

A Weak-Minded Offspring

Yuck! Yuck! Yuck! Yuck!

Yuck! Yuck! Yuck! Suck!

You're among the suckers; we're on the other side. In society, I mean. Cockroaches make our skin crawl!

Her body is like a satellite; it spreads out in the morning, unfurling like a ladybug's wings beneath its elytron. These stretches give me a sensation of intense jubilation.

There are screens, movable partitions, passageways, Peeping Tom Spot! To feign menstruation by mimicking it, I employed various maneuvers. I'm not very good at this; it's pathetic. I tried countless tricks. Not the breast one, it's spiteful.

I can't say I'm carrying a child. To feign menstruation by acting it out, I employed various strategies, such as opening my handbag and letting sanitary pads or tampons show—seemingly by accident.

I don't know what to do to simulate a miscarriage or an improvised abortion. Pretty much every womb trigger either fear, revulsion, or the urgent desire to make it go away. But mine? It's a plain ass; an utterly ordinary ass.

What might emerge from it is not an embryo—was it stillborn?—but a turd: at best, a well-formed turd; at worst, a bout of gastroenteritis. But my love is breeding at breakneck speed. Ooh-ooh! Ooh... Ooh!

In my hybrid line of work—somewhere between home care assistant and sex worker—I can't tell them that. I simply can't. But it's in bed that I'm at my most devious. I say “to bed,” but it's usually at a local laundromat—rarely at the small studio where a friend on a gap year left me the keys.

Don't touch me. I'm a toxic girl. I'm a toxic girl and a sweet ass. As a puzzled heart, to me, culture is formed through self-defecation—canned sacredness. Do you want to know where my can is? Inside your box lies my heart—inside your collective can.

It's honest advertising. My cunt is a ladybug. Your weekly trash pickups—and the others, the ones left behind, those who are dear to my heart. Those living in a day care center. Those who go there! And the inter-species ones...

Once aroused, my imaginary G-spot is a small cluster of ladybug larvae just as they are hatching. “The pad of your finger is a kamikaze aphid coming to rub against it,” I say. Ladybug is a symbol of luck.

Clients love this metaphor; those who are slow can barely handle it, and it hastens a climax that had been slow in coming! Oh! Wow. Mhm... Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Whop! Whop! Whop! “You good?

– Uh-huh...” What an intrusive observation post... There are screens, movable partitions, passageways, and two elytron. With these genuine anal orgasms and that ladybug-larva fantasy, I calculated that I could increase my client turnover by two or three more per half-day—give or take.

I'm the single most beloved Lady Bird on the street. Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Uh! Still! Mhm-mhm... Ha!...

Still! Mhm-mhm... Uh-uh-huh! “You good? – Uh-uh-huh...” What an intrusive observation post... There are screens, movable partitions, passageways, and two elytron. With these genuine anal orgasms and that ladybug-larva fantasy, I calculated that I could increase my client turnover by two or three more per half-day—give or take. I'm the single most beloved Lady Bird on the street!

Armed with that little dose of happiness, I continued to move on to the next client, going out playing the “ladybug,” accompanied by an old friend of mine—a mate of the so-called “hair salon”—from whom I had deliberately borrowed some extra condoms.

“Cool, then.” He adds, “Could you sanctify me with your vaginal fluid?” Because they love rising to challenges and knowing there's a follow-up—another client taking over after they've moved on! Mhm-mhm... Uh! “You good?

– Uh-huh...” What an intrusive observation post... There are screens, movable partitions, passageways, Uh-uh-huh... and two elytron. Mhm-mhm... Uh-huh! With these genuine anal orgasms and that ladybug-larva fantasy, I calculated that I could increase my client turnover by two or three more per half-day Mhm-mhm... Uuh!—give or take. I'm the single most beloved Lady Bird on the street. Ooh-ooh-ooh! Uh-uh-huh-huh! Uh! Uh-uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!

Armed with that little dose of happiness, I continued to move on to the next client, going out playing the “ladybug,” accompanied by an old friend of mine—a mate of the so-called “hair salon”—from whom I had deliberately borrowed some extra condoms.

“Cool, then.” He adds, “Could you sanctify me with your vaginal fluid?” Because they love rising to challenges and knowing there's a follow-up—another client taking over after they've moved on! Doh! Oh! Mhm... Ooh-ooh!! Ooh-ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Uh-uh-huh... Ooh!! Ah!! Uh-huh... “You good?

– Uh-uh-huh...” What an intrusive observation post... Huh! Ha! Uh-huh... Ha! There are screens... Uh-huh... Ooh!! Ooh!! Uh-huh... Oh-oh!, movable partitions! Uh-huh...

Uh-mhm...

Uh-uh-huh... Uh! Uh-huh... Uh! Ooh-ooh!! Ah!!

My cunt is a ladybug.

Your weekly trash pickups—and the others, the ones left behind, those who are dear to my heart. Those living in a day care center. Those who go there!

Within a day, Christ! My client turnover by two or three more per half-day—give or take!

I'm the single most beloved Lady Bird on the street. Ooh-ooh!! Oh. Wow-wow!! Ooh-ooh!! Oh. Wow-wow! Wow-wow!

Armed with that little dose of happiness, I continued to move on to the next client, going out playing the “ladybug,” accompanied by an old friend of mine—a mate of the so-called “hair salon”.