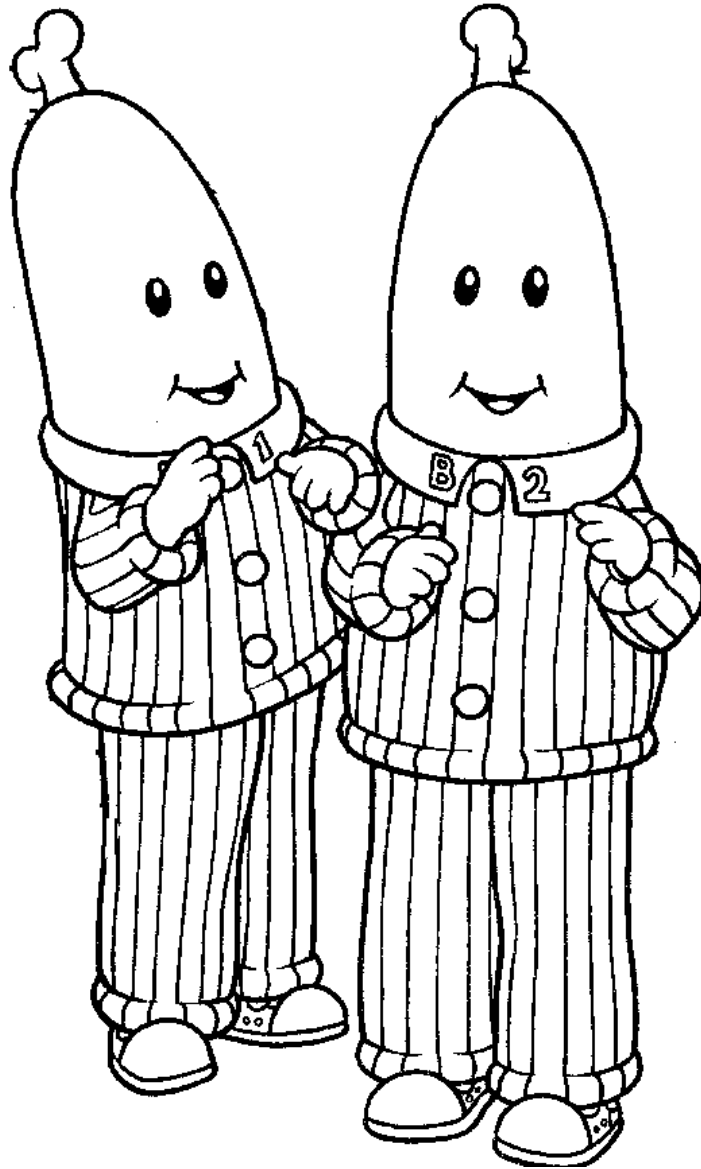



# Chapter Three



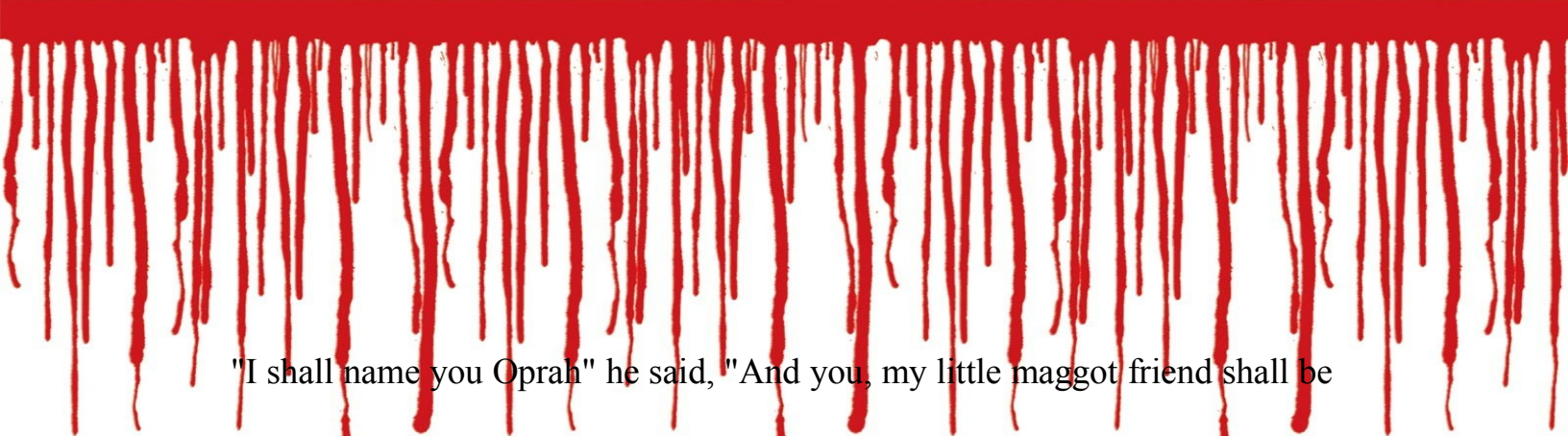
Shifter's Desire:  
Vampire Fangs & Venom



The decapitated body of seventeen year old Celia Ramirez was found with her hands and feet duct taped behind her back. Deep red stains drenched her clothing, and the sticky dried blood had soaked all of her clothing. Maggots had begun to crawl around her neck wound and the smell of decaying flesh drifted down Avenue B.

Meanwhile, Bill the vampire bike messenger was sticking his dick in her. "Call me Larry King, call me Larry King" Bill the vampire bike messenger repeated over and over realizing there was like four sentences without any fucking dialogue.

His teeth flashed while he ate maggots off the dead girl's neck in the fashion of a monkey picking lice off of Jane Goodall. Bill plucked the juicy languid olive colored maggots from his graying yellowish way way way too long beard.



"I shall name you Oprah" he said, "And you, my little maggot friend shall be Gail. Now I want to watch you fuck!" he said ramming the two maggots together in a sensual sensuality that was sensual for maggots.

Just then, Bill got an idea. "I have an idea!" yelled Bill "I'll have a maggot tea party!"

"Did I hear someone say tea party" Gus the faggot proclaimed, gayly.

Bill suddenly turned to Gus and shot him with his potato gun. "That tickles!" quiffed the faggot. Who is Gus?

"Come inside buh buh buh billy" queefed the fat vampire hostess with a neck rash, grabbing him by his pointy chafed nipples.

Rashy lead Bill past the weird curtain thing that doesn't make any sense and back inside of the bar where a crucifix had been erected, and Bobby, the cop we almost forgot was dangling from it screaming in agony.



Now let's talk about the neck rash for like a page or so.

Gus was a man of many secrets. Like how he got into the novel and how he has escaped the AIDS epidemic for so many years. He also knew how they calculated the national debt. Gus came from southern Kentucky and could make the quote best darn chicken fried steak this side of the Mississippi unquote.


Gus had a father who died in the war and a mother who pretty much died right along side her devoted husband. She would walk through the house with a blank stare and a cold heart. She hated that she couldn't give Gus the proper upbringing to no be so fucking gay.

"Aaaahgghgh" screamed Bobby "Aaaaaaghghhhh! Agghhhh! Aaggghhhh!

Sweet mother of merciful Christ! Aahhhghghhhgh! Aaaaaahhhh! Fuck!

Fuck! Mother fuck! Aaaaaahahhhh! Who would have thought!?!

Aaaahhhhhh! Crucification!!! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Dirk Lewylie!!!

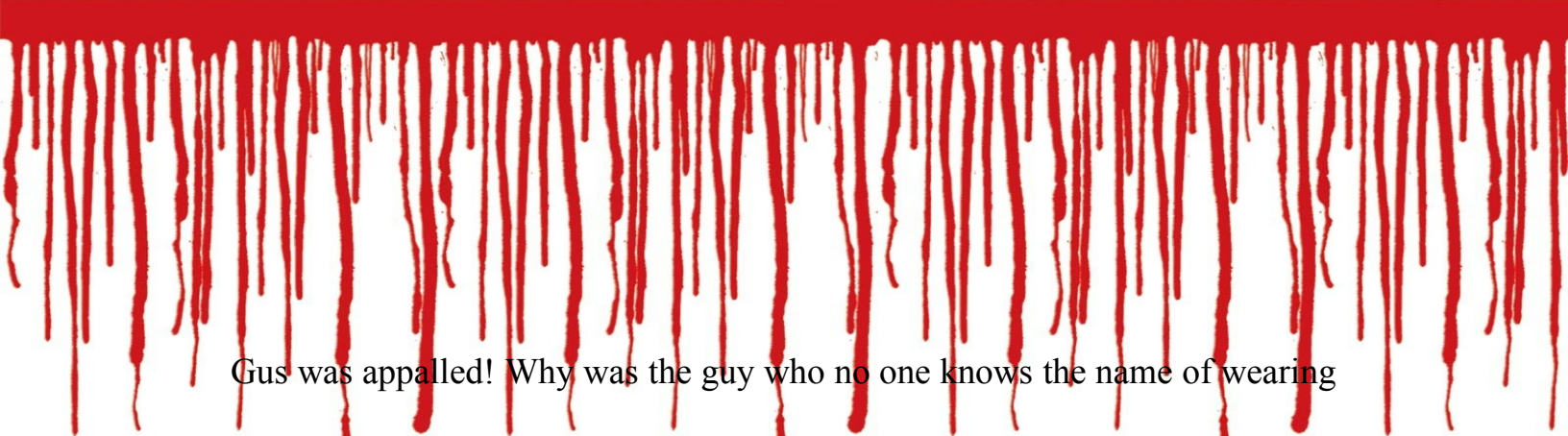


Aahhhhh! Aahhhh! Oh god! Oh god! Ahhahahahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!  
Ow."

Gus was appalled at Bobby's disposition. Have you gained weight?  
inquired Gus realizing when you don't put quotes around what people are  
saying it makes it confusing to read. "I have been on that 3 hour diet,"  
continued Gus and it really works! I mean you just eat something every three  
hours then you never feel hungry, isn't that ingenious, Bobby? questioned  
Gus. But Bobby couldn't answer because he was dead.

On the cross Bobby looked just like a dead six year old tied to a chair and  
beaten for her love of yogurt. The old creepy vampire guy whose name no  
one knows but always shows up at random bars got out his sketchbook.

"I'm plotting his movements." said the creepy old vampire guy whose name  
no one knows.



Gus was appalled! Why was the guy who no one knows the name of wearing solids and strips? "Honey!" lamented Gus "You are embarrassing yourself."

Then all the sudden, out of no where but a stagnant plot line, a Jew parade went by the bar! There were Jews like EVERYWHERE! They were singing songs of what ever they believe in, kvetching on each other, performing mitzvahs.

The first Mitzvah all of the Jews performed was to kill themselves. Joyous screams went up across the Aryan nation and Catholics and Protestants held hands while miming fellatio on each other.

Then one lone Jew, probably named Abe, saw the sign in front of the bar that advertised the super cheap happy hour (that we should go to tonight... for you know, research) and proclaimed "Yoozah! What do i smell with my super big nose but a super cheap hour? Come fellow Jews, lets go get us some cheap whatever they are selling! Who cares what it is? It is cheap! And



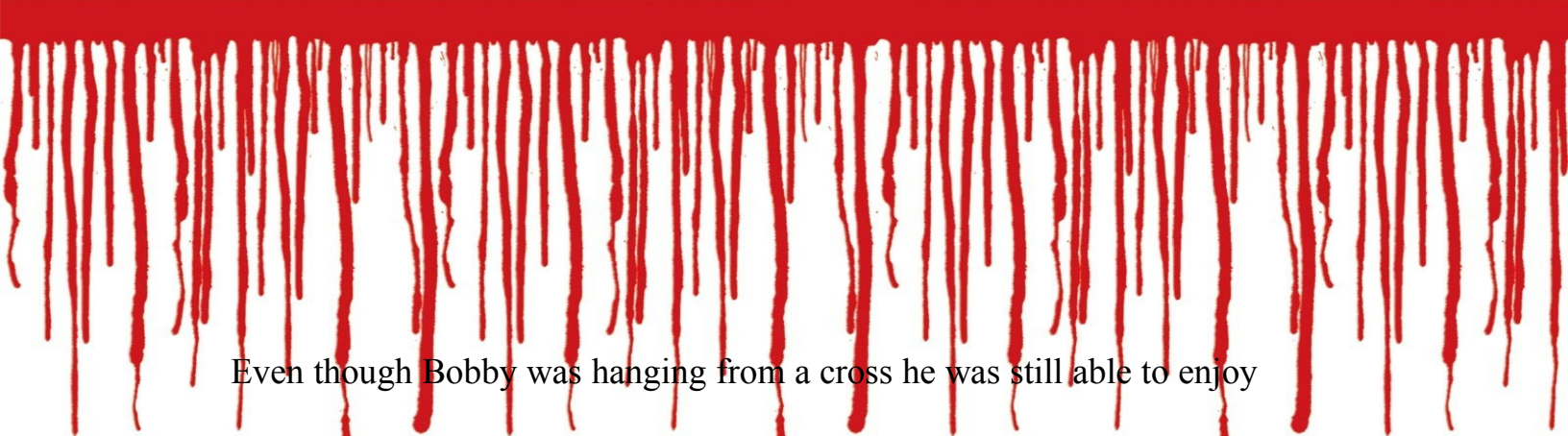
so are we!" Abe had never been laid in his entire life.

Upon setting foot into the bar all of the Jews, who were dead remember, smelled the stale stench of themselves rising from the Bi-curious vagina of TJ's ex-wife.

"Welcome fellow dead people." said TJ's ex-wife "We're totally NOT vampires. and i won't have a three way with you no matter how many times you ask. Okay Okay. Maybe... Why am I here?"

"Aaaahgghh!" screamed Bobby magically coming back to life somewhat like a vampire. "Aaaagghh!"

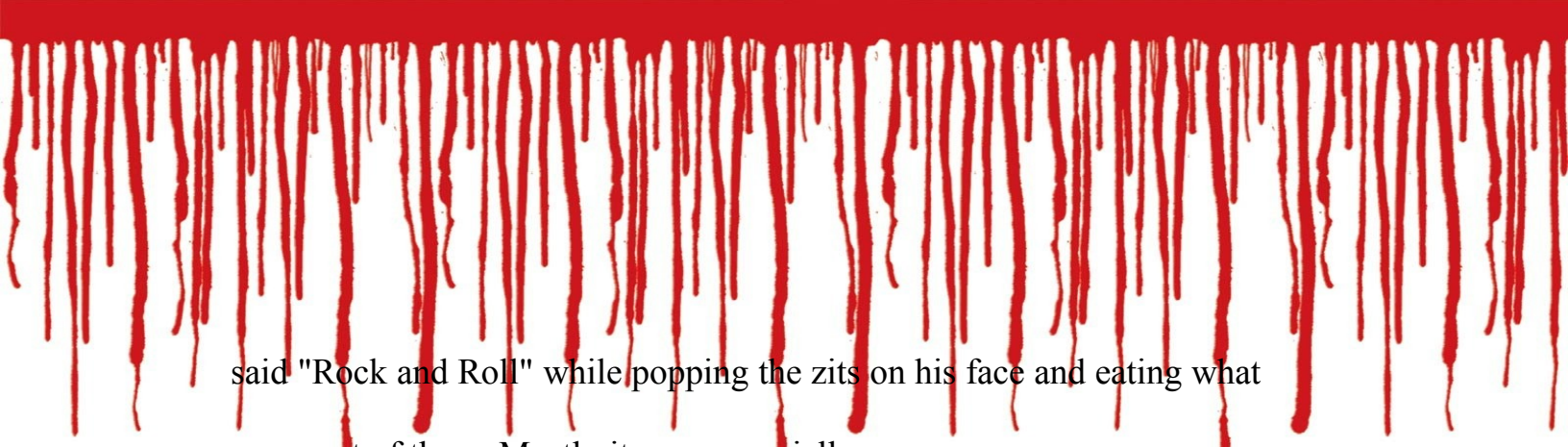
"Yep definitely no vampire's here." said TJ's ex-wife. "Now who wants to make out with me?"



Even though Bobby was hanging from a cross he was still able to enjoy the buffalo wings and had an uncomfortable erection from the thought of jamming stale meat into someone's ex-wife.

TJ heard the commotion from his slumber on the ceiling. He was in bat form but was still able to do coke bumps off his little wings. It was cute really. A bat doing coke, then talking way to much about things no one but bats cared about- his wingspan and stuff like that. But as he heard that his whore of an ex-wife was about to get it on he swooped down and turned into his less desirable human form.

"See what i was saying about the complete and total lack of vampires?" said TJ's ex wife as she turned into a cloud of mist which TJ then snorted. Then TJ began snorting everything in the room. Things people really shouldn't snort- limes, olives, wood polish, floor cleaner, the rash from the neck of the hostess bitch, small electronics, the war of 1812, Kng Louis VIII, the primordial ooze, until finally all of existence was wiped out, snorted into TJ's mole covered nostrils Then he looked up and with one deep breath he

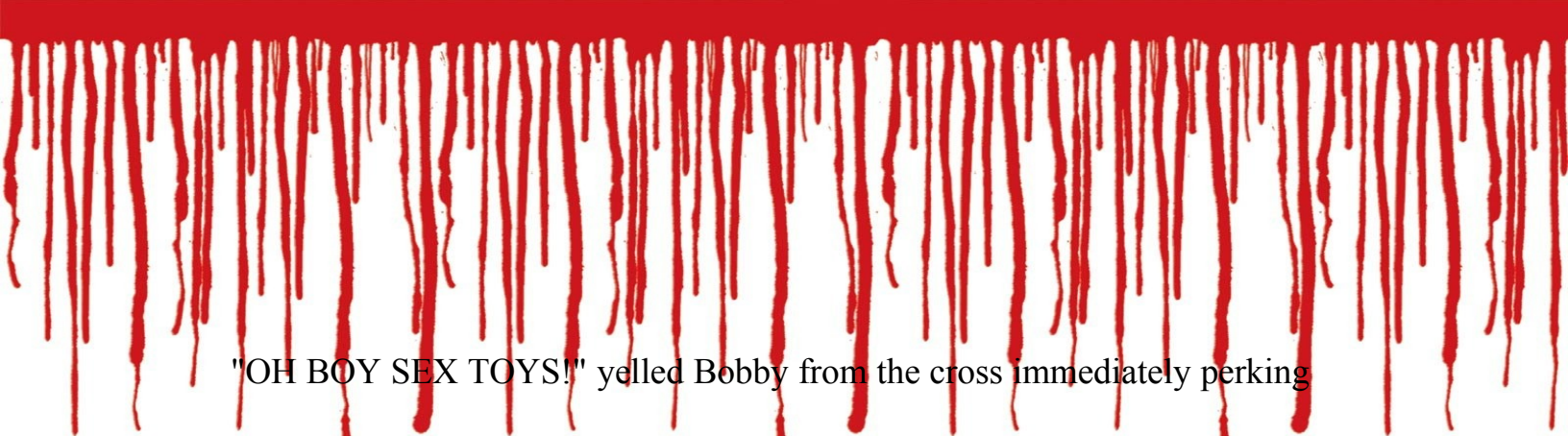


said "Rock and Roll" while popping the zits on his face and eating what came out of them. Mostly it was grape jelly.

I forgot what this chapter is about.

Jo Jo the talking bible who was not a character in this book said, "Lo and behold for here comes the son of Bethlehem." Well let me tell you Wacky the sheep was not pleased at all with this new turn of events. and neither was Bobby who was still dead and crucified, but that's the thing about turning into a vampire...

"Dildos!" yelled the overweight woman who enter the bar wearing a pink sweat suit and way, way, way too much makeup. "Hi," she continued completely ignoring the fact that the room was full of vampires and there was some almost dead protagonist nailed to a crucifix "My name is Mary Beth and I'm a traveling sex toy seller!"



"OH BOY SEX TOYS!" yelled Bobby from the cross immediately perking up despite his massive blood loss. You see bobby was a vampire who loved sex toys.

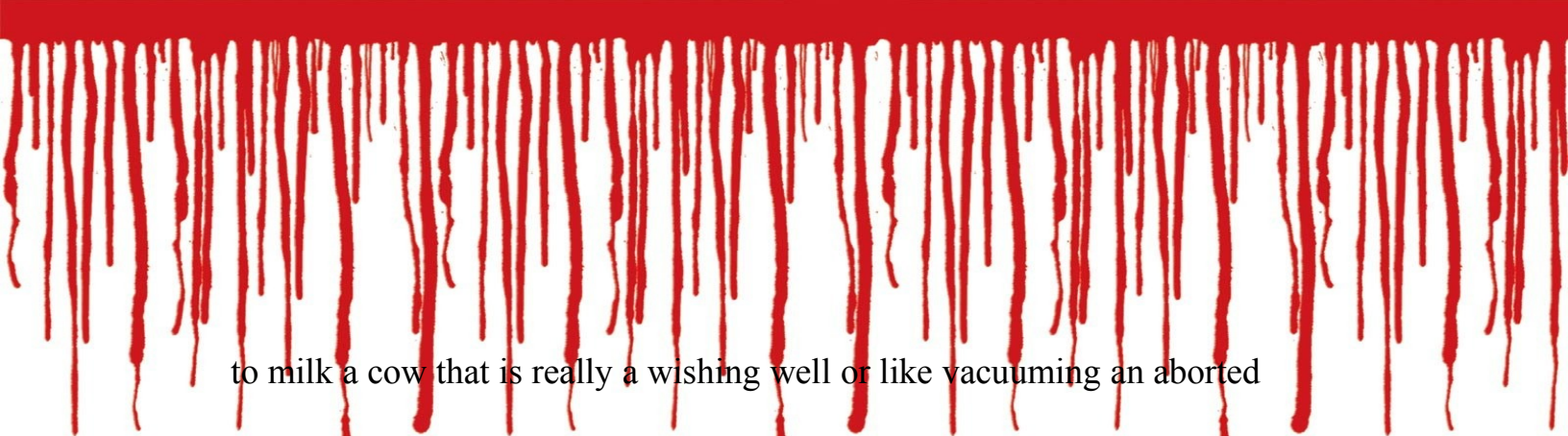
"Can i please have some yogurt?" asked dead Nixmary Brown "Or at least a printer cartridge?"

"Wait I am a vampire now?" said Bobby.

"This shower sure is cold." Nixmary retorted.

Retored the Tortoise got instantly jealous. Maybe not make bobby a vampire just yet? I mean this is a 1000 page novel. Retorded the tourtoise agreed.

"Lube." mumbled the sex toy lady as she realized she was alone in this cruel world. She then took out a 3 foot long double sided black dildo with extra grip for maximum penetration, stuck one up her cootch and the other in her asshole. She then started making a motion that would look most like trying



to milk a cow that is really a wishing well or like vacuuming an aborted feces out a really hard to reach area, like the couch cushions. Retort the tortoise would not stop watching her and masturbating. Ever seen a turtle masturbate? Now, that's a disgusting image.

Just then the sun came out leaving only Bobby (the not yet vampire) and the sex toy lady alone at the now deserted, and smelling a bit like Germany, bar.

"Well that was pointless." said the other bobby re-materializing out of thin air.

"Hey bobby where did you go?" asked crucified Bobby.

"To the store. I had to get some batteries." the other Bobby replied.

"Did you get toilet paper?" replied Bobby.

"Fuck." the other Bobby said.



"It's okay we can go out later." Bobby said to Bobby.

"Yeah we should probably get dinner soon." said Bobby.

"Hey, could you get me the fuck off this cross?"