



Freakshow at the Carnal Carnival
MC Radiance

Published: 2004

Tag(s): experimental fiction psychedelic erotica

Part 1

In the service of intergalactic freedom! In a worldwide circus for grown ups, we are uniting in the Zone! Yeah. You are all welcome tonight.

And who-o-o-o-o-o-o is this first fellow? Must be the Rebel Musician! A Genii who has been around since the beginning of time.

His strength is in Being in his being, centered within his own sound. In the Zone. On the sand of the Center Ring! Let's hear what he has to say:

"How long have I been marooned here, ladies and gentlemen? My magic carpet deposited me upon this lovely beach, here on the island of the Giddybiwenches."

Above his head, in a silver outfit, perched high up on a trapeze behind two big, glowing red eyeball capsules, it is Baroness Serpente Charmante! How has she been keeping? Indeed, she has fallen far since her high society days. She has even been known to dance on crushed beer bottles (ouch!) as a reminder.

As the Genii watches, she drops down from the trapezes, summersaults and alights gracefully in the sand. Then into the shallow waters of a baby pool she prances, for she is of jester class! And loves to juggle appliances.

"Hey, don't juggle your hair dryer over the water, lady, it's still plugged in!" yells an assistant, unplugging it.

"How will I ever escape this delightful torture?" wonders the Genii. The beat goes on. What is the Genii up to? "I use my music to synchronize things around here. Until they feel the moist groove inside their flesh, under their skins. It's true! Cuz when the Giddybiwenches feel a bit naughty they want me... to keep time, that is."

This electric musician is circulating chi inside the Big Top, he is rippling with clout! The tribal musicians who are backing him up start kicking in. The waves of sonic power go echoing through the canvas of the tent, echoing, echoing into endless space... as the Genii picks up his axe.

"They also seem rather fond of this 6-stringed delirium device. Guitar! To open hearts, and spirit them afar."

"Ooo, that Genii! He's still so dreamy," the Baroness giggles between juggles.

"The Giddybiwenches told me: ask and you shall receive!" says the Genii, shaking his head in disbelief, simultaneously marveling at his own guitar prowess as he rips off a few arpeggios. "I thought it was all supposed to be the other way around, you know. As a Genii, of course, I want only to be of service. I just had no idea, that my three ladies would

each prove so... tasty. Anyway, such is the difficult life of a Genii, keeping all three of them... satisfied..."

"All three of them? Alas!" The juggling Baroness mopes as she trots away: "Oh my. I could have played the flute, and he the lute! And he should have been mine: mine, mine, all mine!" She coughs, peeking back at him over her shoulder. "Oh well, I've got lost in that dream one too many times. One too many, one too many, one too many... Come on, gimpy, get thee to the bar now. Oh, wait a minute, I can't drink anymore. Well, I could order a ginger ale... Alright, maybe just ONE tequila and that's it.'

Hang on to your hats! The island of Giddybiwenches is about to unwrap another fantastic treat:

After four tequila shots in quick succession, the charming snake woman finds herself jiggling atop the bar. Her personal crowd is the crew and the midgets and the animal trainer, and they are cheering her on! She's flinging aside her 7 silvery veils one at a time. Even though each teasing veil is lifted, none of the lads gets to see any clearer... because they are all getting cross-eyed on liquor!

* * * * *

"Let me introduce myself properly to all of you sodden revelers out there anyway. I am the Genii! This tent is my Castle, and it will r-r-r-rock tonight!!!... For those who really know how to... let go... purr... I am a Genii who loves to love! How I love to make love; and I'm a fucking genius at it, that's what they tell me. Oh Genii, entertain us! they cry so pitifully. What do I do? What else can I do? Please them all, that's what I do. Please them all over... and over again. For that's what they demand of me each and every night."

Recently, this international time traveler has left his Genii flying carpet in storage. He has decided to avoid the elitism of jet setters and high flyers and VIP rooms. Instead, he's out on the floor, off in the lobby, down on the streets, wherever, mingling with the regular folk.

Like a panther, this Genii is basking in the Brand New. In creation. He's integrating racial tasks with racial masks. He's the new leader of modern culture (when reporters ask).

Today's rehearsal displays the result of his multi-cultural efforts.

And in his private room discussions? He's balancing the sun and the moon hands of his pleasure mission... Like he's got a dynamite daytime

strategy in the one hand, and in the other, he's got an explosive nocturnal vision.

And now he, too, juggles the two of 'em!

Look, here comes Fraulein Inga, and Ms. Tonga, too.

"G'day, g'day, g'day!" The Genii's voice is a foghorn sometimes.

"Are you ready for us, Genii?"

"Does a dog like attention, Ms. Tonga?"

The girls wave at the now nude Baroness to come down off the bar and join the rehearsal. The Baroness however takes a last minute detour back into the costume room while Inga is whispering something in the Genii's ear.

"Fraulein Inga wants us to have a juggling party! Tonight? With me?? Fabulous!! Ah, the bones of the dead will gyrate upon the clouds," the Genii predicts as if he were sitting on a clairvoyant throne.

He likes to poeticize for the Giddybi-jokers...

"Here, Genii, sit down and let me settle your djembe between your strong and sexy thighs, Genii," says Fraulein Inga. "There, is that comfortable?" She lowers her voice and runs her fingernails down his chest. "We went your root... energy to grow and be amplified by your big, throbbing drum. OK! Girls, it looks like today's first ménage is about to begin!"

Ease back, ladies. Time to warm up.

The djembe solos itself under the magician's waving hands. It throbs in primal urges of blood and muscle and nerves.

In time to the beat, Baroness Serpente Charmante re-emerges from the costume shop and sidles up to, and then past, her two female partners in crime.

At the edge of the sand there is a catwalk extending over the wading pool: she vaults up onto it. She slinks along, flaunting her newest costume: a double-breasted suit of gold lame buttoned only at the navel, with her world-famous python, Boa Jangles, wrapped around her neck.

The Baroness smirks and sashays her way toward the phallic pole sculpture at the end of the runway.

Now the crowd can see that she has Native American blood...just look at that smooth bronze skin tone.

“Welcome the Delta Devore Dance Demons! Give them a hand ladies and gentlemen...” urges the equally bronze Genii. The Baroness bumps and grinds through the applause.

In the distance there is a strange rumble of thunder between beats. Ms. Tonga and Ms. Inga look at each other. A storm.

“Do you think it might knock out the lights?”

“I don’t know. Do you really think the band should stay plugged in if it gets any closer?”

“Twill be entertaining, one way or another!” whispers the cavalier Genii to them, before continuing to address his audience once more with his grand voice: “Secondly, a good day and guten tag to lovely Fraulein Inga. Mmm mmm.”

Inga hops onstage, blond hair a-swirl above her jangling belly dancer costume. She sways her breasts in slow motion to the violon trills and the dumbek pops of an Egyptian melody. She blows a fond kiss at the admiring Genii.

“So sexy from afar, is she not? But wait, my friends, there’s even more, for it’s nearly time to swing a winning song of love along with...”

Ms. Tonga. Why she digs that Japanese geisha obi and robe is anyone’s guess. Very colorful of course.

“Yes, it is sweet Miss Tonga, the third in this little world. I bet we all could get alonga with your tongan chic. Get it? Tongue and cheek?”

The tiny rehearsal audience groans.

“She’s repping the south pacific seas, though, and wouldn’t you love to taste her milky chocolate? To lick her cake, all slathered with delicious icing... which is why I am glad she shaves regularly.”

Ms. Tonga flips him the bird.

* * * * *

The music builds in layers, melding flavors from the Middle East to the Pacific Islands and back again to Western Europe. The circus director is watching from the shadows. Dress rehearsal is going well.

The Delta Devore Dance Demons begin to gyrate together, according to the choreography they have worked out.

Another crash of thunder goes rolling across the landscape like logs caroming down a hillside.

“Super!” cries the Baroness “I adore that sound!”

The other two announce in unison: "All this lightning is charging up our vulvas!"

"All your charging up is making me weak with hunger!" responds the Genii wittily.

"Why is that, Genii!" asks Ms. Tonga. "Are you wanting to jump upon our spread-wide nobility?"

"Um...did you say NUBILITY? Like Nubian royalty?"

"Genii: we'd like to arouse your sensitivity," offers Fraulein Inga.

"As long as I get a little tit for tat. Now, ladies: this audience is dying to see more of your erotic agility... Show us what you've got!"

Each of the Delta Devore Dance Demons now peels off one more piece of her clothing, in a sensual move that exposes sweet flesh.

Then in unison they coyly curl their first fingers, motioning at the Genii, before they point at each other's 'exposures'.

"Who me?" he feigns surprise.

"Why don't you come up here and kiss some ass, Genii?"

Well, the cosmic musician loves to experiment with many, er, experiences, both near and far. Fearlessly sampling and tasting across time, tasting and sampling the finest of the fine.

So he leaps up onto the catwalk, drops to his knees in worship, and waddles, still on his Genii knees, over to the girls, ready to kiss some of the world's finest ass.

In her golden blazer and boa, The Baroness steps out of her lamé pants. Her long legs seem to go on forever.

"Ooo, what's this?" asks the Genii. "A beautiful Baroness butt to kiss? But look over there, here's another butt, a Tonga butt by an Inga but but but"

The Genii's face is now sandwiched between three pert asses, that begin to rotate, bobbling his head around.

Dizzily he tries to look around. Both his inner ear and his peripheral vision usually keep him balanced. (Coz a man in such shoes would have to find a balance, right? between his extroverted job as entertainer and his internal randy condition.)

He gets up unsteadily, taking command. He seizes Ms. Tonga's hips from behind and grinds up against her.

"I am going to stir you all... deeply!"

“Mmmmm,” murmur the trio.

He twirls over to Inga and repeats his thrusting on her derriere “...with suspense and surprise...”

He suddenly runs his hands up over her belly dancer bra.

“Ooooo.” The Dancers pretend to be surprised. He moves to Baroness Serpente Charmante.

“But without ever resorting... to lies...” The Genii suddenly whips off her gold blazer, leaving her standing there starkers, in nothing but the python of Genesis.

The other Giddybiwenches break into giant smiles. “Aaaaaah!” they agree, as applause breaks out.

“The Delta Devore Dance Demons, ladies and gentlemen!”

Fraulein Inga strips off her sparkly bra (yes, she is very proud of her mammarian section), while Ms. Tonga removes only one shy layer of her own intricate and multi-layered costume.

“I shall ride you all like surfing the waves, until you twitch like epileptics that I’ve been called to save!” exults the Genii—even as Ms. Tonga bats his hand away.

“Oooo, that sounds electrique!” counters the naked Baroness Serpente Charmante. “But first, you shall be required to catch us.”

She sprints off to the trapeze ladder and zips up it like a lemur. At the top, she laughs, rolls her special unicycle out onto the highwire, and then begins juggling some small kitchen appliances.

You would hardly know that she is tipsy from those four tequila shots...

Meanwhile, the ringmaster reminds the crowd that this juggling dame has been known to lose her concentration. “Just don’t look down from that high-wire, little lady. Whatever you do, don’t look down! Keep that unicycle rocking!”

The Genii strokes his erection through his tented-out Genii pantaloons... and Fraulein Inga squats down to get a closer look!

Mid-juggle, the Baroness waves at the catwalk dancers, as if to poo-poo all their worries. Being tipsy never prevented her from juggling!

But then she glances down (only for the briefest of moments) it is just long enough to catch one horrified glimpse: Fraulein Inga is going way, way off script! Inga’s hand is on the Genii’s manhood!

There is a massive, ear-splitting blast of thunder overhead. The lights in the Big Top go out!

In that millisecond of sheer fright, the Baroness throws all her appliances up in the air, wobbles violently as she pedals her unicycle backwards to where the platform should have been. But one of her flying machines, the egg-beater she was juggling, has smacked into a peg, clipped a cable or something equally ominous...

There is a loud click: in a darkness filled with screaming, the entire Big Top ceiling begins to fold up! It collapses like a giant jellyfish settling to the bottom of the ocean... collecting plankton people in its embrace.

* * * * *

Miraculously Baroness Serpente Charmante survives. In fact everyone survives the incident unharmed. Which is why she can't understand the fury of the circus director. Before the night is over, the bitter fool shows her the exit door!

"But it wasn't my fault...the lightning..." She grits her teeth in dismay.

"Bye bye. Don't let the screen door hit ya on the way out, honey. Don't let it hit ya where the Good Lord split ya!"

Poor Baroness Serpente Charmante. It's as if she is climbing down the ladder of power, yet again!

She trudges out to her trailer, packs her suitcase. She dons her backpack, like a tiny turtle dwelling, upon her proud shoulders. She wraps Boa Jangles around her neck, strides toward the main gate and tries to avoid looking back.

The thunderstorm's backwash outside is stinging her face with its mighty attack. Will this storm let up?

Run, run away! Think quick, think fast, but what will be her plan? She's been fired, reviled, expelled. Evicted. And now, banned? Banned!! As in "don't come back now, ya hear."

She'll have to dig deep into the charm manual to pull this off.

* * * * *

The carnies manage to get the Big Top propped up again.

Perched in front of his laptop watching some boring porno out in his trailer, meanwhile, the modern Genii musician is pulling one off as he wonders: Do I even need this circus band?

On one level, even a Genii needs colleagues: the various troopers who at least TRY to understand his beliefs. He seeds them all with his magnificent magical ideas, like a proud farmer.

And he feeds his fans, too: his troupe of tag-alongs, the special groupies whose minds all seem to come unhinged when exposed to his grown-up circus.

Especially when they manage to get themselves stuck to the musician's side (in his sideshow truck) whether for Glory or for Good Luck!!

* * * * *

The face of the Baroness goes pale with feigned shock. "Whaddya mean, I've been banned! Even by the band?"

"Face it, babe, you're just an out-of-work dancer now," the front gate bouncer states, not budging.

"Oh I am so much more than that... Oh, how could this be?"

She sucks in her breath. Getting 86ed is simply not acceptable to one of such noble birth. "Come on, just let me in...you... you beautiful stranger."

"Make me, baby. With all your strongest magic. "

"Welcome me in."

"You are, no doubt, queen of all of Hades."

"Baroness of all the faeries."

"Too bad I ain't no fairy." The bouncer puts his shades back on (because he often wears his sunglasses at night) and folds his arms solidly. "Oh Titania! Where are you? Bring down a magic wand, for if it rains again, the Baroness shall rust. This little lady needs a new shelter..."

"Don't you really mean," asks the Baroness, insinuating lust by staring at his crotch, "that it is you who are hungry for a tight little magical shelter? You and your big, manly snake? To squeeze into?" She leans forward until their bodies are almost touching. "So tight."

The bouncer's eyebrow emerges from behind his shades. "Well now. Well now! I guess that could only happen by invitation only."

The Baroness hikes up the front of her skirt and flashes him like a Catholic schoolgirl. "Consider yourself invited. The party is in my panties, baby..."

"Let's step out of the road, Baroness."

“Let’s back you up against that wall there, Max.” She plants her stiletto on the rocky wall behind him and caresses the back of his head. “You know what? I always thought you were so fine. I can hardly wait to turn you into... ooo... an orgasm volcano. Me too..”

“You do seem a bit hot and squishy tonnight.” The bouncer’s defenses are melting away fast.

“You have no idea how good this is going to feel, you lucky fuck.”

“It’s highly anticipated, for sure.” They look around to see if they are indeed alone, but the crew is all on the far side of the grounds.

“I can feel your cock throbbing, baby. Ooo. It feels magnificent.”

“That’s an ampellang. Piercing I got in the Philippines.”

“That makes me even hotter. Show me, show me!”

The seduced bouncer, backed into a corner, feels his now exalted manhood sliding up between her thighs, into her lips. But does he know that she is also an Anemone?

No. No, he cannot feel her anemone stings! for he interprets them as flashes of lightning and rushes of endorphins.

She lets him in, until he fills her with his hot lava. And since fair is fair, he will reciprocate by letting her back in the circus gate... and he’ll tell all the guys about this hot lover later on.

* * * * *

It’s time to finish up the rehearsal. High and dry inside, here comes the avant-garde Genii. He stands for his guitar solo! Check out his meditation pose as a hellion: he’s balanced up on one foot, atop the Human Pyramid Bicycle act as it pedals around the Center Ring. What a feat.

He looks like an alien!

Frankly, he’s showing us his desire to blow. Chunks? No... Just his desire to blow up any old boring music, any old ego-driven status quo.

The acrobatic Genii will enjoy evolving alongside this talented troupe into more of a Producer role. Do you even have to ask why? He can’t help but seize creative control, so he loves to keep riding that exciting creative rollercoaster... where crazy ideas flow like water.

From atop the Bicycle Pyramid he shouts: “Yo, I have an idea! Imagine this! Why don’t we have 12 girls doing cartwheels inside flaming hoops, rolling in opposite directions around our metal Furnace of Soul?! Oh, baby, I am good.” He leaps to the ground. “Great job, everyone. See you tomorrow! Now, Fraulein Inga, about that juggling party later tonight...”

* * * * *

Damn. The Baronness was THIS close to breaking into the Genii's trailer. But she couldn't spring the lock. Plus, he could return any second.

Her desire for him is ready to burst into flame, yet she must stay controlled. She's got to summon the Genii's support in order to get her job back, or she will be ruined. Her heart is doing pushups inside another's chest! And on the chest, an explosive timer is ticking. Will the Genii want to cross the owner just for her sake?

How will she have time to rescue her heart, and pass her next big test? How will she make them all understand why she is indeed The Best? A born aristocrat! A veritable goddess!

"Toodle-oo..." she mumbles to no one in particular as she crosses a deserted parking lot. Her bones ache, her voicebox is crushed from the pain of rejection. That's when she hears bizarre party noises emerging from Inga's trailer.

She edges over to the trailer window and peeks in.

"Oh! I hope you no nasty Robin Hood? You're not some genius gold digger going to milk my bank account, are you?"

Fraulein Inga and the Genii are sucking face on the couch inside.

"No, Scouts honor!" Of course, the Genii knows Inga ain't that rich.

"Good." She finishes removing her belly dancer outfit. "I wonder how long it would take us to record something permanent, something we could take to market?"

"Not long, baby. Not long at all, my sweet."

"Fraulein Inga is feeling inspired to perform today. To perform for posterity! O, Ms. Tonga? Bring us that new camcorder from the closet, darling."

The Baronness stops breathing. They're both in there!

Ms. Tonga returns to the couch just as Inga is straddling the Genii's lap, ready to fuck his Trailblazer. And inside her mind, Inga is on the beach in Maui, warm waves lapping around her ankles... thank God her favorite friend is already hard as rock in her hands.

She digs her heels in, slides his cock into her with a sudden cry like now she is taking off on thundering hooves into the waves! Consciously she leans forward in the saddle. That way, Ms. Tonga can catch all the buttock-bouncing action on videotape, while pacing the narrow corridor behind them.

Inga feels like she is racing down the shallows of the Rhine, loving the spray of the river waters in her hair. She is heading for an ancient castle, like all those years ago. Many lifetimes ago, many lessons of acrobatic sex ago—she mastered lovemaking on horseback at full gallop through the woods of wildness!

She and the Genii fuck and cry out in medieval delight.

“Pssst. Don’t sweat it Baroness,” coughs a second bouncer, spotting her on tiptoe at the window. She whips around, her face burning up with shame and envy.

The bouncer continues walking, having a solitary puff down the wet lane.

The Baroness is so flustered she can’t even muster a response.

Slowly she regains her composure. The other trailers are silent. Who do I need to be next?

So many different mirrors of identity, what are they for? So many masks to wear, just choose one already.

Pretend that nothing is wrong...

Baroness Serpente Charmante sits down on Inga’s trailer stoop, her stomach churning. She listens to Inga and Ms. Tonga getting more and more excited, only a few feet behind her head.

That should be me in there!

The small quiet voice in her head offers some chill advice: “So many sounds to explore, Baroness. Just listen instead to those Big Top walls—Hear that? That’s Music, y’all! Inside are those multi-dimensional musicians who have always been around. The dance floor clowns! Who be bringing on da funk and help us all be getting do-own.”

Yeah, good idea, forget this Inga trailer. The Baroness wonders which of the other musicians might put her up for a night or two until she can smooth things over with the owner.

While props are being put away, the Baroness sneaks back into the main plaza again. In one side tent she stumbles across some crew workmen clog-dancing on their break:

“Ahem! You all dance divinely,” she offers.

“Baroness? What are you doing here again? Boom shakalalakaboom shakalaka (repeat) Everybody! Boom shaka boom shakalak shockalotta, and stretch...”

“Oi, watch it there. You nearly stepped right on my toe,” she spits under her breath at the nearest carnie. “Ya big apeman!”

“Piss off, freak. What are you doing back here anyway? Didn’t you get fired?”

“Who are you calling a freak? Like you’re so Normal.”

“Bitch! Go back to clown school, ya big klutz.”

She looks over her shoulder. She can almost picture her dream guy, that freaky Genii of a musician, whizzing past in a blur. Then she pictures Inga and Ms. Tonga crawling all over him like flies on shit. And to think she considered them her best friends...

No! No she can’t let those two get away with this usurpation of her plans!

She feels sickly compelled to return to the scene of the crime. She wafts back over to Inga’s trailer window again.

Through the curtain she focuses on the Genii’s face this time. He is an older fellow, but he is still a rebel. He just can’t seem to wear the cape of Everyday Slipperman. Conservative? Not at all.

I know how he is. There’s no way he’s going to comfort me. He’s just a polygamist. He’s just a pagan man.

“So ‘ho’ are you feeling now, you bad bad genii?” inquires Inga.

She and Ms. Tonga are laughing, reviewing their homemade efforts at video erotica, and cuddling between takes.

“Oh ja, look at this part.” Inga swings the camera monitor around so he can share. “Very nasty.”

Ms. Tonga claps her hands like a mad pixie, dancing around her girlfriend. “Okay, okay, my turn, my turn!”

“Yes. Your turn, Ms. Tonga Trampoline,” concurs the Genii, patting his welcoming lap.

Inga helps the somewhat doubtful Ms. Tonga slide out of her Japanese robe.

“My turn behind the camera!” adds Inga. “Oh goodie!”

Ms. Tonga has gotten very moist from watching all this action.

“I will be your Ra,” declaims the Genii. “I will warm you up like the midday sun, Ms. Tonga.”

“You be one sista-fucking genii,” she answers.

“Would you play with my golden honeyrod?”

“So long as you eat my wet mango...”

Inga feels like a rave is going on in her head now. “Party peacocks in the house say yay-oh!” she chants like she’s a big time DJ. “Whoot-whoot!”

“Yay oh!” the other two respond.

The Genii and Ms. Tonga start to pretzel their naked selves into the most acrobatic 69 they can think of.

“In charge and livin’ large. Prosperity for you and me, praise be!” The Genii whistles as his rod disappears into Ms. Tonga’s mouth. Then he buries his face in her mango pulp.

“Damn him,” mutters the Baroness. “Curse his whole scene.” Unless... unless... No, I couldn’t. Oh, alright. Maybe I can.”

She swallows her pride and reaches for Inga’s trailer door handle.

* * * * *

At first our unicycling Baroness fears that the Genii will be overwhelmingly annoyed.

But he doesn’t blame her for what she did during the thunderstorm. He’d long forgotten the whole crazy incident in fact. And her rapid return was exactly what his Genii intuition had predicted.

“Join the party, Baroness! Come on, all you luscious ladies! Three cheers for your genii-ass!” He hands the camcorder to the Baroness. “There you go. The red button is Record.”

“Mmmmy ass.” Ms. Tonga’s eyes glaze over.

“Sure, baby, Ra if you prefer can put it in behind... if that is what you like tonight. Then I shall be the god Ram, and give you the best ramming ever!”

Ms. Tonga lets the Genii take her in the ass. He starts to rhyme:

“Ram Ram, ya personal electric starta

No mere video mirage from Jakarta

Butter Flesh too,

electrifying you

From a psychedelic Bedouin tent in da sky

Ya goddesses flaps got to be held open wide

Ya, you feel so fucking good, oh my!

Hey Inga?”

"Yes, Ram?"

"I dub you 'Lauren.'"

"Why so?" she giggles, staring up at his wondrous eyes.

"Because you are Lauren Savoir-Labia, of course!" he winks.

She groans at the terrible pun, but understands his secret drift. Ms. Tonga's pussy is in need of a knowledgeable female tonguing even while he is busy stretching out her ass with new pleasures.

The Baroness' hands are shaking. She tries to get a grip and hold the camera steady.

Inga licks that South Pacific pussy from her Tongan clit down to his Genii shaft, wondering:

Who is this guy, really? Like a femme fatale, except he's an homme fatal.

He's a panther. He's a lover. He's a Pan Thanker. He's pagan. He's a musical laughing Krishna.

"Okay we got to swap again, baby," begs Ms. Tonga finally, lost for breath.

So Fraulein Inga climbs back onboard the god-child, the man-beast with the never-ending erection. She spirals her rump down onto his Eros trailblazer, down to the nub. What a feeling.

"Oh thank you Ms. Tonga, you know I just love your lady lumps Or rather, you are all fine like uncorked Beaujolais wine," interjects the Genii.

Ms. Tonga tries to get elliptically eloquent: "This joe has got the camel aura... that us ursa majoras... can't wait-a for-a."

"Yeah, like that Ms. Tonga. Watch out now, Genii, my pussy is cumming to get you again!"

And soon Inga's gasping orgasmic yelps come spilling forth.

"How's it all looking on the video, Baroness?" the Genii asks.

At that very moment, they realize that the Baroness is in mid-trauma, desperately trying to hold back her tears. The Geniii is shocked.

"Ah, but we have all been so terribly selfish, have we not, ladies?" apologizes the Genii. "Ms. Tonga, take the camera away. Fraulein Inga, you and I are now going to make our favorite snake charmer feel like not just a Baroness, but like the most beautiful Queen in the whole world! A

queen of the night, who twirls galaxies with her mind, a queen of the earth and a rider on the snake of sensuality!"

So they set to stroking her luxurious hair; they brush the wet droplets from her eyelids. They touch her gently, and she is much too drained to resist...

Moreover, this intimacy is most of what her soul really needed. This is why she banged that gross bouncer a couple of hours ago! Of course she wants her job back and needs a place to sleep, but still... first things first.

Four hands go roaming across every acre of her landscape, smoothing away the pains, healing the frustrations...

...until the aching desire to be satisfied properly begins to burn inside her, opening her heart and opening her thighs once more.

The Genii is observant.

Sloppy seconds for everyone tonight, well now, I wonder where she has just been...

Inga's lips fondle and bite her nipples. The Baroness even feels Ms. Tonga massaging her legs and feet. The watery relaxation mixes with the burning flame of need. An eager sparkle is returning to her eye as the gentle Genii climbs above her, and offers to merge their bodies together.

She finally manages to say what she is thinking:

"Thank you. Thank you all! Please don't stop." She bucks her hips up to meet his, and when he plunges in, she places her hands on his butt to hold him as deep as she can.

The Baroness is growing horny and riding her own rollercoaster like a writhing snake, twisting into a series of involuntary poses. The beast in her begins to howl and shiver, roar and squeal. The impending orgasm barely subsides before it rolls into the next one!

This is what I wanted oh so badly!

She finally holds up her hand, and cries uncle. She breathes, wide-eyed, panting, looking from one set of compassionate eyeballs to the next around the trailer. Her friends. Her lovers.

One final set of shudders surges through her. Smiling, she passes out.

* * * * *

Later, they thread their way back from Inga's trailer to the musician's trailer. Everyone will forgive and reminisce tonight.

Together, they laugh at his baby pictures. Look at that little scrub, smiling so cute in his tiny rainbow-striped bubble bath tub. Even then you could tell he was going to be a Genii...

The stars rotate around the North Pole. Inside the trailer, a joint gets passed around.

"Can you believe that was him, Inga? What a life," drawls the Baroness.

"What a journey..." corrects Inga.

Climbing the pine tree in Rockefeller center to become king of the freaks could have made him a Letterman guest. But what would have come? Contracts? Books? Movies? More freaky songs? Or simply hot air...

The narcotized musician cares a lot. "Whatevrrrr. Everybody you have to go away now. I need my sleep."

"Hey, hey, HEY! Whatsa matter, sulky face? Are you tired of being spoiled?" asks Ms. Tonga.

"Just go fuck away. Gotta sleep." He is drained from his orgasms. And his fuzzy musician senses tell him that three interventionist friends are closing around him like piranhas.

"Oh, did you get fed up, huh? With all of us who been pampering you too much, huh? Excuse us for messing up the schedule, Mister Genii ass!" Ms. Tonga announces: "Girls? Let's go. My trailer. Baroness, darling, you sleep with me tonight."

* * * * *

Next day under the Big Top, the Equestrienne Lady (otherwise known as Fraulein Inga) has finished her horseback belly-dancing routine. She starts to head for the stables.

The Baroness is in her civvies, lurking underneath the stands, chewing on her lip.

O, Bollocks! I've had enough indecision! Tis time to throw away my pride and turn my back on luxury malls! I must forget about the poncey princes of my youth. I am just going to have to learn to swim with the toads of the road, without getting hammered to the gills first... And that bouncer from last night has probably spread his story all around by now.

"Ribbit, ribbit, rabbit," spits a psychic stagehand nearby.

"Move aside, boy!" she waves her hand imperiously and steps out as if she were briskly passing through.

“Hey, baby, how many u kissed this week?”

Fraulein Inga yells, “You leave her alone, Dinky!”

“Neigh neigh, horsey mama, I will not!” the stagehand mocks back.

“FUUUUUUUUUUCK YOU!” screams Inga, running over to her girlfriend’s assistance. “SHUT UP YOU MOTHER-FUCKING FROG, JUST... Oh, hi, it’s you, Mr. Star of the Show...”

She is stopped short, for The Genii is standing in the doorway. His usually tolerant eyebrow doesn’t seem to want to come back down either.

Inga apologizes some more: “Sorry about that racket just now. I was not meaning to scare anyone.”

His eyebrow is still arched high. Inga continues, “Um...um... I had a wonderful night last night, and did I mention I just love your aftershave?”

The Baroness sees her chance to convey the seriousness of her own predicament. She elbows the equestrienne aside.

“Hi! Hey Genii, you’re the star of the band and I know how the director listens to you, do you think you could ask him something for me? Wait... wait... why are you backing away? I said WAIT UP... Okay. Fine, just walk away, you fucking... HEY! You better listen up when I’m TALKIN to you! Hey! Want me to tell everyone you RAPED me?”

The musician stops dead in his tracks, as does everyone nearby. He waits 7 seconds then spins round like a fierce sergeant.

The Baroness, unexpectedly, breaks into a huge smile. She waves her hand bye-bye, tootle-oo, and then strolls gaily out of the tent.

The stunned Genii turns back around, very slowly and deliberately avoiding the many shocked and questioning stares all around him. He’s fuming! and probably going to go look for the security guys.

What did she just say?? “Rape”? Is that blackmail or what? I was going to help her get her job back anyway, but now... Is this what I get for treating her like a queen? Like a goddess? “Rape”?

His musical cochlea couldn’t have heard right.

* * * * *

The weeks go by, and, although it’s hard to believe, the juggling unicyclist a.k.a. Baroness has somehow wrangled herself another steady spot on the team. She leaves a wake of gossip behind her.

“She’s got a restraining order against the bassist.”

“Well, hey, that’s ass-backwards! Against the bassist now? Oh my God! But she was the one who was hitting on him!”

The Genii, meanwhile, is sinking into a minor depression.

Why, God? What did I do to deserve all the bullshit I have to wade through just to share my music? Our damn circus owner. Ever since I helped the Baroness get her job back, the director has been taking it out on me. He thinks he knows better than a Genii what the audience wants to hear! Ridiculous! Of course, he knows nothing of music, but that isn’t stopping him from constantly interfering and wanting to change the whole show around. It really makes a boy just want to run away from the circus. It really makes me want to crawl back into my bottle.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

“Hey Genii,” says Pogo the drummer between songs one night. “Is all your bark trying to paper over your lack of bite? Maybe it is that ache, that gnawing uncertainty that is getting to you, and that’s what makes you swear bloody murder in the middle of the night? I mean, what if... what if Herr Director is actually right?”

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

It’s bitching time for the antagonized rebel musician, sequestered in his dressing room after everyone has left.

The voices in my head won’t stop pestering me! Who are you really? Where do you want to go? What are your goals? Project your voice more clearly! Now, who are you gonna be today?

For a Genii, it’s all quite disconcerting.

* * * * *

But that night he has a dream that puts him back into a fantastic mood: a dream in which he answers to no man.

The fabulous Genii finds himself in the future. Out on a beach, of course, because for some reason it’s always on a beach. Amid a growing bevy of immaculate, lustful Giddy-biwenches.

“You all inspire me!” He raises his palms to the dream sky. “Thank you Jah Jah, thank you for these houris!”

Multi-talented sheilas who desire him, who fire him up, who chant rhymes of worship to his proud cock:

Illustrious! Star Phallus! Wand of lust and light!

Won't you please nose in
Under our excitable skin
For sharing is our ultimate delight!

Oh gosh o gracious. It's like he's come out of the bottle for the first time, like he's busting out of hibernation. Bear-healing honeypots are arriving by sea, by air, by forest, by train, by limo, by foot even.

They circle around him, a ring of amazing beauties. The Creator's ultimate triumph: diversity! 72 in all. They come clustering around him, from every direction, just to get closer to his spectacle. Every color of skin and hair and eyes. Every kind of dress and make-up imaginable.

We come from every land
We come to make our stand
By sharing in your energy, genii man!
In a genius model gangbang...
We hope you will not mind and
We hope you will truly understand

Lots and lots of lucky honeypots all waiting to be dipped into by you know who? Oh, he understands all right.

The Baroness Serpente Charmante is there in his dream. She steps from the crowd and touches his face. "Looks like you are in for a long lifetime of slippery fun, my love. To be stroked and licked on a sweet, ever-flowing trip. I hope you are up to it, papa."

"WHOOOOA!" The Genii unleashes an unholy howl, and the circle applauds. Delight for one becomes delight for all.

"Oo, I love loud appreciation," adds Fraulein Inga. "Now. Let us begin the ceremony. Who wants to be first?"

The women cry out as if ready to burst, straining breasts, reaching hands.

We are your jigglers
If you'll be the gigolo!
So give us what we need
Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

And now the Genii, as had been foretold, begins to clone himself before their very eyes. Dividing and subdividing his energy into 72 Sub-Geniis.

Each Sub-Genii sweeps a different woman off her feet.

Each Sub-Genii seems to know what is in the heart of that woman, about her joys and pains, her challenges and needs and fantasies, about how she wants to be touched, how hard or soft to treat her, how slow or fast to grind her into ecstasy.

Each Sub-Genii gives himself completely and utterly to the divine task, until all 72 ladies know not where any being begins or the next ends.

Lo! The Genii experiences all this joy, for it is funneling back into his core. As he savors it, and knows it to be good, he realizes that it is an exquisite gift from the Creator to benefit all humanity. So he channels the summed energy out through his crown chakra, in waves that ripple forth until they swallow the entire earth.

But his task is not over! No, not by a long shot. This ceremony for the Giddybiwenches will have to be repeated once a week for all eternity, in order to replenish the earth's force-field and destroy negativity. Just imagine!

During subsequent dream ceremonies, the Genii is happy to note that the women are turning more and more to each other for love and reassurance... and for other kinds of stimulation that a man can never give.

* * * * *

The next town holds a booker with a surprise for the Genii.

"Where's that damn résumé, kid?"

"Oh, hi, Mr. Jackson, here's my bio. I'm super-talented!"

"You think you're so cool, but I am way cool-ah than you, kid."

"Cooler than me The Genii? Oh really? You are dreaming."

Er, a little distraction right about now, that would be nice. A safety valve for the Genii's suddenly boiling feelings.

"I ain't dreaming. I knows all bout you, kid. Your director called ahead and warned me all bout you and your side project. What are you doing, trying to break up his band? I went ahead and listened to your press kit anyway; and frankly, you suck. Uh huh. Nobody's gonna want to listen to that weird ass shit. I ain't booking it. Now. Wanna make somethin' of it?"

It is good to have a solid alternative when the gate-keepers get too rough or too shady. But our multi-talented circus musician, who is representing intergalactic humanoids everywhere, has no choice but to bluff.

“Sure, pisstank, I’ll make something of it. If you had any brains, you would go ahead and ride MY coattails, coz I’m the one who’s got the laurels. So don’t be sitting there hassling me with all of your ego-tripping morals.”

Bad call.

The enemy has double-decker fists. He is built like a fortress. “Pisstank? You call ME pisstank?” the booker echoes incredulously. “You skinny little ugly ass pig-fucking wannabe...”

[Sh! Let these brutal waves of sound wash past! Do not take them to heart, Genii, for such waves turn into particles that accelerate into a fat fist assault.]

Pow! The booker launches a blow anyway.

The Genii reels from the first cheap shot. “Ouch! Hey, Mr. Bigshot, you hit me!” But more follow. “Ow, ow! Cut it out!”

Bam! Amid the flurry of punches, one right hook from the booker catches the retreating musician flatfooted, and he catches it squarely in the jaw.

The Genii is dropped cold! TKO! & nosebleed from the linoleum.

“Pisstank 1, asshole 0,” says the ghoulish booker, gloating. “Get your friend to haul yer ass back downstairs and then get lost, kid.”

* * * * *

Like when a high diver tries to win a bet by swan diving into the shallow pool, and only cracks his skull instead.

Shouldn’t have bluffed. When will I learn!

Pogo the drummer and circus band driver grabs a skimmer and scoops up his pal. The Genii’s not a very, very strong swimmer after all, is he... Just another under-appreciated musician, slumped in the back seat of a minivan.

“You know what, dude? All the carnies think of you as a pushover. Don’t shoot the messenger, I’m just lettin’ ya know.”

As the Genii dries out later, it’s weird how that scene with Mr. Bigshot still burns. Scalds his sense of play, chars his sense of justice even. It makes him want to hang up his peaceful Genii ways, even today. Those stinging words hover in the Genii’s mind like diamonds with razor sharp edges.

* * * * *

One night, the Baroness' frustration has left her feeling exhausted and empty—even in Ms. Tonga's soft and comforting arms. She prays for sleep.

After the Sandman enters, though, she has a nipple-stiffening dream about Revenge and such.

In her dream is Halva the Magician, a woman who wrestles the Greatest of Wands!

And there are also many men, many men of all shapes and sizes that begin crowding into her dream.

But Halva will not break her focus for them. She is Intent on making magick, intent on pulling rabbits from invisible hats, on forever speaking in riddles and parables and metaphors.

For example, Halva shall create a magical superhighway between Saturn and Earth, right through the middle of a few asteroids, with maybe some Mars parking lots too.

Don't laugh. And look, here's more magic:

With the Assistance of Cronus, the Ancient Father of Zeus, Her spells will CAST Her far from the grip of black market computers, on spinning whirlwinds. Her gothic trance takes her to a rocky precipice from which she can survey the entire world, and see all the angry commuters. All that road rage, all that gridlock, all pent up as far as Her third eye can see...

But none of the alpha males in the dream are interested in Her prophetic visions, or silky black mirror rituals.

"Duh... Give us more beer! Lead us not into thinking too hard. Forgive us baby, for we are all just regular guys. Anybody seen that bag of candy?"

Halva, the center of attention, tries to fend them off with humor, "I am sure you fellows enjoy headbanging yourselves into a smelly mess, do you not? You will need some Ronny James Dio-odorant..."

They're not laughing. They scowl. They don't even get it.

"That was a joke," she points out. The male circle growls louder.

"You making fun of us, lady?"

"Wait! Everybody please step back. Please, please don't attack. I'm a lover not a fighter. Repeat, I am a lover."

She stares the crowd of men straight in the eye. How many of them are there?

Halva the Dream Magician pictures 2 different outcomes to this scenario. The first one goes like this:

“Relax, lover,” a member of the male gender offers soothingly. “We are also lovers, not fighters. Release your fears and preconceptions. Let loving apeman explain nicely.”

In her dream, the Baroness (as Halva) imagines this guy gently touching her breasts.

She feels suddenly hot. She notes that her robe is quickly melting right off her body! “Wow, Magician woman,” continues the apeman, “you are a Phoenix rising! You are like fire itself! What a magnificent body you have!”

“Yeah, dude, look, she’s so fuckin’ hot.” says another.

“She’s turning into a fire tornado! We better boink her now before she gets away.”

“Let’s do her, right here, right now, man.”

What!! VIOLENCE? and no romantic violins?

“Okay bitch, stop that magical spinning. Whatever happens now, you better not tell anyone, or we will hunt you down and kill you.”

Halva’s fear of men suddenly explodes into a huge fireball! The landscape is reduced to smoky embers...

Halva the Magician quickly switches over to scenario #2: the one where she is the paid stripper at an organized bachelor party.

The frat president is getting the rest of the boys worked up.

“Go Lakers! Party animals in the house! Listen up guys. We don’t know whether to cry or high five, because our buddy here is getting ready to tie the knot! Boo-hoo! Please ya’ll!! Try to hold down the demented laughter!! Tonight is this man’s last chance for fun, guys! We got enough dark and light and dry and ice (beer, that is), so hey! Are we all ready? Let’s bring her out. You paid for her, you know she’s gonna be great, please welcome our exotic dancer, Halva!”

Halva flounces to the center of the circle of frat boys. She notices that they are from every race, every land; of every shape and size. She waits for them to pipe down.

“Hi guys! We’re here to have fun tonight, so no touching, and remember,” she adds while she begins her striptease, “this dumb-cunt stunt that I’m about to do? It’s an old tradition. Like Action movies. You know what I mean?”

All the fraternity gangbangers return to hootin' and hollerin' and drooling hungrily for Her smooth young curves. They barely even hear her talking, never mind understand:

"You should thank your Hollywood god!" she continues over the racket, "for the rebirth of ANY action out of the ashes of the mundane, the usual..."

She shouts the next part. "You know! Out of frozen misery... boring static... stagnation... bitter SILENCE..."

Tick. Tock. Suddenly nobody is talking except the clock.

"Ha! That's better, I couldn't even hear the music I'm to dance to." She bristles and scans the room coldly. "Do you guys not have anything left to say now? Are you speechless now, boys?" she snipes.

In the dream, a Genii appears in the frat doorway and says: "Calm down, babydoll, and check out my dangling banana cock. I mean, clock. Look! It reads: any hour is good. That's right, sweetie. All the lessons of time can be a tasty mouthful. Just like sucking on fruit, pretty mama. Right?"

Halva the Magician dissolves into a smiling party girl, she tosses away the last of her clothing. It's playtime, and she just wants to dance!

Laughter returns to the room, until it runs thick like guava pulp!

The frat gangbangers close ranks behind the Genii, absolutely fixated on her pussy. Do they really want to lick my twat that bad? Do they want to suck out their fill of my insides? Drain my life essence?

Suddenly, the frat boys in the dream all turn into hyenas!

Halva is a fearless prodigy of a woman, however, at least in her own mind. She's not gonna crack! She shape-shifts into a lion with 72 heads! She roars so fiercely that the walls crumble!

The pack of hyenas skulks away in terror! Only the Genii remains, one eyebrow arched high in the air. "Why on earth did you do that?"

Suddenly, Zeus pokes his godly head down through the ceiling of the dream: "Halva! Remember your own tangles with male authority? The lessons of 1984? Does it matter how many years have passed since then, Ms. Magician? Some things remain the same." Zeus' head vanishes again...

...In a sweat, Baroness Serpente Charmante suddenly awakens with a start from her crazy altered state. What a dream! She has to share it with the Genii, he will love this one!

She is still curled up in a queen size bed with her sleeping girlfriends, Inga and Ms. Tonga and indeed it feels like a cocoon of safe, female energy here. The three goddesses! The three Fates.

Or the three Furies.

* * * * *

THE END

Dear Reader: Hope you enjoyed your read! If you did, please show some love by favoriting this book back on the feedbooks website. Also, feel free to send me any comments, critiques, testimonials etc.

SCORPIOCRAFT is my multimedia website and it's really cool, check it out when you're surfing the Internet!

I have to market myself, so I'm trying to figure out who my digital fan-base is and what my technical and marketing strategies should be. If you want to help out this author further, I have a couple of quick survey questions for ya.

1. Which file format and/or reading device did you use to access this e-book?
2. Do you often read e-books on your personal unit/computer?
3. Do you listen to audiobooks at all?
4. Would you find an e-book longer than this one to be taxing on your patience?
5. Are digital books catching on among anyone you know?
6. Assume I had a book available in 3 formats: digital e-Book; Audiobook chapters on mp3; or read/performed by the author for YouTube-type videos. Which format would you first gravitate toward?
7. What in particular intrigued you enough to want to read this e-book in the first place?
8. Where in the world are you located?
9. What are your gender and age (roughly)?

Peace, MC Radiance

info@scorpiocraft.com

scorpiocraft.com

From the same author on Feedbooks:

- "*Bad Voodoo: a true story about hitching a ride to New Orleans*" (2003)
- "*Ultra Menage-a-Quatre*" (2003)
- "*Bittersweet Symphony*" (2003)
- "*It's All a Fabrication*" (2003)
- "*Beyond Desert Storms*" (2003)
- "*P.S.I.: a novel about Pressure, Sex & Intuition*" (2005)
- "*Everything I've Learned from Hallucinogens*" (2005)
- "*Gently Psycho*" (2005)
- "*The Uncanny Adventures of Hellodali*" (2007)
- "*The Great Voyeur: observations on my sexual history*" (2008)
- "*My Life as a Gypsy: a rocker blown by the wind*" (2008)



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind