

Nighttime Is Coming, Kids



October Lawrence

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By October Lawrence

Had the young slut possessed even the slightest clue as to what was really sleeping in her womb, not only would she had given herself an abortion with the nearest rusty coat hanger, she would have completed the task by taking the bloodied wire and wrapping it tightly around her throat until she asphyxiated. However, blissful ignorance surrounded her brain and so the fifteen-year-old girl struggled on with the dark weight of the world in her uterus.

Eventually, as nature always works, the labor pains began. They were sharp and rolling through her female parts, until erupting into a burning sensation in the vagina. Her screams were muffled with a padded stick inserted in her mouth, but the screams in her mind were clear as a bell. Her uterus felt like talons were ripping through it, as if the creature within her resisted entering the world. By this time, the father of the child had suddenly developed the ability to become invisible and he remained that way, leaving only on thing behind for his offspring: his last name. Pistonyerown.

Finally, the infant creature was pulled from the dark and dank safety of his mother's body and came screaming into the world. The young slut was mortified at the sight of her spawn, and its appearance did not improve as it was cleaned out from the gore and slime that covered it. The young mother wondered if it was an alien, as its head was disproportionably large and its legs and arms were sticklike. Somehow, it already had a gut that hung so low that it covered the creatures genitalia.

"What is it? She asked her caretakers. Carefully, she lifted the heavy gut to reveal what everyone assumed to be a penis. Interestingly enough, there was no scrotum. It was then that the slut realized that she had given birth, not to an alien, but to a demon. Disgusted, ashamed and terrified, she picked up the bundle of infernal flesh and quickly tossed it onto the doorstep of the creatures Grandparents. No one really knows what happened to the young slut, though there are rumors that the birth process drove her insane. When the grandmother, Ms. Enabler, discovered the squalling infant on her doorstep, her heart was full of joy.

Now here, she thought, was the answer to her prayers. The chance to mold yet another child into her own image of what a person should be like.

Although Enabler attempted to feed the creature mild, he would not accept it. Neither would he accept baby food. The only two things he would gladly eat was feces and blood. Later in life, one more favorite food was added: cum. Only the freshest cum, from boys just barely old enough to produce it, could quench the child's thirst.

He was named Lesser Demon, and grew accordingly in honor of his name.

There came the time when Enabler decided he should go to school. Although his IQ was only 64, she made special arrangements to get him in to special education classes. Even among his own dim-witted kind, Lesser was still the object of ridicule. Every day, he came home from school in the foulest of moods.

“Golly gee, Enabler,” he whined, “I just don’t know why everyone hates me.”

“Don’t say “Golly Gee,” Lesser,” Enabler instructed. “Instead, say `motherfucker’ or `faggot.’ It shows that you know what kind of people you are dealing with.

“Yes, Enabler. I will do that.”

Lesser went back to school, yet the children reacted even more violently than before. He could not understand and approached Enabler once more.

“They are just jealous of you,” she said. “They hate you because you are right and they are wrong. Don’t care about what others say to you, as they are all faggots and cunts and queers. But don’t let it affect you, Lesser. After all, if they are talking about you, that means you are in their minds – and that’s just where you want to be.”

Years passed, as they always do, and Lesser Demon continued to grow into a supreme asshole under the direction of Enabler. One day, he decided that he would be a writer. It didn’t matter to him that he could not spell and had no grasp of grammar. He didn’t even notice that all of his characters were 2D and

uninteresting, that plot didn't exist in his work and that no one other than himself could make heads or tails of what he was writing. But he was not going to be stopped. He blamed his lack of "sales" as a grand conspiracy against him.

Eventually, the Warriors of God decided that they had enough and plunged a screwdriver into his head...or so he told everyone. Too dense to take the hint, he continued to rattle out incomprehensible writing and his vulgar mouth was open 24/7. Sometimes, he was open to speak, and sometimes it was open for cock. Of course, he had to keep the latter a secret, as Enabler would not approve, so he kept his fantasies of bugging little boys in the butt strictly inside his head.

Again, time wore on. While those who had been children when Lesser was, they had grown up, but Lesser did not.

Lesser Demon, who was actually the Least of demons, continued to fail as a writer, and lashed out at all around him instead of considering the possibility that a career as a writer was simply not in the cards for him. To this day, he continues to "write," struggling with the English language and all that goes along with writing literature, while blasting anyone who has the opinion that he should just hang it up. But this is not the end of Lesser Demon...no... not by a long shot.

END OF PART ONE