

***** Timothy Charles *****

Hello, dear reader. My name is Timothy Charles. I wish to impart to you a story based on something I have experienced, something strange to say the least. “Supernatural” is certainly within the realm of plausibility. I have, too, the accounts of others who were involved—it was not just I who saw these things unfold! Their stories will come in time. But before I get ahead of myself, let me start at the beginning and provide you with some insight as to how all of this started.

I was a lowly freshman at Cimarron University. While I had high aspirations of becoming a psychiatrist, I was having trouble adapting to the university setting. The upperclassmen were certainly better than high school upperclassmen, but not being a particularly popular student, I was not invited to the parties and had very little opportunity to meet members of the opposite sex.

As you might guess, I spent a lot of my time at the library.

Now, I don’t want to waste a lot of time talking about myself, but everything I have told you so far is relevant: were it not for my frequent perusal of the library’s wares, I would probably not have discovered a most peculiar book. Its name? *A Sexual Field Guide to Cimarron University*.

It happened innocently enough. I was researching sexuality for a paper I was writing, and there was the book sitting right alongside the book I was looking for, something documenting Freud’s research—I forget the title now. What struck me most was how high-quality it appeared to be: how many genuine leather-bound books do you see these days, even in a library as prestigious as Cimarron U? Well, suffice to say that the binding itself was enough to pique my curiosity, and on pulling it out and discovering its title, only one word could describe my reaction.

Hooked.

Unable to contain my curiosity even long enough to get down off the ladder from which I was precariously leaning, I eagerly flipped open the book to discover its contents. Its title did not lie. Just as with any field guide, this tome contained many, many entries, each of which documented supposed facts about the entry’s sexuality. Yet unlike the cover, it almost appeared that the whole book was written in pencil, with only a few entries appearing in ink. As to their content, while some of the entries were clinical, others were downright hilarious. For instance, I remember this one quite vividly: “Emily Watts: a tragic waste of tits. A sheltered childhood combined with underwhelming initial experiences has left her even more frigid than you would imagine from the way she dresses.”

Now, I did not know Ms. Watts at the time, but the tone of the entry and little gems like “tragic waste of tits” made me burst out laughing right there on the ladder. I was, of course, shushed by the furs at the tables below—and rightfully so!—but I continued to snicker as I made it through several more entries.

There *is* one thing this book lacked that most field guides excel at: it had precisely zero pictures. I can only imagine what the entry for Ms. Watts would have looked like!

Yet once I finally made it down the ladder and back to my table, I had to wonder about this book: who on earth would have *time* to catalogue all of this information? Why would anyone feel compelled to do so? Subject matter aside, the motivational factor alone would make for fascinating psychiatry. Of course, soon after, the thought of security and privacy hit me: whoever was doing this, was he or she *spying* on all these furs? The idea made the hair on the back of my neck stand up, and I couldn’t help looking over my shoulders and shuddering at the thought.

I should have put it back where I found it; had I only realized the sorrow that book would cause!

But no, I reasoned, even if someone could somehow observe what was going on within the university itself, how would the author know anything about the students’ past lives, such as Ms. Watts’s sheltered childhood? No, I decided, this had to be some kind of joke, albeit an elaborate one, but a joke nevertheless.

Still, as I flipped through the pages, I suddenly became very curious as to whether my own name appeared in this book. If I could find my name, I could reasonably compare my own experience with the entry the book had for me. If it was completely off, then clearly this was nothing more than an elaborate hoax. But if it was close...

As I scanned through, I was at first both disappointed and relieved to find that I had no such entry. For all I knew, perhaps all the entries were fake names! But once I made it to the index, I was shocked to find that my name was, in fact, listed. Only then did I realize my error: the entries were not alphabetized. That would make sense, after all. Perhaps they were listed chronologically or completely without order. With great trepidation, I flipped to page 513 and ran my finger down the page until I at last found it: my own entry, which read, "Timothy Charles: a sexually deprived misfit who would rather spend his time reading about others' sexual preferences than finding out from them in person."

Dear reader, I *know* this must seem far-fetched, but I swear to you that those hair-raising words were in fact there! I tell you the complete truth! Yet if this was a hoax, how could they have gotten there, since nobody would have seen me about to pick up that book? There was nobody in that aisle that I had seen, so someone could not have written it as I approached and hastily put the book back on the shelf, not to mention the book was some six feet above the ground!

Shocked to my core, I leapt up from the table, knocking over my chair—much to the displeasure of my fellow students—and retreated some steps before finally catching my breath and slowing my pulse. Only then did I swallow nervously and cautiously approach the book once more. It was after all, just a book.

Right?

I stepped up to it and cautiously reread my entry time and again, not believing for a second that it was actually there printed on the page.

At last it became too uncomfortable, and I left it there on the desk, escaping quickly to the safety of my dorm, where I shuddered once more at the thought of a book that seemed to know me so intimately.

Time passed, a few weeks, perhaps, and that book remained at the edges of my subconscious, constantly pricking me and reminding me of what I'd seen. A thought—a dangerous thought—had crossed my mind more than once: if that book really was accurate for everyone, then perhaps I could glean insight into their sexual proclivities and thereby know not only who was available but also what to say to get them interested in me!

I must confess my shame: I ought not to have used the power of the book to do that—*nobody* should have that kind of knowledge of a total stranger—but I swear to you, reader, that I did *not* do what happened after that!

I'm sorry; I'm getting ahead of myself again. A few weeks after my first encounter, I cautiously made my way back to that aisle and sought out the book. It had, of course, been put away after such a long time of sitting on the table. I couldn't help but wonder what the librarian would have thought when she saw the book's title! Nevertheless, there it was, back on its shelf.

I took it down once more and flipped to the index. There was a particular fur I wanted to find, Andrea Smithfield. My eyes had followed her through a number of my classes, but of course, being shy and not knowing what to talk about, I was at a loss for how to even make contact. Please believe me, reader, when I tell you that it was not originally my plan to do what I did: I had intended only to find out what her interests were so that I could fantasize about doing those things to her; I never intended to actually act on the knowledge!

I found her entry, which read thusly: "Andrea Smithfield: nothing gets her revved up like intelligent conversation. Medieval torture is a particular fancy of hers."

Suffice to say, I was rather surprised at this entry, but they say it's always the quiet ones. Still, it's hard to masturbate while fantasizing about a conversation. I have to admit that I was rather disappointed at the outcome.

But as I reluctantly put the book back on the shelf, a thought occurred to me: I was at the library, and the history section wasn't far from where I was. Maybe I'd do a bit of research, see what medieval torture was like, and then at least *try* to fantasize about talking to her about it. I'd imagine talking about the Spanish Donkey or the rack and watch her shiver with excitement.

I never thought I'd actually do it.

Like everything else in this accursed story, it started out innocently enough: we were assigned as partners to do a research project. You know how much emphasis freshman-level classes put on group work, after all. Despite the incessant temptation to express my interest in her, we kept things purely professional, at least at first. But study partners talk, you know? The conversation got a little derailed when we somehow got to talking about the death penalty and whether it should be on the books or not. Of course, one thing led to another: modern-day executions led to a discussion on historical forms of execution, which *of course* led to it being better to be dead than tortured.

And there we were. And for once, the reality was better than the fantasy.

I mentioned the Spanish Donkey, and she looked at me in surprise.

"You know about the Spanish Donkey?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I know about a great many forms of torture. I have researched it a bit."

Her eyes lit up, reader. The field guide was right. As I mentioned the rack, I saw her take a quivering breath, and as I described how vulnerable a person must feel, strapped naked to a rack, feeling his limbs stretched, she grabbed my hand with trembling fingers, and we quickly retreated to a private place at the back of the library where nobody ever went.

"Imagine lying there, spread-eagled as I showed you the instruments," I said as I pinned her hands above her head with one hand and ran my fingers down her naked body with the other. I couldn't *believe* this was actually happening, but who was I to complain? By the time I grazed her clit, she was already on a hair-trigger. Sex after that was very easy; riding the wave of orgasm, she didn't seem to mind when I inserted myself inside of her, especially when I told her that she must endure sixty strokes of the rod for her heresy. Alas, the torturer orgasmed after only fifteen, and so her sentence was postponed to another day.

That was a life-changing event for me. After realizing the power of the book, I couldn't help myself; I would look up anybody of interest and proceed to carefully lay out a plan by which I might end up in bed with her. To that end, I played the soft, sensitive soul for Melissa Johnson, the asshole who called Rachel Andrews the filthy, no-good whore she dreamed herself to be, the culinary expert who got Sandy Matheson's pots bubbling, and the voracious consumer of femininity who ate out Claudia Fischer until she literally passed out.

Was it wrong? Yes. Even if all of these females enjoyed what I did to them, I should not have used my knowledge of their interests to gain advantage on them. But alas, dear reader, it became an addiction. I found myself forgetting to study for my classes and instead studying for my next encounter with a classmate. I must have read that book every day, even twice a day! It got to the point that I knew it forward and backward, could recite word-for-word the entries for anybody I chose. It got to the point that as I walked down the halls, I could see someone, and as long as I knew the person's name, I could instantly associate her—or him, for that matter—with her or his desires. It became a bit of a game to utter a single word as I passed, a word chosen to capture the essence of the person's fancy. Just a single word, uttered loudly enough to be heard but softly enough to blame on one's imagination. And I would never turn, but I could always tell that my words had an impact.

This had been going on for some time—a month perhaps—when I went to once again call upon the book's knowledge. As I was flipping through the pages, I happened across my own entry again. To my surprise, there were what appeared to be pencil eraser shavings on the page, and upon close inspection, I saw that my entry had been scrubbed clean and replaced! Shocked, I read the new text: "Insidious as an earworm, he sneaks into people's sheets using unholy knowledge of their sexuality."

Once again, I recoiled from the book and began frantically looking around, desperate to know who had changed the entry. Yet who could know what I was doing unless he or she also knew the book's contents?

It should have been a wake-up call, dear reader. I should have stopped then when I learned the dynamic nature of the book. But alas, most all catastrophes are the culmination of a series of poor choices, and this was yet another advancement toward my own downfall.

Curiosity overwhelmed reason, and I returned to the book and began flipping through the pages looking for more evidence of changes. I found it. *Multiple* entries had changed for both male and female furs alike. Miss Watts, whose frigidity you'll remember surpassed even the austere nature of her dress in the prior entry, had rather a different entry now indeed: "Emily Watts: Though ashamed of her big tits, if she wants to get off, she's gonna have to learn to love them. And she *needs* to get off. All the time."

And now, dear reader, I must yield the floor for a time. Ms. Watts can tell her story far better than I can. Her story is...not flattering to me, but I include it here because it is *her* honest truth, even if it does not accurately reflect the true facts. I present here her signed confession when she was arrested for flashing people.

***** Emily Watts *****

Hey, uh, I'm Emily Watts, and this is my confession. Let me start off by saying for the record that this whole thing is really fucked-up. I don't know *how* Timothy knew all this, but he was there at every turn, always there to humiliate me some more! I hope he fries for all this.

Ever since I was a kid, I dunno, maybe 8 or 9, I've always had big breasts. I bloomed a *long* time before anyone else in my class, and being literally the only kid in elementary school with breasts was really humiliating. Long before the boys grew up enough to appreciate my boobs, they would point and laugh at me. The girls shunned me even *before* middle school, and it was all a really fucked-up situation to be in, especially for an already-shy girl!

My family moved when I was 12, and I seized the opportunity to start over. I found the most unflattering clothes I could—it was hard because by then I already had D-sized breasts, and hiding *those* was really, really hard—but I found out that if I wore muumuus, people could at least assume I was just fat. By then, the boys had started to discover an interest in breasts, and it was better to be the fat girl than the freak of nature. At least that way the boys didn't feel like I *owed* them a chance to put their hands all over me. And being raised in a conservative family, I was afraid that if I told anybody they'd put their hands on me, I'd be considered a whore. What if my parents thought I'd *let* them do it?

I fucking hate my boobs.

I lived a really sheltered life as a kid. I had no idea what sex was, other than those cheesy videos they showed us in Sex Ed, which really just confused me more. So, I didn't know masturbation was a thing, and I didn't know that women were able to orgasm. I sure as hell knew I didn't have a penis, and if that's the case, then why would I need to?

College didn't change that. Well, not at first anyway. Not until *that* day. I continued wearing muumuus. It worked well enough for me, and people left me alone. If any guy came on to me, I'd shut him down real quick: better not to give him any hint that he might be able to get lucky. I'm here to study, not for his entertainment.

So, that's where I was coming from when the *thing* happened. As for the thing itself... I was walking to class, taking the same route I always do. There's a grate that crosses the street between my dorm and the psych building. It's the whole width of the road and probably about 15 feet long. I figured it was some kind of storm drain or something, and I never thought anything about walking over it. Well, *that* day, I found out it wasn't a storm drain. I have no clue why anyone would need to force air up into the street like that, but about the time I was halfway across, I suddenly feel this gust of wind, and the next second, my muumuu is billowing up around my face and then completely blows off! I'm standing there with my breasts completely exposed—I never wore a bra because I didn't want to give them the satisfaction of having an entire article of clothing devoted to them. I'm...terrified, mortified even. All around me are people turning to look and then pointing and laughing. I instinctively cover myself.

That moment, I had my first-ever orgasm, right there, standing nearly naked in front of everybody. I have no idea what happened! All of a sudden, I feel this warmth just swell in my abdomen, and then I felt really light-headed and giddy, and the very next second, I feel something happen, and my panties are drenched. But faster than it came on, that pleasant feeling is gone, replaced by the most *terrible* sense of humiliation I've ever felt. It was a *thousand* times worse than being 8 and the only girl with breasts. I wanted to die; I wanted to hide, but in my terror and humiliation, all I could do was just stand there facing a thousand laughing faces.

All of a sudden, I can *feel* hands on me. I start to struggle, but someone says, "It's okay, Ms. Watts. I'm here to help. Just come with me."

In a daze, I feel someone take my hand, and we both sprint as hard as we can, running away from the laughter and disappearing into an alley. We stop to catch our breath, and before I can demand to know who this person is, he hands me something, a muumuu.

"Here," he says, keeping his back to me—trying not to embarrass me more, I guess. "I'm sorry; I didn't realize it was yours until I saw you standing there."

I hastily put it on, and then he turned to face me. It was Timothy.

"That had to be awful," he said. "Are you okay?"

My reflexes told me to snap at him, to tell him off, to make sure he didn't think he was gonna get lucky. I feel so stupid now, but right then, I just needed to cry, and he stood there while I got it out of my system. But then he said something that really pissed me off. He said, "Was it all bad?"

I immediately started chewing him out.

"Of *course* it was all bad! What kind of a stupid-ass question is that? *Was it all bad?* What kind of degenerate would think that *wasn't* all bad? Are you some kind of pervert or something? What—"

"But I saw you cum," he said.

That shut me up. My face burned with embarrassment. If he saw it, then everybody else saw it, too.

"You've never cum before, have you?" he asked, but before I could tell him that was *none* of his business, he said, "And if you ever want to do it again, I think you're gonna have to flash people some more."

It took about fifteen seconds for me to recover from the shock of him making such a statement. Then I slapped him. As hard as I could.

Asshole.

As for what I've been doing since then... Do I have to say? I won't be charged for anything, will I?

All right... He was right.

I *hate* to admit it, and I *detest* that this is how I ended up! It's not my fault; something *really* fucked-up must have happened. It all started that day with what he said.

Things went back to normal, well, sort of. I'd see him in class, and that made me really uncomfortable. Fortunately, none of my immediate classmates seemed to have seen my little incident. But maybe a couple of weeks later, something started happening. I started feeling feelings I've never felt before, this *itch* that got really unbearable. It's not like a real itch, but just this *urge* to do something to get that feeling back from when my dress blew off. I didn't even know a word to describe it. Like I said, sheltered life. I went to the campus doctor and described it, and she said maybe I was just horny. I didn't even know what that *was*, but after she described it, I realized she was right. Yet I dared not act on it: only harlots would masturbate themselves!

But it kept getting worse and worse. It got to where I couldn't sleep at night. This *urge* just kept nagging and nagging. I had to research what to do about it on the Internet. Only then did I realize what a clitoris was and what it was for. Yet I tried everything every site suggested: stroking hard or soft, using my fingers or toys, but nothing seemed to help. Everything I did just made it worse!

All the while, Timothy's words kept ringing in my ears. I *hated* the fact that I couldn't shut them out, couldn't make them go away. With each failed attempt, they came back to taunt me.

It got to be unbearable. I just couldn't handle it anymore. In my defense, I hadn't slept right for over a week, and *all* I could think about was what Timothy had said. With no other ideas, I finally decided to try it. I wanted someplace where I could get away quickly, so I picked the upper story of the library, the railing that overlooks the lower floor. That way I could just back up after I'd done the deed and disappear into the group of students, pretend to be studying at one of the tables.

My heart was *pounding* as I stepped up there. I could see a lot of people below me. My hands felt numb as I leaned against the rail, trying to psych myself up to do it. My stomach felt like I'd swallowed a brick. But even as scared as I was, I started to feel something...different. It wasn't quite relief from the horniness, but more like something to distract me from it, like biting your lip can make you feel better after you hit your funny bone. I felt this growing sense of anticipation and excitement building, driving me to go through with it. I felt the fabric of my muumuu in my fingers, felt myself slowly gripping it.

It happened so fast. I whipped up my dress, and it felt like time stood still. I must have only flashed everybody for maybe five seconds, but it felt like eternity. I closed my eyes as I pulled up on my clothes, but as I opened my eyes in slow motion, I could see people look up and point. I felt that sting of humiliation, felt that guilt, like I was an awful person for doing it. But then I felt it: that relief I desperately needed. That warmth came to my crotch and spread so quickly. I doubled over, dropped my muumuu, and put my hands to my crotch as I felt the most *amazing* orgasm. I felt my panties get wet underneath my muumuu, and as the climax waned, I suddenly realized that my plan to sit at a table afterwards was not going to work.

Everything came back to me in a rush: I was still standing there, having just gotten off, holding my crotch at the top of the railing. Everybody was still staring at me and laughing. My face turned red, and my chest ached with humiliation.

But at least I wasn't horny anymore.

I took a few bewildered steps back and then turned and sprinted out. Fortunately, the library has a causeway to the humanities building on the second floor, so I raced into the humanities building and flew down the stairs at the far back end before walking out, doing my best to look natural and blend in with the crowd. I went straight home and quickly changed my panties.

Things only got worse after that.

It was less than two days before that awful urge came back. Knowing now what it felt like to get off, I tried really hard to do it any other way. I watched videos of people flashing others, read stories about people getting caught in the nude, but none of it helped. I wondered if maybe I could just flash my crotch, but when I tried that, all I did was embarrass myself. It's like I had to show my tits to get off.

I went to Mardi Gras last year. I came back with fifty pounds of beads and orgasmed a dozen times, right there in the crowd. Do you know how humiliating it is to orgasm when you're surrounded by thousands of people? Everybody around you suddenly starts looking at you. Some laugh, others are disgusted, but none are kind. I *hate* my boobs, and I detest that the only way I can get off is to flash them at people!

I want to say for the record that I am terribly, deeply ashamed of what I have done and for what I continue to do. I don't know what happened, but I can't help but think that Timothy must have done something to me. If I ever find him again, I'll kill him for this.

***** Timothy Charles *****

For the record, poor Ms. Watts made the terrible choice to flash the officer who took her confession. She is currently serving her sentence, but she keeps flashing the other prisoners and getting it extended. I wish I had known that I had the power to stop her from such a terrible life! If only I could once again get hold of that *awful* book!

But I must move on, dear reader. As I have said, there were many who were victims to the book's cruel powers. Let us next consider the case of Andy Jones.

Let me start by saying that I did not have any interest in him. Yet his original entry fascinated me: "Andy Jones: He is blessed with skill far more than he is blessed with equipment. His prowess is legendary."

Dear reader, I feel a bit awkward in saying this, but Mr. Jones and I had the opposite situations: I am blessed in equipment yet was sorely incompetent in its use until relatively recently. It was therefore fascinating to me that someone could do so much with so little. I was curious, though, just how little he had to work with. I knew from his gym bag that he went to the fitness center every day before class, so it was easy to be in the locker room at the same time. It took a bit of discretion, but I was finally able to

catch him with his underwear off. In summary, I wouldn't say he was *tiny*, but you just wouldn't expect a leopard like him to be as well-endowed as a bull such as myself.

Was I jealous of his prowess? All right, perhaps a little, but certainly not enough to take it away from him! Imagine my surprise, then, when I saw that his entry, too, had changed: "Andy Jones: this poor, pitiful fur has neither size nor skill to please his partners. His only saving grace is that he orgasms quickly, thereby avoiding prolonging his partner's dissatisfaction."

Andy's is yet another testament to the cruel power of the book to affect one's mind. But once again, allow me to let Andy tell his own story. This was transcribed from his introduction during a PEA (Premature Ejaculators Anonymous) meeting.

***** Andy Jones *****

My name is Andy, and I am a premature ejaculator.

I...I don't get it. I *never* had this problem before, but something just...happened. I...don't mean to brag, but I used to be really good at pleasing the ladies. Everything was fine until I found a girlfriend. She and I played around a bit, and we had a lot of fun. I had stamina and could just go and go.

Then we became boyfriend and girlfriend, and all of a sudden, everything just fell apart. It's like I was back to being 17 and just learning to fool around again. Though I'd been with her a dozen times, all of a sudden, I couldn't hit any of the places she liked. I *knew* that she liked her clit rubbed with the tip of my cock, but every time I pushed forward to do it, I'd slip and hit her somewhere else instead. It wasn't that it hurt so much as it was just so...*unsexy*. I mean, I'd get her excited, rub her nipples, tease her with my fingers, and we'd both be just right on the edge, and then I'd do something stupid like missing her clit.

And it wouldn't have been so bad, but it just became an *all the time* thing! I mean, once, okay, yeah, stuff happens, but after the second time, I was beginning to think, *get your shit together, Andy! This is embarrassing!*

Then the premature ejaculation started. I'll never forget the first time. It was...it was awful. I'd *finally* managed to do everything right—I even stroked her clit with the barbs on my cock just like she likes. Things were going so well. Then I lined up with her, and she gave me this adoring look. I was on cloud 9. I pushed inside her, and oh, *man*, she felt so good. I felt myself swell inside of her and distinctly remember sighing and smiling in satisfaction that I'd finally gotten whatever it was straightened out.

But then disaster struck. I felt my ass starting to tighten up like it does right before I get off. I was shocked; I *never* had a problem like that before! I held really still, afraid I was going to push myself over, but by then, she was *really* into it and started grinding against me. I bit my lip, I rolled my eyes back in my head, I clenched my fists around the covers, but *fuck*, it was like a tidal wave that refused to be stopped, no matter what I did!

"S—stop," I begged, but I don't think she heard me.

I—The worst part was that she was *right there* on the edge of cumming when I got off. Not only did I start cumming way too soon, I left her hanging! What a dick move! I mean, I *tried* to get her off, but with both of us worrying about what was going on with me, we just kinda lost the edge there. And even though I'd gotten off, it was so unsatisfying! I mean, there's *nothing* like timing your orgasm to match your partner's: then you're both there convulsing against each other and squeezing and throbbing in rhythm...it makes it last for a long time, and you both feel so just epically drained afterwards.

But not this. This was... There just aren't any words.

That was the beginning of the end. After that, my girlfriend just never really trusted me anymore. Do you know it's *like*, knowing your girlfriend thinks you're gonna leave her hanging every time? We tried everything: numbing lube, condoms, double-layers of condoms, ribbed condoms so that maybe she'd get pushed over the edge before I blew... Hell, I even tried using toys on her to get her right to the edge right before I pushed inside, but it just wasn't what she wanted. I get it, you know...it's not the same having a toy in you as someone who loves and cares about you.

We broke up. I knew it was gonna happen. She—she got distant, hard to reach. Didn't want to come over anymore, even for non-sex stuff like watching movies or cuddling. I didn't look at her phone or anything, but I was pretty sure there was somebody else.

Turns out I was right.

It was like a month later when she texted me and said we needed to talk. I'd never had that kind of talk; usually *I* was the one breaking up with someone else, but I just knew that's what she meant when she said it. I'll spare you all the sordid details, but long story short, she left me for some bull named Timothy.

***** Timothy Charles *****

Poor Andy...

All right, all right! I confess. I lied. I *did* alter Andy Jones's entry! But I did it in pencil and meant to change it back right away. I swear it to you, dear reader! Please do not hate me for a momentary lapse of judgment, something that I am bound and determined to fix!

You must think me a monster... Yes, his girlfriend was the object of my desire, and after discovering that furs' sexualities could change based on what was written in the book, I... I succumbed to temptation. His girlfriend was very attractive, and I knew from the book that she really liked large equipment. At the time, it seemed the right thing to do to give her something more filling than Andy could provide. I realize now that that was a mistake, a terrible, terrible mistake, one that I would fix immediately if I could, but the book has gone missing. It is not in its place at the library anymore, and I cannot find it to fix my misdeeds!

But I have gotten ahead of myself once again. I apologize.

As it turns out, I wouldn't have had to fix it anyway. Though I don't know how, somehow Andy ended up getting his talents back. For all I know, maybe *he* found the book and fixed it himself! Of course, I could never ask him about it.

No, no...

Now that I think about it, if he had found the book, his fortune might have improved. It certainly wasn't for lack of trying! I heard that shortly after my unfortunate poor choice, he found a nice Bengal tiger named Farron Malkovich. It seemed to be a match made in heaven. As I said, he seemed to get his technique back shortly after he and his girlfriend broke up. The two seemed very happy, but then...

Well, I'll let her tell it. I interviewed her a few months ago.

***** Farron Malkovich *****

Hello. I am Farron Malkovich. I am Bengal tiger, and I am 21 years. I dated Andy Jones approximately three months ago. He was nice leopard. But he was...how you say...small? It did not bother me at first; I had been with larger and with smaller. When we first dated, he was very nervous about sex. I told him it was okay, but he stayed very nervous. He was...mmm...not good.

But then something changed. It is like light bulb flashed on in his mind, and he suddenly felt *very* good. He knew all the right things to do, how to put his tongue—well, that is not your business—but you could say he was *very* nice.

I was enjoying new Andy; things were going well. But then something else happened. I—I still don't understand. I am not that big, but suddenly he was *much* too small. It was like I couldn't feel him, but he still touched all right places. I... I needed something bigger.

Hmm...you are bull, no? Must be *very* big?

I am ashamed. I should not say such things. Ever since that day, I... I needed *bigger*. Andy and his three-inch penis were not enough. None of them was big enough except the biggest! There was guy...he was deer...he lived in other town. I went to go visit him one time, waited in line. He was *very* big... *Very* satisfying...

Where was I? I am sorry. I got distracted. That male had problems, though: he would never be with girl more than once. I heard he went crazy.

Oh, Andy? Hmm... I don't know what happen to him. We broke up, and I went on hunt for biggest dick.

The biggest? I am embarrassed. Biggest was so big... It hurt when it went in. But through the hurt, my mind keeps telling me, "More! Go deeper! You are wimp! You are whiny!" I kept pressing onto him, and then he ripped me...just a little. A little bit of blood. But a little blood doesn't kill me. I tell him then that he can fuck me as hard as he wants. He is unsure. I tell him *he* is wimp; *he* is whiny!

I went to hospital. He was not wimp. I was not wimp. My vagina is wimp.

***** Timothy Charles *****

For the record, dear reader, her vagina is *not* a wimp, and it felt delightful.

Oh... I ought not to have told you that. Bear with me, reader; I have found myself in a bit of a predicament of late, ah, one that gives me great discomfort. What Ms. Malkovich didn't tell you is that when she asked if I was large and I answered in the affirmative, we had a bit of a, um...an intermission in our interview, a bit of an intromission... The stitches healed well; I couldn't tell that she'd been sewed back together at all!

Please, dear reader: Andy has been out of her life for quite some time now; it wasn't like I was pursuing him, trying to make every girl he courted my conquest—even if it may *seem* that way! But who can resist the temptation of a Bengal tiger with a thick accent and thicker vaginal lips?

She said it better: I am ashamed.

But I have digressed.

I... I am reluctant to tell you this, dear reader, on account of it may only make the case against me even more damning, but there was one other instance where Andy and I pursued the same female. I swear to you, reader, that I had no idea we were pursuing the same person! The book had long since disappeared. Nevertheless, it seems we were both destined to have rotten luck with her, too.

I am talking of Marissa Lawrence, a percheron with quite possibly the largest hips I've ever seen on a female, and the largest—I apologize; that's rude. Let me impart our conversation, then, once I discovered that she had two courters.

***** Marissa Lawrence *****

Oh, come on, Timothy! You gonna sit there and honestly tell me you weren't seeing anyone else? With a dick like yours? [Editor's note: well, at least I'm not the only one tempted to describe someone by the size of her genitalia!] And as well as you work it? Mm, mm... Nah, I call bullshit on that!

Who is he? None of yo' damn business! Oh...well, okay. He's a nice guy, a leopard, and I'm pretty sure that if he had half of your dick, he'd give you a run for your money! Besides, he doesn't make me feel like I'm gonna rip in half!

Nah, I know... It wasn't *always* like this. I mean, you remember that first time, right? I *know*! You felt great, I felt great, we *all* felt great, and you was mooing and I was whinnying, and we was *all* kinds of carrying on!

I dunno. I tell ya, I don't know. One day, something just snapped... It was that day...that second time we tried to do it. Yeah, you was inside, and everything felt *mmm*, but then, *bam*! Just this *awful* pain, like you was gonna tear me in two! And you was real sweet and all, pulling out gently and trying to just finger me and stuff, but... I know, baby... It just wasn't to be.

I got no idea what happened, though. It just, like a light switch, man! It's been the same ever since.

Oh...Andy? Yeah, he felt good—*real* good—but we broke up. Yeah. He was kind of a asshole, though: you know what he said to me? He said "It was like a hotdog down a hallway!" How rude is that?

Nah, it sucks, baby! I used to get laid all the time! You know how long it's been? Three damn months! But guys like you are too big for me, and the guys I *can* take all say the same as Andy did! No, I don't *want* to get fingered; I want to get *fucked*! I wanna feel yo' balls slapping against me, feel you driving deep into my pussy! But I can't, baby...it hurts too bad. I just hope I can find a toy or something; if I gotta go another month, I'm gonna be puttin' down some major hurt!

***** Timothy Charles *****

You know, now that I think about it, dear reader, I wonder if perhaps someone has been messing with anyone I come into contact with. I would hate to think that someone as nice as her got caught in the crossfire from someone with a grudge against me! But piecing all of the stories together, dear reader, she's certainly not the only one I've encountered personally who had strange things happen to her sexuality!

Let me think... After my poor choice to use the book's power against Andy Jones, his girlfriend, Tonya Harding, was really nothing special. It *kills* me, reader: one would hope that after all the heartache I caused, it would at least be worth it. But it was not to be. After just a single encounter, I realized Tonya was far too clingy for my tastes, and the sex itself was unremarkable. Crass, I know, reader, but my goal is honesty: I may be a pig of a bull, but at least I am an honest one and one who has been *trying* to do right ever since. My present predicament probably serves me right, yet I hope to overcome it someday, dear reader, through honesty and openness.

But I digress. My departure from Tonya was expedited by the fact that I found someone—someone I thought I could love forever. Her name was Julia, Julia Norman. A fellow psych major after my own heart, we studied a number of times together, and I was always impressed by how well she expressed herself, how insightful her interpretations were. Our tastes in music were similar, we liked similar foods, and we both happened to share a genuine interest in our major of study. There was, however, one caveat.

Julia was a fierce monogamist. My soirees with people like Tonya Harding would have to come to an abrupt end if I were to try to court someone like Julia, and it was absolutely worth it to me to forsake variety for something of quality. Therefore, despite Tonya's repeated and rather annoying attempts to get me to hook up with her again, I let her fall by the wayside in pursuit of Julia. I left the book at the library, and it was quite some time before I returned. But I am getting ahead of myself.

The time spent courting Julia would have been worth it. It really would have. She was my everything, and when we went out, I was proud to walk arm-in-arm with her. She was bright, attractive, and a very warm person once you got to know her.

But then I found out that for all her talk of monogamy, she was out fucking everything that moved!

We must have been dating for three weeks or so—I had spent quite some time courting her before she finally relented and agreed to date—when I suddenly started just getting weird vibes about her. Other guys would look at her, not with hunger and desire, but with the familiar pride with which one looks at a trophy he has already earned. It was...disconcerting.

I assured myself that I must just be seeing things. I finally had a girlfriend worth having and was feeling unnerved: classic jealousy enhanced a bit by a diminished self-esteem and fear that I wasn't good enough for her. It was all natural, I reassured myself, and it would pass in time.

Yet week after week, I saw it again and again. The same guys did it over and over, long after the "new trophy smell" should have worn off. But worse, *new* guys began to do it, until almost every male I saw as we walked to class had this *look* on his face!

Now, reader, I am a psych major: I *know* the harms of bottling up one's emotions! Yet I dared not say anything to Julia for fear that she would laugh at me or dismiss my thoughts as frivolous and petty. Foolish? Of course it was, dear reader, but when is love *ever* wise? Of course, I'm sure you know the rest: I finally couldn't take it anymore and exploded into a barrage of accusations.

That part did happen. But the part you probably didn't expect, reader, is that she didn't deny any of them! Imagine my shock, reader, when I accused her of banging every guy freshman in the university, and she proceeded to tell me—quite calmly—that she had also done half the sophomores and several of the professors, as well!

Of course, I demanded to know whether she waited for me to finally fully embrace monogamy or if she had been an insufferable hypocrite the whole time. Only then did her veil of composure slip, reader. Only then did she lash out in response, saying she could do what—or whom—she pleased, and it was none of my business! Oh, reader, I was *furios*! And when pressed for an explanation, she snapped back, "It is my right to change my mind, and how dare *you* try to impinge on it!"

With that, she turned and left. Suffice to say, we broke up.

Ahem, I'm sorry. This is not professional; this is not what I set out to do: one-sidedly blasting a person without letting her tell her side of the story. At the time, I thought it was bullshit. But what do you think, dear reader? Do you think someone can change just like that?

We *did* eventually talk again: she was coming out of the men's room as I was going in, and yet another classmate with that *look* was following her. We said nothing at the time, but she sent me this email that night.

***** Julia Norman *****

Dear Timothy,

I was surprised to see you today, and I suppose you were even more surprised at seeing me, given the setting. I feel like the last time we talked ended on a negative note, and I wanted to apologize. I know this will not change your mind about me—what you said was completely truthful, and there is no changing the facts—but I felt you deserved to know the truth now that I have come to terms with myself.

As you know, prior to our dating, I was very pro-monogamy. That has not changed. Before you blast me for being a hypocrite again, please let me explain. Believe me, I *hate* who I have become, yet...like the worst addiction, I cannot stop myself. It's...it's like some part of me has rebelled and sought this wanton life despite all rational arguments against it. I'm sure you don't want to know the details of my first encounter, but I think you'll find the psychology fascinating.

You and I had been dating a few weeks, and things were going wonderfully. Please *never* doubt that you were everything I had hoped for! Intelligent, passionate about psychology, able to tell the difference between baroque and romantic-period music, attractive physically, and *very* attentive and skilled in the bed—what *wasn't* to love? No, please, Timothy, never think yourself the problem!

It was the day of midterms, and I was walking home from class that night, feeling rather exhausted from all of the tests. I was looking forward to cuddling up with you, a cup of cocoa, and that blanket we used to love to snuggle under—you do still have it, don't you? But as I walked past the gentlemen's room, I suddenly stopped. I couldn't be sure why. It was like I had smelled an elusive scent that I'd long forgotten and was reminded of, yet for the life of me, I cannot fathom what smell it would be. As I stood there, trying to figure out what was so important that it had stopped me in my tracks, a male came out.

I'm sure my relating this is painful enough, so I'll spare you both his name and the gory details of our copulation. In short, I was filled with this overwhelming need to breed with him while the back of my mind screamed, "No!"

We did it in the bathroom, in the handicapped stall. He wasn't nearly as attractive, smart, endowed, or talented as you are, and as soon as it was over, I was overcome with humiliation and grief. You remarked that evening that I looked upset, and I blew you off. You were right, Timothy, but how could I confess to having just cheated on you with nobody special?

The next several days, I was consumed with guilt, yet that was not the last of those damnable urges. Sitting in class with my head in my hands, I happened to glance up and see someone looking at me, and though I was still completely awash in guilt from the night before, he and I did it in the study room off the library. He left, and I sat there and cried. I don't know what is wrong with me, Timothy. Something terrible happened; I don't know what. I tried hypnotherapy to discover the source. And then I copulated with the hypnotherapist in his office while still on the clock. The bastard even had the gall to charge me for the time.

How many males has it been now, Timothy? I can't tell you. The truth is, I don't know. All I have known since that day, though, has been guilt, sex, guilt, sex, over and over, ad nauseam. And then terrible sadness, the feeling of having someone I admire and love call me a slut. The only thing worse than that was how I reacted.

Timothy, I am sorry. I didn't mean to lash out at you, to say those hurtful things I said. Of *course* as my boyfriend, you had every bit as much right to tell me not to sleep around as I had to tell you not to—*did* tell you not to! You are completely right; I am a hypocrite, and I don't even understand why this keeps

happening. The truth is, I lashed out at you because you were right, but I couldn't bear to hear it—not from you. It was wrong, and I regretted it the second I said it, but hurt, pride, and not knowing what else to do made me stay the course. I wish I had not, but there's not much I can do about that now except offer a deeply felt apology.

When I said earlier that I had come to terms with myself, that was...an overstatement. I still cannot accept who I am, cannot accept that I've become a whore who will sleep with anything that moves—do not ask me to elaborate on that, please—no, I *detest* myself, and not a day goes by that I don't regret it.

I know you aren't a religious fur, but if there *is* something you believe in, pray for me, Timothy. Please. I don't know what else to do; I attended Sexaholics Anonymous and got kicked out for coming onto the group leader. I tried seeking the help of a female therapist—I thought *surely* I ought to be able to control myself, given I'm not gay—but I thought wrong.

I'm at my wit's end. I haven't been to class in days. All I can think about is sex or the guilt from having it, and I just want it to *stop*. I'm tired, Timothy, so very tired of feeling this way.

It has to end!

***** Timothy Charles *****

Do you think she's telling the truth, dear reader? I might not have, had I not attended her funeral the week following receipt of this email. The rumor is that her roommate found her the next morning with two empty acetaminophen bottles next to her.

If only I had known, reader...if only I had been able to offer her some hope for the future! But I didn't know. Now she's gone, and all I have left to remember her by is that blanket. As angry as I was, I still loved her too much to part with it.

It still smells like her.

It's all I have left.

Apologies, reader. I...don't know why I told you all that. It has no bearing on the facts of the case, and it is not my intention to be morbid. My thoughts might not be quite rational where Julia is concerned. She was the only fur I've ever loved, and everything about my interactions with her was passionate: passionate love, passionate anger, and now passionate sadness.

That said, it is my sorrow to bear, so let us move on to other topics.

Following my heated breakup with Julia, I found myself moping around a lot, leery of committing to anyone again for fear I'd get my heart broken again. A good friend of mine, Lizzie Berman, helped me through the tough times. While I'd never considered dating her before, the circumstances just seemed right after the breakup. Perhaps I just wasn't wise enough about avoiding rebound relationships. In any case, friendship became dating, and that in turn became romantic.

Now, an interesting thing about Lizzie that you should know is that she is violently allergic to semen if she ever tries to consume it orally. She told me this long before we started actually having sex, and it was such a unique limitation that I never forgot it. As a result, never once did I ask for her to fellate me. It was very surprising, then, when she did it on her own a few weeks after we began having sex.

"Violently allergic" does not begin to describe her reaction. I'll spare you the details, dear reader, but suffice to say, the words "projectile vomiting" lack a certain "oomph" to describe what she did. Shocked and alarmed, I was as understanding as I could be given the circumstances (wherein my bed, wall, ceiling, and person were all covered), but you can imagine that I adamantly refused when she asked again the following day!

I could never begin to understand what came over her. I can give you her words, dear reader, but why anyone would subject oneself to something with such immediate and terrible aftermath again and again was completely beyond me at the time!

***** Lizzie Berman *****

BLEAGH! I'm sorry, Timothy; I don't know *why* I keep doing this. I *hate* throwing up! I—*ungh!*—ohh... Thanks. Sorry; did it get on you? Ugh, this is so messed up.

You *know* I'm really allergic to cum. I know that, too. But a few days ago, I just suddenly felt like I *had* to have your dick in my mouth. It's not even about the cum; I don't *want* anybody's cum in my mouth, but it's like I can't let go until there *is!*

No, I haven't gone to the doctor! And tell him what, "I have an oral fixation that results in me puking up my toenails?" What on *earth* is a doctor gonna do about that?

Aww, man...here it comes again. You'd better get out of here before I—

Oh, *hey*, Timothy! Let's get these pants off of you!

No! Stop it! What am I *doing*?

Yeah, no, take those pants off. Right now. We can talk later; just take your pants—

[Editor's note: I had to leave the room to avoid her grasp. She is surprisingly strong for a squirrel.]

Damn it, Timothy! Come *back* here and let me put that beautiful bull meat in my— Ooh...now I'll bet that guy has a *huge* dick!

[Editor's note: she rushed outside, but before I could follow her and get out of her apartment, she was back with an elephant.

Liam, right? Wow, let me just... Ohh, it *is* huge! And musky! Ohh...

Mmm! Mmm... Mmm... Mm—oh, is that good? Mmm... Mmm... Mmm... Mm—*BLEAGH!*

Nonono, please; I'm sorry! I—It's not you; please, it felt really good in my—*BLARGH!*

Oh, shit...what is wrong with me? Ungh...damn it, this place reeks like vomit! Why do I keep *doing* this?!

Aww, crap. You're still here? No, no...it's okay. I'm too tired to possibly—crap...

You wanna take your pants off for me?

***** Timothy Charles *****

Poor Lizzie! At the time it all seemed so bizarre, but in hindsight, it's *got* to be the book, dear reader! The book has struck again, and I'm almost certain I'm to blame somehow! At least the stereotype is true now...that squirrel certainly liked nut in her mouth, even if her body didn't.

That was crass; I apologize, dear reader. Oh, in hindsight, it all seems so obvious. The book must somehow be punishing me for what I did to Alex. Oh, if only I hadn't altered his sexuality! Maybe I might not have brought this upon myself and all of those poor people, as well! That was never even my intention! I had hoped—once I learned that the book could be altered—to use it to help others, not harm them! Please indulge me, reader: let me take a step back to when I first experimented with making entries in the book. You'll see: my intentions were kind!

My roommate was a kind-hearted girl named Jillian Hall. A mouse of a fur—in species and in temperament—she was a good roommate for someone so withdrawn as I was. We mostly kept to ourselves at first, but the inevitable interactions I did have with her were all very pleasant, and we did eventually become close. She was studying to be a teacher—she wanted to bring joy and knowledge to young minds everywhere, a noble goal. She enjoyed art and music but lacked talent in either, though she did occasionally try her hand at drawing. She had a boyfriend of four years, Markus, a rat in species but a gentleman in personality.

I should take another step back. There were few times that I took the book home. Can you imagine how embarrassing it would be to try to check a book out with a title such as that? The poor ladies at the lending desk would probably pass out! Too, I could not help but wonder whether the book was really officially in the library's catalog: with its hand-written, pencil and pen markings, surely it wasn't something of which even the Library of Congress was aware! On a whim one day, I tried looking it up by title, and—

no surprise—it was not present. Flipping to the front of it and to the back cover, it had no distinguishable publisher, no ISBN, nothing to make me believe that it was in fact something that belonged to CU. How it got on the shelf—let alone got put back in the same place when I neglected to return it—I have no idea, but suffice to say, I didn't feel obligated to disclose that I was taking it with me. However, because I didn't know *who* owned it, I dared not keep it longer than overnight, lest someone should miss it.

That brings us back to the point of the story I was about to impart: on one of those few occasions that I took the book from the library, I happened to be reading it in my bed when I heard a sudden gentle banging of wood on the other side of the wall. Of course, the source was obvious.

Surprisingly, I had never ventured to look up Jillian in the book. I flipped to the index and found her easily enough: "Jillian Hall: Though she loves sex, she is terribly ashamed of it and remains completely silent during every encounter."

I must confess, reader, that I thought it was sad that such a sweet girl would feel ashamed of herself. But not realizing then that I had the ability to do something about it, I curiously flipped to her boyfriend: "Markus Nicholson: At his best when his lover sings his praises, he can be a passionate lover. Otherwise, he is little more than adequate."

That particular entry stunned me! To think that those two ended up together, and to think that Jillian's silence was holding them both back! I distinctly remember shaking my head and wishing that there was something I could do.

I apologize for the lack of continuity, reader: many things have occurred, and trying to get them all in the right order is proving more challenging than I originally thought. I would say that these events had to have taken place after the Emily Watts incident but before I discovered the eraser shavings. Let us now, if you will indulge me, fast-forward a little bit.

I had just discovered the altered entries maybe a few days prior and had returned to see if I could identify any other changes. It was getting late, and the library was closing, and so I once again took the book with me. As I resumed my search in my room, the thump-thump-thumping on the wall came again as Jillian and Markus resumed their "little more than adequate" sex. All the thoughts from the last time I'd heard them came rushing back, and a dangerous thought entered my mind: what if I could help them? As nice as Jillian was, she *deserved* to enjoy her sex life, and if that would inspire Markus to be a better lover, then surely it was a win-win situation!

Truthfully, dear reader, I didn't know whether it would work or not, but I figured at the time that the worst that could happen was that my attempt would fail. Going quietly to my desk, I grabbed a pencil and an eraser, and then sitting on my bed, I carefully began to erase the space where Jillian's entry was. To my mild surprise, it took very little effort to erase the contents, and I had there in front of me a blank slate. I thought of what I would want for Jillian and Markus, and I nervously wrote this on the page: "Jillian Hall: proud of her love of sex, she has no trouble expressing her appreciation for a job well done, and as easily and freely as she orgasms, it is not hard to do the job well!"

Almost instantly, I heard her cry out most lewdly, "Oh, yes, Markus! Ohh..."

The thumping stopped instantly. I started, not understanding why they stopped. I heard muffled voices, and then suddenly the thumping started again. I breathed a sigh of relief, but then I heard them *both* grunting and yelling in lust.

Goodness, *me*, reader, it was a sound to behold! I could nearly *feel* the energy of their orgasms! I did, however, not get any sleep that night. With their newfound enthusiasm, they continued on until daybreak.

But I am forgetting myself, dear reader. Jillian and I talked about it the next day after Markus went home. She would, of course, be the better one to describe what the change was like.

***** Jillian Hall *****

As you know, Timothy, I've always been a little meek. I—I *like* sex, but it's just so...I dunno. There's something that feels dirty about it, and if I enjoy it, does that make me dirty, too? I don't know. It seemed like the *least* I could do was keep it to myself. No sense making a big scene about it or...erm...waking the neighbors.

Speaking of which, um...were we really loud last night? I'm sorry; I really don't know what came over me! It was like this switch flipped in my mind. Something just said, "This is silly: why should you hold back if you're enjoying yourself? Dirty or not, it feels good, and I want Markus to *know* that it feels good!"

When we stopped? Oh, you mean right after I started...heh, vocalizing? Yeah, Markus was *shocked*; in the years we've been dating, I guess I've never once made a sound. But he *really* liked it! That was what he told me: that it was a huge turn-on for me to be vocal like that, and he asked if I'd always do that from now on.

Oh, my gosh, Timothy, I know you're straight, but if you could *feel* the way Markus made love to me after that, I think he might turn you gay! I've loved him a very long time, and we have had sex many times, but it was *never* so passionate! I—I just can't describe it! He did things that felt so innocent yet filled me with such pleasure! For perhaps the first time ever, I saw what we were doing as something beautiful, something joyous, not something to be ashamed of or something dirty! And when we climaxed...

Oh, heh, I'm sorry; I'm sure that's way past TMI!

Oh, well, if you don't mind, then...it was just—it was amazing. I've had orgasms before, but even the best one wasn't even a tenth as good as last night's! And then we just kept going! It was as if we wore ourselves out trying to be quiet every other time, and then without that wasted energy, we could just keep doing it again and again! I don't know what happened, but I am so incredibly happy it did!

***** Timothy Charles *****

That, reader. *That* is what I had hoped to do with the book: make things more pleasant for couples everywhere while occasionally indulging myself once in a while. I'll admit, I *did* alter my own entry—but whom does that hurt, I ask you? So *what* if I willed myself to have the same prowess as Mr. Jones?

Of *course* my mistake was altering *his* entry; it is one thing for me to quietly match his skill; it is quite another to take his skill from him! I regret that, reader. I do, and I hope that I can one day make it up to him. I learned my lesson!

I'm sorry if I seem frantic, dear reader; you see, I *need* for you to believe me. I—I have been cursed, you see. Cursed with such a...such an exquisitely terrible punishment, one that I understand can only be lifted upon baring my chest and laying all of my sins bare. Only *then* can I perhaps find some relief.

The nature of this ailment...is unholy. Night and day without end, I am taunted to the brink of orgasm with lust, yet I cannot step over that *cursed* line! The *only* reason I can stay sane—the curse's saving grace and motivator—is through writing. Every word I write grants me just the *smallest* reprieve from this maddening affliction! Dare I stop writing—even to think through the next sentence—the horrible lust is back! Therefore, if my words seem jumbled and my train of thought derailed, well, at least now you know! Oh, for just a *moment's* peace! My organ bleeds, reader—it *bleeds* from futile attempts to assuage this affliction. Even as I'm writing, it throbs and gets blood on my underwear. It stings and burns and yet throbs all the more. Just the faintest breeze should send it over, yet *no!*—even hands callused from weeks of tending it are not enough to grant sweet reprieve.

I am beginning to understand how Julia felt, dear reader: this book—this *terrible* book... Why does this awful thing even exist?! Such a vile creation must have been the work of the Devil! If I ever find that book, dear reader, I shall burn the unholy thing!

Ungh! *Hmph*... The book seems to know that I've gotten off task. All right, all right. Here, let's get back on topic.

After Lizzie started drinking semen and regurgitating it, I could not bear to be around her, either. Not drawing the connection between the book and her behavior, I could only watch helplessly as she inflicted such senseless suffering on herself. I was weak, reader: I should have stayed and been supportive to her, but I couldn't bear to see her torture herself that way. I backed out of the relationship and withdrew into myself. Twice burned in quick succession, I was very gun-shy at that point, afraid that the next person would end up even more terrible than the previous two experiences had been. Honestly, reader, I might still be that way if it weren't for what happened one Thursday.

I was packing up my things after class when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked up and turned to find an attractive mink named Maria looking at me. Now, Maria had caught my eye more than once, but she had a boyfriend, a stoat named Taylor, and having learned my lesson and experienced the guilt of having messed with Alex, I was eager not to repeat that mistake. Consequently, I left them alone. I was therefore perplexed at being accosted by her, reader. I inquired what she wanted, assuming it must be something class-related, but after she looked over her shoulder to ensure that the class was deserted, she told me in a low voice that she had heard I was well-endowed. I was taken aback at such a forward statement—especially in an age where if a *male* were to make such a comment, he'd be labeled a pariah—and I quickly deflected the comment by asking about Taylor. I was informed that Taylor had some problems and that they had broken up. I expressed regret at their break-up, but Maria seemed rather annoyed at the diversion and pointedly asked me whether I would have sex with her or not. It was hard to turn down that kind of invitation, reader, especially after things had been going so roughly until then.

I followed her back to her place, and we wasted no time getting started. Things seemed to be going great—she felt every bit as good on the inside as she did on the outside; minks, as you know, have some of the softest fur of any creatures—but just as I was about to orgasm, she breathed, “cum on my chest.”

The request rather puzzled me: she was fastidiously clean, and I wasn't quite sure I'd heard right.

“On you?” I asked, and she nodded, yet something about her seemed reluctant.

Still, being on the verge of orgasm is *not* the time to start pondering the oddities of a sex partner's kinks, and I did as she asked, coating her lily-white fur in off-white ejaculate.

That was when things became intolerable, reader. See, I don't particularly care for semen. It feels good to let it out, and I recognize its usefulness in continuing the species, but it is *not* something I wish to come into contact with or to spend any amount of time thinking about. No sooner had I spent myself than she leaned forward, grabbed my hands, and brought them to her cum-covered chest and began swirling them in it. Shocked and dismayed, I pulled my hands back and sat up, asking her what she was doing. Her response went something like this, reader.

***** Maria Townsend *****

I need to feel males' cum all over me. I need them to smear it into my fur, to rub it in so deep that I feel it on my skin. I want to feel like an egg being attacked on all sides by their sperm. That's why you're perfect, Timothy: you can cum so much that you cover almost my whole body!

No, I wasn't always this way. I just recently kind of discovered it. It wasn't often that Taylor and I forgot to bring a condom, but there we were in the heat of things, and neither of us had one. He pulled out, and cum shot up onto me. At first, I was repulsed: in case you hadn't noticed, I like to be *very* clean; I spend hours a day bathing, trimming and cleaning my nails, cleaning all of my orifices. I'm sure it's TMI, but I even bleach my anus. Cleanliness is *very* important to me. And Taylor knew that, so why he would have cum on me instead of aiming for something else—the sheets, his hand, *anything* but me—I'll never know, yet as soon as it happened, it was like a switch went off in my head. I immediately grabbed his hands and made him start spreading his cum. It seemed to really excite him, and we really got into it.

Yes, cleanliness *is* still really important to me! Do you know how *hard* it is to get cum out that's been worked down all the way to my skin, in a coat as thick as mine is? I wish I had never discovered this—this fetish. But once I did, it...it started taking over. It got to where I couldn't get off if I *didn't* get completely coated. Taylor was perfectly happy to do that, and everything was fine, but then the thing happened with his not being able to get off when I'm around, and it just killed it for us. We ended up breaking up, not just because of that, but it contributed to it. I started having to find other people to cum on me instead, and someone told me you were probably up for the task. On that note, will you *please* rub it in a little bit? Please? I'm so turned on right now, and I really wanna cum, too.

***** Timothy Charles *****

I did it that one time, reader, just to get her off—and she *did* get off—but that was the last time. I shudder thinking about it. We all have those things we don't like, and that happens to be one of mine.

But isn't it strange, reader, that Taylor suddenly couldn't get off with Maria around? I'm sure that by now, you're like me in seeing a pattern to this. I was able to track him down get his take on what happened—after enough beers to get him comfortable enough to talk about his very *personal* problem.

***** Taylor Williams *****

I dunno, man. It was just, things were fine, you know? I mean, I used to be borderline premature! And Maria, well, let's just say she's talented, and it was hard to last inside of her. I usually had to think of my great-aunt Nora to last long enough to get her off.

But then one day, things just kinda changed. I—I dunno *what* happened. One day I'm thinking of my great-aunt, and the next day I just flat can't get off! No, I could still get hard just fine, hard as a rock, and even feel like I was *about* to cum, but then I just...couldn't. It didn't matter what we did or didn't do: I could *not* get off. But you know, eventually we'd part ways, and the second she walked out of the room or I did, I came right that second! It was just bizarre, and it still is. I've heard of bashful bladders and stuff, but I've never heard of something like this! Once we figured out what was going on, we'd just, you know, get me to the point where I was gonna get off, then Maria would step out or I'd step into the bathroom, I'd feel better, and we'd be okay.

But then she got on this cum kick; I don't know *what* got into her. I mean, it was kinda hot, cumming on her fur and smearing it all over her, but she started getting really out there with it. I mean, it's one thing to have a guy cum on your chest, but when I couldn't cum with her in the room, she started giving me a cup to do it in so I could bring it back and pour it on her! Who *does* that?! I tell ya, man, it just got weird. Really, really weird. We had some other stuff going on—you know, relationship issues—and that was just kinda the final straw for me. I like Maria—she's a nice girl and all—but it just wasn't meant to be, I guess. Bummer, though.

***** Timothy Charles *****

See, reader? He had that same "light switch" effect that everybody seems to have had! I don't understand why the book would have affected him in such a way: why did it need to break up their relationship? Maria would never have come onto me if they were still together. I don't know. Perhaps the book had some motivation other than me for affecting them so.

That brings us up to the present for me, dear reader: I have bared my soul and told all of my indiscretions. Yet my accursed malady continues to haunt me, and I need something else to write about. As long as we're on the subject of the book's motivation, there *are* a few students I didn't know at all who had similar experiences to that of the rest of us. There may be others; I only know about these three through school gossip. Though I am certain I was not the cause of these poor females' downfall, for the sake of completeness—and continuing to distract myself from this miserable affliction—I offer their stories, as well. There doesn't appear to be any connection among them. After all, what do a valedictorian, a cheerleading squad leader, and a condom-use proselytizer from the student union have in common?

Violet Zimmerman is the valedictorian. She is, of course, very bright, and while her stunning good looks may be *one* of her qualities, they certainly aren't her best! Why, then, would she only be able to get off when being told she's worthless and good for nothing but acting as a receptacle for ejaculate? I'm sorry, reader: I believe the colloquialism is "cum-dumpster."

What is particularly alarming is that although Violet used to have a good self-esteem, after seeking out males who degrade her so badly, their words seem to be getting into her head!

***** Violet Zimmerman *****

Hey. You must want a blowjob if you're talking to me, huh? Why? Because that's the only thing I'm good for, I guess. My boyfriend tells me that all the time. He says I'm stupid and worthless. No, he doesn't mind if I give other guys blowjobs, so long as he can watch. He likes seeing me treated like the worthless slut I am.

M—my grades? Well...I wasn't really all that smart anyway. Valedictorian? Oh, nah. I must have been smarter back then than I am now.

An event? What do you mean? Oh, when did I start feeling like this? A few weeks, I guess. I was having sex with my ex-boyfriend, and he called me a dumb slut. I think he was kidding, but somehow it really turned me on. I really liked it when he said things like that. I wanted him to say that kind of thing more often, but he said he didn't want to be with a dumb slut all the time. That seemed kinda harsh, but...I dunno, I guess he was right. He deserved to be with someone smarter anyway. No, I don't think I'm still smart. What good is being smart, anyway? I mean, it won't help me take a dick down my throat or up my pussy or ass any better.

***** Timothy Charles *****

That poor girl—it's like her new identity has completely consumed her old one. The world will be short a brilliant neuroscientist if I can't find that book, dear reader.

The strange thing is that I would almost *expect* that sort of thing from the next person. Alicia Ellis, captain of the cheerleading squad, perfectly fits the bill for the "dumb cheerleader" stereotype. I am sorry to make such a harsh judgment, reader, but it's true! It is clear that she is not in college to educate herself but to continue her high school cheerleading career, probably something she will continue to do until her body is no longer attractive enough to keep her job—or she would have if the event I'm about to relate had not occurred, injuring her and the entire cheerleading squad in the process and branding her with the painful sear of humiliation. I'm not sure whether she will be permitted to remain, given the circumstances, but rest assured, she will not be doing any pyramids again!

***** Alicia Ellis *****

Look, are you here to rip on me about it, too? Fuck off, tool; you jerks just won't let it go!

Oh...well, okay, then, fine. What do you want to know? This isn't gonna end up in the paper or something, is it?

Look, okay, this is *really* embarrassing, so if you tell anybody, I will, like, kill you, okay? My boyfriend will *tear you apart*. Well, okay, fine, the boyfriend I'll have if this ever blows over, then! Yeah, the jerk dumped me. He said he didn't want to be seen with someone who...does what I did.

What's there to tell? I mean, I think the whole school saw what happened!

Okay, fine... I don't know what happened, but I'm a squirter...you know, a girl who...squirts when she cums. Yeah, it's a lot. I *hate* that I squirt. I have *always* hated that I squirt. It's just so embarrassing! And it's messy! And it just...eew, you know? It turns a lot of guys off. Then again, it turns some guys on, too, so...I dunno. But anyway, the squirting wasn't so bad as long as I did it by myself or with someone I was *really* close to. Like, I wouldn't let a guy try to get me off until we'd been dating for like six months or more. And that was fine, since most guys don't really care about getting the girls off anyway. But my last boyfriend was almost more into getting *me* off than himself. We got to know each other, and I finally let him start getting me off after I told him that I was so embarrassed about it. It was...kinda nice not being judged for it and being able to just get into what he was doing and not worry if I squirted or not.

Well, I think he broke me or something. We were having sex—actual sex, not like him fingering me or intentionally trying to get me off or anything—and then all of a sudden, I started feeling like I was gonna cum. I never cum from actual sex; no guy has ever been able to do that. It only happened when I played with my clit. But I kinda freaked out and told him to stop. He asked what was wrong, and I told him, and he grabbed me, told me to just let it happen—that it would really turn him on—and started humping me even harder. Well, you can guess what happened: I came all over his dick, and he was so turned on that *he* came right afterwards. First time he ever came inside of me. It's okay, I mean, I'm on the pill—all the cheerleaders are—but that was when things started happening. I started getting really sensitive, like, someone could just touch my pussy, and I'd get off. It got worse, like, as soon as my panties were off, just someone breathing on me would send me over the edge. And every time I got off, you know, I'd squirt.

You're, like, the only person I've ever told this to, so you gotta swear you won't tell anyone, right? Okay. So, what happened was, our team had just scored a point, and the cheerleaders always do a pyramid when we score. It was no big deal, same as always. As captain and also one of the lighter cheerleaders, I got to be at the top. Well, it was a breezy day, and as soon as I got up there, a gust of wind went right under my skirt, blew sideways through my panties, and...well, you know. It was a *lot*, too. I mean, both of

the cheerleaders under me got drenched. They both freaked out and lost formation, which made me slip, and the people under them lost their balance, and we all fell down. It was so humiliating! I haven't been back out since it happened. I don't know if I'll ever cheer again; I just...what if it happens again? It's not like I can wear a windbreaker under my skirt! I don't know what I'm going to do now...maybe I'll go back to waiting tables. I'm pretty sure my cheerleading days are over.

***** Timothy Charles *****

Now, reader, I *know* I told her I wouldn't tell anyone her story, but we *both* know that what happened wasn't her fault! I hope that by including it, she can be properly restored as cheer captain. She's a bitch on the outside, reader—pardon my saying it—but underneath, she's a pretty nice person. I think that if she could go back to doing what she loves having had this experience, she'd probably be a nicer person in general, as long as people will finally put her unfortunate accident to bed.

The last story I have to tell, reader, is about a person named Brittany Howell. She used to spend her time at the student union handing out condoms and encouraging everybody to use them. Now, well, she seems to either be a hypocrite, or, I suspect, the book has gotten to her, too.

***** Brittany Howell *****

Condoms are important! They're the best way to protect yourself against both pregnancy and a lot of STDs. Did you know that they're more effective than any kind of pull-out method or cycle-timing? And they come in so many shapes, sizes, colors, textures, and materials. They even come in flavors for oral! Having a latex allergy just isn't an excuse anymore; there are almost as many non-latex condom varieties as there are latex ones!

Oh, uh...why am I not using one? I...have an explanation for that; it's just...you probably wouldn't believe me. Well, if you're feeling open-minded, it started a couple of weeks ago. I was having sex—with a condom, of course!—when I felt it break. I *knew* I should have brought my own, but the guy said it wasn't expired. Turns out it *was* expired, and shame on *both* of us for not catching it before it was too late, but it happened. Well, even though he was trying to be really careful as he pulled out, some of his cum inadvertently leaked.

I came instantly, and it was the best orgasm I've ever had! I never felt anything like *that* before! Well, that got him really excited, and he asked if we could do it again but without a condom. I should have said no, but as turned-on as I was, I said okay. Well, I didn't realize he meant right then! Most guys can't get off more than once, but he went straight to town, and the second he came, I orgasmed again! He left his dick in me and all that *amazing* cum inside just kept sending me over the edge over and over again. It was... I can't even describe it. It's like, if orgasms were guns, most people have a bolt-action, and I'd just been handed a full-auto. And since he was multi-orgasmic, too, my getting off kept getting him off, and he kept cumming in me. Neither one of us could *move* for like two hours. By then, I was so exhausted, I just had to shove him off; I couldn't *take* any more!

Well, after that, I tried to have sex with people with condoms, and...it's like that moment just kinda broke me or something. Even guys I'd had sex with before couldn't get me off anymore...unless they came inside of me.

Well, you know, condoms *are* important, and I'll be the first to give them out, but I couldn't stand there and talk about how great they are when I don't use them myself anymore. Just seems kinda two-faced.

***** Timothy Charles *****

What these three have in common, reader, I have no clue. I don't know why the book would have targeted them.

As for me, I have done what I set out to do. I have laid bare my faults and catalogued every incidence I know of where someone's sexuality abruptly changed. Though some of them might be attributable to some particular thing—such as Ms. Howell getting off for two solid hours—I think that is just a coincidence and that the book itself is to blame. My own symptoms have not abated, but I pray that once I deliver this work to its proper place, they will in time.

In parting, hopefully someone will piece all of this together and figure out how to make it all stop, or perhaps someone will find the book and make things right again.

I do wonder, though... If it wasn't me, who was it who changed Ms. Watts' entry and set all of this in motion?

Well, *Timothy*, aren't you just the clever little writer, veiling all your accusations toward me as though you actually believe the book has a mind of its own? But you don't fool me, and rest assured, your "symptoms" will *never* stop! How did you enjoy your one-handed writing, hmm? Boy, if your dick was blistered then, it must be blood sausage by now! Ha! For the record, I *like* the entry I gave you: "Writing is his only consolation. Anytime he doesn't write, he is horny beyond his wildest imaginings, but no amount of jacking off, sex, or fetish will assuage him. Only writing."

So, write some more, little *Timothy*, and bleed some more while you're at it!

But tell me, *Timothy*, are you really so stupid that you don't actually know what happened to those prissy girls at the end? Do you *really* not know?

It was me, of course... Once I learned your secret, once I learned how you broke me and my boyfriend up!

It was after you dumped me. Let's face it, *Timothy*, I may detest the ground you walk on now, but at the time, I had no idea that you were involved. All I knew was that I *had* to have more of your enormous cock in me, and if I had to resort to stalking, well...

I followed you *everywhere* for a few days. I saw you always going into the library, back to the back where nobody else was. At first, I didn't follow because I was afraid you'd see me. But when I saw how much you went back there, I *had* to know what you were doing! I saw you take that book down, over and over, and spend so much time looking at it, occasionally writing in it with a pencil. Tsk, tsk, *Timothy*, what would the librarians think if they knew you were defacing reserved books?

After you left, I found the book you kept looking at and discovered what it did.

You little fucker.

It's *all* your fault that my boyfriend and I broke up! Even after I fixed what you did to him, he had already gone off and gotten with that bitch, Farron. So, I made her a size queen. It worked perfectly: she dumped him just like I thought she would, but then he *still* wouldn't get back with me! If you had never broken us up, *Timothy*, he and I would still be together! You bastard! You couldn't just leave well enough alone, could you?

Well...after I couldn't get back with him, I might have gone on just a *little* revenge spree. First, I went after Julia to get back at *you*. If I can't be in a happy relationship, *you damn well can't!* I didn't know she'd offed herself. Well, probably just as well. It's *your* fault, you know. I would have left her alone if you'd just left Andy alone. She was probably a dumb cunt anyway.

As for those other three, Violet was a prissy brainiac who deserved to be taken down a peg. The higher they go, the harder they fall, right? And boy, did she fall! Valedictorian to back alley slut in less than a week? I guess she's right: she never was that smart, after all.

Speaking of sluts, that dumb cheerleader Alicia was such a snooty bitch that she definitely deserved *everything* that happened. I planned hers out: figured out exactly what to change on her to make her get so publicly humiliated like that! It had to be a football game, and it had to be in front of everybody, just like that time she called me out for wearing the other team's colors to a game. Green is my color! I didn't even know who we were playing! So don't feel too sorry for her, *Timothy*—she's just as guilty as you are.

And then that obnoxious twat Brittany... Geez, I got so tired of her mantra! Every time I went to relax and play a game of pool, there was her obnoxious voice in the background, "Wear a condom! Did you know that condoms this and condoms that? Glove your hands when it's cold; glove your dick before it gets wet!" *Ugh!* Didn't that bitch have anything *better* to do? So, yeah: get her to start going bareback, and problem solved. Do you know how much quieter the student union is now?

But that was all just the first *day*! After that, I set out to make your life miserable for a while. Yours *and* Andy's, since that good-for-nothing prick wouldn't take me back after he got his mojo back. It was sweet justice when I fixed Marissa. Don't get me wrong—she's not *actually* all that bad—oh, wait, she stole both of you from me! After she stole *my* pleasure, that twat damn well didn't deserve to be able to feel any of her own!

Let's see, there was also that girl Lizzie—she was a friend to you, so an enemy to me. Oh, and Maria! That was perfect! It had occurred to me that if anybody found out about the book, they might blame me for the things that had happened. So, to throw them off my trail *and* get back at you, I made Taylor unable to get off, just like you made Andy unable to pleasure me. You'd already done it once, so why not do it again? Then I tipped Maria off about you so that you'd get with her—but not before I got her *really* into the one thing you hate! Ha! Double points for me!

But, *Timothy*, all this fun got boring, so I confronted you and made you write your little story. Oh, you still don't know exactly who I am—and you never will—but at least once I changed your entry, I got to watch you killing yourself to try to get off! I must say, your entry definitely had the right motivating effect! But there's no reward for finishing early, *Timothy*—boy, Andy sure knows that!

And you are *not* getting the book back. By now, it's buried in concrete. After I went to go pick up your story where you dropped it off, I saw the perfect place to ditch the book: a new sidewalk going in. I did make one last-minute entry, though. There was this bitch making out with her boyfriend there. I screwed her over just for fun—they didn't deserve to be *that* happy! Fuck them—fuck all of them—and fuck *you*, *Timothy*.

And don't worry, *Timothy*: even if you *do* find the book, permanent marker is awfully hard to erase. No, you're gonna be stuck like that for a *good, long time*.

Oh, one last thing: to answer your question, *Timothy*, it wasn't me who changed Emily Watts's entry. I don't know I did, but you know what? Who gives a fuck, *Timothy*?

***** Epilogue *****

It was me. I changed Emily Watt's entry...I—I didn't know what would happen! If I'd have known, I never would have done it.

It took a long time for me to get the book back, but now that it's finally safe with me again, I've finally fixed her entry. I've also fixed the entry for poor Jennifer—that "bitch making out with her boyfriend." Who do you think you are, being nasty to people like that? What was her crime, other than being at the wrong place at the wrong time?

Before I go any further, I really like what Timothy did in his story, giving all the victims a chance to tell their sides. To that end, here is Jennifer's.

***** Jennifer Barnes *****

I don't know what happened! We'd had sex before, and it was *great*! But then one day, it's like my vagina got ticklish! How does that even happen?! But every time he touched me, I'd just start giggling uncontrollably, so badly that we had to stop having sex! It was *awful*! But if I was by myself, it's like everything went back to normal: I could masturbate just like I always did, and everything felt fine. I wondered if maybe it was just him doing something weird.

Fortunately, though, it only happened a couple of times, and then it just quit happening. I dunno what it was, but I'm glad it didn't last! I was seriously considering trying with another guy just to see if it was me or him!

Timothy is a good person, but also a very predictable person. So, when he started staying out late and being evasive as to what he was doing, I knew something was up. I followed him to the library and discovered the book, too. Of course, I couldn't let him know that I knew, but I was just as interested in it as he was!

But I was a bit more adventurous than he was, I guess...and more careless. That's how Emily Watts's entry got changed. I just picked her at random, opened the book and saw her name there. I didn't realize all the side-effects it would have, and I was really sorry when I found out what happened to her. Thank goodness Timothy was there to help her! I hope she'll realize one day that it wasn't he who made her life miserable, that he was just trying to help.

I never told Timothy that I found the book or made the change to it, and I never would have considered changing my own entry! When I had my "discovery" and things suddenly got better for me and my boyfriend, it took me a few days to finally piece together that maybe my own entry had been changed. I never told him, but I saw where he changed my entry. That was definitely his handwriting. Now I know what it feels like to be on the receiving end—Timothy is really perceptive for noticing my boyfriend's preferences, and it was really sweet of him to make us more compatible!

Poor Timothy, though... Not long after that, I started noticing that he was having a really bad string of luck—poor guy just couldn't hold down a girlfriend, and it was affecting his home life, too. He started talking in his sleep loudly enough that I could hear it from the hall. He kept mumbling things, most of them incoherent, but I distinctly heard him say "blackmail" at least once. All the while, he kept himself shut up in his room all the time. I finally managed to get hold of the story he was working on and read it. That's when things started making sense, and it also explained why I couldn't find the book anymore.

When Timothy went to go deliver his story, I followed him at a distance and waited, hoping to catch whoever was blackmailing him. I saw you come and take the story, saw you writing in the book, saw you drop it into those forms for the sidewalk. Thank *goodness* I was able to save it! Timothy deserves so much better than what you did to him!

You call *him* stupid, yet *you* went in and added your own story to the end, confessing everything you'd done! As soon as I read it, I started going through and fixing everybody's entries. I finally fixed Emily Watts's entry and righted the wrong I did. I undid *everything* you ever did, fixed Timothy's transgressions, and last but not least, I fixed Timothy's entry itself. You're right, permanent marker *is* hard to erase. But it's easy enough to strike through. The book counts that, you know.

So, I may not have known what I was doing when I started, but I definitely did when I modified one last entry.

Of course, you can't tell us how you feel about your new life, given your incarceration. However, I was able to get a description from the criminal psychiatrist who picked you up.

***** Tonya Harding *****

The patient was retrieved as part of an anti-prostitution sting operation and was immediately transferred to me to take part in the study I'm doing. When asked about how she became a prostitute, the patient had the following to say.

What difference does it make? *Hmm...* Hey, you want to bang? I'll give it to you at a discount. Please say no... I—I have to ask if you want sex, but it *hurts* so badly! But not asking hurts even worse!

I used to attend CU, but then I just realized one day that I wasn't good at it, that all I was good for was being used for sex. So I dropped out. But I'm not even good at sex. I cry every time someone fucks me. Even if I can feel the guy's dick in my hand and *know* it's not the case, it feels like he's pushing into me with sandpaper. It's coarse and scratches, and when he speeds up, I feel like I'm bleeding. But no matter how bad it hurts, whenever I look, there's never any blood. Word got around that I was a screamer, and now the only ones who want to fuck me are the real assholes who get their jollies out of hitting me while they fuck me. But what's the use...it's what I deserve; I'm just a worthless whore.

Being in the same room as another person *always* puts me on edge. If I see someone and I don't ask if he or she wants sex, my cooch starts burning. It's like, I dunno, like someone poured acid in it or shoved a hot poker up into it. It's fucking unbearable! The *only* peace I ever get is when I'm by myself. Of course, my pimp doesn't like that; he makes sure to put me out there where I'm surrounded by people. The worst part is that I know I'm gonna get arrested if I come on to a cop, but this *fucking* pussy of mine doesn't make any distinction! And it's no relief when someone turns me down. *So* many times, people change their mind, and then the burn comes right back. I come off as super eager because from the moment they

say yes until the moment they're fucking me, I'm on fire. The worst one is this guy who lives thirty minutes out of town and always wants me to go back with him. The whole car ride there is like sitting in a vat of boiling-hot acid. Then we get there, and he wants to sit and talk. I finally tell him to shut up and fuck me. He liked that the first time, so now every *fucking* Friday, there he is to pick me up again!

Why be a prostitute? I told you: I'm not good at anything else. I can't wait tables, can't stock shelves, sure as hell can't run a cash register. But at least I have *something* I can do to avoid starvation. Then again, that's not sounding like such a bad idea, either. If I could get out of here, I'd slit my wrists. Just, get it over with so I don't have to keep facing that *awful* pain. But I gotta make sure my pimp doesn't find out. He caught me trying one time and decided to punish me.

How? The same way he *always* punishes me, ever since he found out about my "condition": he locked me in a room with a bunch of horny guys. Then it was constant scratching and clawing until they all got tired, and then it was burning up until they rested up and started again. He left me in that fucking room for 12 fucking hours. Then he took a turn, and he told me if he ever caught me trying to do it again, he'd make sure I never had a moment alone again.

Fuck...I just want to die.

***** Jillian Hall *****

It took a lot for me to do that to you, but you were going out of your way to be nasty to everybody else. It only seemed fair for you to get a taste of your own medicine. I still feel bad about it sometimes, but Markus and Timothy both agree that it's a fair punishment. They said to let it go for another few months and see how I feel then. Maybe I'll change your entry then, unless I've forgotten you by then. Incidentally, I had no idea your punishment would come out so severe: all I wrote was, "Her sex is her just deserts for all the pain she's caused." Apparently the book doesn't like you any more than the rest of us—it translated that into your current affliction.

Oh, and as for Timothy, he's glad I have the book. He's finally feeling better, and he *really* likes his new entry: "His greatest pleasure comes from pleasuring his master and mistress." I'll let him tell you about it.

***** Timothy Charles *****

Hello again, dear reader! I never thought I would see these pages again. I am ever grateful to Jillian for rescuing me from that hellhole. I should have known that I could trust her with what I was doing. And to think that *she* was the one who started the changes! But they *do* say that it's always the quiet ones, after all. I guess you could say it began and ended with her, and thus the story has come full circle.

As for me, yes, she is right: I am *very* happy with my new entry. I had never considered bisexuality before, but I am finding it *very* rewarding: sucking Markus until he gets hard, teasing Jillian's clit until she's wet and excited for his entry, and then licking and pleasuring both of them as they make love. All the while, I say extremely aroused, so much so that as they orgasm, I do, too, even without touching myself. I am happy—so very happy—that after all that has happened, things seem to have turned out all right.