

Chapter Seven



The Flame and the Flower




Virginity.

Running Tab dappled his moisty sweaty cum stained forehead with the rough beaver fur sheath he wore draped across his shoulders. He had been busy hoeing a garden for hours, and having hoed himself out, he was not looking forward to much more hoeing. The sweat rippled and beaded like a bubbling river of chocolate sauce, sloshing down a Super Sloppy Double Dare slide.

Why would it seem out of the ordinary that the handsome chief Running Tab was doing chores? Well, it would make perfect sense to a grasshopper if he had been busy hoeing it up in Bettina's luscious garden of sensual delights. But this fine sun shining day of tranquility and discharge, he was on the wrong side of the teepees.

Running tab grabbed a handful of soil from the spiritual earth and rubbed it through his hair. The dirt tickled his scalp as if he was a retarded drunk twenty four year old with the brilliant idea of rubbing catnip in his or her hair. Running tab licked the mud from his chiseled man fingers and dug his forearm deep into the dirt, probing searching for something deep.




Forearm- up to the wrist. Wait, I'm a little confused here. He is rubbing his arm into the dirt? Or was he like fingering the dirt? How soft is the dirt? You know, pliable? Did it give to his terse man hands or did he have to really get some fisting to get it in there? Well? Huh?

The dirt was firm, but running tab was strong like great bear. That's why the tribe's elders had picked the guinea pig as his spirit animal. "Chirp Chirp" said the cricket from across the reservation. Running Tab, however, could not hear him as his face was buried deep within the dirt mound, chewing, and munching the dirt. So Bettina the Indian Warrior put the cricket back in her womanly highly moisturized vagitational area.

"Where oh where could my Runny Tabby be? It's almost high nooner fuck fuck time," Bettina thought to her self rubbing a caterpillar on her nipple.

But Running Tab was too busy furiously burrowing his way into the dirt to hear Bettina's insectual cries. He was now waist deep in the soil his feet kicking like God Daddy's favorite move, the scissor kick.




"Oh, God Daddy" thought Running Tab. "Your anal excretion is like none I have ever tasted"

How do you break it to someone that they have Celiac Disease? That they can never eat wheat, rye or oat ever again. Even soy sauce has wheat in it! And envelope glue! Honestly? I really don't know but I do know eating a bagel during the little talk is highly inappropriate.

Running tab dug deeper and deeper. Furiously burrowing himself under layers and layers of soil. He felt like he was the hardest most erect most erotic penis in the most dirty poop filled butt hole of all time. And just when he felt as if he would run out of air, his hand touched something, sharp smooth and sexy.


LISTEN I JUST RECENTLY WAS SITTING THERE EATING A MUFFIN WHEN I GOT AN EMAIL FROM A FAT FRIEND FROM COLLEGE AND SHE HAS CELIAC DISEASE. SHE CANT EAT GLUTEN. OK. IM TRYING TO DEAL WITH THIS. ITS HARD. I FEEL SO BAD FOR HER THAT I HAVE JUST BEEN NEEDLESSLY CRYING FOR ABOUT 10 MINUTES. SO WHAT IF WE HAVEN'T



SPOKEN FOR 3 YEARS AND I NEVER LIKED HER TO BEGIN WITH. I AM GETTING FREE SYMPATHY AND THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT MYSELF. SHE CANT EAT WHEAT? HOW DO I DEAL WITH THAT?

Running Tab grabbed onto the object of his desire, and quickly, swam back up through the dirt. Bettina giggled across the reservation as a red breasted robin gently plucked the caterpillar from her nipples. The red breasted robin played with those nipples for hours. Nibbling. Nipping. Niddling. The bird rotated its tongue around the pert nipples like they were a worm stuck in hole that the nibble bird must lure out.

This may be the part of the as survivors call it, the recovery cycle. But I just do not not not believe this horrid disease has befallen someone I hardly know. How can life be so cruel. She was so young. So hungry for pasta and envelope glue. And now this? Im shaking. Im scared for her because that gives me attention. And I find that important in a time that I need as many caring people around me as possible to help me get through this disease that I have nothing to do with.



Running Tab, penetrated the surface dirt like a thousand ejaculations on dead babies faces. Gooley. He began pounding out the happy dance of groin pull and touchdown celebrated for like seventeen hours or something. Holding aloft his precious precious prize (mostly because he cant make protein shake on demand) Running Tab spanked himself until he came. Then, unexpectedly, from her wigwam came the half naked object of running tab's hidden most desiring of his secret desires- Chrissy, the Chink.

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(*q0- 4 0 402 4679&%)OPJP UTY(& \$(#N(5 ." Chrissy, the Chink said.


Running tab however could not understand her chink speak. He figured she was talking about chicken fried rice. So he continued ejaculating, waiting patiently for Chrissy to start speaking American. Chrissy was far too busy rubbing egg rolls on her nipples to be bothered, and running tab liked this.

"37&^*(&# 7#)(!## _##" yelled Chrissy!

She was elated that the strong Running Tab filled up an entire children's pool with Indian cum. After all, cumofsomeyoungguy was her favorite dish at the noodle bowl shop in her homeland. She donned herself with Hello Kitty floaties and hopped into the pool of man juice.

The chink had been snowboarding for the past weekend, and Running Tab's love goo reminded her of sexily skiing swaying side to sexy side down the sweltering salty slopes. She shoshleled and splashed around like a retarded blind gazelle trapped in a vat of Elmer's glue. Then she dove her head deep under the warm chunky almond and fish smelling baby juice and using all of her lung power sucked the entire pool of man milshake into her way too willing stomach.

Running Tab had never seen a mouth that could vacuum like that and he had seen a lot of mouths, and even more vacuums. He felt his dick grow harder than one hundred hard dicks that were hard. Suddenly, the fierce chief knew what he must do. Running Tab quickly grabbed a white man hammer, raised it above his tiara adorned head and crashed down onto a




piece of wood that in about 20 minutes would be a new book shelf for the chink.

Running tab's hammer was firm and his blows were as accurate as they were sensual. As he lathed the wood Chrissy, the Chink picked up a nearby kitten and began to chew seductively on it. Pound pound pound went the hammer, as it pounded. Chomp chomp chomp went the chink as she chewed. And the kitten said nothing, because it was dead.

I got a note from SUN today. She said she liked being on your head when you walked to work today! It was true, that sun just loved shining down on Chrissy the chink has she sucked the brain out of the kitten skull and jammed the cat foot up here neither region. Running Tab jostled the carpenter sweat off his testicles and inquired to the chink what she was doing with that pussy's hairy foot. The Chink looked up with the stare of 100 kickboxing champions and said "Digging to China! HA! Get it? I am chinky!"!

It was true, out of all of the chinks running tab had seen no one was chinkier than Chrissy, the Chink. She chinked with so much chinkness,



that her sheer chinkitude was chinktacular. Chrissy began rubbing the dead cat all over her naked cum stained body.


"Kitty want some milk?" said the chink, in surprisiling coherant english as she pulled the dead cat's head out of her fish factory and raised it to her nipples. Suckling. Seductively. NO DIPSHIP, SHE ATE THE HEAD, SHE INSERTED THE FOOT INTO HER FISH FACTORY. JESUS.

Remember that time you wrote about Running Tab burrowing into the ground? Yeah that one made no sense. Why don't you scamper off to the bathroom and yank on out with some dirty, trashy smutty romance novel. Maybe try this one? I suggest the pope fucking chapter.

Just did.

That took longer than excepted. Does that say something about our novel?


It takes me awhile to cum. Sorry.



Chrissy, looked at running tab who was majestically waving his eyebrows calling out to Chrissy hypnotically. His eyebrows were like two lovers caught in a dance, a seductive forbidden dance elegant, and long forgotten. Left eyebrow up. Right eyebrow down. And then a wave that made the chink so wet that her vaginal fluid gushed from her with such force that she was knocked backwards.

Her spray of feminine moisture soaking Running Tab in vaginal moistness. Squirt, squirt, squirt. Statistically speaking in 2003, Chinky women squirt 20% more than hispanics, and 45% more than crackers per sexual experience. (US World Report, May, 2004 Page 46). Running Tab knew the power of his mystical eyebrows. He had learned that little trick in college. Chrissy let out the groan of one thousand groan's groaning. She then suggested the vegetable burrito, and being the little bitch he was, he ordered it.

They both could not believe they were so cum and squirt drenched on her front lawn. Exposed, for the whole world to see. Several deer surrounded the soaking lovers, bunny rabbits came out from behind the bushes, skunks, possums, and robins and all of the animals of the forest knelt




around the cum drenched duo waiting for the spectacle that was surely about to take place.

Chrissy stretched her chink muscles and running tab ate broccoli. "I'm getting so fucking turned on" said the deer to the skunk. Yeah well the skunk would be enjoying this more if it wasn't beaten so badly from the Baroness. The skunk would be able to walk better and not hurt when sitting down. The skunk wouldn't worry about getting infected whip marks from sitting on a toilet seat. The skunk's legs wouldn't look like baby manatees caught under a boat competition. Don't get the skunk wrong, it loved every moment of this stinging pain festival going on. The skunk had learned its lesson last night. Never call a dominatrix a bitch.

Running Tab slapped Chrissy, the Chink in the face- hard. Much harder than the producer intended. But they were, after all, working with niggers. The slap sent her tumbling seductively to the ground. Lots of arms flailing. Lots of burping.


"Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!" screamed Running Tab as he stepped on Chrissy's neck. Her trachea under his boot was like the firmest



lump of cookie dough, waiting to be made into delicious hot cookies. Or possibly cookie dough ice cream? I don't know, lets leave our options here.

"Looooook at me," continued runnign tab, "I made you this spice rack." The tab did a small jig dance and said "Taaaaa da!" As the Chinky hopped up and down like she had just won a new jeep wrangler from some silly gameshow.


"그리고 저것, 나는 손잡이 - - 오래 되는과 나쁜의 힘에 불가피한 승리 의 저 감 생각하고, 이었다. 아니다 어떤 비열한 군안에 느끼십시오; 우리는 저것을 필요로 하지 않았다. 우리의 에너지는 간단하게 통용 할텐데. - 우리 측 또는 그들의 것에 - - 싸우기안에 점. 우리는 모든 기 세가 있었다; 우리는 높고 아름다운 파의 도가머리를 타고 있었다. 늦 게의 이렇게 지금, 5 년 이하, 너는 라스베가스안에 가파른 언덕에 위 로 가고, 서쪽에 보골, 눈의 우측 종류에 - - 곳에 파가 마지막으로 후에



끓고 구른 장소 거의 최고 수준을 볼 수 있다." Said the chink as she began pulling various spices from her chink-like vagina. Tight like their eyes. Peppercorns. Lawry's seasoning salt. Grill mate's montreal seasoning. Cumin. Running tab loved burgers, and he knew that this was the perfect time to bring out the raw hamburger meat.

Beep, Beep, Beep. Running Tab reached deep, thrusting his rock hard arm into his panties. The Chinky squealed with delight clapping her tits together. She rubbed her left nipple against her right nipple and her right nipple in turn rubbed the left. After several uncomfortable minutes of Running Tab digging around in his pants, his tough super strong arm emerged with his digital pager. The message read, "69 69 69" but Tab knew that was code for "Get your Indian Ass back her for a noon time fuck fest." He knew who the message was from, and knew he must be quick about collected his payment for his chores.

Just then, Chrissy, chink master of all chinks, fell to the ground in what was the most erotic sensual epileptic seizure Running Tab had ever seen., her eyes seductively rolled back into her head, and her body undulated and jerked itself around like a fish fuckfest. Running Tab knew that he



must protect his beautiful chinkity chink. So he lowered his mouth to hers and sucked her tongue into his mouth, to make sure she wouldn't swallow it. Running tab sucked hard on her tiny puppy dog like tongue, teasing it with his own tongue black and sandpapery. Something about the pulsating, out of control seizing body that made little Running Tab poke through his MONDAY panties.

Then up in sky! The clouds parted like a whore waiting for a beer bottle to be shoved in, and Bobly, the King of rape appeared above the horny Indian Chief. Running Tab looked up at the towering God of Sexual Force and asked coyly, "Hey Bobly, are you drunk?"

"Fuck you you, dirty cheap Indian" said Bobly picking up Running Tab and throwing him against a nearby pointy rock killing him instantly.

"Now, Asian whore, time to get what I have been waiting for!" said Bobly, the sexiest god of all time. Bobly, in all of his/her glory, all praise Bobly, forced the chink's thighs apart and rammed his pegina deep inside the cha cha cha chink, or tickled her from the outside with the pegina. I'm not sure what one of those would look like exactly. God have the silliest sex toys!

Ok! Ok! So there was Bobly fucking the chink out of Chrissy. Banging her against walls. The best part? That bitch was so epilecty that she couldn't even resist. Did this still make it rape, the rape god pondered.? WHO CARES! Epilepsy after all was nature's GHB. Man this rape was going well. Dead Indian Chief was even masturbating.

"Rape! Rape! Rape! Rape" sang Bobly to a very catchy repetitive tune that would have caused the chief running to jump up and down if he was not dead. The chink just shook and began to shit herself as bobly rammed her harder and harder. Shattering the earth with a fuck so powerful, a rape so pure, that the entire world turned into one giant hot fudge sundae. Whipped cream, sprinkles and cherrys rained down, and butterscotch made everyone happy.

