

69 Hues of Mindfork: FNF reads FNF reads FNF reads Game Grumps

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*Summary: When podcasts read podcasts, and podcasts read podcasts, the same podcasts read the same podcasts! One day, One podcast reads itself, reading itself, reading itself, reading game grumps! It's like Inception if Christopher Nolan was Neil Breen, if Neil Breen! *Chapter 1*: 69 Hues of Mindfork: FNF reads FNF reads FNF reads Game Grumps*

69 Hues of mindfuck: FNF reads FNF reads FNF reads Game Grumps

About the author:

Buster Wamwomb got paid a visit by their uncle Coe Cain in such massive quantities that they can taste the passage of time.

It tastes like bananas and they don't like it.

Chapter 3: the wreckoning

"Welcome to friday night fanfiction!" Stevo said. "I am your host, Stevo and with me are David, Shawn, Logan and Val!"

"Hi!"

"Hello!"

"Hi!"

"Hang on, I have to let Chalmers out." Val said.

"That's fine." Stevo said. "Tonight we're reading another Buster Manwomb fanfic, or, 'diddlefic' as they keep calling them.

"God DAMMIT"

"My poor brain!"

"Can we wait until I get some valium express shipped?"

"Okay, I'm back!" Val said. "What did I miss?"

"Buster manwomb again."

"I thought we said that we'd only do their stuff twice a season?"

"Ordinarily yes, but we're making an exception since this one's about *us*!"

"Oh-h-h!" Logan moaned. "I don't want to know what Buster Manwomb turns my penis into!"

"My guess is 'something horribly un-penislike.'" Val guessed

"Oh god, he's not going to make us fuck, is he?" Shawn asked.

"No, we're just hosting the podcast in this." Stevo answered.

"Oh god, he's not going to make us fuck the podcast is he?" Shawn asked.

"Shawn, you've read this already! Don't give them any ideas!" Stevo quiet-shouted.

"If we're doing sex and I don't get a fur suit in this, I refuse to participate." David added.

"Sixty Nine Hues of Mini!" Stevo started insistently. "Friday Night Fanfiction reads Friday Friday Night Fanfiction reads Game Grumps do a sexy!"

"So is this supposed to be like Inception?" Logan asked rhetorically.

"We need to go deeper!" Val screamed at a comfortable distance from her mic.

"About the author: Buster Manwomb supplements their non-existent income by selling their semen to local police to help train drug dogs."

Stevo paused to allow some unenthusiastic chuckles and the sound of muted retching. "Chapter 1: Following a 30 minute pre-amble about Mummies Alive! And Colonel Sander's anime harem."

"Have we actually talked about Colonel Sander's harem?" Logan asked.

"I can't remember if it was on the podcast or not." Stevo said. "Anyways, Welcome to friday Night Fanfiction, I'm your host, Stevo-"

"That's a terrible Stevo impression." David commented.

"Fuck you!" Stevo said. "Joining me tonight are David, Shawn, Logan, and Val.
Hi-"

"Hi!"

"Hello"

"Hey"

"Ho! Let's go!"

"NO!" Stevo shouted. "Hi, Hello, Hi, hey!"

"HO!" David and Logan started to sing together. "Let's-"

"AND TONIGHT WE ARE READING ANOTHER BUSTER MANWOMB
FIC!" Stevo continued. "Oh God DAMMIT! Val said. While everybody else groaned"

"I'm already confused." Val said.

"No, no! Stevo said." Stevo said.

"Stop narrating yourself, Stop narrating yourself!" Shawn Jokingly taunted.

"Okay, to hell with this." Stevo said. "Val, you're up, being reffed by me."

"Hang on, I have to let the dog in." Val said before leaving her mic.

"David, *you're* up!" Stevo moved onward quickly.

"Are you, though?" Shawn asked before the sound of a creaking door cut him
off."

"This was a mistake." Stevo groaned.

"No, no! Stevo said." David said. "This one's about us. We aren't having sex, are
we? Val asked"

"This isn't going to be like the fanfiction where Marcus Fenix ran a taquito stand,
is it?" Shawn asked following the sound of a door creaking open. "Because I don't think I
can handle much more Manwomb repetition."

"Which one?" Stevo asked.

"Wait, there's more than one?!" Shawn blurted, blissfully unaware that the Marcus
Fenix taquito saga has one cameo and a full sequel.

"No, we're just doing the podcast in this one. Stevo said." David continued. "Let's
start it. David, you're narrating first, being reffed by Logan. Okay, David said. 69 hues of
mini: Friday Night Fanfiction reads Game Grumps. Because THAT won't be confusing to
read on the podcast! Shawn said.

"Because that won't be confusing to read on the podcast!"

"Okay, god damn it!" Stevo said. "If you're watching this, just read the fanfiction
along with us if you don't want to be confused."

"You mean, if you don't want to be confused?" Val asked. "Or if you don't want to
be any less confused than reading any other Buster Wanwomb?"

"Uh, yes." Stevo said. "David, please continue!"

"Well, Stevo said." David Narrated. "This one we encourage readers to read along
with this one so they aren't confused. You mean, Val asked, if they-"

"SKIP IT!" Stevo insisted.

"69 Hues of Youtube: The Game Grumps TO a sexy." David narrated.

"You know, this is actually kind of ingenious of buster manwomb." Val said. "Be-"

"-Because I can't tell if the typos are intentional or not?" David narrated
predictively.

"...Is that in there?" Logan asked.

"Yep." David continued. "About the author: Buster Manwomb has an evil twin named Mustard Banwomb who actually committed all the crimes that were caught on camera, they swear, officer! Chapter one: chapitre UHN. Hi and welcum to the fridayed knit flanfriction! I am stevo, here with david. I'd just like to take this opportunity to mention that my grandparents have an Atari 2600 and I love them super much! That is a terrible impression of me. HEY" David yelled. "I do not say that all the time!"

"You don't NOT say it all the time." Stevo said.

"Those were both terrible impressions of yourself." Logan said.

"I'm three levels deep, cut me some slack!" David retorted. "And also here with Logan. Sorry, I'm too busy playing Left 4 Dead. Fuck you! Logan retorted. I'm actually playing Forza!"

"Fuck YOU!" Logan said. "I AM playing Left 4 Dead!"

"God DAMMIT, Logan!" Stevo screamed.

"It's keeping me anchored in reality!" Logan argued.

"Has anybody checked if the top stopped spinning yet?" Val Asked.

"I Don't get Inception OR the Matrix anymo-o-ooooore!" Stevo cried out.

"Eh, Dark City was better." Shawn added.

"Dafuq is Dark City?" Logan asked.

"It's kind of like the Matrix, if the matrix was made in the thirties." Val said.

"... Interesting." Stevo said, padding at a nosebleed. "DAVID! READ!"

"We're also here with Shawn: Oh wow it's con season and I'm so tired from travelling! David said in the least accurate impression ever." David narrated, doing the most accurate impression ever.

"Muah! Nailed it." Shawn said, kissing his fingers like an italian chef.

"And Val! Hang on, I have to let Chalmers in, out, in, out, inoutinoutinou.- We have an energetic dog, and I'm closest to the door! Val interjected defensively."

"How the fuck does Buster Manwomb know I'm closest to the door?" Val demanded.

"Lucky guess, maybe?" David continued, both narrating val *and* answering her question. "And tonight we are reading another buster manwomb story! Didn't we say we were going to limit his stories to twice per season? Val asked. I'm getting a bad sense of deja vu. I actually AM getting a bad sense of deja vu, Val said."

"I actually *am* getting a bad sense of deja vu." Val said.

"Don't worry! Stevo said, David said." David Said. "It's only a couple sentences long-WAIT A MINUTE! Stevo screamed Val, say something! Grapefruit, Val said. Why do you sound like david? Oh holy shit, is he going to try to make the fanfictions interact with each other? David said." David said. "Guys, this is scaring me."

"Let me try." Logan said, narrating. "Because this sounds like way too much bullshit for a WHAT THE FUCK! David said, wondering why he suddenly sounded like Logan-" Logan paused. "Uh, guys. I'm scared too."

Stevo wondered if his suspicions were true, and opened his mouth. "Highlander 2 was the greatest movie ever made ever."

There was silence.

"Okay, even if that was his voice, there's no way he actually would have said that." Val concluded.

"What do we do?" Shawn asked.

"Okay." Stevo said, speed-reading the fanfiction. "Nobody say ANYTHING. David, read. We need to start finishing the fanfictions withing this fanfiction."

"Oh god, david said, speed-reading the text." David said. "Nobody say anything. The sooner we move past this existential crisis the better. Ah well, Stevo said, David narrated." David narrated, sucking in air. "I'll save that existential crisis for later. I'll narrate since it's really short. Game Grumps do a sexy, by buster manwomb."

"How long actually is this?"

"It's only like, three more sentences." David said.

"I think Buster manwomb knew if this one was too long, we'd be here all day." Shawn guessed.

"About the author, stevo read, david recited." David narrated. "Buster Manwomb does his taxes one leg at a time, like any carbon-based life form. Chapter one: bum diddles: Hey Dan! Arin asked. U want some fuk? Naw, Dan answered. Their respect for each other's boundaries made them all milky in the filbert, so much to that they both came and got their video demonetised. The end. Okay! Stevo said, next up we have STOP David insisted. Let's move onto the next, Finally!" David collapsed, breathing heavily.

"Okay!" Stevo announced. "We are done! God is dead and Buster Manwomb killed them. I have decided to take up alcoholism so let's end it there. I don't care if it sounds anticlimactic. The. END"

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A special thanks to our supporters, including our genital guardians, starting with swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat swat....

Just Kidding!

THE END

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A special thanks and even more special apology to our supporters, including our genital guardians, starting with swat swat swat swat....

Lol.

THE END.

Follow Buster Manwomb on Twitter at [BusterManwomb](#) if you have good taste in literature, or want the Pope AND Chuck E. Cheese to block you.