantasies about superior men obliterating broken decent men. And believed he was one of them who came to life. As a result she believed his muscles were real and the result of his own abilities.

Learning that, this was blatantly untrue and he made use of drugs and performance enhancers and thus was fake and not the strong male she thought he was, heavily threatened to shatter her worldview on "NTR" and taint the entire sub genre. So, her reaction was of denial, obviously.

C: *You're lying... No... No that's bullshit...They never...they never use...The only drugs they use are aphrodisiacs and sex... NO! This can't be true!*

H: *"They"? What the hell are you talking about? Were there more drugged chimps apart from the piece of shit?*

C: *N-No! I don't mean that, it's-*

Ma: *What? Do you need proof stupid whore? A blood test?*

H: *Eat shit "Cowtits". Your big bad boy, your walking shit, only beat me cause he cheated. Those muscles you drooled over were nothing but a lie. How's it feel?*

The others' reaction was rather discreet; "Shokan" looked pleased by the revelation and couldn't help but stifle a small laugh at "Cow's" little tantrum. "Karate," for her part, was quieter and somewhat somber; perhaps deep down she was coming to the same realizations as "Cow," but considering all the misery and hardship she'd experienced in the previous months, perhaps from her own experience she thought it best to keep her opinions to herself. But I'd bet she was more disappointed than "Cow" was, considering how much she'd invested in that relationship and all she'd given him. "Mother" was a little harder to read, but out of pure common sense, I don't believe that knowing that all the money she so lovingly gave to her "dear" would have been spent on anabolic steroids and other useless junk instead of more useful or edifying things would have pleased her at all. Besides being "his woman", she was also his personal ATM. Translation, she was a complete and total idiot.

After a few moments of calm, "Mr. Marine" seemed to have remembered something, because after being silent, stood up, and looked around the house, then walked toward the altar of "H"'s deceased father. At first, "Oxandrolone" was confused, but almost immediately he realized what was there, his face contorted into an expression of absolute terror, and he made a move toward the door, even seeming ready to run away like the cowardly faggot he had always been, but "H" stood up and stood in front of him. Not far away was "Shokan," who surprised him from behind with an aluminum bat in his hands and proceeded to touch him a few times on his ugly head, to which he reacted with terror.

S: *If I were you, I wouldn't move another inch, if you want to keep that head of yours still attached to your neck.*

H: *It would be funny to see you paralyzed on a hospital stretcher, shitting and pissing yourself without being able to do anything to control yourself, lol.*

"H" cracked his knuckles and put his hand in his pocket. Making it clear that he had come prepared just in case. And with the smile on his face, it was obvious that he was expecting some kind of physical response from the ape, who, always a coward, was now too afraid to risk another kick in the balls or "unknown powder" burning his eyes for several agonizing minutes. Pathetic.

Like a scolded and frightened child, he returned to his side of the sofa until his father returned with the shattered wedding ring in his hand. The guy was shaking with rage, it was like physical confirmation of all the horrors the whores had previously told him about. He glared at his son, then at "*Mother*," then back at the ring between his fingers, and then it happened.

"H" and "*Shokan*" sensed the danger and moved away just in time as "*Mr. Marine*" let out a roar of rage and attacked his son, who screamed like a little girl and tried to run, but was tackled and smashed the table with his weight. What followed was brutal, cathartic, hilarious, and simply delightful to witness.

"*Mr. Marine*," like a mad bull, charged at him, knocking him down, and once on top of him, began to beat him, but unlike the previous outburst, he did not rain down a barrage of punches: he simply raised his fist and calculated the blow with premeditation in the face of the pathetic defense that "*Trenbolone*" offered with his hands up. Like a hammer striking a defenseless piece of meat, his father hit him, again, and again, and again. Here, the hormone-fueled ape demonstrated what was perhaps his most "*stellar*" moment of pathos.

"*Testosterone Power*" only begged with each blow he received. Already feeling the effects of the pain from the tremendous punishment, he managed to stammer several atrocious things: he offered his father "*Mother*," pointing out in great detail, as if he were a wine taster, how huge, soft, and incredible her breasts were. He said he had only used them a little because "H" before him had never even tried them and that he (his father) would become addicted to them if he gave them a chance.

This shocked and stunned everyone. "*Mother*," being the object of such a description, 'H' just looked angrily at the ape, then at his mother, and then at the floor, trying with all his might to keep the tears from coming out of his eyes, but it was useless. He sobbed a little as he clenched his fists. Seeing this, "*Mother*" covered her chest with both hands as a couple of tears fell from her eyes. She tried to approach "H," timidly extending one of her hands. Perhaps because of the magnitude of the event itself and the fact that her son was the unwanted protagonist of what was a moment of lust, she made a nauseated expression and ran off, presumably to the bathroom. Once again, her world, her ideals, what she considered right and perfect, was collapsing before her very eyes.

"*Karate*" and 'Cow' looked at him for a few fractions of a second, but the weight of shame at the atrocity they had so happily and complacently consented to made them immediately avert their gaze to the floor. "*Karate*," however, could not help but glance at him a few times; she suffered with him, but she had lost the right to comfort him.

"H" immediately hardened and continued to watch the brutal punishment of the chimpanzee. "*Shokan*" tried to comfort him and took a few steps closer. She also reached out her hand a little, but then stopped herself. She too had lost that right and contented herself with staying a short distance away from her brother, without taking her eyes off him for a second.

"Mr. Marine" ignored his son's pleas and offers, despite the premeditation in his blows; he was blind with rage. While trying unsuccessfully to appease him, "*Testosterone Power*" offered '*Cowtits*' to him, saying that she "*rode cocks like a wild mare*," that she loved "*to fight and dominate*," but that all it took was to grab her by the neck a little for her to become a "*manageable slut*."

The woman in question was deeply shocked by this crude description that the chimpanzee gave of her. For the first time in all the time they had been together, she had a sincere and honest opinion of him, but she never thought that after everything they had been through, he would have such a mean and despicable opinion of her (which I found somewhat unusual, what else could she expect after everything they had done). She was not only shocked but also completely incredulous. Even I was left staring somewhat absorbed, slightly surprised, not so much by the fact that "*Cow*" was a crazy slut in bed, but by the lowness and cowardice of the ape.

Finally, with what strength he had left to resist (his hands were not so high and her father was hitting her more frequently and consistently, with little resistance) he tried to offer "*Karate*," saying that she was still "*young and had a firm and delicious ass*," that "*although she wasn't as big and soft as the others, her cunt felt good and squeezed if you suffocated her a little*," ending with "*her tits aren't that big, but they're also firm and look good*." Apart from being crude, disgusting, and pathetic, it was mind-blowing. Everyone present stared at him. He clearly wanted to offer "*Shokan*" as well, but his strength was failing him and he had no choice but to cover his face with his hands, completely at the mercy of his father's anger.

The three whores were completely stunned. "*Mother*" had returned from the bathroom after her "*emetic episode*" and kept her distance from "H"; she seemed to care little about the ape despite the ugly beating he was still receiving. Like "*Shokan*," with teary eyes, she made a timid attempt to approach him, to gently touch his arm, but she stopped, only bringing her hand to her heart, as if she had been stabbed with a dagger, and with a pitiful expression of pain that for a moment generated an infinitesimal fraction of pity in me.

"*Testosterone Power*," at the end of his father's brutal assault, didn't even try to defend himself anymore. He just lay on the floor, begging and pleading with him not to hit him anymore because "*it hurt too much and he didn't want to die*" before the punch landed. Ironical, because "*Micropenis Baby Boy*" never did this and fought to the limit of his abilities even though he knew he would lose.

"*Cowtits*," in all her cruelty, never claimed that 'H' tried to save his own skin by offering his own girlfriend to "*Testosterone Power*." He tried to fight to the end, knowing that he was likely to be defeated by the difference in size and strength. It seemed that "H"'s heroism made him inherently superior to the ape; his ex-boyfriend was an honorable and trustworthy person, while the ape was just a pathetic coward with a talent for fucking... and that was all.

In "*Karate*," it seemed that life returned for a moment to her depressed and emaciated face. Perhaps she felt a little karmic retribution for all the misery she had experienced since the moment the chimpanzee crossed her path. I imagine that this is how kings felt when they witnessed the torture and execution of their enemies.

I knew he was inherently pathetic and weak, but this? How much of a loser do you have to be to literally offer up “*your conquests*” just to save your own skin? The irony of it all is that the object of all this embarrassment was to make ‘H’ a cuckold through his own girlfriend as the trigger and “*orchestra conductor*.” Giving your women to another guy to have sex with is literally making yourself a cuckold. It’s just common sense.

Returning to the ugly scenario that was unfolding, “*Testosterone Power*” had willingly become a “*cuck*.” I would like to believe that the same thought struck the minds of “*Cow*,” “*Karate*,” and ‘*Mother*’ and that this realization affected them significantly, perhaps most of all “*Mother*,” who was beginning to show signs of genuine regret and shame after such a pathetic spectacle.

“*Mr. Marine*” looked tired, sitting next to his son on the living room floor. His breathing was heavy and labored. He took a bottle of medicine out of his pocket and drank it.

Ma: *Damn son of a bitch... One of these days you're going to kill me... You're worthless, you miserable bastard.*

“*Testosterone Power*” was just lying on the floor, completely defeated, barely conscious. One eye was completely closed due to the bruise on his eyelids. His nose and lip were split, blood was everywhere, and, perhaps because of what “H” told me later, there were a few tears mixed with his own blood.

“H” then began to walk toward the women, “*Cow*,” “*Karate*,” and finally stopped at his mother, who just hugged herself without looking up from the floor, crying. She couldn’t bring herself to look her son in the eyes; it was the first time in months that she had been so close to him. “H” moved closer and whispered in her ear:

H: *So this is your idea of a superior man? Holy shit, except for Dad, you have very bad taste in men.*

“*Mother*” just kept her eyes glued to the floor, but then she closed her eyes and began to sob. Her chest moved rhythmically, undulating with each sob. Damn, even at her most dramatic and lowest moment, this woman was still a magnet for lust and doom. It’s ironic that “H,” perhaps unconsciously, knew this and that’s why he vehemently defended her from playboys and other street scum.

“*Shokan*,” for his part, just looked smugly at “*Testosterone Power*,” who was completely dejected. I could guess a certain unhealthy gleam of pleasure in her expression.

Finally, “*Mr. Marine*” recovered from his rest and stared at his son for a few seconds in complete silence, a silence that was only interrupted by “*Mother’s*” poorly contained sobs. Something in his son reignited his anger, and he began to beat him again, without stopping.

In the end, the new beating was quite brutal, but it did not last long, as he forced his son to stand up and demanded that he defend himself, demanding that he do so. “*Mr. Marine*” seemed to be in a violent frenzy, but his son just shook like the frightened child he was; barely conscious, dazed, and unable to see out of one eye, he adopted a comical defensive stance and stood guard with his fists more or less raised, staggering. He tried to

land a blow, but his father responded with a violent, quick left hook that sent him back to the ground. After that, he picked him up again and ordered him to fight.

This pathetic show was repeated four times, after which *"Testosterone Power"* ended up lying on the floor writhing in pain, but in the last round, he began to cry and beg his father to stop. Yes, you heard right, *"begging,"* another display of pathetic behavior on his part.

His father ignored him and began hitting him in the face harder and harder until he finally said the magic words. On the floor, perhaps already delirious, he began crawling toward *"Mother."* For everyone present, perhaps only for "H," "Mr. Marine," and me, as an invisible witness, there was still one last display of horror that, despite everything, had remained hidden.

G: *Mommy, mommy, help me. Make daddy stop. It hurts so much... give me milk from your tits like before, I miss your tits, they're so big and beautiful. Give them to me, please, protect me while you give me milk like before. I'm better than your faggot husband.*

It seemed that, in his delirious state, he was remembering a certain game or ritual in which *"Mother"* "breastfed" him. I immediately thought that perhaps it was some erotic game related to the *"Genital Nursing"* fetish. This made *"Mother's"* betrayal of "H" complete and absolute.

I felt a kind of emptiness in my stomach because of the disgusting mental image that formed in my mind, but especially because of the context behind it.

What happened next was quite confusing, but I will try to recount it as coherently as I can.

First, *"Mr. Marine"* was completely stunned. Almost in shock, he just sat on the floor and stared at his son, absorbed, as he continued to crawl toward *"Mother."* It was as if *"something"* had come to his mind, but that would be discovered later.

Then, *"Cow," "Karate,"* and *"Shokan"* showed extreme embarrassment, their gazes oscillating between 'H' and the floor, but ultimately preferring to look at the floor, *"it was easier, because the floor won't judge you"*. One last thing about their *"hot sessions"* with the ape, which they decided to keep hidden from "H," perhaps out of consideration or as a show of mercy given the violence with which he responded in the last confrontation. Perhaps they were afraid of how he might react if he found out. I myself was very disgusted by this new piece of information. They didn't mention anything in their LINE groups, and it seemed to be a kind of *"secret pleasure"* between *"Mother"* and the gorilla, as I said before, perhaps a kind of particular fetish, just as 'Cow' had a penchant for playing hard to get and being violent in order to be subdued, or *"Karate"* with her taste for erotic asphyxiation. Perhaps *"Genital Nursing"* was *"Mother's"* particular fetish.

"Mother" collapsed to her knees on the floor and let out a loud, sharp, atrocious, shuddering, and painful scream. As if her heart were being torn out with red-hot pincers. First, she covered her breasts with both hands again, then brought those same hands to her head and pulled her hair in desperation while screaming and crying inconsolably, repeating *"I'm sorry"* over and over, most likely to her own son.

"Testosterone Power" continued to crawl toward *"Mother,"* begging her to save him from *"daddy who was hitting him hard"* and to give him her delicious milk while he rested on her thighs, enjoying the precious nectar from her abundant breasts. *"Mother"* continued to scream in despair and abandonment, as if she had learned that her husband or one of her children had died.

Finally, the last actor intervened. "H" simply contemplated *"Testosterone Power"* in all his pathos, crawling toward his *"mommy"* to protect him from *"daddy"* while she gave him the *"elixir of desire"* directly from the source of her abundant breasts. He let out a small laugh, but in his gaze I could only detect disgust at the embarrassment of the whole situation.

As if he were dodging a giant piece of shit, he carefully stepped over the ape and approached his mother, who was consumed by shame that one of her most intimate acts had been revealed in such a way to so many people, especially her own son, the one from whom she had sworn to *"snatch every shred of love and affection,"* and boy did she.

I feared he might be mentally unstable after the revelation, but his expression was blank, exhausted, as if he were completely spent from the whole situation and the already ridiculous lengths to which those involved had gone to obtain an extra ounce of excitement. He just squatted down in front of her, who had covered her face with her hair and was still crying inconsolably and sobbing. He looked at her for a few seconds, but his expression was as if he were *"empty,"* I didn't like seeing him like that at all, and I feared he would fall back into the pit that had taken me so much effort to pull him out of last time.

But, for better (for me) or worse (for his mother), he only managed to ask her one question that, for her, was damning. Every shred of love, consideration, or filial affection had vanished, and he addressed her as if she were a sick woman.

H: *Tell me, "ex-mother"...*

When she hears this, she shakes her head again and cries at the top of her lungs. But "H" simply ignored her.

H: *"Ex-mom," tell me, was that pathetic ape's disgusting dick worth it? Come on, tell me... Was it worth it to play "mommy" with that useless piece of shit? My God... you gave him everything... Everything... I should feel disgusted by you, but it's as if every feeling, good or bad, I had toward the person who was once my mother has been sucked from my heart and turned to ash in an incinerator... Here, in my heart, for you, there is nothing. Congratulations, "ex-mother," you have successfully fulfilled your oath.*

Then, he stands up and looks at *"Testosterone Power,"* pathetically trying to crawl toward *"Mother,"* without success. Before retreating to the couch, she snaps at him very coldly and indifferently.

H: *I'll leave you with your new "son" so you can continue giving him "all your love,"*
heh

"Mother" screamed again in denial, babbling between sobs how sorry she was and that it was nothing more than a game she fell into in a moment of weakness. She tried to approach him and hug him, and he could finally see her face, distorted by tears and sweat, her hair stuck to her face from the humidity. He instinctively shied away from her touch, unable to hide an expression of disgust that did not go unnoticed by her, which plunged her back into misery and a new episode of crying, screaming, and apologies.

"Testosterone Power" continued to moan and beg for his "mommy," as I mentioned before, "Mr. Marine" was in shock, as I said before, it was as if something had "clicked" inside him. His face slowly contorted into an expression of rage again, as if the wails of his degenerate idiot son were fueling the fury brewing inside him more and more, until the umpteenth plea to "mommy" made him get up from the floor again as if he were possessed by a murderous fury.

He pulls the ape by one of his ankles, very violently, and begins to beat him furiously in the face and abdomen. He didn't coordinate the direction of his fists or the force of the blow, as before he just hit in all directions but focused on the swaying mass of flesh that was the chimpanzee at that moment.

At that moment, everyone feared for "Mr. Marine": he was about to commit a stupid act in a fit of rage and could end up in jail.

He kept hitting him and shouting a lot of incoherent things in his rage, where "to fuck" and "my fucking wife" were the only things I could understand.

Fortunately for him, a certain "stench" emanating from his son's "rear" made him snap out of his murderous rage, and he released him in disgust, backing away from him as if he were some kind of plague. "Testosterone Power" had shat his pants, something "H" never did in all the times he fought him and lost; "H" couldn't help but burst out laughing at the pathetic circumstances of his once worst enemy. Remembering the previous revelation of his fetishes with "Mother," "H" didn't miss the opportunity to bury the dagger a little deeper into the festering wound that was the ape's pride at that moment.

H: *Hey, "ex-mom," your new son shat his pants. Please do your thing while you wipe his ass, he's going to choke us all with the stench of his monkey shit, lol.*

"Mr. Marine" again approached the bloody, unconscious mass that was now "Testosterone Power" and, in a very sharp voice, filled with barely contained rage and disappointment, he began to recount a series of circumstances that, once again, "for a change," left us all surprised and explained the "root causes" of the behavior the ape had been engaging in all this time. The smell of shit seemed unimportant; his irritation was so great that it was more than enough to make him bear the stench; what he had to say was more important.

The monologue is an approximation of what he said; given the time that has passed, there may be many things I've left out, but I'll try to reproduce as best as possible what "Mr. Marine" said to him.

Ma: After all I've done for you... And look how you repay all the attention, all the UNDERSTANDING I've given you...

I understand that your mother wasn't the best role model and that your upbringing wasn't exactly the best in "Ph." She herself didn't have the decency or the patience to wait for me while I risked my neck for the country in Iraq, getting involved left and right with whatever trash could manage to charm her enough to get under her skirts. I'd bet several of those guys visited the dump where you used to live with her, and she disguised the messing around with them by saying they were "your uncles coming to visit."

Even though she and I were separated, you were my son. I was very worried about you, especially after the things your grandmother told me about your mother. I could have left you to rot among rapists, criminals, meth and coke addicts in "Ph." After all, and thanks to my stay at Kadena Hikōjō, I was able to meet my current wife and start the family I'd always wanted. I had already made my life in this country with "Okinawa-san" and a couple of children. But my fatherly love eventually prevailed, and let's just say I "negotiated" your custody with your mother in exchange for a not inconsiderable sum so she would give up her rights. She "loved you so much" that she immediately agreed.

I did everything I could to help you integrate into this country and its culture, just like "Okinawa-san" and your siblings here. I did my best to get you to leave the ghetto, but the ghetto never left your head.

"Okinawa-san" started complaining after a few weeks that you "looked at her strangely", even that you touched her "where you shouldn't" or that you forced certain situations so that you could "touch" her, making it all seem like an accident, even that you kept looking at her breasts, inventing games to touch them or pinch them and that this made her extremely uncomfortable and she didn't know how to tell me because YOU ARE MY SON and she was afraid of ruining things, The poor woman even felt self-conscious about how big they were and looked for ways to "make them small" so as not to "provoke" you, you damn piece of shit.

At first, I didn't see you capable of that and underestimated her concerns, but when I saw you touching her waist in a way that was anything but innocent, my alarm bells went off... Much to my chagrin, it was the first beating I'd ever given you, and believe me, I felt pretty bad about it. I thought I'd failed as a father. I tried to understand you and assumed you behaved that way because of the bad influences you were surrounded by at "Ph"... I invested a lot of time, effort, and money into making you a better person. I even harbored hope that after that first incident, you'd start to mature... But I was wrong.

Shortly after, I noticed you'd gained muscle. I mistakenly assumed you'd decided to grow up, become a better person, and that you were joining a gym. The incidents with "Okinawa-san" stopped. I even thought everything was starting to turn out well when I saw you'd gotten a girlfriend. It seemed like you were starting to assimilate to this country and that you were finally going to become a good man... Again, I was wrong. I should have suspected when you started bringing home a different girl every month. God knows how many poor idiots you messed around with without my knowledge during that time.

At home you behaved like a pure dove, but on the street you were a complete demon. The incident at school brought the first warnings; you told me this kid "H" was just a jealous, racist brat who kept bothering you, but that wasn't the first impression I got when I saw him. It was the complete opposite of what you told me.

I felt horrible when they called me the second time, again because of "H," but to my dismay, I found out everything that happened, everything you did, and what you were planning to do with the damn knife. This poor kid was just defending himself from all the shit you did to him. You'd disappointed me again, and this time I was indirectly involved, by not keeping a closer eye on you, by not finding out what the hell you were doing outside the house or how you were doing at school... I thought that "corrective" had been more than enough to make you reconsider.

Something started to smell pretty fishy when I saw this poor boy's mother staring at you... It was in very poor taste and obvious. You were so lucky no one else noticed, but this woman seemed to be mentally raping you; it was just too uncomfortable. Maybe things with this boy, "H," had ramifications beyond him supposedly being a "racist, impertinent brat." Not to mention, the disdainful way he and his mother interacted seemed WAY too odd, especially when she seemed more concerned FOR YOU than HER OWN SON.

At this point, "Mother," who had only been emitting muffled sobs, shook her head again in denial and began to cry again, apologizing.

Ma: *Believe me, these past few weeks have been very difficult for me and for "Okinawa-san." We feel like we failed you, that we didn't do our best to make you a good person. When I found out what you did with "Shokan-san", I felt like my head was going to explode into a thousand pieces, as if steam was coming out of my skin, I refused to believe what she was telling me, you were basically a RAPIST and not only that, but you were immersed in a bacchanal of degradation with all the important girls for the young man you were HARASSING, including HIS OWN MOTHER... I couldn't believe it anymore, it's impossible for you to reach such a level of moral baseness, that's why I demanded this meeting*

After hearing all the atrocities you've committed, partly for your own satisfaction and partly influenced by that damned, devilish slut, certain things began to germinate in my head. What you did to "Shokan-san" was vile, what you did to "Karate-san" was truly SCOUNDREL, the poor kid had fallen in love with you, she sent everything to hell for you, PRACTICALLY DISPLAYED YOU AS HER BOYFRIEND, and in the end, you just used her, abandoned her, and threw her away when you thought you'd humiliated "H" enough and she was no longer of any use to you... you're a piece of shit of the worst kind. If I could, I'd rip your balls off and lock you in a dungeon full of shit and stale piss.

But, despite the crime you committed with "Shokan-san," things started to "connect" when I understood the scope of everything you'd done with "Mother-san," ESPECIALLY when I met her in person... She's practically a carbon copy of "Okinawa-san." The only difference is that my wife has more tanned skin, her hair is black, and she has more DIGNITY AND SELF-RESPECT than the caricature of a mother who's crying uselessly in the corner, believing that with her tears she'll fix all the damage she helped cause.

You want to fuck my wife, right? That's all it is. You tried it; you put into practice unwittingly all the shit your "uncles" probably did to your mother. I grew up in "Ph" too; I also saw the shit up close, I know all those tricks; there's no honor, integrity, or respect among men there, and from what I've gathered, you embraced those anti-values wholeheartedly and consciously. "xxxxx-san" is nothing more than the ideal substitute for my wife and "H" is nothing more than a diminished projection, according to your distorted vision of the world, of what I am. Once you discovered who and what her mother was like, you constructed, with the help of the pigtailed whore, a scenario in which you got rid of "H" (being me) and, then, with the help of "Shokan-san", you set a trap in which you "conquered" his mother using your tricks, assimilating her into your circle of stupid bitches and finally being able to satisfy all your sick, disgusting and shitty fetishes at will. I didn't think you hated me so much as to "force me to watch" you fuck my wife without me being able to do anything, because if you see me in "H" and you were planning on doing such shit to him, it's not difficult to reach this horrible conclusion. You're a sick bastard, I don't recognize you as a son.

"Testosterone Power" just moaned in pain, perhaps genuinely or perhaps trying to ignore his father's harsh words, but it didn't generate even the slightest bit of compassion in him.

Ma: *Hey, you piece of shit, I know you're listening to me. I'll have a plane waiting for you. For now, I'll make a hotel reservation and throw your dirty ass there. You'd better be ready for my call when I come to pick you up, so I recommend you answer me when I call. You'll take that plane and come back to your mother. I don't care what you do with your life after that. If you try to run away, I'll hunt you down. Don't even think about coming back to my house. If you do, you're dead. Got it?*

G: *Y-Yeeash... sheeeeeerrrr*

The ape's actions were disturbing, although for someone who had no knowledge whatsoever of what was happening in those low-quality synapses between the four or five neurons that governed his bodily and psycho-affective functions, this pattern of behavior and excessive cruelty toward a boy who was almost 30% shorter than him was quite suspicious in itself. His 'stealing' of all the girls in "H's" life was one thing. But that sadly is all too common in our rotten modern society of decadence. What is NOT common however is the way the ape was absolutely obsessed with inflicting pain upon "H".

The ape hung around "H" like a plague and never relented on trying to humiliate or brutalize him. But the thing is, that was extremely strange. NOBODY acts like that. He was endlessly trying to assert himself over "H" as if he had a grudge against him but...The ape didn't **KNOW** "H". He **JUST** met him yet was obsessed with him... Why?

He kept acting as if he was some sworn enemy and I will note, even in the LINE group "Cowtits" at one point commented she found it a bit odd the gorilla was so "eager for this and went above her expectations on it". Almost half of the time he was the one to suggest doing more to hurt "H".

While he delighted in it, it was very odd he had such a for lack of a better word '*hate boner*' for him. "H" had done nothing to him. If anything, he had the "*good fortune and privilege*" of being surrounded by very beautiful and voluptuous women who, to top it all off and unbeknownst to him, harbored feelings and desires for him that were much more than "*familiar*" and "*friendly*"; that seemed to be his "crime." Yet he hounded him as if they were sworn enemies or longtime rivals.

Well, after the scandalous beating he had received courtesy of his father, now we know **WHY**. "H" was his way of venting his pent up aggression and frustration towards his father and his impotence in trying to get into his step mothers pants, in consummating that strange infatuation he felt towards this woman. Perhaps some kind of Oedipal idealization of what the "*perfect woman*" was, a fervent desire to consummate this '*love*' and replace "*the other*," as the recipient of maternal affection, of course, in the aberrant and deformed way of conceiving it. The ape would have been a great "*party companion*" for several (now famous) decadent French writers/artists of the late 19th century; of course, unless they ended up drugging him with absynthe and opium and fucking him in the ass first, lol.

Every punch was never for "H". It was for **his father**.

The fact of the matter is however, none of these whores ever bothered to stop and ask **WHY** he was so obsessed with constantly getting them to humiliate "H" and praise him, perhaps only "*Karate*" and a little bit, but she immediately shut down this miraculous attempt at neural activity by blindly accepting his requests as "*fetishes*," fetishes that she herself confessed she was more than willing to indulge. That is **NOT** what a normal male does. That is desperate, needy, insecure; typical of self-confessed cucks or "*closeted cucks*" who masquerade as "*bulls*" and secretly revel in the humiliation of the '*cuck*,' wishing they were in his place (the same people who say that the "*key to enjoying this degrading fetish is to side with the perpetrator or imagine yourself as them*"). I imagine that, in a shootout, the best way to deal with the situation is to "*enjoy the impact of the bullets against your body, to imagine that you are the one who kills you*". This fucking fetish is the height of absurdity.

As they became increasingly daring, he refused to stop and kept pushing for more and more encouraged from "*Cowtits*". However, she never stopped to wonder why this complete stranger was more into it than **SHE** was. If any of them had had common sense, they would've realized something suspicious and really fucking weird was going on here.

Returning to the action unfolding in the nest of harlots, the chimpanzee lay on the floor, barely hearing what they were saying, responding more out of instinct, as if he had no idea what his father had just said. He continued to cry, bleed, and moan for his "*mommy's tits*". The table in the middle of the living room was completely destroyed.

Another moment of silence followed those tense minutes that seemed eternal and were already visibly uncomfortable due to the fecal stench emanating from "*Testosterone Power*" (sorry to use this epithet so often, but the irony is too delicious). "H" suggested to "*Mr. Marine*" putting him in the bathroom and leaving him locked there until he eventually regained his senses and had the dignity to clean himself up. In reality, "H" no longer cared whether the ape was in what had been his former home or using the restroom; he told me later that the damned place seemed so dirty, contaminated, and outraged by what they had done there that he didn't care if the ape cleaned up his excrement there. In short, he no

longer considered the place his family home and wouldn't do so again, at least not for the foreseeable future. When they both return to the living room after leaving the ape locked in the bathroom, "Mr. Marine" says that he *"thinks he's seen enough and wants to get out of that damn place."* "H" tells him that *"there's still one last thing."* The man replies with a look of surprise and disbelief, *"Is there more?"* he says. "H" simply says that *"it's time for the watchalongs,"* because there's something he wants to check out.

"Mr. Marine" sits back down on the couch and lets out a deep sigh as he brings both hands to his face. I can almost hear a small sob, but it's immediately suppressed and stiffens again. "H" goes up to the rooms, and "Mother" immediately gets up. Perhaps she already knew what he was going to do because, ignoring the fact that "H" didn't want to be touched by her, she took him by the arm and tried to stop him. He again makes a face of disgust and writhes away from her grip in a very ugly way, which adds another grain of sand to her emotional misery and plunges her back into the pit. She kneels on the floor again and stares blankly, pondering what "H" might do with whatever he was looking for in the rooms.

A couple of minutes later, I hear laughter, and I see "H" hurrying down the stairs with a DVD, a black disc, and I immediately knew what it was about.

"H" starts walking around waving the discs in front of each of the girls, including "Shokan." They watched the DVDs, and their faces went from apathy, depression, indifference, and euphoria to complete bewilderment and terror. "Shokan" herself approached "H," gently taking him by the arm, as if fearing his rejection, and said in an almost pleading voice.

S: *Br- "H-san"... please... I think it's enough... look at the state of "Mother-san"... "Karate-san", I don't think she'll be able to bear it... I don't care about the other one at all. I'm begging you... Let's end this, don't torture yourself like this anymore. I'm telling you with complete honesty, I'm completely sorry for the things I did and the things I said, including those in that damn video, but please... Don't do this to yourself.*

"H" just looks her straight in the eyes. She backs away a little, intimidated and unable to meet his gaze.

H: *And you think I care? You may have shown "some" so-called remorse, but the other three bitches seemed very pleased with my suffering and had no intention of stopping until they strapped me in and made me a slave to the shitty bastard who's rotting in the bathroom right now. If you know what's good for you, take a seat on the couch and enjoy the show, because the other three won't have that "privilege."*

"Shokan" just nodded very imperceptibly and simply obeyed her brother and sat on the couch. She didn't seem to have any idea what was coming next, but her doubts would be immediately dispelled.

"H" aggressively grabbed "Cow" by the arm and forced her to kneel next to the television. "Mother" was terrified and pleading, but "H" didn't care and practically dragged her from one corner of the living room to the spot next to "Cow," also on her knees. With "Karate," she didn't have to do much; she moved to the other side of the television and knelt down. Despite the small breath of life she'd experienced with the atrocious beating and

humiliation suffered by *"Testosterone Power,"* she had returned to her *"usual"* empty and robotic self. She looked resigned and defeated, as if she didn't care about receiving another stain of shame on her already *"extensive list of achievements."*

When everyone was in their places, "H" simply told them that he wanted to note something and that the watch-along would be more *"about them than the contents of the DVD."* He proceeded to insert the DVD into his old laptop and play the damned video. "Karate" remained absorbed, but "Shokan" and "Mother" couldn't help but sob, one trying not to look at the screen and the other staring at "H," as if trying to tell him with her eyes that nothing she did or said in the video wasn't her *"true self."*

I'll break this down into parts, since the video isn't very long. Besides, I knew the content almost by heart, and it was easy for me to figure out what "H" and *"Mr. Marine"* were reacting at the time.

The first part of the damn video is an introduction. *"Diana-Bol"* is holding the camera, and *"Cow," "Shokan,"* and *"Mother"* appear, wearing wigs but very provocative lingerie, I'd say, worthy of prostitutes. *"Cow"* and *"Mother"* seemed to have minimal embarrassment or hesitation in showing their faces, especially *"Mother,"* but *"Shokan"* was very upfront and brazen, almost as if she were *"challenging someone."*

H: *As you can see, "Mr. xxxxxxx," these bitches have bodies like porn stars, which is somewhat surprising considering the kind of girls in the neighborhood. Seeing it that way, I understand a little why that piece of shit son of yours did what he did... But only a little. I still want to kill him, hahaha.*

When the video reaches the part where *"Shokan"* and *"Mother"* are introduced, *"Mr. Marine"* can't help but give the former a look of disappointment and then a look of contempt and rejection at the latter. *"Shokan"* was just perched on the edge of the couch, looking down with his hands clasped. *"Mother"* was also staring at the floor (*the one who will never judge you, no matter how shitty you've been*) and sobbing occasionally.

Ma: *What... I don't understand... What the hell was going through each of your heads at that moment?*

"Mr. Marine" didn't receive a response from the accused because the answers were obvious and more than familiar. "H" didn't waste the moment to continue spreading more venom.

H: *They told me they were going "to a spa" to receive a "rejuvenating treatment" and that they would return later that day. When they returned, they were happy, glowing, exultant. The worst part was all those strange, double-entendre comments; it felt like they were making fun of me. By "pure coincidence," a few hours later, this DVD with this masterpiece of porn appeared in my room, and just as quickly as it appeared, a few hours later, it "disappeared." I imagine the subhumans here would have already captured all the reactions they wanted from the stupid and naive little boy I was at that moment.*

"Shokan" had his hands over her face, crying but trying to stifle her sobs. "Mother" had her eyes closed, but tears were falling freely down her cheeks. According to "H," her face was a complete mess, and he didn't want to see her too much. For her part, not having participated in such an embarrassing ordeal, "Karate" didn't react much, but "H"'s final comment did seem to affect her. "Cow" remained absorbed and indifferent.

Part two goes straight to the orgy itself.

"Oxandrolone" playing with "Cow's" tongue, and then fucking "Shokan" or "Mother" individually. I did notice that "H" avoided watching that part and just kept his gaze fixed on the girls, as if gauging their reactions to their *"brilliant artistic performance."*

H: *You know, "Mr. xxxxxxx", I thought the bastard who was with those women was the luckiest guy in the world. I wished I was in his place and could please women like he did. What a fool I was; although looking back and knowing what I know, I feel lucky not to be like that piece of shit and not to be surrounded by dirty, infected flesh with who knows what the hell. I always wondered why "the blonde" looked so happy and open to the camera, the other two tried to cover their faces a little but she didn't care. Later I found out that my ex-sister hated me and did all that because she was daring me to expose her so I could become a slave to that garbage jerk as quickly as possible. The funniest thing is that when she came back "from the Spa", when I asked her about her "excessive happiness", she had the nerve to answer that "she would tell me if I discovered it on my own." Fuck, "Shokan", you were really shameless, you hated me a lot, huh?*

"Shokan" jumps off the couch and kneels in front of "H," pleadingly clutching his arm.

S: *"H-san"... Little brother... Please... I already told you... I'm deeply sorry for everything I said and did... I was cruel, thoughtless, a scoundrel, a mean, bad sister... I was the worst, I was just letting off steam about... The things I've already said to you and of which I'm deeply ashamed. Things I'm working on now; please... I know I don't deserve your forgiveness, but-*

"H" looked at her. Not cold. But not angry either. Just with a critical eye, as if searching her heart.

H: *"Shokan". You say you're working on yourself. Are you ashamed? This is your chance to PROVE it. If you want to be better you must face your past here and now. If you can't do that. Please leave your room and not come out till i have left. But then do not ever look for me again.*

Faced with such an ultimatum and clear response, "Shokan" cried a little more, deeply conflicted. This was very uncomfortable and probably terrifying to her. Facing her "evil version" and seeing what she did and said.

S: *Please... You're asking me to watch me with him... HIM. AGAIN. I can't stand having him around, I find it unbearable to look at him. He makes me nauseous. He-*

H: *He raped you? Yes. But THEN, you gave yourself to him. Either face that here and now... Or turn away, leave and prepare to never see me again. I don't care which.*

She grit her teeth and looked conflicted...But gathered her courage and returned to the couch, this time curled into a fetal position facing the laptop screen. She spent the rest of the "watchalong" writhing and sobbing; this was very hard for her no doubt. Still she knew she HAD to face this or else "H" could never trust her changing herself to be true, and she knew that. Maybe it was whatever twisted love she had left in her driving her but she stayed., however, after a few minutes, she stopped rocking, and her anguish gradually turned into contempt: contempt for the gorilla, contempt for her "*accomplices in crime*," and contempt for the shameful spectacle that, blinded by pleasure and spite, she provided on that fateful summer afternoon. I caught her several times saying to herself in barely contained snorts, "*stupid piece of shit*" or "*fucking whore*."

"Mother" made a move to get up to comfort them both, but "H" flicked his finger, almost threateningly, ordering her to stay put, which she did, resignedly and dejectedly.

Part three of the video shows the final part of the orgy. But then something serious happened. "H" stopped the video here and there, and then rewinded it. to the start.

Ma: *What? Why are you-*

H: *Ehm, I just realized something. One moment. I hope you understand, but even though this thing is a great piece of porn, for obvious reasons I've only seen it once, although I have my ex-mom to thank for that, but I must admit I wanted to watch it again at the time, you know, I was still a stupid wanker back then, right, "ex-mom" and "Shokan"? hehehe!*

Then he concentrated on finding whatever he was looking for. Everyone, myself included, was confused, until he found the right moment in the video. Back to the girl's presentation with the provocative lingerie.

H: *Notice anything? Anyone, hmm?*

Nobody responded to him, not sure what he was doing.

H: *Oh, come on, look closely. You see that? That glint in their eyes? Their fucking faces, their expressions. Keep it in mind for later. Damn, now that I'm watching all of you again, you were pretty excited about your first porn, huh? Maybe you guys would do better doing JAV, even you could even be better than Yumi Kazama-san, "ex-mom", she's already too old and starting to get pitiful. But you, well, you're attractive enough for the younger ones to "practice on you", lmao!*

"Mother" seemed to take the blow because she briefly hugged herself, as if trying to cover or protect herself, and then covered her face again with her hair and hands. Evidently, she was embarrassed by the whole thing, and being compared to a porn actress affected her.

"Cow" just looked down, silently shedding tears. At the time, I didn't know whether to interpret it as genuine shame or wounded pride, but considering some "*subsequent events*,"

I can now say with almost complete certainty that it was the latter. "Karate," for her part, remained dead in life and didn't care much about the video, perhaps thanking providence for being unavailable at the time due to her menstrual cramps. Occasionally, she would fix her gaze on "H," but would return it to the floor when he irritably noticed he was being watched.

"Shokan" tried her best to toughen up against the torture of being forced to watch what was undoubtedly her worst moment, but I can say that after the exchange with "H," she faced her emotional ordeal with fortitude.

"Mr. Marine" looked uncomfortable with the "watchalong," obviously he didn't want to be there, but he was letting "H" vent his feelings, whatever they were, that he still had for his "ex-family" at that moment.

Back to the video, "Trenbolone" was just lying on his back and the girls were taking turns riding him, without him doing anything and his disgusting cock being just a static dildo.

H: *And here we go! Look at this shit! Are you seeing this, "Mr. Marine"?!*

Ma: *Unfortunately, yes*

Occasionally, "Mr. Marine" glanced sideways at the girls sitting in front of him on either side of the Smart TV, being judged against their will but with no choice but to accept it. It was as if he couldn't quite understand how three teenagers (one of them almost an adult) with loving, respectful, and responsible parents, good upbringing, and access to a quality education could be so irresistibly drawn to a ghetto scumbag. Especially the more mature and supposedly more intelligent woman. He couldn't quite believe it. These are cold, objective realities that many do not want to understand or accept, but that's life, that's humanity, and these are particularities that will accompany us until the last of our species disappears from the face of this cursed rock.

Unfortunately, thousands upon thousands upon thousands of years of female psychosexual evolution were taking their toll in the 21st century. You might be the "ideal man" on paper or according to social conventions, but in practice, one way or another, certain kinds of physical attributes and personalities (let's say diametrically opposed to what a "good and decent man" is) ended up predominating among the preferences of the female gene pool. Just as the vast majority of men are irresistibly drawn to attractive women because, on a subconscious level, thousands of years of psychosexual evolution are telling them that they are ideal for bearing children, although this has many nuances and is more mitigated in them.

H: *Isn't this amazing? This shit is top-quality porn-comedy gold. "Mr. Marine", look at them go! Look how prepared and willing they are, they are like dogs waiting for their owner behind the door. See that glint in their eyes? They're all going 'ooh, notice me!' 'Notice ME!' 'I want your attention most! Make me your favorite! I'm the hottest one here!'," "Look at my tits," "Look at my face," "Look at my belly button," "Look at my buttocks," "Take me first." They're all going above and beyond to please your son. And remind me, why is he doing all this again?*

"H" then bursts out laughing in disbelief. In a way, it reflected the same concerns that "Mr. Marine" surely had moments before, which I mentioned. But he explained it in his own way, quite crudely and, I must admit, somewhat humorous in its crudeness, perhaps intentional despite the bad taste of the example, to the ridicule of his "ex-family."

H: *It's... IT'S INCREDIBLE! HA HA HA! IT'S... It's... It's like having a plate with a chocolate marquise, divine, exquisite, and delicious. Common sense tells you it's the best and what looks the most delicious. But on the other plate, you have a smelly piece of shit, which you know is wrong and even dangerous to your health to even look at. But, despite this, the shitty dish has a... "Something," "something" that ends up irresistibly attracting the attention of "certain kinds of people."*

"H" made a mocking movement with his lips, pointing at the girls on either side of the TV, whether they realized it or not. He seemed clumsy in his sarcasm, but no less cute; again, it was clear the influence I had on him and how he tried to imitate my way of speaking, my sarcasm, irony, and tasteless comments.

H: *And "these kinds of people," because of that "something," and knowing that the delicious and perfect chocolate marquise is better and more delicious, END UP EATING THE PIECE OF CRAP AS IF IT WERE THE MOST DELICIOUS THING IN THE WORLD! HAAAA!*

At first, "Mr. Marine" didn't get it, he didn't seem very comfortable listening to all the bizarre things "H". Then he suddenly stopped and thought about it. His mouth curled up into a smile, and he started chuckling. Soon, he was full-on laughing and slapping his knee, much to everyone's confusion.

Recovering a fraction of her petulant attitude, perhaps irritated by the hurtful and tasteless comparisons made by "H" (he practically told everyone that their taste in men bordered on coprophagy or coprophilia), she asked with that tone of superiority and boastfulness, but mitigated.

C: *Why are you laughing?*

H: *"Duh. I'm a retarded bitch who has the head full of chocolate semen and can't understand basic things beyond fucking garbage guys like a fucking idiot without brain, because my brain is in my cunt. Mamma help me, I'm a retard whore". Because this shit is hilarious! News flash, you four: THE APE IS A COMPLETE FUCKING LOSER!*

Ma: *It's clear, bitch. Look, look at yourself. Watch! You were riding him while 'Shokan' licks each one of his nipples...*

H: *MY GOD "Mr. Marine", look at them just going to town! Like he's made of chocolate ice cream! THAT'S WHAT I SAID, A CAKE OF SHIT THAT THEY LICK LIKE THE MOST DELICIOUS THING IN THE WORLD! HAAAA!*

Ma: *Look how desperate they are to please this asshole's fake ass muscles! Look at "Cowtits" eyes! Shit, look at "Shokan'!" She's reveling in this shit and worshipping him! Like an idol made of solid shit, a god of crap that they are worshipping. The living turd only plays*

the "bad boy" while he's thinking about another woman. Just look at him: a simp idolizing a woman who doesn't belong to him (I mean, he's a cuck himself) meanwhile, his bitches lick their dear "shit ice cream" without knowing that they in turn are cucks of a woman who hasn't even deigned to look at their "superior man" HAHHAHA! the cuck, cucking his whores who in turn are cuckqueens!

> "Women are not ashamed for what they do with a man, but who they do it with."

The moment it clicked in them was hilarious because of the fact that they were doing all of this for "*Testosterone Power*" without knowing how pathetic, cowardly, desperate and needy he was. It all fell into place, and this became a comedy of these girls absolutely humiliating themselves by trying to praise him and worship him... as he was actively doing everything in his power to try to look cool and manly. Because he was just trying to impress and get the attention of his step mom.

In other words, an emasculated cuckold. Trying to prove how manly he is by roping a bunch of stupid girls and trying to make the one he actually wants jealous. Like a freaking child jealous that another one has the game they want so they start breaking the other toys haha.

And so, what seemed like a degradation session for "H" turned out to be something completely different. He told me later that this idea of his was very sudden and that after the things "*Mr. Marine*" told the piece of shit while he was passed out on the floor, it made him realize how pathetic all the girls were for falling for a guy who wasn't worth it, a guy who as a "*man*" was completely useless. And that was utterly hilarious: I was surprised at the end because "H" executed a brilliant and devastating "*slut shaming*" against his former torturers and they had to witness that embarrassing moment with the one guy that they all should've looked down on in their "*fantasy world*".

"*Mr. Marine*" was dying of laughter and seemed to have overcome his "*inhibitors of discipline*" because he was deeply immersed with "H" in the game of hurtful epithets. This seemed to irritate "*Cow*" a little more due to the grimace she made with her mouth (which went unnoticed by them but not by me) and sank "*Shokan*" a little deeper into misery. She was still in the fetal position but couldn't continue watching the video, burying her head in her knees.

Then "*Shokan*" herself made a sound that definitely showed she was hurt more than a little. "H" seemed to realize he might be overdoing it with her, He stopped commenting on her "*performance*" in the "*amateur film*" and began to unload his "*scatological outburst of humor*" on "*Mother*." So he moved on and hit play again. And so we moved onto "*Mother*" recreating the infamous "*Genital Nursing*" game with one of her breasts.

H: HAHHAHA! Ok, God, look at this shit! He is trying so hard to look all dominant and like a big manly man! 'Ooh, I don't have to do anything to please my women! I'm soooo perfect! I'm just lying there like a useless turd while these idiots do everything to try to please me. Look, I'm a meat sex doll, lol.

Then he claps his hands very loudly, as if a spectacular idea had just struck him, as if he had discovered the original solution to "Fermat's Last Theorem" or a method for solving quadratic equations and performing infinitesimal calculus using his fingers. Like Nikolai Lobatchevski destroying 20 centuries of Euclidean geometry. Oh my God, I love him:

H: WAIT WAIT WAIT! LISTEN TO THIS SHIT Mr! I KNOW! He only uses one neuron to breathe, another to shit, another to move, another to eat, and the last one to fuck. Playing at sucking mommy's tit wasn't enough for the few neurons he has, so he turned off the "move" neuron function and switched it so he could use his mouth. HAHAAAAHA! Oh my God, this shit is so good...

"Mr. Marine" began to laugh so hard he almost choked for a moment, fell off the couch, and laughed like an idiot for several minutes while he repeatedly repeated his son's "neural functioning scheme" and the "ingenious" solutions he used for multitasking.

Ma: Not that he could keep a girlfriend very long in the ghetto. One of the few things his mother complained to me about was that her son kept losing his girlfriends and getting new ones, and she was tired of learning their names. I was wondering why, but now I understand, the damn shitty deformed brain he has doesn't give him the ability to do that HAHAAAAHA!

"Cowtits", "Karate", "Mother", and "Shokan" all looked more than a little uncomfortable hearing the epithets and comments related to the ape and the tremendous effort each of them was making in the video to get his attention, but now that they looked closely enough, they saw it too. The ape was trying very hard here to not move and frame it like he was some kind of all-powerful sex king. But not for "H".

Finally, they resume the video with the final part: "Cow" and "Shokan" lick his nipples while "Mother" rides him "reverse cowgirl." Her face is contorted in pleasure as she uses all her strength to slam her buttocks against his pelvis like a hammer on an anvil.

H: My god! Look Look at them go! You know what he's thinking right now? 'WAAAAAA! LOOK AT ME! STEP MOMMY! LOOK AT MY BIG STINKY DICKY! I'M SOOOO MANLY, RIGHT?! I'M SO MUCH BETTER THAN YOUR HUSBAND!!! I'M A BIG MANLY MAN! LOOK AT ME HAVING SEEEECKZZZZ STEP MOMMY!!! LOOK AT HER! WHY CAN'T IT BE YOUUUUUUUU?! BUAAAAAGH I'M SAAAAAAD! IT'S ALL FOR YOU!!! WHY WON'T YOU LOVE ME AND LET ME TOUCH YOUR BIG TATAZ!? AND DRINK YOUR MILKY MILKY, TITTY MILK! I'M GOOD ENOUGH, SEE?!" And then she's like "watch me flat your cock with the motor I have in my ass" and he's like "yes, flat my cock, mommee." LOL. "Ex-mom", didn't your ass hurt after that, hahaha!

Ma: No, no, no. Boy, this is what he sounds like: "SEE PAPA? I'M SHTRUNGA AND SHMARTHA THAN YA THIZ IZ WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YA, PAPS! I'M NOT SCARED OF YA ANYMOAR! OR KHAN ACSHUALLY GROW SHUM BALLZ AND FIGHT SHUMUAN THAT CAN FIGHT BACK! I'M A BEEG BEEG SHTRONG MEANAH WHEN YU'R NOT LOOKING! WHY WON'T YU JUST GET OUT OF MY WAY AND LET ME FUK YUR TITTY MOMMY WIFE? I'M TIRED OF JERKING OFF TO HER TITS EVERY NIGHT! WAAAAA!!!!!"

"Mr. Marine" imitated his son as if he were mentally disabled while making movements very similar to those of an orangutan or gorilla. Then "H" then positioned himself on the sofa, imitating "Mother" position and making a face of ecstasy, clearly mocking her.

H: "OoOoOoH SoOoOo *Incredible, your cock is incredible, my brain hurts, I'm losing neurons with every drop of semen I swallow with my cunt. Uuuuugh my brain is empty but my pussy feels incredubul*" HAHAHAHA!

And there it was. I burst out laughing too. "Cowtits" looked sick to her stomach, and I could sense that fire of defiance flaring back up, as she glared at "H" with murderous hatred, yet completely powerless and at his mercy under the circumstances: her masterpiece of humiliating "H" was being used against herself, and that seemed to bother her **A LOT**. I picture her mentally saying that "**HE**" should be suffering, and "**SHE**" should be laughing her head off, kicking his pathetic baby penis... but I destroyed her fantasies and plans.

The irony of this whole situation lay precisely in **my interference** with the little party of sexual humiliation that "Cow" had so carefully orchestrated with his "*little whore friend from the massage club.*" I would like to believe that at that moment, in all her chaotic train of thought, she must have occupied an important part of it as she reviewed where it all went wrong. If anything, had she succeeded fully and then learned all of this? It would've been all the more humiliating to her. But she'd of no doubt made excuses and tried to move on with her life. With the knowledge slowly eating at her and driving her to madness.

"Mother" looked sickened as she watched herself move, the stunned "*post-orgasm*" expression and the few stupid things she managed to babble about the "*wonders*" of the chimpanzee's cock made her once again glue her eyes to the "*old reliable*": **the floor**. The shame and humiliation seemed to be tremendous, since she again covered her face with her hands, clenched into fists, as if trying to rinse away the image and mental memory of what she did that day, and I noticed that she was nauseous and gagging a little.

Then she began to rub at her breasts and arms uncontrollably, as if they were dirty. She lifted her sweater slightly, and while I could see the piercing was gone, she was making frantic movements with her hands over her stomach, as if trying to erase, eliminate, wash away, or destroy even the slightest trace of the sensations of "*Trenbolone's*" cock inside her, as if she were trying with futile determination to execrate the memory of such a disgusting thing filling her cavities and making her feel all those things in exchange for her dignity as a woman and a human being.

This is just pure speculation on my part, but I confess that the absence of the piercing piqued my interest a little. I assume the same thing happened in "*Shokan*" and "*Karate.*" "Cow"? I didn't really care whether she still had it or not. Perhaps "Mother" removed it because she considered this damned object to be the physical manifestation of all the misery she had experienced in recent weeks, including her sister bringing back memories she had buried deep inside and confronting the horrible human being who was carefully hidden behind the facade of the "*sexy but loving and caring mom.*" The piercing became the embodiment of the instrument with which she could drain all her pain and frustrations, and she removed it as a symbolic rejection of all the misfortune of which she had been a "*victim.*"

I knew she constantly used "*morning-after*" pills after each session with him and that she definitely wasn't pregnant (although I wouldn't be surprised if she was at some point), but she started hitting the same area and tearing at it with her nails, almost as if she were trying to "*rip out*" something inside her. Her sobs, tears, and gasps only made her look desperate and pathetic, as if she wanted to turn back time and avoid doing all those stupid things, but unfortunately, life doesn't work that way.

She kept repeating his son's name with some babble that gave me the impression of being an "*apology*" with each frantic "*cleaning*" movement over her entire body.

Mo: *"H-kun"... I'm sorry... I... I didn't... Please... I... I... didn't mean to... That... that's not me... Me... Please... Look... At me*

H: *Bah, please don't fuck with me. You loved the human dildo's cock, there's your zombie face losing neurons, you lose against the black cock, don't think I'm an idiot, lol.*

"Mother" grabbed her chest like she was stabbed in it, and "Cowtits" covered her ears, mumbling a mantra of some kind, trying to drown out the utter shame and embarrassment before her. Oh, how I can tell she wishes she **NEVER** touched the ape!

The video had ceased to be the instrument for "H's" mental destruction; it was no longer his "*initiation video*" as a cuck. It was about their **STUPIDITY** on full display. Their desperation to please a **WEAKLING**, a ghetto boy with complexes and obsessed with a woman who did not belong to him, a jerk unwanted by another Yamato woman. Them throwing themselves into the throes of pleasure for fake muscles, fake strength and a long, deformed cock, they offered the best of themselves like complete idiots while he only thought about that woman, like a little boy desperately trying to prove himself to his stepmother. It was all disgustingly **PATHETIC**. And now, they knew it; this was their torment made manifest. The humiliation of being reluctantly cuckqueens.

Finally, faced with "Mother's" post-orgasmic obfuscation, "Shokan" once again looks at the camera, clearly mocking the true recipient of the video, pointing out how the chimpanzee had turned "Mother" into a complete idiot with his cock and how he had surely impregnated her at that moment without having to do anything. Then they all spread their asses dripping with the ape's semen, proudly displaying the final result of the session, and the video ends.

Ma: *Wow, talk about low standards. He didn't even do anything to please you! He just lay there like a log, trying to look cool. Not that he could ever please you to begin with! I don't know if that idiot really got you pregnant, but seeing that you don't have an ugly belly right now, I can assume that you took precautions. And that will be one of the few things I'll thank you for: don't think for a million years that I'm going to take care of or help you raise your spawn with that moron.*

H: *Ugh, "Shokan," I don't know what's that obsession of yours with getting pregnant is. When I see the way many adults talk about pregnancy, they do so with a lot of discomfort and fear. Besides, knowing where your "boyfriend" comes from, oops, "ex-boyfriend," lol, I imagine that as soon as he found out he was going to be the father of a beautiful*

chimpanzee offspring, he would have abandoned "ex-mom" and they would never have seen each other again HAHAAHA!

The cruel, mocking laughter of both men made "Shokan" jump up, and she almost left the room. She leaned against the wall and began to hyperventilate and cry. I felt for her; she was using all her willpower to stay and bear this humiliation.

S: *HE NEVER WAS, IS AND WILL BE ANYTHING TO ME, NOT IN A MILLION YEARS... I'd rather die first. I'll... I'll be ok... Keep... Keep going...*

She was sobbing but trying to be strong.

H: *I've never been with a girl, but doesn't having that long, deformed thing inside you, hammering away at you over and over again, hurt? Besides, you look really stupid showing off your asses dripping with semen. Now I won't be able to eat my cereal without getting that shitty image out of my head, ugh. It's like if I took a shit and recorded my ass after shitting, that's how you look, lol.*

Ma: *HAHAHAHAHAHA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!*

H: *Of course! What's the obsession with recording yourself after having sex? It's like recording me taking a shitting and then my ass covered in shit. People are disgusting...*

Ma: *HAHAHA! You're going to kill me, boy.*

The new burst of scatological humor from "H" caused "Cow" to turn red, but out of embarrassment and humiliation. She was very angry and foaming at the mouth, practically seething with rage. "Mother" got up and ran to the nearby trash bin, where she vomited and wept. Oh, how sad and pathetic. **Whatever...**

If you think she started to hate the sticky big dick after all of this. **Wrong.**

It seemed that comparing her little sexual triumph with "*that physiological act we all know about*" finally exhausted "Cow's" patience, who made a move to get up and snapped at "H" with renewed vigor and fury. What he said must have seemed outrageous and humiliating to her; it was as if that event held some kind of special significance for her, given the violent way she reacted.

C: *STOP, IT STOP IT, STOP IT! I'M SICK OF YOUR DISGUSTING JOKES... You damn sick, jealous little boy.*

"H" didn't seem particularly affected or intimidated by "Cow's" unexpected reaction; on the contrary, he seemed pleased, but it was as if he was trying hard not to laugh too much. Now that I know him a little better, I know that he usually does this when he is about to respond with some clever retort that requires a minimum of concentration so as not to break the act or the exaggeration he is about to perform.

H: *"Buagh Buagh Buagh, my little cuckold boyfriend is mocking my porn masterpiece and not sticking to his role as a cowardly little castrated cuck-boy. Buagh Buagh Buagh, I'm a victim, look how hurt and brave I am, look at my indigneeshuns, buagh buagh buagh." Fuck you, "xxx-san."*

"Cowtits" jumped up and tried to rush over to the laptop while he continued to mock her "outburst of dignity" without restraint or mercy.

H: *"Oh! Muh indigneeshuns, muh indigneeshuns, look, look, look, indigneeshuns. many many many indigneeshuns in mah titz indigneeshuns at my azz, indigneeshuns at mah pusi"*

I could swear it was very similar to the antics of the famous Filthy Frank.

He said mockingly to her as he struggled with her to take the laptop away, until he finally easily overpowered and removed the device from her and shoved her back into her seat, looming over her menacingly.

H: *What's wrong "muh indigneeshuns"? I'm just giving an objective and impartial review of the "absolute cinema" you made with "xxxxx-san," "xxxxxx-san," and the ape. You're so happy showing your ass for everyone to see, I don't understand your anger. I think your movie is very good, in fact HAAAAHA! Isn't this YOU? What's the problem, huh?*

She was red as a tomato and looked extremely upset, refusing to respond. She began to breathe deeply and snort with rage. If looks could kill, "H" would have fallen dead right there.

H: *Well? Are your feefees hurt? Do you feel that "muh indigneeshuns" wants to do something, hmm? Open your whore mouth. Why do you want to stop? Didn't you want me to watch this before and enjoy myself? I'M watching your movie. I'M reacting to your movie, I'M enjoying your movie. I really don't understand...*

He approaches her and places his face just a few inches away from hers.

H: *What's the problem NOW?!*

"Cowtits" remained silent, her lips pressed tightly together. It seemed that his little display was having an effect on her because she couldn't hold his gaze for long and appeared agitated. It was the "infirmary incident" again, but this time she had an audience and seemed to give it her all so as not to reveal her fetish for "fighting and self-submission." And the irony of it all was that it was right in front of the one who should be "her cuck" in her ideal scenarios, the same 'cuck' who had subdued her on a couple of occasions and who had discovered her affinity for "defeat and surrender."

"H" had her at his mercy, he knew it, and he wasn't going to stop.

H: *I see. You're not really proud of this crap, and "muh indigneeshunz" is because you hate that damn piece of plastic on the laptop and I think I know now why: what once gave you pride and pleasure now disturbs you. It hurts, doesn't it? Because now you know him for what he actually is: pathetic, weak boy pretending to be a big strong stud. Going after*

literally everyone else because he's too weak to get the woman he actually wants. Even using drugs to try to cheat his way into being strong and still not having the courage to actually stand up and fight for her.

"Cow" lets out a furious howl and lunges at "H," hitting him in the chest and wrapping her frail hands around his neck, as if attempting to strangle him. For "H," this must have felt like a tickle, since he didn't even bother to defend himself, but instead continued to look "Cow" straight in the eye and continued his verbal attack.

C: SHUT UP, YOU STUPID BRAT! YOU VIRGIN LITTLE KID... SHUT UP!

H: *But that's not all, is it? That's not the thing that hurts you and makes you NOW hate every second of this. It's that after everything you've done, you did the one thing you didn't want to do. You discovered that you fucked a cuckold.*

"H" let the word slide off his tongue with deep satisfaction, "Cow" squeezed 'H's neck with all her might, her eyes moistening and threatening to spill a couple of tears, but those little fingers, whose greatest physical labor in their 17 years of life had probably been masturbating the ape, did not have enough strength to cause any physical harm to "H," not even to make him cough a little.

"H" just stood there, unharmed by "Cow's" pathetic attempt at strangulation, looking down at her with an expression of superiority and smugness. She couldn't hold back her tears and slapped him, but "H" didn't even move from his spot and continued to look at her victoriously, as if he had already achieved everything he wanted and everything she did from that moment on didn't matter anymore, because everything had already been done or said. He had won, and that was all there was to it. It seems that "Cow," at some point after her initial tantrum, realized this and, in frustration, bit her lip so hard it began to bleed. She looked down, her shame evident.

"H" then smiled; it was time to twist the knife.

H: *Yes, a cuckold, because that's what he is. and NOW you know it. He's a cuck. He so badly wants to fuck a woman that he's staying in the same house as, and probably he has to sit there and listen to her fuck another man and is powerless to do a damn thing about it. Why wasn't that what you tried to make with me? Your superior man is nothing more than a pathetic child, a pantomime of a man. You chose the wrong man, "xxx-chan." You lost, and now you'll have to live with it and accept it, lol.*

C: DIE! GET CANCER IN YOUR LITTLE COCK AND JUST DIE!!!

H: *You first. God only knows the shit in your blood you got from HIM! Do you know how many women he's been with? Gonorrhea, chlamydia, herpes. HIV, AIDS, even HPV, what an ugly disease, that one can give you cancer, lol, so maybe you're more likely to get cancer than I am.*

C: *You... You little... cu... ck... YOU!*

H: *Watch out for syphilis. Didn't you attend sex education classes? Oh, you didn't attend to it, you were playing the "seckshul streetgeests", conspiring to make my life miserable with your drugged-up ape. Well, be careful, syphilis can deform that pretty innocent slut face of yours if you don't treat it in time [he caresses her cheek a little], it's easy, just one injection of penicillin in your fat ass, but a real injection, not a black cock, if you got excited by the idea.*

The "H" gesture made her blush for a moment, and she looked down at the floor to try not to reveal how red she was. However, the list of venereal diseases he cited, mocking her promiscuity, reignited her fury, but this time it was impotent rage.

H: *Anyway! That's why you hate this because it's an endless reminder of you fucking a CUCK and LOVING it! You wanted to make me into one, but you were fucking one already! You weren't playing at patting his cock while you were getting "the real thing," you were getting a CUCK's cock, a cock that is supposed to be locked up and be the object of ridicule and humiliation! Every single word and every single negative feeling you had towards me is now completely irrelevant, and you know it! THAT is why you hate this thing so much!!!!*

"Cowtits" pushed him, this time hard enough to knock him onto the sofa, and began throwing cushions at him while screaming as if he were some kind of paranormal phenomenon. They did nothing to him, and he gave her a smile that was frankly infectious, making me chuckle. Oh, he was enjoying himself and how he was defiling her precious "N.K.K.DVD" and 'Kokujin NTR' fixation. Hurts when it happens to you, doesn't it, Cowtits?

After spending a few minutes screaming helplessly and hitting him with the cushions, when she noticed his smug smile, she stopped, exhausted, realizing that she had fallen for his provocations again and was making a fool of herself.

C: *YOU... DAMN... KID... ROT IN HELL.*

H: *Aww, what's wrong? Is the slutty gonorrheal whore gonna cry? It's proof that everything you have done has been absolutely POINTLESS, and if you would just stay loyal to me, you would be 1000 times better off right now, and there would've been absolutely no difference at the end of the day! Besides, you already had a little taste of me the other time in the abandoned temple, and now you have an idea of what you'll never have.*

The girls reacted with extreme surprise, some with barely concealed disgust. "Shokan" and "Karate" looked at "Cow" with a mixture of irritation and jealousy, clearly figuring out what 'H' meant by "a little taste of him." "Mother" was also surprised to some extent, but she was still an emotional wreck at that moment and only turned around for a few seconds before sinking back into her pit of misery.

"Cow" realizes the negative attention she is receiving and explodes again with a shout to deflect the accusations of having 'tasted' "H" in a way that at least two of those present would give anything to experience.

C: *DIE! DIE! DIEEEEEEE!!!*

H: HAHAHA! That's it! That's what has you so pissed off! I am god king of the fucking planet right now compared to him! Because my strength is real! I'm not prancing around, trying to act like I'm some big strong perfect male, all the while sitting at home, crying and jerking off to the fact that I can't touch my stepmommy's big boobies after I failed to seduce her!

"Cowtits" glared at him with tears in her eyes, shaking in impotent fury.

H: You can't even use the fact that you fucked my mom against me because he had to sit there and listen to HIS get fucked! And then he had to go for a cheap imitation! Because that's all my former mother is! A cheap knock-off of what he actually wanted! And that you cannot stand! That everything you have done is tainted beyond repair because you should've never touched him, and that if you would've known the truth about him, you never would've! You wouldn't even have bothered to look at him if you knew he was a loser. Heh! You traded me for a cuck, filled my ex-sister's head with shit, conspired with her to destroy my ex-mother, conspired with ALL of them to destroy me, but in the end I found out everything and moved on with my life while all of you have spent MONTHS EATING SHIT and it looks like it will be that way for the foreseeable future. In the end, everything you did, all your plans, all your conspiracies, all your fantasies ended up RUINING YOU. Everything you did was FOR NOTHING, you screwed up your life FOR NOTHING.

"Cowtits" started breathing heavily, looking ready to cry. again. Her eyes welled up with tears, and her body shook with emotion.

H: But it's too late, and this is proof. You gave a CUCK your oh-so-precious virginity. You gave him your first EVERYTHING. And that HURTS YOU! And unless you can invent a time machine or a machine to remove your ape-like features, WHICH I DOUBT, you can never, EVER, unfuck him. And worst of all, it doesn't hurt ME that you fucked him. I find that shit HILARIOUS now! It doesn't hurt that he fucked my mother because I know now he's a goddamn joke, trying to use her to fulfill his stepmommy kink and vent because he can't touch her, cause his daddy is SCARY! I don't give a single shit about "Karate-san" over there; she's DEAD to me, so boo hoo he fucked some weak-ass girl who can't defend herself from bullies! Perhaps the only regrets I have are with "Shokan-san." I SHOULD have ACCOMPANIED her that day, but things turned out the way they are now. Your beloved ape, your FAKE ebony tower SAVED me from a psycho bitch like YOU! So the only one hurting here is YOU! YOU are the one in pain, seeing him fucking these worthless whores because YOU are one of them!!!

C: SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH, YOU VIRGIN!!!

H: Are you going to keep going on about that crap? You're boring me with your "veeryeeun" shit. A very good female... A friend of mine told me that women value virginity differently than men: you celebrate experience and despise inexperience, but with men it's EXACTLY the opposite... I think YOU'RE the one in the worst position! Because no one in their right mind, unless they just want to use you, fuck you, and throw you away like a used condom, would consider you for a healthy, serious relationship with all the miles of cock you've had in your pussy, HAHAHAHA! Loser, you're going to die alone, lol

The pause made by “H” with her “*friend*” was completely intentional, and it had the desired effect, because it immediately caught the interest of “*Shokan*,” who just looked down, as if she were “remembering” the friends of ‘H’ and “*Karate*.” She came out of his robotic reverie and began to “*calculate mentally*.” It had caused some concern, and he was amused by the fact that he had planted the idea of a potential girlfriend (i.e., me, Imao) in the minds of the girls who had once adored and desired him.

“*Shokan*” then grabbed the area around her heart and seemed to be very upset (kinda sad, maybe) about that. I am not surprised. It is important to remember her “*unhealthy*” interest in “H”. I think the idea of him moving on and finding another after all this, although it seemed to cause her tremendous emotional pain, dashed some deeply buried hope or messed up fantasy that when all this was over and done with: “H” would turn to her and find comfort or love in her arms. I pity her. Truly I do.

But she did NOT make it easy with this certainly strange and uncomfortable persistent incestuous lust of hers. I repeat. If she had simply been an older girl taking “H” under her wing as a younger brother. I might be open to encouraging him to at least patch things with her. She was raped after all But no. She is his sister. And that is simply WRONG.

She must've felt at that moment that this “*unknown girl*” was ‘stealing’ “H” away from her. I can at least credit her with this.

She took a deep breath and clearly decided she deserved this and got a face of resolve and sat up straighter. I must acknowledge that she had the will and integrity to respect his brother and accept whatever he considered best for his happiness. While it bothered me, it was also somewhat reassuring to see that she was fighting her inner demons, trying to do the right thing, and taking the appropriate steps to do so.

Faced with the harsh and hurtful taunts of “H,” “*Cow*” let out another powerful, shrill scream and once again lunged at him, at his neck, but he simply grabbed her wrists and easily subdued her, forcing her to look at him and endure his smug grin.

C: MMMMODEEEEEFFFFFUAAK-

At this point, she was just babbling insults that were impossible to recognize, and for the umpteenth time that day, I couldn't help but feel pleasure at seeing the pathetic state she had been reduced to. She undoubtedly deserved it.

H: *Why are you upset? You're not a virgin anymore, you should feel superior to me! Unless the realization of dying surrounded by cats with your stretched-out, flabby pussy scares you, hmm? Be careful, because cat shit has “to-toksopurasumosees” [oh my god, he looked so cute repeating the same shit I said to him. I'm so proud, lol] and then it makes you sick. Just imagine it: old, with your stretched, flaccid, prolapsed, wrinkled pussy, stinking, pissing in a diaper all day, and on top of that, sick from a parasite in cat shit, HAHAHA! Fucking the ape sure cost you dearly.*

"Cow" looked at the floor, stunned, breathing deeply as her breathing gradually returned to normal. For a few seconds, she pondered the possibility of what her future would be like in complete solitude thanks to the catastrophic decisions she had made to date, which threatened to destroy her life if her connection to the "*Traditional African Massage Spa*" was proven. However, she pulled herself together and glanced sideways at "H" as she ran her hands over the curves of her body or rubbed them on "H"'s face.

C: *Huh. Look at my face, look at my tits, look at my PERFECT waist and abdomen, look at my PERFECT ass, look at my thighs. I will NEVER be alone, you stupid virgin. And don't think I'm going to believe that about your "friend." That "friend of yours" must be your right hand or that cheap Ai Uehara onahole I once saw you hiding in your room, hahaha! You fool.*

H: *Yeah but at least I don't have ape AIDS swimming through my fucking blood right now, so hey, being a virgin ain't so bad if you're CLEAN is it? Holy shit, it feels good to wake up every morning without pus dripping from the tip of my cock [This was funny not only because of what "H" said, but because 'Cow' briefly looked away, as if she were "remembering things," lol]. Also, good response, typical of a wounded whore. I realize that you calmed your tits down, nice. But laugh all you want. When you turn 30 [he moves close to her face and looks her straight in the eyes], you'll remember everything we talked about in this warm and loving conversation. But now sit down, shut up, and eat my shit. Because we are gonna watch and rewatch this as many damn times as I want, and I am going to point out every single moment you touched and pleased the damn weakling with the crapped pants who is locked in the bathroom, and laugh at it and mock every single second! I'll have as many "muh indeeegnashunssz" from you as I want. God, you chose the most pathetic guy in our prefecture! No! THE WORLD! Amazing!*

C; *OH, C'MON KID. FUCK YO-*

H: *Do you know the part that blows my mind?*

C: *What!?*

H: *You still think after all this you're better than me or some shit. just because the ape stuck his cock in you and made monkey milkshake into your cunt.*

C: *and you will NEVER feel the warmth of my insides, you virgin brat.*

H: *Are you better than me just for feeling cock in your cunt? It's like saying I'm a better person than you because my turds are submarines compared to the little "Hot Wheels" you expel from your ass.*

This seemed to have offended her greatly, once again, but this time she was left speechless.

C: *I... You don't know... I...*

H: *So, answer me this. Are you?*

C: You... You're...

"H" moves back to within inches of her face and asks her again.

H: Are you?

C: ...

H: Seriously. Do you actually think you're better than me just by squeezing black cock with your pussy? News flash. I was the popular one in our school. I **EARNED** it. YOU piggybacked off of ME to become popular, like a fat, disgusting tick stuck to the skin of its host. But that wasn't enough was it? I gave you popularity, friends. love and all my trust but it wasn't enough. You wanted more. For some reason that's beyond me, you wanted to torture me and break me. After I did nothing but give you everything **BECAUSE I REALLY LOVED YOU**, but you threw it all away for some random ass walking shit you just met? How pathetic are you?

C: You didn't deserve it

H: What do you mean?

C: You don't understand... You're just a stupid little boy...

H: Ok, but what do you mean?

C: Look how dumb you are. It was funny when I started thinking about it... it's just that...

H: "xxx-chan." What. Do. You. Mean. What the fuck does 'deserve sex' even mean? How the fuck does someone **DESERVE** sex?

C: I...

"Cowtits" face went blank. She clearly hadn't even actually thought of how that little mindset of hers even WORKED.

H: Explain it to me. Explain what someone has to do or be in your mind to **DESERVE** sex.

C: They... Have to be... Manly and... Hot and... They...

I felt the urge once again to reveal myself and play "Jeopardy!" music.

H: "Cowtits." Do you even know what the fuck it takes to be deserving of sex to begin with? How the **FUCK** can you say I'm **NOT** deserving of it when you, yourself don't even **KNOW** what deserving **IS**!

C: I... I... I...

"H" then mockingly patted her head and he caressed her cheek affectionately again, finally taking her chin gently in his hand.

H: *It's ok. Take your time. I know all that ape semen has made your brain all sticky and slow. The three or four neurons you have left must be overworked by now and don't know how to process a simple question or any task that doesn't involve sucking dicks or masturbating. It's really a shame that the monkey has atrophied your head. It's like AIDS of the brain, hehehe...*

She just looked at him, her pride wounded once again. She certainly considered herself a kind of "elite woman," but "H" was reducing her to a vulgar prostitute who, to make matters worse, had some kind of intellectual disability that had stunted her brain from so much fucking.

C: *You couldn't compare yourself to him... It was too obvious from the beginning... You're just a brat.*

H: *That's the best your semen-drowned brain cells can do? Come on, I know you can do better than that. Take your time.*

She simply looked away.

H: *Exactly, you coward. Exactly. You probably heard that crap from some slut friend of yours or read it online and decided to take it and run with it. Was it that blonde little vixen who always laughed every time she saw me with you? Anyway, but you don't know jack shit. News flash. You can try to mock me for being a virgin. But you don't know SHIT about sex or males. You only fucked ONE GUY! And that guy was a complete goddamn loser that made ME look like a goddamn god king! If you want, I'll bring the "Play Doh!" to explain it better, or I'll put on the Teletubbies, maybe in their subnormal language you can understand what I'm trying to tell you. Between their underdeveloped language and your language of semen, there will be some understanding.*

Faced with such verbal abuse, she lunged (again) at "H," but put her small hands over his mouth, trying to stop him from continuing with his relentless barrage of insults and sarcasm. She was certainly horrified by this version of "H," who seemed to care nothing about "sexual progress" and only responded with prejudice, sarcasm, and scatological comments, as if she were the worst scum in the world.

C: *SHUT UP, YOU PIECE OF SHIT, I AM NOT A DAMN RETARD FREAK. SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP!*

"H" just kept looking at her smugly. To make matters worse, he was taller than her, so when he looked down at her, the feeling of helplessness she felt must have multiplied by 100, because she moved away from him a little and tried to calm down. Once she was calmer, she replied.

C: *Huh, that's funny, you didn't talk like that before. Until a few months ago, you just spent all day talking like an idiot about martial arts or the guy who tried to hit on your mom at the supermarket. I don't know if this is because of that "little friend" of yours you talked about, but you're acting just like the jerks you despise so much...*

H: *That's information you won't know anything more about other than that this person "exists" and has helped me a lot. Who knows, maybe I already like her and might ask her to be my girlfriend soon, which is **NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS...***

I won't deny it, when I heard this, my heart skipped a beat and I started crying. I thought he only saw me as his friend-savior, but not that he already harbored these kinds of feelings. However, at that moment, my rational side prevailed over my emotional side, and I almost immediately put that joy on hold. I considered that maybe he had said these things to hurt "Cow" even more ('Shokan' and "Karate" were also victims of this statement, and upon hearing it, they were very affected; one buried her head between her knees on the sofa again, and the other just let out a sad laugh and lowered her head to the floor, sobbing, as if she had been told she had a terminal illness).

"Cow" preferred to maintain what pride she had left, and although she shuddered a little at the comment and raised her eyebrow, she chose to maintain her facade of disbelief and feigned a laugh, as if "H's" "possible new girlfriend" were the most incredible and funny thing in the world.

H: *Yeah yeah "hi hi hi" and "ha ha ha" all that you want, but you haven't finished answering my question, "xxx-chan." Why the fuck are you acting like you having had sex is some kind of big deal? Why the hell do you think I couldn't have pleased you to begin with?*

This once again put her between a rock and a hard place. The tantrum she had thrown earlier had bought her some time. Knowing how women think, she may have hoped that "H" would be satisfied with his humiliating epithets or that he would prefer to leave things as they were to avoid another outburst from her, but once again she misjudged "H," who had no intention of stopping his relentless attack until he got the answer he wanted.

This is sadly a constant in cases of infidelity: when the man confronts the woman, he is only met with dramatic performances worthy of an Oscar, gaslighting, or trickle-truths. For them, nothing else matters but saving face and their relationship, even though in this "battle of wills," the relationship didn't matter much at this point.

C: *Yo-You couldn-t with...*

H: *"With"? With WHAT? Are you implying what I think you're implying, hmm? You mean to say that he WAS able to achieve it thanks to "THAT" thing you don't dare mention.? The same guy who literally had "Karate" over there crying and moaning about how she felt nothing and the sex was awful and how he failed to satisfy her?*

"Cow" once again avoided the answer, which by that point was more than obvious, but her pride stubbornly refused to give him the reply he wanted because, the moment she gave in, he would most likely respond with another barrage of cruel and tasteless comments that would only prove that he was absolutely right to think all those things about her.

Although it was useless, her own actions had condemned her, and not responding “out of pride” was already stupid, and her “little slip-ups” were well known to “H.”

H: Yeah exactly. Keep trying to keep that disgusting cunt you have for a mouth shut. Come on, ANSWER ME! How the FUCK do YOU know? In fact how do you even know he DID please or satisfy you huh? Cause he made you cum? HOW DO YOU KNOW FOR SURE IT WAS EVEN GOOD?

C: Cause it felt good... I... I know because.

H: YOU HAVE NOTHING TO COMPARE IT TO BUT YOUR FINGERS AND TOYS! WHAT YOU THINK “FEELS” GOOD IS BASED ON WHAT THE HELL YOU’VE READ IN THOSE SICK DOUJINS OF YOURS. WHAT? ARE YOU SURPRISED? DON’T THINK I DIDN’T HEAR YOU GIGGLING WITH THAT BLONDE WHORE WHEN SHE LENT YOU HER “MANGA.” “Oh, it’s very big and dark, you’re going to love it, hee hee hee, ha ha ha.” AT FIRST I DIDN’T UNDERSTAND A DAMN CRAP, BUT NOW IT’S OBVIOUS.

She went silent as the grave with her mouth open like a goldfish. I didn’t know these things, and it made me hate the blonde whore a little more. Any shred of pity or remorse for the disaster with the “Traditional African Massage Spa” vanished completely. She deserved to live in shit.

H: And there it is. You know I’m RIGHT. You can’t talk SHIT to me about sex! You know even LESS about it than I do! Cause you somehow got it in your head you were having fun with a complete loser! Do you think I don’t know what appears in those sick doujins you read so much? Do you think a normal dick is 50 centimeters long and should go through your intestines like it’s the most normal and basic thing in the world? Do you think I don’t know how they sell you the idea that the tip of the dick kisses the cervix? Do you think it’s true that semen overflows into the uterus like a tide? Do you think that any man should be able to have 20 or 30 rounds of sex in one night? Do you think we have an infinite semen factory in our balls? Do you think all that SHIT is TRUE? Are you an IDIOT or something? So just give up on that ‘virgin’ crap, because you know fuck all about what your talking about and you just making yourself look even MORE stupid.

She hung her head low in defeat. Honestly I wanted to cheer on “H” right then and there. He was absolutely right: “Cowtits” had very little practical knowledge of what she spoke of. Only running by online forums and grasping at any insults she knew about belittled males through her little NTR fetish without comprehending anything behind it.

Not to mention that her notion of what a normal, healthy sexual relationship, was wrong, monumentally distorted by what she had read in those doujins and what the “blonde whore” had told her. For a moment, I saw her as one of those broken, damaged porn stars who are unable to maintain a normal romantic relationship after experiencing hundreds and hundreds of “abnormal” sessions. Perhaps she was already broken, despite not having had as many “bodies” as they had.

She was holding up sex as some massive big deal that put her above “H”. But had zero idea **WHY** it did and when called fumbled explaining it. Not to mention. Trying to make someone look inferior cause you’re having sex but they aren’t. Only works if they WANT to

have sex and are TRYING but failing!

"H" had a BRIEF moment of seeking it and being upset at lacking it due to being subjected to the tremendous torture he experienced almost immediately before, reluctantly witnessing the "Karate" and "Anadrol" session at the dojo. This made him feel inferior, and perhaps in order to level himself with the ape, he began to harbor the same desires toward "Cow." Craving feeling something good and close with her. When he learned the whole truth and the dirty secrets of each other, once he was given a release from that, he realized he didn't really care about sex or even that the ape was fucking all "his" girls: It didn't seem like a big deal and he stopped caring about it. Because **SEX IS NOT IMPORTANT**. He even told me some time later that if done poorly or with bad intentions, it can cause more suffering later than pleasure.

And while there is a whole discussion to be held over it, it bears simply stating: "Cowntits," was the first, and then she instilled the same idea in "Karate," "Shokan" and "Mother", using the monkey as a tool of persuasion. By accepting, "black cock in between" without question and with little resistance to this whole twisted ideology, all of them ended up holding up the idea of sex being a symbol of power and status. Said power only matters if the one they are trying to keep it away from **WANTS** it and cannot have it and even then it **ONLY** works if they want it with **THEM**.

Although, to be honest, this was what they were pursuing when they worked together with the goal of making "H" wear the chastity belt and forcing him to watch helplessly as "D-Bol" got what he wanted from them. But with the macabre twist that they wanted to turn him into a pusillanimous being, captive to his desires on a primitive level, the product of immense mental conditioning that would make him find pleasure, in a twisted way, in being the "eternal loser" and settling for the humiliating crumbs of satisfaction they gave him. It's the kind of thing that breaks a normal person, and it gives me chills just thinking about what the ultimate goal and final consequences of this whole orgy of degeneration would have been

It's why when a female learns the male she is spitting at or refusing contact with or looks down on is involved with another female of attractive features she is so offended and furious often. Because it undermines her power over him and breaks her superiority. It is one less "orbiter" that can be exploited to obtain any kind of resources. "H" understood this from our conversations. "Cowntits" in her fog of pleasure and superiority never did and never will really.

What he said next however, that had true impact.

H: *You know the saddest part of it all? I loved you. I really did. If you had told me sooner about all this NTR shit with your bitch friend made you stupid, I could have done SOMETHING, I could have thought of SOMETHING, I would have found SOME solution that didn't mean making my life HELL. We could have figured it out. Did you want me to be more aggressive? Would you have liked me to play the jerk with you? To treat you like garbage? I could have been that. NO way in FUCK I would of let you bang another guy, but we could of figured it out. Hell if you wanted me to RAPE you we could have roleplayed and made a whole set up! I would have been ok with that if it made you smile. Right then if you had just*

opened your mouth and spoke to me instead of running off to make some stupid NTR doujin that's a FAKE reality, we could be happy right now.

She just sighed, and her previously hardened and defensive features softened. She looked at his face again, but there was no defiance this time, only sadness. For a brief moment the evil left her eyes as if she thought about that and some tiny part of her realized.

C: *Yes... We could have been happy together.*

But that brief glimpse of sincerity and sanity died immediately.

C: *But you're wrong. With you in charge, it would have been very boring. You see, it's just that being a jerk isn't right for you; you're too "good boy", too much of a hero to act like a jerk, and it's not so pleasant to destroy you that way.*

H: *And you're gonna hold onto that shit your entire life till it rots you from the inside out. You're going to die alone, you know? And by the time you realize that this sick pile of garbage isn't going to get you anywhere, it'll be too late to give your life any meaning. And that's fucking sad.*

He actually looked at her with pity before it faded. It was as if all the love he felt for her was "burned" forever by the small rebuke he made earlier. The same was true for her.

H: *I look at you now. And all I feel for you is a lot of hate and a pinch of pity. God you're pathetic. You're just a stupid little girl. All of you were. "Shokan-san," "Karate-san" and even you "Mother-san." And you should be very ashamed because you are supposed to be the most adult and mature of all. You were all weak, pathetic brats who only cared about black cock and muscles. What if you were guys and I was a girl and all this shit was reversed? You know damn well you'd all just be a bunch of fuckin simps.*

THAT hit "Cowtits" very hard and she turned red once more. As she opened her mouth to scream, "Mr. Marine" stepped in and added to her misery.

Ma: *It's timely that you brought up that "simps" thing, boy. Do you know, little whore, that everything that ever came out of my, sadly, son's mouth and all that you ever did at his request was nothing but the whining and moaning of a weak, unreliable simp? Is that it? Is that what's going through your head right now? Is that why you want to scream? To tell "H-kun" that the simp is him?*

"Cow" starts hyperventilating again. As I've noticed many times, she **HATED** being confronted with her contradictions and inconsistencies.

"Mr. Marine," having witnessed nearly an hour of her tantrums, screams, physical aggression, and insults, as well as the ease with which "H" subdued her, was not in the least affected by her response. Unfazed by her new dramatic outburst, he continued.

Ma: *Or maybe you little whore, it's because however, every single goddamn thing he ever said or did to this boy was just because he was too WEAK to do it to me? How he was pathetically projecting just because this boy's mother looked remotely like my wife? How he was trying to use her as a substitute, but she was never good enough? How he probably cried himself to sleep at night, imagining seeing her bare breasts, but never could, so he obsessed over this failure of a mother's instead? How YOU LOOK LIKE HIS FUCKING HALF-SISTER?! AND "SHOKAN-SAN" LOOKS LIKE HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND?! IT'S INCREDIBLE!*

C: *WHAT!? YOU'RE LYING!*

H: *PFFFFF! OH GOD! THAT'S EVEN BETTER! HE'S THAT PATHETIC!? HAHAAAAHA!*

"Mr. Marine's" insistence on the inherent pathos of "Trenbolone" and how she "gave herself" to a man who, beyond his artificial muscles and sexual "dexterity", was absolutely useless, was already taking its toll there. If the damage caused by "H" in their previous argument had affected him badly, this could do so no less as well.

She was just staring at the ground, clenching her fists in rage, so much so that her hands started to shake and I thought she might hurt herself, with tears streaming down her eyes in pure shame, regret, and disgust at her own body. Her own mind was tearing itself apart over allowing the ultimate 'cuckold', the extreme "simp" to ever be inside her.

For her part, "Mother," finally emerged from her long period of misery and seemed to have calmed down a bit during "Cow's" argument with her son and witnessed the final part with greater sobriety. She didn't quite understand what they meant by "simp," or so I understood from the look of confusion she gave "Shokan," and she, reluctantly and not wanting to interact much with her mother, felt obliged to explain. "Mother" looked simply stunned and in pure disbelief at this revelation, I would like to believe that, especially in the face of the realization of being considered a "mediocre pussy", lol.

"Karate" cried a little in her dazed state. All she could do was cry.

Ma: *Do you know what the absolute hilarious part about all this is? My son is a goddamn coward and a weakling and all of you saw it and you interpreted it the way he wanted you to.*

C: *I know, you and the virgin boy have repeated it a thousand times, my head is already hurting from hearing the same shit over and over again.*

Ma: *I'm going to say whatever I want, whenever I want, and you're just going to put your fat, used ass on the couch and listen to everything I have to say. Your life is screwed, so you have no choice. SIT. DOWN.*

"Cow" sighed and looked at him sideways. She looked at him defiantly and walked past him as if the man were a piece of shit. She sat down on the couch, looking to the side with a bored expression. But this didn't seem to matter too much to "Mr. Marine" because he

calmly continued with his thoughts. No matter how much "Cow" threw a tantrum, she was listening, whether she liked it or not.

Ma: *Now that I remember, he always went constantly after other boys' girlfriends yet basically ignored any girl that was single. I realized this just now because in the little bit I talked to these girls, they always said they "came from a difficult relationship," "my ex was toxic," "he didn't understand me like his son did," and all that crap that girls these days say to avoid taking responsibility for the failure of their relationships. Now I realize that he NEVER brought home a girl who wasn't in a relationship. It wasn't because he was some big, bad boy, it was because of ME and MY WIFE.*

"Cow" snorted again and further exaggerated his boredom. "Mr. Marine" seemed able to correctly interpret these tantrums and assumed that what he was saying wasn't entirely to her liking, which he followed without much concern for her disrespectful gesture.

It felt like, of the girls, "Cow" was hogging all the attention with her spoiled, capricious, and stubborn behavior. "Shokan," "Karate," and "Mother" were merely spectators to the ongoing argument. This only underscored her status as "herd leader" and the extreme "gregariousness" of the others (what a surprise, another inherently feminine trait). The "final boss" turned out not to be "Trenbolone," who was merely sleeping amidst his "organic vapors" in the bathroom, but "Cow," who was putting up a stubborn and desperate resistance to the unquestionable truth being leveled at her... but don't worry, we'll get back to the rest later...

Ma: *Every single girl he ever touched he was just trying to prove himself to MY WIFE. He constantly brought a different girl home and always made sure MY WIFE saw them. Every. Damn. Time. Your "so big and perfect man" was nothing more than a goddamn SIMP. Constantly trying to win the attention and approval of a woman who didn't want him!*

H: *Damn, not even I've sunk that low, lol*

"Cow" just gives "H" a death glare before going back to pretending to be the "spoiled, boring girl."

Ma: *Everything about this was nothing but that. Look at him in this video. Did you actually believe that this was for H? For the whores, this video was for you, boy, mentioning you "halfway" over and over again, but for him? Look at how he's acting. He's doing everything in his power to try to frame himself, he's a fucking god, surrounded by women worshipping him, doing everything in their power to please him and reveling in every second of it!*

"Mr. Marine" burst out laughing. A bitter, angry laugh but still one nonetheless.

Ma: *Unless "my son" has an affinity or sympathy for "homosexual anal romance". NOBODY ACTS LIKE THIS FOR ANOTHER MALE! This isn't him trying to humiliate and trick "H"! This is him trying to show off for MY FUCKING WIFE! Trying to show her how amazing sex with him will be! Look at him and tell me that's not obvious! Tell me right here and now that this whole time before he finally started to lose, he wasn't constantly trying to take videos and recordings and get your endless praise and worship! That didn't come off as*

desperate to you ? How stupid are all of you?! If he had dared to show MY WIFE that pile of shit you recorded, I would have killed him.

"Cowtits" finally couldn't take it anymore and jumped up and grabbed a nearby chair and began slamming it on the laptop trying to destroy the DVD and simply MAKE. IT. STOP. I was very tempted to reveal myself watching and play angry chimpanzee sounds as she was howling and screaming like one as she did. It was truly hilarious. Mind you she FAILED at that and "H" simply put his hands in his pockets and took out a USB drive (he had taken the trouble to obtain at least one copy and make several backups anticipating this situation), then he walked over to the Smart TV, turned it on, and connected one of the devices. Only I could see him through the camera, but he was grinning from ear to ear; he was thoroughly enjoying what he was doing, making sounds as if it were the most trivial thing in the world, he searched for the video in the file list and played it again.

H: *10:55, that's the minute our big beautiful watchalong ended. While you were fighting with the gentleman, I took the time to check a few things and noticed what minute your "masterpiece" stopped. So... 10:55. Are you calm now? Have you calmed down those breast tumors you call "tits"? Can I continue with the "ANAL-ysis" of your performance?*

That day, "Cow" gave me many beautiful reactions of anger, frustration, bewilderment, and defeat, and this was another one of those occasions. Tired of the effort she'd put into trying to destroy the laptop and the DVD, and shocked by the way "H" demonstrated the futility of her pathetic attempts to stop the inevitable, she resorted to the only weapon she had left to inflict harm: insults.

C: *F-fuc-k... Yyouu... Ffuuck... Yoouuu... FUCK YOU!*

H: *No, thanks. I don't wanna catch something. Also, it's impossible to fuck myself. My dick is certainly decent, but it's not that long. I can't fuck myself in the ass, and I'm not gay with myself at that. Sorry not sorry, lol.*

C: *Ha - Ha and Ha. The virgin cuck is suddenly full of wit and wisdom. I hope that pussy you're eating is worth it.*

H: *Are you going to keep up the virgin nonsense? If we stick to your "standards," I imagine the ape didn't fuck you in the ass. That means you're an anal virgin. In short, you're less than all the women who've done anal, right? I'm just saying what you're saying! Don't look at me like that! LMAO!!!*

C: *Fuck you, you hear me? FUCK YOU.*

H: *Sorry I can't please you, but my cock doesn't reach my ass. I already told you, lol.*

"Mr. Marine" was having a blast with "H"'s answers and found the latter incredibly funny, prompting a sharp response from "Cow," which, as on other occasions, didn't bother anyone.

C: *I. Hate. You.*

H: *Aww. Is the baby gonna cry semen tears? Look, you're already boring me with "muh indigneshunsz" so let's get on with my "ANAL-ysis" of all of you, which I'm not finished yet. But now, let's start over shall we?*

"Cow" snorted and looked at him sideways... **Again.** She decided to remain silent because perhaps she understood that her violent reactions wouldn't get her anywhere.

H: *You know the best part about all this? You didn't even have your heart stolen by this walking shit. You just threw yourself at him almost on day one. Like. Seriously? You didn't know just SHIT about him... But you just threw yourself at him you barely saw that he was like all the villains from the garbage pile you read in your shitty doujins and then roped in the rest of these sluts. You're a stupid and a fucking loser.*

She rolled her eyes as "H" dramatically cleared his throat and hit play again. He can be caustically stubborn at times, especially when he wants to test someone's patience, and he often resorts to repeating unpleasant things over and over again. He clearly enjoyed watching "Cow" lose control.

And... I'll leave it there...

I don't want to leave you on a cliffhanger, but the story is getting very long, and so much more happened that day. I promise to bring you the rest soon. Bear with me, lol.