

the cock genie lottery

by zoe f.

one day, i will rub my cock so hard that a genie comes out and grants me three wishes. regardless of my first two wishes, my final wish will be to give me a vagina. that way the genie has no place to live or sleep or breath. in the colony and micro-society of cock genies which exists in my vas deferens and urethral tract, he will be cut off completely from.

he will either become a vagabond, needing to perform sexual favors for money to live. as he has lost the power or the capability to grant wishes until he can re-enter the cock genie micro-society. or. he will be able to be my pet where i get everything i could ever fucking want in my life done with the constituency being that i feed it and let it piss outside and give it a place to sleep.

truly, i do, i eventually seek to recuperate the genie back to health. so that he can re-enter his world and find work in someone else's cock at random, and that they too can, by chance, ask for a vagina as their last wish, severing the genie from their access to work. thus, repeating this cycle of sexual humiliation or developmentally driven dependency issues until effectively, the end of time.

i wish to know, if all the suffering of this being that i birthed from my own body, from every moment leading up to that point in time, was soaked into this being i created. if wanting to see it suffer until i die, until my reincarnated self-dies. until the world as we know it, in the most expansive recreations of civilization that could ever be thought of, are all nothing but dust and ash, if wanting that and wanting to see that, in any way makes me a bad person?

i think it would be nice to know if my life at all had meaning or impact. i do not hope for a negative impact, but would having that security change much about the desire to understand my existence on any meaningful scale during any point of observable time and history?

i don't think i could say for certain.

do i stop being this kind of monster?