

MULTIPATHOLOGIES ♦ BOOK 1

50 POSSIBLE ENDINGS: SOME GOOD,
SOME BAD, SOME DOWNRIGHT SEXY!

GET OFF OR DIE TRYING

By Templeton Fate



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TEMPLETON FATE

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WARNING!

This isn't a normal book, so don't read it like one! After beginning your adventure on page 5, you will be required to make decisions to move the plot forward. When you come to a decision point, turn to the page that corresponds with your choice to continue your adventure. Choose wisely: your decisions could make your birthday one to remember—or your last!

If you don't like the ending you receive, don't get discouraged. Start over and try again! You still might die horribly, but if you're lucky maybe you'll find that Happy Ending you've always dreamed about (a massage-parlor style Happy Ending, of course, not the fairy-tale type).

You open your eyes. Judging by the golden light streaming through the window it is late afternoon. Your grey tabby cat, Emerson, sits perched upon your chest, eyeing you with calculated annoyance. You're still wearing your clothes from the day before.

A quick glance at your clock confirms the worst. It's already four PM! For a moment you think that you have slept through a day of work at the law firm where you serve as a junior partner. But no, today is your birthday; you have the day off. Which probably also explains the terrible throbbing in your head. What *did* you do last night? A little pre-birthday celebrating, no doubt. You would slide back under the covers if it weren't for Emerson's insistence that you feed him.

Besides the presence of the cat, there's something else keeping you from sleeping away the remaining hours of the day: from behind the closed bathroom door, you can hear a steady dripping, as though someone has filled the tub full of water and then not turned off the tap completely. Is someone taking a bath? You search your memories from the night before, but they are few and far between. While under the influence, you've certainly had your share of one-night stands, so the bathtub might contain a buxom beauty, a weathered hag, or anything in between. Sure, you're curious, but still, it might be better to make a stealthy escape and hope that whoever you brought home last night takes the hint and leaves on her own.

If you decide to investigate the sound coming from the bathroom,
turn to page 6.

If you'd rather not deal with the complications of the night before,
turn to page 8.



You knock on the bathroom door and then turn the knob.

It takes you a moment to recognize your coworker, Carol. You're used to seeing her handling paper work and organizing appointments at your office, not relining naked in your bathtub!

You quickly avert your eyes. "Ack, Carol! Sorry, I didn't know you were in here!"

"You're the one who asked me to stay," she says demurely, running a bar of soap down her raised leg. A few years younger than you, your coworker has a sweet, girl-next-door face framed with mousy auburn hair and a pair of nerdy glasses. This morning, however, the glasses are gone and her hair is knotted into a jaunty bun to keep it out of the water. You've never seen her like *this* before.

In fact, your relationship with Carol has always been strictly professional. Has she ever tried to get your attention? You've always thought of her as shy, but there's something decidedly *not* shy about the way she's currently allowing you to look at her bare—and quite nice!—breasts.

You struggle to remember the night before. “Did we... uh... ?”

Carol sighs and shakes her head. “You had a few too many drinks in you for that. Not for lack of trying though.”

Ouch. You feel your face turn red. “Sorry,” you mumble, “it won’t happen again.”

Carol shifts in the tub so that some awfully enticing features become visible below the waterline. “You mean you won’t try to get me into bed again, or you won’t have performance issues again if you do?”

You rub your eyes, trying to quell your epic hangover. “God, Carol, I don’t know. Whatever happened last night, I didn’t mean for it to happen, all right?”

Carol’s face falls, and you instantly realize your mistake. “That came out wrong,” you tell her. You try to ingratiate yourself by saying that it obviously wasn’t her, it was you, but you can see that she’s not convinced. Maybe, you think, you could show Carol that you really are interested by asking to join her in the bathtub. Or maybe you should back off and give her some space.

If you offer to join Carol in the bathtub, turn to page 25.

If you make your coworker some coffee instead, turn to page 13.

You think it might be best not to start your birthday by dealing with last night's baggage, particularly with the hangover you've got going on. You carefully roll out of bed, tuck Emerson under one arm, and quietly walk into the kitchen of your small but modern apartment. Clues to the previous evening lie strewn on the countertop. The keys to your car lie beside your cellphone, along with a book of matches emblazoned with the logo of a nearby night club, The HotBox. More incriminating still, a leather woman's purse lies slumped next to the coffee maker. But enough of that! After sliding a dish of cat food under Emerson's nose, you gather up your belongings and slip out of the door of your apartment. The elevator takes you to the parking garage where your car waits, parked neatly in its space. You breathe a sigh of relief. At least you made it home safely last night.

As you slide into the cool interior of your car, you check the messages on your cellphone. Besides several detailing a troublesome case from work, there is a message from your mother with a rather urgent request to give her a call. Though her voice makes you roll your eyes, maybe you should see what she wants. You would like to shake your headache before dealing with her, however, and you think that a hearty meal of sorts might really do the trick.

If you call your mother back, turn to page 9.

If you'd rather get a bite to eat first, turn to page 10.

You decide to give your mother, Margie, a call. She answers the phone on the first ring. “Where were you last night?” she immediately lights into you. “I tried calling. You weren’t out at the club again, were you?”

Since you still can’t entirely account for last night’s revelries, you concoct a half-assed story about having to stay late at the office to prepare some legal documents.

Though your mother doesn’t seem convinced, she continues with the reason for her call. Your cousin, Lacy, is in town tonight. You haven’t seen Lacy since childhood, but have good memories of the wild, blonde-haired child who always seemed ready for mischief. In her later years, that sense of adventure got her into trouble, and, your mother explains, she’s only recently out on probation following some scraps with the law.

Maybe, your mother suggests, you’d like to have dinner with her and your father at Teddy’s, their favorite Italian restaurant. Afterward, you might check up on Lacy at a party that her sorority sisters are throwing in honor of her release. Though a quiet dinner with your parents hardly seems like birthday material, you do feel hungry and it might be nice to catch up. Still, the prospect of beginning your evening with a party sounds awful tempting.

If you head to the party, turn to page 12.

If you’d rather join your parents for dinner, turn to page 22.

You don't feel like playing ten thousand questions with your parents tonight, but you do need to put something into your stomach. Pancake-O-Rama is just down the street, and you have no doubt that a steaming plate of pancakes, eggs, and bacon will cure all that ails you.

You pull up a stool at the fifties style counter and look around. The restaurant is dead this early in the evening, but it always fills up with stoned teenagers and drunks from a nearby club, The HotBox, as the night wears on. You glance up to find a waitress holding out a menu. You haven't seen her here before and she's one that you *would* remember. She's young and pretty with a spattering of freckles across her nose. Her long brunette hair is pinned into a sloppy ponytail. Her appearance suggests innocence, but the way she's slowly tonguing a wad of gum while she stares at you with her big green eyes suggests something else entirely. Or are you only imagining that?

You wave the menu away and order your usual with a cup of regular.

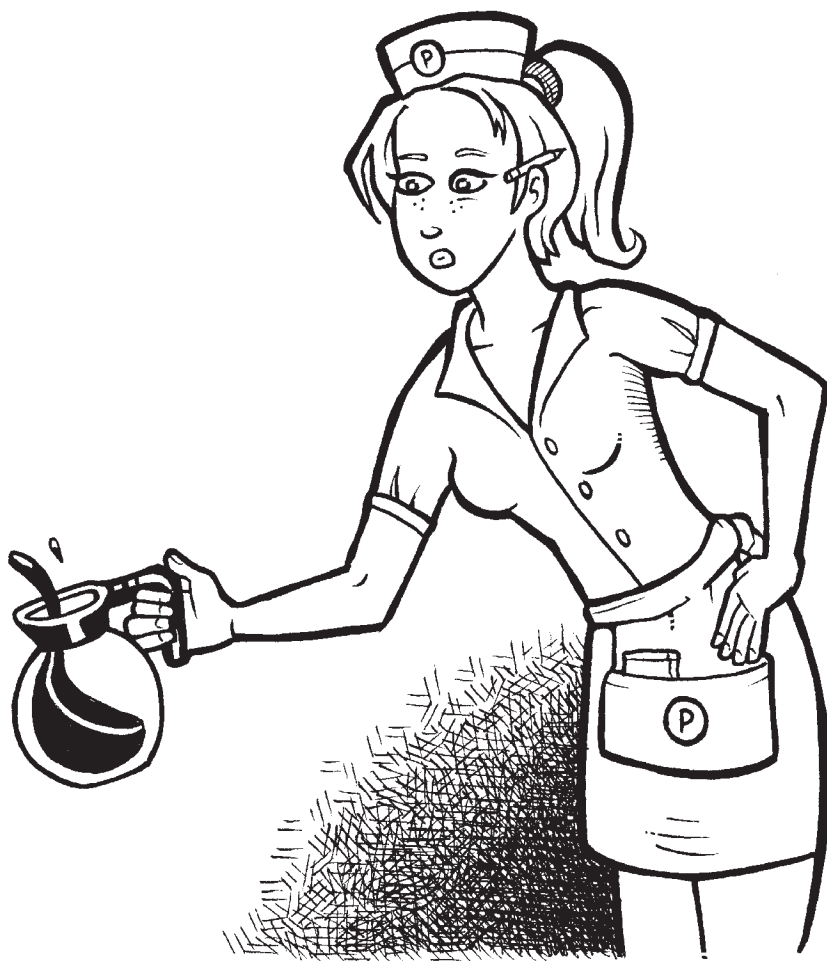
She returns with a pot of coffee and as she concentrates on pouring you a cup you ask what her name is. She starts to answer but the pot dips in her hand and coffee spills into your lap. Ouch!

"Oh gosh!" the waitress cries. "I'm so sorry. I'm new here. I'm still getting the hang of it!"

Before you can stop her, she's on her knees beside you, busily wiping at your crotch with a towel. It's a situation you could definitely get used to. But then the impromptu massage is over, and she disappears, only to return once again with a pile of pancakes and a carafe of syrup.

"These are on me," she says apologetically. "My name's Cassidey."

She leaves you to eat and as you do, you ponder your next move. You were thinking that you'd like to check out The HotBox tonight, but maybe it would be interesting to stay and chat up Cassidey first.



If you stay at Pancake-O-Rama to talk to Cassidey, turn to page 14.

If you finish your dinner, leave Cassidey a fat tip, and head over to
The HotBox, turn to page 64.

You decide to go to the party being thrown in Lacy's honor.

It's a bit of a drive, but your car makes fast work of the freeway, and you pull up to the address your mother gave you just as the sun falls below the horizon. The street you've parked on is near the University, and as you glance up at the large, stately home adorned with several oversized Greek symbols, you realize that you're looking at a fraternity house. Light pours from every window, and you can see people milling around inside. It looks like the party is already underway. You don't care much for college boys, but you do have a special place in your heart for sorority girls, so you thread your way through the brothers on the steps and enter the front door.



The scene that greets you doesn't disappoint. Young women, clad in short shorts and halter tops, clutch plastic cups of beer as they mill about the home's many rooms. Bone-jarring hip hop blasts from the fraternity's stereo, and some of the women are dancing in front of the fireplace, already intoxicated, while groups of men in baseball caps stare and make obnoxious comments. Lacy is no where to be seen, but since you haven't seen her in years, you're not sure that you'd recognize her anyway. You begin to feel a bit out of place, but that's nothing that a generous helping of alcohol won't cure.

If you proceed to get wrecked on cheap beer, turn to page 15.

If you attempt to blend in by doing Jagermeister shots,
turn to page 15.

You fire up the coffee machine in the kitchen as you listen to Carol singing quietly in the tub. She really is a nice girl, and nice in all the right ways, as you've just seen. But you vow to take things a little slower with her. Sex with your coworker might make things dicey at the office, after all.

Still, Carol deserves a gold medal for putting up with your drunken shenanigans, so you whip up one of your famous five alarm jalapeño omelets with extra onion.

Wearing your bath robe, Carol joins you in the kitchen. "It smells like a Mexican restaurant in here," she says, sniffing suspiciously as she slides her glasses onto her nose.

You seat her at the table and deposit the omelet in front of her with a proud smile.

"Can I have some coffee before I attempt to eat this?" she asks, prodding a protruding pepper.

You pour two cups and sit across from her.

"I know you have today off, but you should stop by the office," Carol tells you. "A courier's waiting with a package for you."

"What is it?" you ask. Nothing ever comes to your office except papers with boring stuff typed on them.

"Beats me," Carol admits. "You remember that guy from the government who wanted patent advice for some research he was working on?"

You remember. The guy actually used the words "top secret" and seemed very jumpy. "I thought that was some kind of joke," you say.

"Apparently not," Carol says and manages to isolate a tiny bit of unsullied egg. "I told the courier just to leave the box, but he insisted on being there when you signed for it."

"What am I supposed to do with... whatever it is?" you wonder. Carol shrugs. "Beats me but it must be important."

You leave Carol to battle her omelet, dress quickly in your best business casual, and grab your car keys.

"My friend Taylor is having a party tonight. You should stop by," Carol tells you as you prepare to leave. "And maybe," she says with a coy smile, "we can pick up where we left off."

You tell Carol not to tempt you and hurry out the door.

Why take your chances at the club when you can hit on a sweet young thing while you eat pancakes? As you watch Cassidey take another customer's order, you marvel at the way her perky breasts press against the front of her apron, and when she bends over to peer into the kitchen, you get an eyeful of her nice little ass. You get the impression that she's giving you a good view on purpose. The only thing holding you back from asking her out after work is that she looks awful young to be hanging out with the likes of you.

But when she comes back to refill your coffee (successfully this time), she seems more than happy to talk. You learn that she hasn't been living in the city for long, and that the traffic noise has been keeping her awake at nights. She's looking forward to getting out of town as soon as she finishes her shift in an hour.

"I'm having a little party out at my daddy's place," she explains. "We've got a big ol' barn out there and it's in the middle of no where so we can make as much noise as we want. My friends get pretty wild sometimes!"

Then Cassidey asks if maybe you'd like to come to her party. Your heart skips a beat, but then she adds, rather coyly, "You know, we *do* need someone to buy some liquor for us."

Now you can see where this is headed. She wasn't coming on to you, she was just looking for someone to buy alcohol for her and her friends. Still, a party in a barn does sound like a nice way to unwind.

If you offer to buy Cassidey some alcohol in exchange for an invite to her party, turn to page 19.

If you ask Cassidey how old she is instead, turn to page 20.

The prodigious amount of alcohol you consume over the next hour does wonders for your headache, hunger pains, and social anxieties. Soon you are making jokes with the guys and flirting with as many of the women as you can. Most of the ladies blow you off. It seems as though even the haze of alcohol can't conceal the fact that you're a bit too old for the college scene. Still, you're confident that if you play your cards right you'll find one of these nubile young women more than willing to give you a birthday treat, especially after another round of drinks or three.

From across the room, you make eye contact with a shapely blonde. Though she looks away at first, her eyes wander back to hold your gaze for a moment before she goes returns to chatting with her friends. With her long legs she's nearly as tall as you are, and since her tight t-shirt and boy shorts are nearly painted on, it doesn't take much to imagine the rest.

This is the one, you think to yourself, but you need a strategy. True, nothing impresses a woman like a clever pick-up line, but a direct approach might also suit the situation. Squeezing through the crowd, you head straight for her. When she sees you, she smiles broadly.



If you say, "If you were a vegetable, you'd be a cute-cumber!"
turn to page 16.

If you say, "Hi! What's your name?" turn to page 18.

Your pick-up line, tired as it might be, has the desired effect. Drink in hand, the pretty blonde lets you slide in beside her and put one of your arms around her waist. You try to start a conversation, but the music drowns out your words. You can't even hear her name when she shouts it into your ear.

But it doesn't matter. She presses herself aggressively against you, grinding to the rhythm of the music, and when she notices the erection growing in your pants, she grinds even harder. Though you are surrounded by dozens of people, it doesn't seem to matter at all to the blonde woman. Honestly, her forwardness surprises even you. Maybe she's as drunk as I am, you think.

When she pulls you up the stairs and into a bedroom, you don't resist. Only when her fingers move to your belt buckle do you protest weakly. But then her warm hands are around you, squeezing, and you fall backwards together onto an unmade bed, empty beer cans rattling around you. When her clothing comes off you can only gape in amazement at her perfect, tight body. In a moment you are inside her, and she rides you against the mattress in a frenzy, her nipples brushing your lips as she crashes into you again and again.

Your orgasm is upon you before you can stop it, and it is only when you feel yourself explode that you realize you haven't used protection. Still, when you finally break apart and lie beside each other on the soiled sheets, you can't help but feel that this beautiful girl just gave you one hell of a birthday present.

"I've waited a year for that," she says as she snuggles against you. "I just got out of jail on a narcotics charge. lame, right?"

You freeze. Inside your brain something clicks. "What did you say your name was again?" you ask.

"Lacy," she says. "I was hoping to run into my cousin at the party, but I'm glad I ran into you instead."

With a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach, you realize the truth.

You just fucked your cousin.



THE END

When you ask the blonde her name, she laughs. “You don’t recognize me, do you?” she says. “It’s me! Lacy!”

You can hardly believe that this woman is your cousin. It seems like only yesterday that you spent summer afternoons with her playing in the creek or riding your bikes to the corner store. You give her a hug and happily catch up on the years that you have been apart. But when you mention Lacy’s recent legal trouble, she frowns.

Lacy tells you that she was in a womens’ penitentiary for a year following an arson conviction. “It was supposed to be a prank,” she explains, “but we ended up burning down the Delta Phi house. Luckily, no one was hurt, but someone told the cops I acted alone. I took the fall for it. Never snitched on any of my sisters.” She looks angrily around the room. “You see all these dumb bitches, acting like it never happened? They went on with their lives while I rotted in a cell.”

You’re shocked at Lacy’s confession. You had no idea that she was a convicted arsonist, but now that you think about it, she always did have a fascination with fire.

As Lacy continues, her tone becomes bitter. “I’m letting them think that everything is fine between us. That we’re still sisters. But we’re not.” Lacy downs the rest of her drink, and her eyes glitter dangerously. “Don’t worry though. They’ll get what’s coming to them.”

You laugh nervously. Sure, Lacy was always the wild child, but you never thought of her as unhinged. The more she talks about revenge, however, the more you wonder if her sense of reality has become skewed.

She leans closer to make sure no one can hear. “You wouldn’t happen to have a lighter, would you, cousin?” she asks.

You study her face, trying to figure out whether or not she’s joking, but she doesn’t smile. Giving your ex-con, pyromaniac cousin a lighter after her confession seems like a terrible idea, but who knows, maybe she just wants to have a cigarette. As luck would have it, you do have a lighter in your pocket. Of course, you can always lie to Lacy if you’d rather.

If you tell Lacy that you don’t have a lighter, turn to page 24.

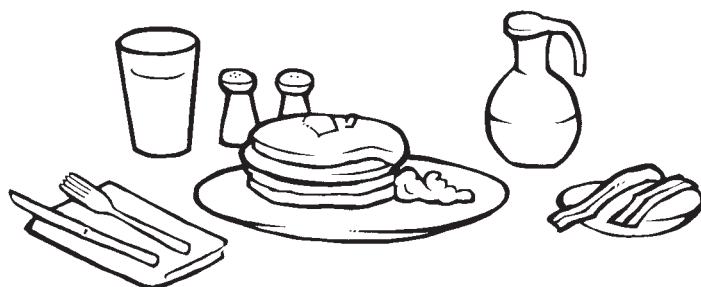
If you give Lacy your lighter, turn to page 32.

After Cassidey gives you directions to her party, she hands you a handwritten list and a stack of twenties, and you head to the liquor store. Since cheap, flavored vodka doesn't resemble anything you'd want to put in your mouth, you pick up a couple of cases of good beer and several bottles of quality whiskey to round out the shopping trip.

With your trunk full of alcohol, you head out on the highway with your windows down, excited to be headed out of the city. Every turn takes you onto a smaller road, and soon gravel is crunching under your car's tires. A bucolic landscape of rolling hills populated by small farms spreads out around you, and there's even a beautiful sunset to cast it all in a golden light. The rutted driveway you pull into passes a weathered farmhouse and winds its way through an apple orchard before arriving at a large, red barn. You park next to a line of pick-up trucks in a nearby hayfield. As you pop the trunk, Cassidey appears from the barn door, her hand around the waist of a young man wearing a crumpled cowboy hat. He leers as you approach and spits tobacco into the dust.

"The entertainment's here!" Cassidey says, and though there's something disquieting about the way she says it, she does so with a smile. She has ditched her waitress uniform in favor of a half-buttoned gingham blouse that exposes her cleavage and a close-fitting pair of daisy dukes. Two braided pigtails complete the stereotypical image of a come-hither country girl so well it's almost comical.

While two more tough-looking youths unload the alcohol from your trunk, Cassidey takes your hand and pulls you inside the barn.



“How old are you?” you ask Cassidey.

She rolls her eyes. “What are you, my mommy?”

Actually, I’d like to be your daddy, you think. But, well, you’re not going to go there. “I can’t buy you alcohol,” you tell Cassidey with regret. “It’s against the law.”

“I’ll make it worth your while,” she pleads, bats her eyelashes, and pulls her shoulders back a bit so you can oogle her goodies.

Cassidey is not making this easy. Luckily, your cellphone rings. It’s your co-worker, Carol. “I have to take this,” you tell Cassidey.

“Fine,” Cassidey snorts, her demeanor changing. “I’ll get your bill.” She stomps away in a huff. Guess the pancakes are no longer free.

Carol sounds slightly agitated. “Where are you?” she asks.

“Eating pancakes and hitting on underage girls,” you explain.

“What’s up?”

Carol tells you that you better get over to the office ASAP. You need to accept delivery of a package before six o’clock. “It must be important because the courier is waiting for you,” she tells you. “He said it was top secret.”

“Top secret?” you exclaim.

“Just kidding,” Carol says with a laugh, “but it was in regard to the very hush hush patent discussion you had with that government guy a couple weeks ago. You better get to the office.”

“All right, all right,” you say. You do remember the government guy. Weird conversation. You finish your coffee, pay the bill, and leave a nice tip for Cassidey, who glares at you from behind the counter. “I’m headed there now.”

“One more thing,” Carol says. “My BFF Taylor is having a party tonight. You should stop by.”

So many parties to choose from, you think, but this one has special appeal. Carol will be there and it’s rare that you get to see Carol outside of work. A few years younger than you, Carol has auburn hair that frames her sweet girl-next-door face. She often flaunts skirts that show off her great legs, and you like to think that she wears certain blouses just for you, but maybe you’re only imagining that. She *does* seem rather naïve when it comes to men. Regardless, you’d love to see her with her hair down.

“I’ll see what I can do after I check in at work,” you promise her and head for the office.

You decide that a quiet dinner with your parents at Teddy's might really hit the spot, so you drive to the restaurant. The place is packed, but Margie and your father, Fred, have saved you a seat at their usual table and even ordered a bottle of white wine for the occasion.

"White zin," you say with sarcasm, "everybody's favorite."

Your waitress for the evening is a cute little number you can't remember having seen before at the restaurant. She gives you a friendly smile, but when she leans over your shoulder to fill your wine glass, she spills some directly into your lap. Horrified, she freezes, and her cheeks turn bright red.



“He came here to drink wine, not have it poured all over him,” Fred says gruffly as he gnaws on a breadstick. “Go fetch a towel and someone less clumsy than yourself!”

You hope that the waitress might return and offer to towel you off herself, but unfortunately your father seems to have frightened her away for good. A different, stern-faced woman appears in her place, carrying a towel. “Good evening,” she says. “I will be your waitress for the evening. Please accept our apologies, sir.”

The rest of your dinner passes uneventfully, and though the lasagna is pitch perfect as usual, you can’t help but feel that you might have had a more interesting evening with the klutzy waitress had you been dining alone. When your mother mentions offhand that she and Fred are throwing a party later tonight, you jump at the chance to attend. Hell, you don’t have anything else to do.

Margie and Fred exchange a long look that you can’t quite decipher. “Oh no, honey,” your mother finally says. “It’s not your type of party. You wouldn’t enjoy it.”

After dessert, you thank your parents for paying for the wonderful meal, accept a kiss on the cheek from your mother, and climb into your car, feeling full and content. After all that food and wine you think it might be nice to return to your apartment and spend a quiet evening at home, especially now that your conquest from the evening before has surely cleared out. You could, of course, drop in unannounced on your parents’ party.

If you want to return to your apartment, turn to page 30.

If you’d rather swing by your parents’ place, turn to page 31.

You tell Lacy that you don't have a lighter. She shows you a fresh pack of cigarettes and says that she's dying to have a smoke. "Bad habit I picked up in the big house," she explains. Then she heads outside in search of someone with a lighter.

It's getting late and the partygoers that are still standing amble around the house, bumping into each other like zombies. You glance around the living room, but all the attractive ladies have either cleared out or passed out, and you don't feel like making friends with any of the bros at the moment.

You wander into the kitchen. Maybe you'll locate some snacks to throw at your unhappy stomach. A decimated party tray sits on the counter, but sweaty cheese isn't your thing, so you rifle through the refrigerator. There's nothing there either, just some old pizza and several cans of diet soda. A couple of girls chatting nearby begin to look at you like you're a homeless guy rooting through the trash so you figure it is time to move on.

Before you leave you'd like to say goodbye to Lacy and make plans to get together soon, so you head for the back door, figuring she's still outside smoking. On the way there, however, you glance up the stairway to the second floor just in time to see a petite redhead making her way up. She has a behind that you'd follow anywhere, even up a steep flight of stairs! But maybe that's crazy; she's probably on her way to her boyfriend's room.

If you follow the redhead upstairs, turn to page 28.

If you go outside to find Lacy, turn to page 39.

“I can make it right,” you say as you unbutton your shirt.

But Carol grabs a towel from the rack. “Maybe another time,” she says.

Rebuked, you retreat to the kitchen, where you start the coffee machine and fill Emerson’s bowl with cat food. At least you can make somebody happy, you think.

Carol emerges from the bathroom in a rumpled white shirt and black skirt. Her glasses are perched on her nose once again. No wonder you’ve never noticed her before. She looks like a librarian in those glasses!

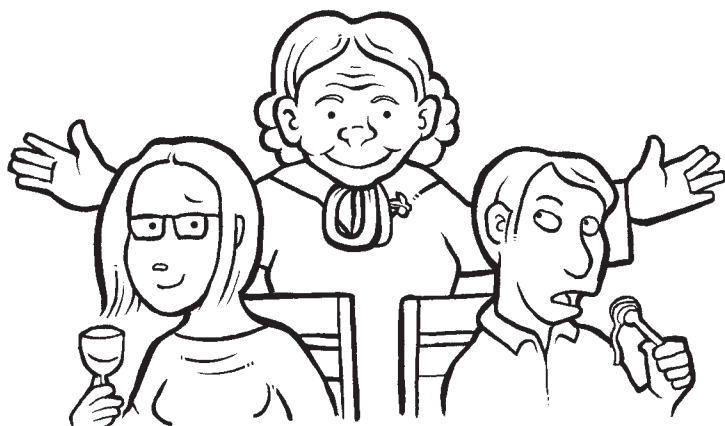
You take a quick shower, expecting Carol to be gone when you finish, but she’s still there, reading the morning paper and sipping coffee, when you return to the kitchen. “Feel better?” she asks, looking approvingly at your casual outfit and freshly shaved face.

You nod. “You didn’t have to work today?” you ask.

She shrugs and explains that since you took the day off, no one would miss her either. She does, however, have to stop by the office before midnight to fax a report.

You offer to take her out to dinner in the meantime. Fettuccine Alfredo seems like an acceptable consolation prize for her travails so you take her to Teddy’s, a quaint Italian place. You and Carol are just raising a glass of wine to “Better Performance,” when you notice your parents, Margie and Fred, seated at table nearby. Of course, your mother immediately trundles on over and asks what your birthday plans are.

Turn to the next page.



When you say that you're not sure, Margie makes a suggestion. Your cousin, Lacy is in town tonight, she tells you. You haven't seen Lacy since childhood, but have good memories of the wild, blonde-haired child who always seemed ready for mischief. That sense of adventure got her into trouble in her later years and, your mother explains, she's only recently out of jail following some trouble with the law. You might like to check up on Lacy at a party that her sorority sisters are throwing in honor of her release. If you choose that option, however, you'll be going alone since Carol needs to head to the office.

If you end your date with Carol to track down your cousin Lacy,
turn to page 12.

If you'd like to stick with Carol and go to the office, turn to page 44.

You recite what you hope is your Admittance Number.

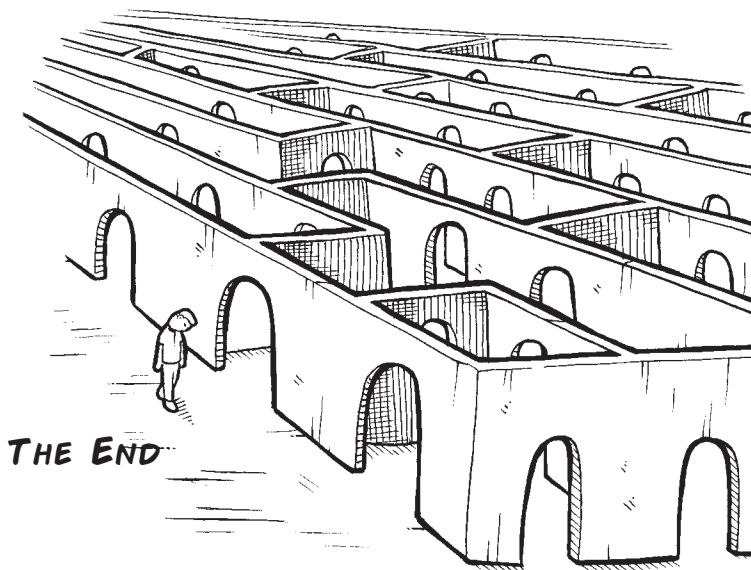
The angel shakes his head sadly, and his mustache droops a little. "Sorry," he says. "Looks like it's Purgatory for you." He points his finger back the way you came. Then, with a poof of bluish smoke, the angel, the podium, the book, and the gigantic door disappear.

You're still standing in the hallway, but countless doorways are once again scattered along its length. Not knowing what else to do, you start walking. You choose one doorway, then another, but the outcome is always the same: another long hallway punctured with seemingly identical doorways. Your feet begin to hurt and you're hungry, but you keep going. Hours pass.

You hear Carol's voice calling your name, but she sounds far away. You dodge through doorways and traverse corridors, trying to locate the source of the sound, but Carol's voice never gets any closer. After awhile, you don't hear it anymore.

With a heavy heart and heavy feet, you continue walking. Hours turn into days. You ache all over and are so thirsty that you become weak and dizzy. You begin to see drinking fountains and pop machines along the walls. But these, of course, are only cruel hallucinations.

How much farther can you walk? Only you know for certain, but one thing has become painfully clear. No matter how many doors you pass through or how many corridors you cross, you are doomed to die in this limbo, trapped in a maze that knows no end.



By the time you reach the upstairs hallway the redhead has disappeared into one of a half dozen doorways. But which one? Most of the doors are closed and you assume these are the fraternity brothers' private rooms. It's like a game show, you think with a drunken grin. Behind one of these doors is the redhead with the tight little ass; you just have to guess correctly! You reach for the first doorknob and give it a twist.

A typical college scene greets you. There are posters of cars and bikini girls on the walls above a couple of unmade beds, and dirty clothes and beer cans cover the floor. Nope, this room doesn't hold the prize. You almost close the door, but movement catches your eye.

A partially dressed girl reclines on one of the beds. She's not the redhead. In the dim light you can't really see her face, but what you can see looks passible. She's a little chubby, but maybe that's just the lighting. She has ample breasts, that's for sure.

You hear a noise from the other side of the room. There's a closet there, but the door is closed. Is someone else in the room? The girl on the bed doesn't seem to notice. She smiles at you and motions for you to come over.

You start to shake your head. You came upstairs looking for the redhead. But the longer you stand here, the less plausible that mission seems. It's awful late, and you're drunk enough that you don't care if someone sees you with this girl.

If you back away and continue your quest for the redhead,
turn to page 34.

If you hop in bed with this mystery girl, turn to page 40.

Though night has only just fallen, the party inside the barn is already in full swing, and the alcohol you provide kicks things up another notch. Several dozen young people, many of them clad in boots and blue jeans, dance in the dirt to tinny country music blaring from a boom box. Other cluster in the corners, filling their plastic cups with booze. You secure a large cup of whiskey for yourself and one for Cassidey, who downs it faster than you expect. Though you feel out of place among the young crowd, the whiskey soon has you feeling loose enough to try and make some friends. The tough-looking males in the group ignore you when you talk to them but you catch them staring as you flirt with Cassidey. They seem to be sizing you up.

Soon Cassidey is stumbling drunk. She clings to you, begging you to pour her another cup of whiskey as she gyrates against your leg. With a disapproving audience looking on, it's all you can do to you hold yourself back.

Just when you think it might be time to make your move, something happens. Most of the guys disappear out a back door, and many of the girls soon follow. Before you can ask Cassidey what's going on, she explains, "We've got a little surprise for you." Though she flashes you another pretty smile, you sense something strange is going on. You are curious to find out what she's talking about, but you're also ready to see a little more of Cassidey.

"Let's go fool around instead," you suggest. You suspect she's been toying with you all night just as she did at the Pancake-O-Rama, and by now you feel entitled to some real action. But Cassidey shakes her head and indicates the back of the barn again. Still, she's so drunk that you might be able to take advantage of her if you can get her into your car.

If you decide to take Cassidey to your car, turn to page 35.

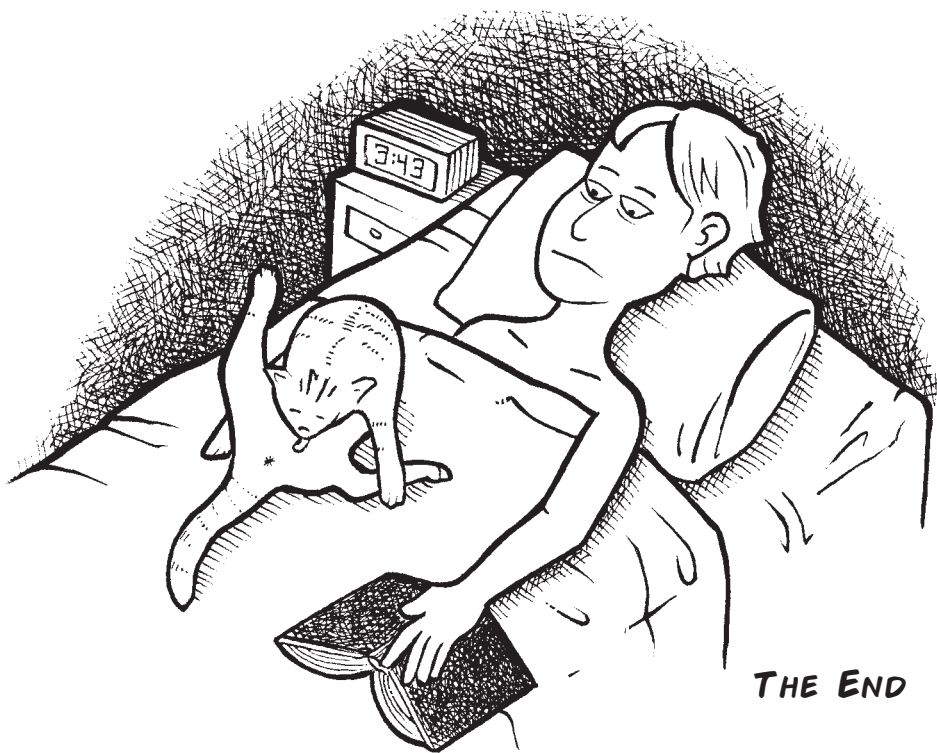
If you follow Cassidey behind the barn, turn to page 36.

Your apartment is quiet when you get back home. Whoever was here earlier has cleared out without leaving a trace. You feel slightly disappointed by that, but it's just as well. You'd rather not be involved with anyone at the moment. Besides, you have Emerson.

Your cat regards you with hatred, but quickly becomes your buddy again when you shovel more food in front of his face. Then, because your evening still feels incomplete, you organize the spice rack in the kitchen, scrub the toilet in the bathroom, and even give Emerson's litter box a thorough cleaning. There's even a bit of excitement when you find the spare key to your post office box in the living room couch cushions. You were afraid that was lost forever!

With all that gratifying activity behind you, you settle in with your beloved copy of Dietary Habits of 19th Century Russians Peasants open in front of you. Soon it's nearly morning. Gosh, time for bed!

Only once you're under the covers do you realize what an exceptionally lame birthday you just had. It would have been nice to have had a little companionship beside Emerson for the evening, but all there is to do now is to go to sleep alone. Oh well, there's always next year.



THE END

You wave as your parents depart and then return to Teddy's overpriced bar for a couple of drinks. It's not your usual haunt, but you might as well drop more quality alcohol on top of the quality food you just consumed, and besides, you don't want to show up too early to your parents' party. *That* would be pathetic. After a couple of martinis, you begin to feel much better about your plan. Your mother's probably hosting a Happy Kitchen Helper Party with some of her friends, you think, as you clamber behind the wheel. There will be plenty of finger food in the kitchen and you can watch a ball game with your dad in the den.

As you hop up the steps to your parents' home, you notice that every light in the house is on. The shades are drawn, but you can see silhouettes moving behind them. Looks like the party is in full swing!

You throw open the front door and stride into the living room, expecting to see an assortment of Happy Kitchen Helper Salad Spinners set up on the table. There is a display of objects on the table, but they're rubbery and phallic-shaped. You come to a screeching halt and look around. Who knew your parents had so many friends? Why are they all staring at you? And why, dear Jesus, aren't any of them wearing any clothing? A pale vista of sagging breasts, lumpy stomachs, and hairy crotches meets your eye. Dozens of naked oldsters line the living room.

"What are *you* doing here?"

You turn to find your mother, *your mother*, wearing nothing but a pair of beige pressure socks. She looks simultaneously horrified and apologetic. Your father appears by her side, his wrinkly dong in plain view. "We're hosting a swingers' party, Son," Fred confesses.

You know you should turn and run. You also know you're going to look back on this and have one helluva chuckle with the guys from work, so why not stick around for a few more minutes. You've already seen your dad's penis, so it can't get much worse, right?

If you decide to stay at the swingers' party, turn to page 42.

If you get the hell out of there on the double, turn to page 46.

You hand Lacy your lighter. "You should quit," you tell her.

"I'm trying to!" she says with a smirk. Then she gestures to a petite redhead across the room. "Go ask that one if she's familiar with The Shocker," she suggests with a wink. Then she's gone.

You think about joining Lacy for a cigarette, but decide to hang out by the fireplace and enjoy your buzz instead. The redhead Lacy indicated weaves her way to a table loaded with booze, selects a bottle of raspberry vodka, and struggles to unscrew the top. Aha, a drunken damsel in distress!

With visions of introducing her to the fabled Shocker, you thread your way through the crowd to help the inebriated redhead. You're halfway across the room when you smell smoke.

Just a cigarette scorching a hole in a sofa, you think. But suddenly you can see the smoke drifting down from the rafters to slowly fill the room. At first, no one seems to notice. Even when the shouts of "Fire!" begin, the partygoers are slow to react. Some of them are too drunk to stand up, and others trip and fall as they begin a hurried evacuation.

The smoke thickens until it becomes difficult to see. You abandon your quest for the redhead and leap out the nearest door. From a safe distance, you stare up at the house. Already, the fire has consumed most of the second floor. As you watch, a section of the roof collapses, raining glowing debris into the room you just exited. Soon the entire structure is engulfed.

Though many have made it safely out of the burning house, others have not been so lucky. Knots of sorority girls cling to each other, coughing and sobbing. Frantically, you search for your cousin among them.

Finally, you spot Lacy. She nonchalantly tosses you your lighter. "Might be awhile before I see you again, cousin," she says as she gives you a hug that smells like gasoline. "Give my regards to your parents." Then she disappears into the night.

Moments later the fire trucks and ambulances arrive, sirens wailing. You watch, horrified, as bodies are dragged from the smoking ruin. One of them you recognize. It's the redhead.

The sight of her charred body and the fact that you played a role in her demise will haunt you forever. You should have never trusted Lacy.



THE END

You have an abrupt moment of clarity, and the room comes into focus. The girl beckoning from the bed is not only ugly, but probably weighs three hundred pounds. You retreat quickly in case she might try to eat you for a snack.

Back in the hallway, you breathe a sigh of relief. That was close! You remind yourself that you came upstairs in search of the redhead and continue down the hall, peeking into rooms. Though you play a prominent role in at least one coitus interruptus, you don't find what you're looking for until you peer into the final room.

There, a half dozen men and women are seated in a circle on the floor. As you enter, the redhead has just inhaled from a massive bong. She's not only petite, but slender, with small breasts and tiny hips. She has a cute face with a button nose and green eyes. As she exhales, she smiles languidly in your direction and motions for you to sit.

Though you're an outsider, alcohol and marijuana has made everyone friends tonight, and the small group makes room for you. You take a toke to show everyone you're not square, and lazy introductions are made. The redhead is Laura. The frat boy to her left, Paul, has his hand on her thigh. You suspect that he's her boyfriend.

"We're playing truth or dare," Laura tells you. "It's my turn, but I'm way too stoned to make any decisions. So why don't you decide for me. Give me a truth or a dare."

Between your heroic consumption of alcohol and the marijuana hit, you're feeling pretty fucked up. You don't want to play games right now. You'd rather bang Laura's brains out. If only she wasn't in a relationship! As if in answer to your prayers, Laura pushes the Paul's hand off her thigh and frowns at him. She doesn't seem to want his attention, and besides, the guy can barely keep his eyes open. You decide it would be fun to provoke this asshole.

If you dare Laura to kiss you, turn to page 52.

If you go for truth and ask Laura if she's in love with the joker next to her, turn to page 86.

Instead of following Cassidey out the back door of the barn, you pull her in the opposite direction. She's incapacitated enough that it doesn't take much to lead her to your car and shove her inside, where she collapses onto the back seat. You look over your shoulder but no one has followed you. Whatever was happening behind the barn seems to have occupied everyone's attention.

You slide in next to Cassidey and put your arm around her. She seems confused. For a second your conscience almost stops you. This girl is *very* young and *very* intoxicated. But you're wasted too, and when you kiss her she sleepily kisses you back.

From the corner of your eye, you see movement. Someone is moving in the shadows beside the barn. But for the moment you can't think of much besides the girl beneath you. You hastily unbutton her shorts and slide a hand inside her underwear.

But as you touch her, she becomes rigid beneath you. Then she starts trying to pull your hand out of her pants. "No," she says. "Stop!"

You don't stop. "You've been teasing me all night," you tell her, "so don't act like you don't want this." As she beats her fists against your chest, you work her shorts and panties over her hips and down around her ankles, finally pulling one foot free so that you can wiggle in between her legs. As you violate her, Cassidey begins to scream.

Something bangs against the car door. *Now* you stop. There's a man standing outside the car and he has a shotgun leveled at the window.

"Daddy?" Cassidey whispers.

Oh shit. You are fucked (and not in the way you had hoped). You leap from the car and look wildly around. Beside the barn you spy a large looking bin of some sort; maybe you could hide inside it without Cassidey's dad seeing you. On the other hand, the guy does have a gun. Surrendering now might be the better option.

If you try to hide in the bin, turn to page 37.

If you put your hands up and hope Cassidey's dad doesn't shoot you,
turn to page 38

You feel guilty for thinking, even for a second, about forcing yourself on Cassidey. She's obviously underage and much too intoxicated to understand how provocative her dirty dancing has been this evening. So, even though you are suspicious, you decide to give Cassidey the benefit of the doubt and follow her behind the barn.

A strange sight meets your eyes. In the dirt behind the barn, a crude boxing ring has been erected from fence posts and rope. The partygoers surround the ring, talking excitedly. Some of them exchange money. Inside the ring, the kid in the crumpled cowboy hat struts and shadowboxes.

"What is this?" you ask. "Redneck fight club?"

Cassidey nods sheepishly. "You're the main event."

The kid in the ring tosses his hat to a friend and strips off his shirt. Then he points at you, and the crowd erupts in a cheer. You almost laugh. This is just too much. But everyone is looking at you and waiting.

Suddenly you realize that this isn't a joke. These people want you to fight. Just like Cassidey manipulated you into buying alcohol, she tricked you into coming to her party in the hopes that you'd fight in this makeshift ring.

"Come on, old man," the kid in the ring taunts you, flexing his well-toned muscles. "You gonna puss out in front of all these ladies?"

You're scared, but angry, too, and the alcohol coursing through your veins clouds your judgment. You'd like nothing better than to knock this mouthy kid's teeth in. On the other hand, escape might be your better option. You can see some trees at the edge of the field surrounding the barn. Maybe you could make it there and get away from these clowns.

If you run into the forest, turn to page 47.

If you climb into the ring and fight, turn to page 59.

Holding your pants so they don't fall down, you head for the bin. Constructed of rough wood, it's about the size of a dumpster. Luckily, it has no lid so you have no trouble hopping inside.

You sink into something wet and smelly. What is this? Though you can't see much, the truth isn't long in coming. You just jumped into a manure bin. Of course, smelling like horse shit for the rest of your life is the least of your worries.

You hear footsteps outside the bin. Did Cassidey's dad see where you went? The footsteps stop, and a voice calls out. "You in there, boy? Ain't nobody rape my daughter an' live!"

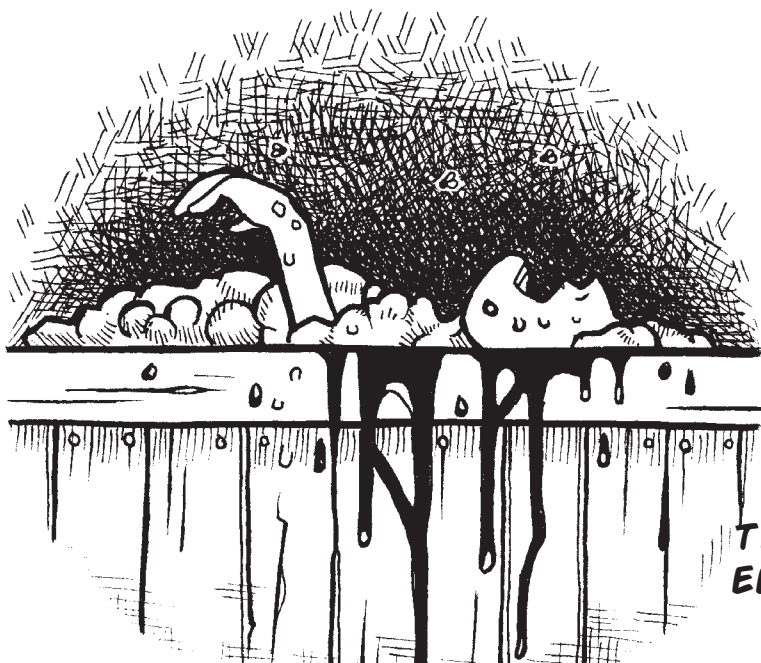
You push yourself deeper into the bin and cover yourself with handfuls of shit. Maybe, just maybe he won't see you.

But then the barrel of the shotgun appears over the edge of the bin and you catch a glimpse of jagged teeth bared in a wicked smile.

"I knew it was wrong," you stammer. "I'm sorry!" You put your hands up in surrender.

But it's too late. The barrel of the shotgun erupts in yellow flame and you feel the buckshot tear through your body. There is pain, but only for a brief moment. As the life ebbs from your body, you hear Cassidey's dad chuckle softly, "Gotcha, you sonofabitch."

It's the last thing you hear as you die in the manure bin, covered in shit with your now limp penis hanging out for everyone to see.



**THE
END**

You put your hands in the air so Cassidey's dad can see that you have nothing to hide. Unfortunately, doing so causes your pants to fall down. Your still erect penis bobs in the night air.

"Well, well," Cassidey's dad murmurs as he advances, the shotgun trained at your crotch. "Lookie what we have here."

"I'm sorry... sir," you grovel. "I didn't mean to—"

"I saw you," he hisses. "You raped her. I ought to shoot you right here." The barrel of the gun moves toward your chest.

You close your eyes and wait for your life to end. You're so scared you're afraid you might shit yourself.

"Don't shoot him, Daddy," you hear a quavering voice say. It's Cassidey. Her cheeks streaked with tears, she emerges from the car, her clothing and dignity back in place. "He ain't worth it," she says as she takes a cellphone from her pocket and dials the police.

And that's how you find yourself in prison, serving time for aggravated sexual assault. Maybe if Cassidey had been a little older—she was only sixteen at the time of the crime—the judge would have been more lenient. But you never bothered to ask her how old she was, did you? Still, with good behavior factored in, you might be out of here in fifteen years. That is, of course, if you can survive the constant attempts on your life from the other inmates, who have labeled you, rightly so, a child molester.



THE END

You resist the temptation to follow the redhead upstairs. Maybe, you think, you have a higher calling than chasing women around.

Whatever that higher calling is, however, you're unlikely to find it behind the fraternity house. You step off a rickety stoop and into a backyard filled with bicycles, pizza boxes, and discarded furniture. You see a couple of guys passing around a joint by the dumpster and a girl holding her friend's hair out of her face while she vomits into a flower planter, but Lacy isn't here. You'll have to track her down later.

Watching the girl puke her guts out makes you nauseous. It's just as well you didn't find anything to eat inside. You sense that it's time to go home with your dignity (and stomach) still intact. Instead of walking back through the house, you decide to return to your car by way of the alley.

The alley is narrow and dark and you make your way forward uncertainly. You stumble against what you think is a bag of garbage, but to your surprise, the bag of garbage speaks!

"Hey!" You faintly see the outline of a man curled against the fence. "I've been waiting for you." Before you can respond the stranger stands up and dusts himself off. He's exactly as tall as you with an identical build. He makes you uneasy. Maybe he wants to mug you or maybe he's just looking for a fight.

"1:35 AM on the money," the stranger says. "I knew you'd be by here."

When the stranger talks, the hair on your neck stands up. If that isn't an indication to get the hell out of Dodge, you don't know what is. Still, you're drunk enough to be curious. What is this person rambling about?

If you stay and listen to the stranger, turn to page 54.

If you run to your car and return to your apartment, turn to page 56.

You slide into bed with the girl. Somewhere, deep in the recesses of your alcohol-stewed brain, you realize that this woman might be *slightly* overweight. When you climb on top of her it's like wrestling a waterbed. But whatever, she's groping for your penis like she means business.

You hear something behind you, a giggle perhaps, but at that moment the chubby girl forces her tongue down your throat. She tastes like a Pizza Hot Pocket, but she has your dick in her hand, so it's okay. You don't know how you manage to take off your clothing, or how she manages to squirm out of her underwear, but before you know it you're both naked.

You stick it in—at least you *think* you've got it in there—and proceed to give this chick your best porn star impersonation. Sure, you only last a few minutes and you probably sounded like a dying horse toward the end, but who cares.

As you roll off of your conquest, you realize that she's already snoring loudly. You cuddle up next to her and pass out yourself.

The first thing you see in the morning is a mountain of pale doughy skin. In terror, you leap off the bed and frantically search for your clothing. You find your pants next to a plus size brassiere and pair of granny panties on the floor.

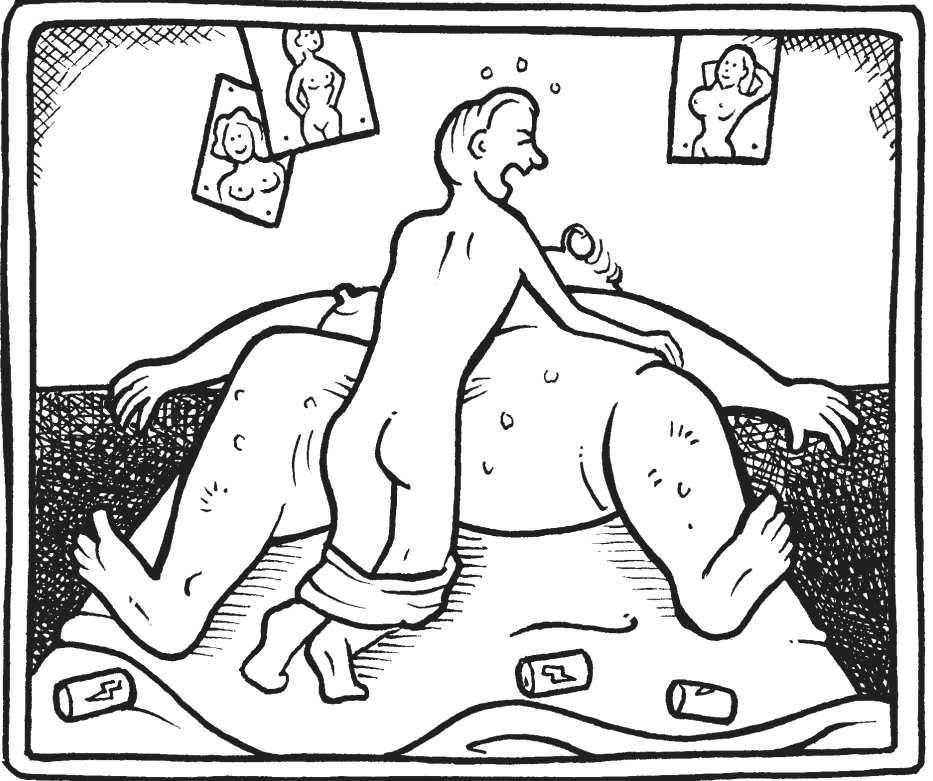
The girl on the bed snorts as you pull on your shirt. You glance at her fearfully. She's not just a little overweight, she's a whale. And her face! Your beer goggles must have been strapped on tight last night because this one would even make her mother beg for mercy. What have you done?

With a red face you run out of the fraternity house and drive home, where you scrub yourself for a solid hour in the shower.

After a week though, you've almost forgotten about your blubbery shag. We've all made mistakes while under the influence, after all. But then one day, Lacy sends you a link via email. "Is this you?" she wonders.

You click the link. It takes you to a video of some guy fucking a gigantic ugly chick while the camera person snickers. But wait, the guy in the video is you! And the video has twenty million views. . . and counting. . .

Fatty Fucker



👍 20,001,541

THE END

Determined to see where your parents' sex party is headed, you march into the kitchen and pour yourself a triple of your father's best middle shelf whiskey. With the drink as your protection, you return to the living room. Everyone is still naked. There's no way you're taking *your* clothes off though. Instead you sit in a corner, try to become as invisible as possible, and marvel at the ravages of time on the human body.

Your mother taps a spoon against a wine glass and clears her throat. "And now," she announces, "the moment you've all been waiting for! The theme of the night is... Ladies Choice! Ladies, choose your partner for the night!"

A titter of delight courses through the audience. You watch, mystified, as women take the arms of bemused men and lead them away. You see a group of youngish (and by "youngish" you'd wager that they're not great-grandmothers yet) women checking you out from across the room. Assuming every other female on the planet died in a zombie apocalypse, the blonde's not bad at all, but she chooses someone else. The number of people in the room dwindles until nearly everyone is paired off. Thank goodness. Now you can enjoy your whiskey in—

A crotch as tangled as a bird's nest suddenly steps into view. It's attached to a smiling octogenarian with deflated boobs, one of which bears a sticker that reads "Hi: I'm Ellen." Ellen grabs your arm. "You!" she yells. "I pick you!"

Ellen smells like mothballs and BenGay. She looks fragile, but drags you to your feet. You chuckle. This will be a good story! But before you know it, Ellen corrals you into a bedroom. Your childhood bedroom!

"You're not a virgin, are ye?" Ellen asks.

You shake your head, watching in disbelief as the old bat takes out her dentures and tosses them onto the nightstand. "Good," she says. "Let's bump uglies then." Ellen pushes you onto the bed, *your* bed. She's awful strong for a senior citizen.

As she rips off your pants and goes to work you realize that the joke is on you. Hopefully, you'll be able to undo what happens next with several years of quality therapy.



THE END

"Thanks," Carol says when you tell her that you'll accompany her to the office. "I don't want to go alone in case Mr. Natas is there."

You immediately understand Carol's concern. Your boss, Mr. Natas is a senior lawyer at the firm. He's been acting very strange lately. First, he painted the walls of his plush corner office black. Then he replaced the landscape above his desk with a poorly done painting of a goat wearing a crown. Finally, he changed his cologne to something that smells repulsively sulfuric. He's been turning the thermostat up ridiculously high, too, and all that heat makes your own office stuffy. So you nod and say, "That's probably smart. Something's going on with him. Maybe he's getting a divorce."

"Maybe," Carol says. She doesn't look convinced.

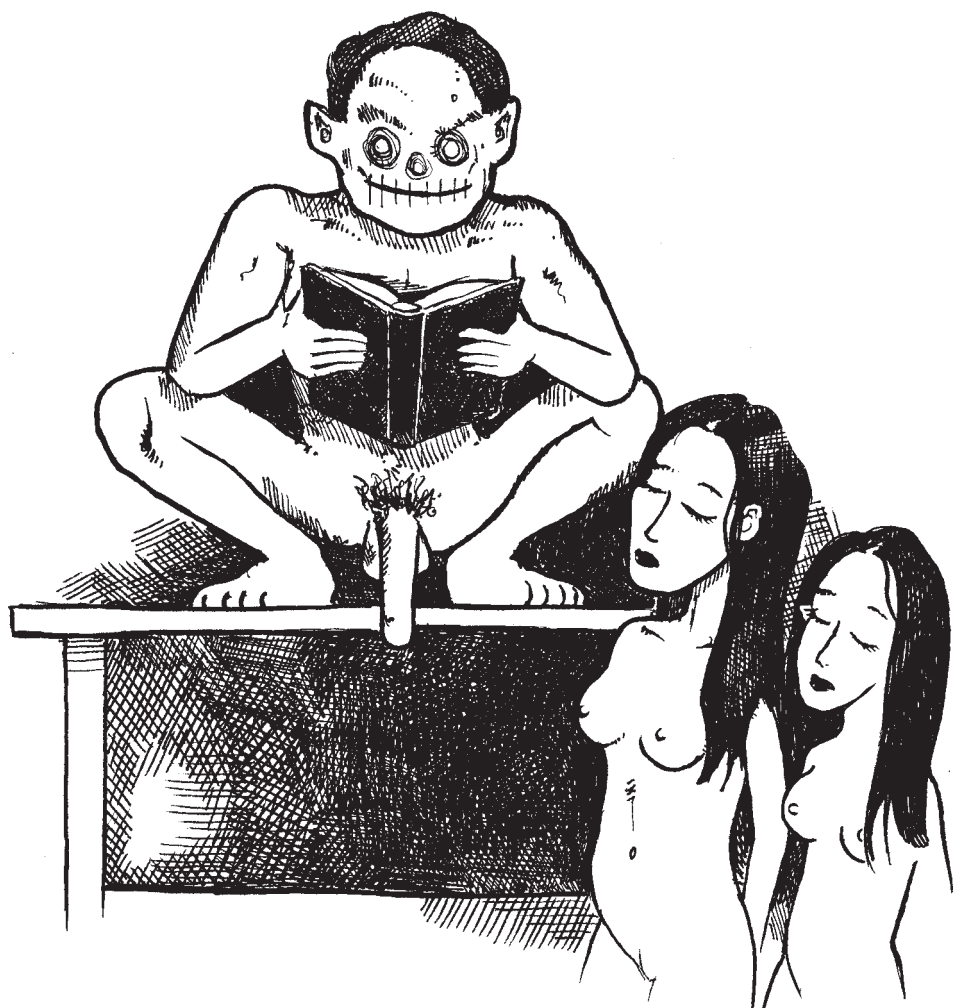
When you arrive at your law firm on the 52nd floor of a building downtown, the front door is locked. You use your key to let Carol and yourself inside. With her report in hand, Carol makes a beeline for her desk. She has her finger on the fax machine's send button when you stop her.

"Do you hear that?" you whisper. There's an odd noise coming from Mr. Natas's office down the hall. It sounds like chanting.

Carol shivers. "See," she whispers back, "that's why I didn't want to come here alone. Let's send this report and get the hell out of here."

You want to know what Mr. Natas is up to, however. You take Carol's hand and lead her quietly down the hallway. The door to Mr. Natas's office is slightly ajar and you peek inside.

What you see is shocking. Stark naked, Mr. Natas perches on his desk like some kind of giant toad, reading from a huge black book in a guttural voice. Kneeling before him are two beautiful young ladies. They both have black hair, pale skin, and, like Mr. Natas, aren't wearing much of anything.



You're appalled that something like this is happening at your office, but from the looks of it, you've shown up at exactly the right time to watch what promises to be a very interesting show.

If you knock loudly on the door, turn to page 51.

If you'd rather watch what happens next, turn to page 57.

Having amassed enough nightmare fodder to last several lifetimes, you run from your parents' house. Your father and mother follow you out the front door, yelling for you to stop.

"Don't run, Son!" Fred calls. "It's only a little depraved geriatric group sex!"

"Come back!" you hear Margie cry. "We'll let you be the pony!"

You keep right on running, past your car and down the street. You can't think right now. All you can do is cry big fat tears for your crushed and mangled innocence. Finally, after you've sprinted a few blocks, you slow down. Whew, you haven't run that far since Junior High! And the crying part? You haven't done that since Junior High either!

You're standing at the end of a dead-end street. This is where your parents' neighborhood ends and a dark, wild forest begins. You used to explore these woods as a child, particularly when your parents angered or offended you, as they have done tonight. Of course, now it is pitch dark. You are likely to be eaten by a grue. Your parents are gaining on you, however, having no doubt thrown on some clothing so that they can give you a few non-sexual hugs. You could lose them in the forest while you clear your head, just as you did when you were younger.

Conversely, you might flank your parents, return to your car, and drive directly to your favorite club, the HotBox. There, you could drink yourself into sweet oblivion and forget all about your parents' free-wheeling genitals.

If you run into the forest, turn to page 47.

If you'd like to visit the HotBox, turn to page 64.

You run into the forest. You hear shouts behind you, but as you enter the trees, your pursuers abruptly stop giving chase. Strange, but it makes your escape that much easier.

The trees are shrouded in darkness, and you stumble over fallen branches as you push deeper into the forest. A growing sense of unease washes over you, but you can't explain why. Still, it's better than facing the situation you've left behind.

Soon you find a trail of sorts, and your pace quickens. The unease that you felt upon entering the forest has dissipated, replaced by a curious calmness that has left you without a care in the world. Sure, you're still mildly intoxicated, but this place feels... enchanted. You laugh out loud at how silly that thought seems and keep walking.

You don't know how long you walk—an hour, two hours?—but eventually you find yourself in a circular clearing. Shadowy trees form a ring around the edge, but moonlight illuminates the lush grass and wildflowers of the open space. What a beautiful place, you think to yourself, and you immediately sit down in the grass to rest.

Turn to the next page.



Near your feet, nearly hidden in the grass, you spy several mushrooms. You're uncertain if they're edible; they do have an odd iridescent sheen to them.

"Eat the mushrooms," a female voice whispers in your ear.

Startled, you whirl around. Did someone follow you into the forest? No, you must have imagined the voice. But then you hear it speak the same words again, and the effect is hypnotic. You stare at the mushrooms, your mouth filling with saliva.

If you decide to listen to the voice and snack on the mushrooms,
turn to page 50.

If you resist the urge to eat the mushrooms, turn to page 58.

You recite what you hope is your Admittance Number.

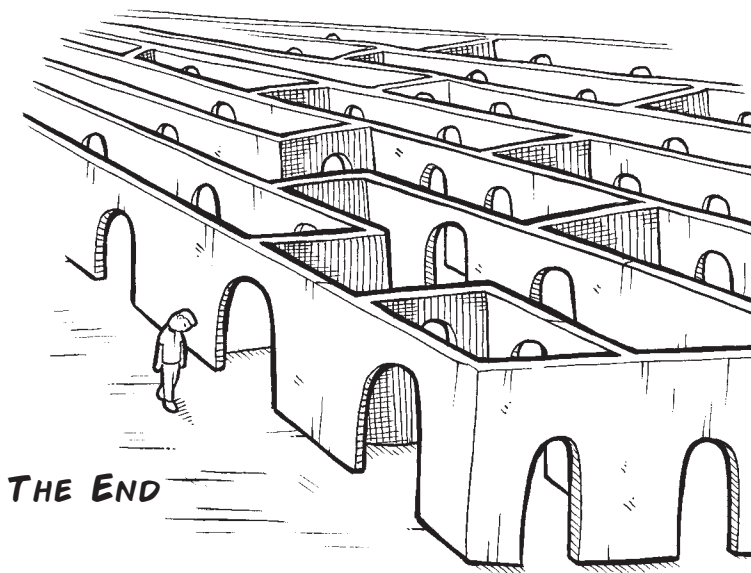
The angel shakes his head sadly, and his mustache droops a little. "Sorry," he says. "Looks like it's Purgatory for you." He points his finger back the way you came. Then, with a poof of bluish smoke, the angel, the podium, the book, and the gigantic door disappear.

You're still standing in the hallway, but countless doorways are once again scattered along its length. Not knowing what else to do, you start walking. You choose one doorway, then another, but the outcome is always the same: another long hallway punctured with seemingly identical doorways. Your feet begin to hurt and you're hungry, but you keep going. Hours pass.

You hear Carol's voice calling your name, but she sounds far away. You dodge through doorways and traverse corridors, trying to locate the source of the sound, but Carol's voice never gets any closer. After awhile, you don't hear it anymore.

With a heavy heart and heavy feet, you continue walking. Hours turn into days. You ache all over and are so thirsty that you become weak and dizzy. You begin to see drinking fountains and pop machines along the walls. But these, of course, are only cruel hallucinations.

How much farther can you walk? Only you know for certain, but one thing has become painfully clear. No matter how many doors you pass through or how many corridors you cross, you are doomed to die in this limbo, trapped in a maze that knows no end.



What's the worst that can happen, you think, as you cram one of the mushrooms into your mouth. Liver failure? You chuckle. You've downed so much alcohol in your lifetime that you doubt some little mushrooms could do much damage.

After you chew up two of the mushrooms and swallow them, the bizarre impulse subsides, and you can hardly remember what caused you to eat them in the first place. No matter, you stretch out in the grass and admire the stars. It's peaceful in the forest. A few crickets chirp, and the leaves rustle gently on a warm breeze.

You watch as the stars spin slowly above you. Then, with a cosmic pop, they merge into a rainbow that covers you like a collapsing tent. Inside a space that shrinks until you can hold it in your palm, geometric patterns form and fall away. This is the architecture of the universe, rising and falling with your every breath.

And then the night sky returns, amazing in its clarity and scope. You analyze each star, and they are all in their place. . . except for one. This unruly star moves erratically, first to the right and then to the left as it twirls closer to you. It descends into the forest and comes to a stop behind the trees, where it pulses softly.

"Come to us," you hear the female voice say, and you snap upright. The voice didn't come from the pulsing light, but from behind you. In that direction you can see nothing but darkness. You're confused. What the hell is going on? And why does your mouth taste like ass?

The light blinks invitingly behind the trees, but then the voice in the darkness speaks again, joined by another voice so that the effect is like that of a choir. These voices are familiar, like the voices of friends. You want to obey.

If you follow the voices, turn to page 88.

If you walk toward to the light, turn to page 91.

You knock on the door to Mr. Natas' office, and it swings open.

Surprised, Mr. Natas falls silent. As though awakened from a dream, the two naked women peer at their surroundings, palpable fear filling their eyes. Then they jump to their feet, push past you, and bolt down the hallway without a word.

"Who dares separate me from my prey?" Mr. Natas shrieks in a voice that does not belong to him. Suddenly, his eyes flash red, and a piercing, inhuman scream erupts from his lips.

All the lights in the office blink out, throwing you into complete darkness. The awful scream stops, but another sound replaces it: a low, rumbling growl, like a dog about to attack. Whatever Mr. Natas had planned for those two women, he didn't appreciate being interrupted.

You bump into Carol in the gloom. "This way!" you yell at her. You need to get away from Mr. Natas—or whatever Mr. Natas has become—very quickly. Yet, even though you know this building like the back of your hand, you feel disoriented.

You stumble down the hallway, but nothing is as it once was. The darkness isn't as pervasive now, but you still can't locate the door to your office, or Carol's cubicle, or even the front door, which should be right in front of you. There are numerous doorways, yes, but you find that passing through one of them leads to another seemingly endless hallway full of more darkened doorways. The two naked women should be mere steps in front of you, but they have completely disappeared.

You grab Carol's hand so that you don't lose her too. "W-Where are we?" she asks, terrified.

"It's some kind of maze," you say as the realization that you are no longer in your law office sinks in. Can this be real?

"W-What do we do?" Carol whimpers. Her eyes bug out, and she collapses against a wall in what appears to be a severe panic attack. She's not going to be going anywhere fast, that's for sure. If you leave her here, you might be able to get help before anything worse happens. Or, you could stay by her side and try to make your escape together.

If you leave Carol to find help, turn to page 61.

If you navigate the maze with Carol in tow, turn to page 62.

“I dare you to kiss me,” you say to Laura.

Laura smiles mischievously. Then she crawls over to you on all fours and kisses you. Not just a peck either; she slides her tongue inside your mouth, and then, as you try to kiss her back, she pulls away and bites your lip.

“Ouch,” you say, but you’re grinning. When Laura returns your smile with a sexy wink you know that you’ve got a very good chance of bedding her tonight.

Suddenly Paul is on his feet. He seemed ready to pass out a moment earlier, but now he moves incredibly fast. Before your addled brain has a chance to react, he plants his fist between your eyes. You listen to the bones in your nose snap and feel blood pouring down your chin.



The frat boy doesn't stop there though. As Laura screams, he pummels you repeatedly, smashing his fists into your left cheek and then your right. You fall to the floor and curl into a ball. The glass bong shatters beneath you.

The attack is over as quickly as it began, but you're not getting up any time soon. Moaning, you lay in a soup of blood, glass, and bong water. You look for Laura, but she's already gone, probably hustling her boyfriend away from the scene of the crime.

How you get home that night remains one of the great mysteries of the ages, and you wake up the next morning on your kitchen floor, your face crusty with blood and vomit.

Maybe it's not so bad, you think, as you stumble to the bathroom. One look in the mirror, however, confirms that yes, it really is *that* bad. Your nose is swollen and purple, and you have two black eyes.

You're struggling to think of a way your birthday could get any worse when your phone rings. It's your boss. You're late for a meeting with your firm's biggest client. Your boss tells you that if you're not there within ten minutes you're fired.

You hang up and vomit heartily into the toilet. Not only did you not get the girl this time, but you'll be lucky to have your job at the end of the day.

THE END

“Don’t you recognize me?” the stranger asks. “It’s me. Or more precisely, I’m you.” The man moves into the glow of a street light, and you gasp. The man *is* you, or at least someone who looks *exactly* like you. This must be a nightmare, a hallucination or some kind of joke.

“This isn’t a nightmare, a hallucination, or a joke,” your second self explains. “I’m you from another dimension. I made different choices than you did tonight, so our paths separated. And when that happened, more than one of you, of us, came into existence. Normally, our paths wouldn’t cross, but in our case, they have!”

You struggle to understand. “Why?” is all you can come up with.

“I’m glad you asked,” your second self says. “I have information to share with you. It’s extremely important you remember what I’m about to tell you.”

“Hit me,” you say.

“122,” your second self says.

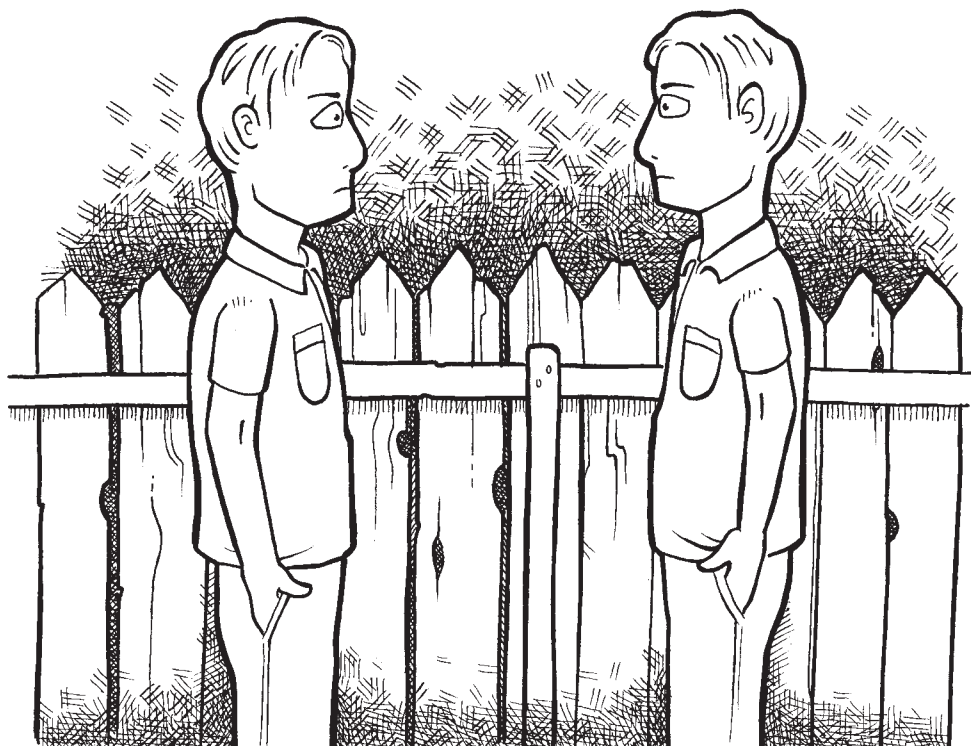
“That’s it?” you ask. “Just a number?”

“It’s *your* number!” your doppelganger says. “All you have to do is call Carol and take her to the office so she can fax a report. Once you’re there, it’s easy. Don’t be passive, don’t be afraid to go out on your own, and always head toward the light.”

Carol is your coworker at the law firm. She handles your paperwork and appointments; you think of her as your Girl Friday. A few years younger than you, Carol has a sweet, girl-next-door face framed with mousy auburn hair. Your relationship with Carol has always been strictly professional, but you’ve caught her looking at you a few times. You’re not sure you have her home number though.

“Her home number is in your phone, dumbass,” your second self says. Suddenly, he glances around. “Hey, it’s been realish, but I have to go. I have a date with Destiny. Or maybe her sister, I forget. Later!”

Then, as mysteriously as he arrived, the second you disappears. You’re sure you should believe yourself, so you pull out your phone to call Carol. Of course, maybe you’re hallucinating and should seek medical attention immediately!



If you offer Carol a ride to your office, turn to page 44.

If you head to the emergency room to make sure you're not insane,
turn to page 70.

You're happy to return to your apartment. It's late. You're tired. You're also horny because you missed at least twenty-three opportunities to get laid tonight. But you're not worried because the girls of porn always want more.

With your trusty box of Kleenex by your side, you surf the interwebs for appealing erotica. Following questionable blind links, you stumble on gushing gonads and tingling tushes, hairy balls and hairy bushes. There are many options, but you know what will make you the hardest. Emerson watches with growing apathy as you pull up your favorite website of all time, *Face Farters*. Now we're talking! Throughout your adventures this evening, you were really only thinking about your true passion: the world of beautiful women ripping hair-curling farts into the mouths of fart-fetishist men just like yourself.

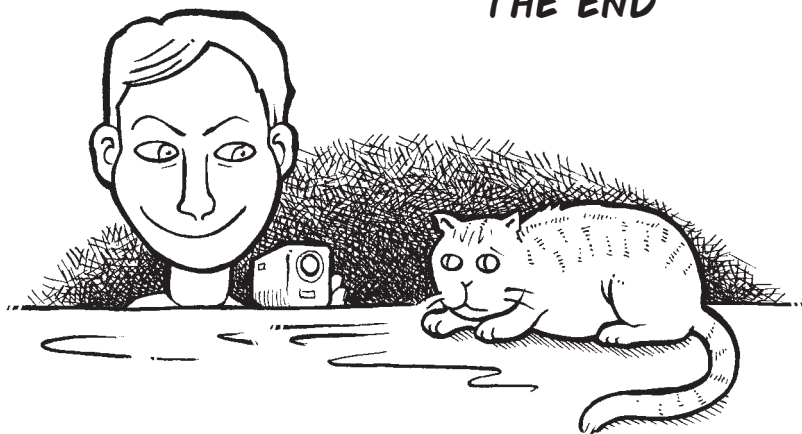
The urge is too much to take. All you can think about is playing with yourself. It's time to masturbate. You've got *Face Farters* and you don't need anything else.

Finally satisfied, you slump onto your futon. Emerson moves in for a cuddle, wary of your deflating member. If only you could teach Emerson to fart into your mouth, you think, everything would be perfect.

You sit bolt upright. That's it! You've finally found the direction that you want your life to take. You'll start your own niche website, *Cat Face Farters*! You'll get rich, maybe even famous (at least within certain communities). Why go to sleep when your dream can begin right now? You grab your video camera and Emerson and get to work.

What a wonderful birthday this is turning out to be!

THE END



You decide not to interrupt the strange ritual taking place in Mr. Natas' office, instead positioning yourself so that both you and Carol can look through the gap in the door.

Mr. Natas continues chanting in a language you can't understand. When he repeats several phrases, the two naked women rise to their feet and stand at attention beside his desk. Whatever Mr. Natas is saying, the women seem to be transfixed by his voice. You've never seen them before, but they look like twins. Their faces are fashion model gorgeous, and their flawless breasts and hourglass figures would put any adult actress to shame. You have to wonder how Mr. Natas got so lucky.

Mr. Natas sets his book down and gathers the women into his arms. They kiss and touch him all over, stroking and licking until your boss has a massive erection. How are you ever going to sit through a conference call with this guy again?

The lovemaking that follows is carnal and unhinged. Mr. Natas takes each of the women in turn, against the desk, the floor, and the wall, his hips jackhammering like a man possessed, while the unoccupied twin pleasures herself so that he can watch.

Carol presses against your side. She follows the wanton revelry with interest, her cheeks flushed and her lips slightly parted. When you place your hand against her thigh and she doesn't brush it away, your suspicions are confirmed: Mr. Natas' secret circus has your coworker extremely turned on.

Mr. Natas says something in his primordial language, and the two women kneel before him. You have a feeling you know what's coming next. Just before the money shot, however, Carol drags you into your own office. She locks the door, and then, eyes wild with lust, slips into your arms.

This can only mean one thing. Carol is ready to finish your aborted affair from the night before. Mr. Natas might hear you though. Maybe, you think, it would be safer to take your tryst up to the rooftop where you can make as much noise as you like.

If you take Carol up to the roof, turn to page 72.

If you follow Carol's lead and stay in your office, turn to page 74.

There's no way you're going to eat some random mushrooms, ethereal disembodied voice or not! Once you make up your mind, the urge to devour the fungi passes.

You feel rested enough to start moving again, though you have no idea which way to go. You hesitate to leave the clearing and plunge back into the forest, but really, what choice do you have?

In the darkness a branch snaps, startling you. Is there someone—or something—out there? You scan the forest and see an unfamiliar silhouette just beyond the clearing. As your eyes adjust you see several more silhouettes, a half dozen or so. Then one of the shapes moves.

It's a dog, you think at first, but it's larger than any dog you've ever seen. As the animal steps into the clearing, you realize the truth. It's a gigantic grey wolf. And he's brought friends.

Snarling, the wolf pack steps into the moonlight. These are muscular animals, but you can see their ribs. They look like they haven't eaten for awhile, and you have a sinking feeling that you might be on the menu tonight. You back away slowly, but you know that you only have a few moments before they attack.

You bump against the trunk of a large tree that has several stout branches within arm's reach. You might be able to grab one and swing yourself into the tree. From there, you could climb to safety. But then what? You'd be stuck in a tree all night. Maybe you should make a run for it. You're quick on your feet and you think that you might be able to outrun these oversized dogs—at least until a better option presents itself.

If you climb the tree, turn to page 65.

If you'd rather make a run for it, turn to page 68.

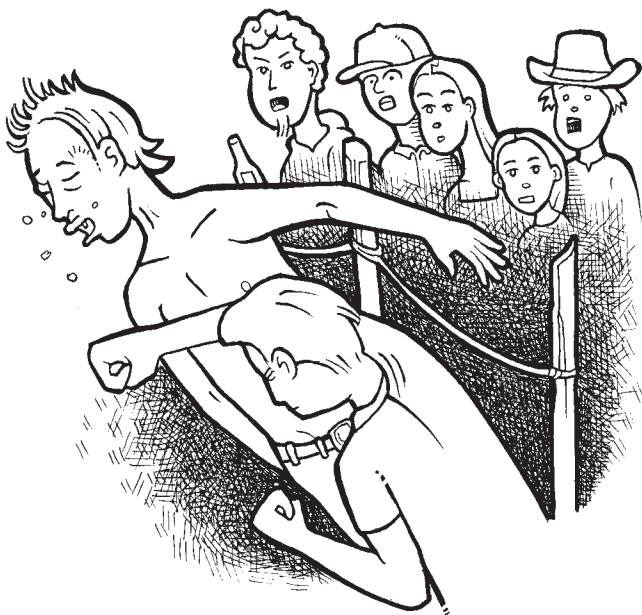
Though you're more of a lover than a fighter, you'll be damned if you'll let a bunch of hick kids think they can push you around. As you duck under the ropes, a roar goes up from the onlookers. If they want a fight, you'll give them a fight. You glance back at Cassidey, but she isn't smiling like the rest of them. She looks frightened for you.

Something hits you under the jaw, and stars explode across your vision. You almost go down, but manage to stay on your feet. When your sight returns, you see your opponent grinning at you. "What's the matter, grandpa," he taunts. "Caught you sleepin'?"

While you were looking at Cassidey, the fight started without you. But no matter. You rub your sore jaw and feel the rage building within you. You come out swinging, aiming for that smug little shit's nose.

But he's so much faster than you are. He ducks, parries, and nails you in the stomach. You stagger again, but this time there is no pain, only the numbness of whiskey mixed with adrenaline.

Turn to the next page.



You leap onto him then, teeth bared, and begin to rain punches down onto his head. Though you no longer have a strategy, your fists begin to make contact. You connect with his lip, which splits, crush his nose with a powerful jab, and finally land a right hook against the side of his temple. He goes down face first into the dirt, and he doesn't move.

The crowd erupts, but not with applause. Looking around, you see furious faces. It seems you have just KO'ed the local favorite.

Cassidey ducks inside the ring and protectively wraps her arm around you. "Let me take you away from here before it gets ugly," she says.

You're hesitant to follow Cassidey anywhere, but by the way she's holding onto you, the evening might improve drastically if you give her one more chance. You think you could probably get back to your car without her assistance, however. Then you could head back to town, and recover in style at the club, which was your original plan before you ended up in this hillbilly nightmare.

If you ditch Cassidey, return to the city, and go immediately to the HotBox, turn to page 64.

If you let Cassidey help you instead, turn to page 204.

With Carol a nervous wreck, you know that you'll make better time if you leave her and find help. "I'll be right back. Stay here!" you tell Carol, but your coworker doesn't respond.

You plunge into the maze, choosing doorways at random. But each doorway leads to yet another gloomy passageway and additional choices, none of which are more promising than the next. Soon you are jogging to cover ground faster, though your strategy doesn't seem to be working; the distance between each door grows larger with every step you take. The light fades and soon you are navigating by dragging your fingers against the cold walls.

You think back to your childhood and remember an experience in a corn maze one brisk October day. If lost in the maze, you were instructed to keep one hand in contact with one wall and walk forward until you found your way out. So, you try this. You don't feel like you're getting anywhere, but you keep going. The passageways become darker still.

Then, abruptly, you come to a closed door, the first you have seen since you entered the maze. There's a nameplate on the door. With a shudder you read *Mr. Natas, Senior Partner*. Your boss's office? What does this mean?

You look over your shoulder. Curiously, you stand at the end of a hallway of which the closed door is on one end and the other end... well, you can't see the other end. The hallway stretches into the distance and disappears. You think you can see a faint light somewhere on the horizon, but it might just be your imagination. Mr. Natas' office appears to be the only way out of the maze. Of course, you could always turn around and go back the way you came, but you stand a chance of never getting out if you do that.

If you enter Mr. Natas' office, turn to page 171.

If you turn around and head back into the maze, turn to page 180.

You can't leave Carol alone, so you encourage her to stand. With her arm draped across your shoulder, you can support her enough to move forward. Mumbling gibberish, Carol isn't much help.

You stumble into the maze. You figure if you keep moving you'll at least get *somewhere*. Unnervingly, you notice a scratching noise. It sounds like an animal trying to tear its way out of the walls. As you duck through a doorway, you hear ragged breathing and the scratch of claws against the floor. Whatever was inside the wall has now broken through! You drag Carol into a trot, but the thing behind you is gaining fast.

"C'mon, Carol," you urge your unresponsive coworker. You think about dropping her and making a break for it, but you can't leave her behind now.

Then the monster is upon you. It is doglike, but nearly the size of a horse, with oily black fur, gleaming red eyes, and long sharp claws. It has Mr. Natas' face, but his features are deformed and nightmarish.

You shove Carol to the side, hoping that she might be spared, and brace yourself for the beast's onslaught. It knocks you to the ground and you scream as its claws tear through your clothing. But all is not lost, and you work your fingers past the monster's gnashing teeth until your thumbs are positioned over its beady eyes. As it lowers its jaws to tear your throat out, you push your thumbs deep into its eye sockets.

Thrashing, the beast collapses on top of you. In the chaos, one of its claws grazes your temple. You lose consciousness.

You wonder if you are dying or already dead, but then you catch glimpses of your office hallway, which no longer resembles a maze. You see Mr. Natas' face, normal as well, leering at you from the corner of your vision. Then he is gone, replaced by men in uniforms who examine you. "Mass hysteria maybe, but that doesn't explain his wounds," one of them says. You see Carol, unharmed. You hear her tell the men that you saved her from a monster, but no one listens. The men load you onto a stretcher. You lose consciousness again.



Turn to page 172.

Ah, the HotBox. No matter how your day has been up to this point, it's bound to get better now. The club's bouncer waves you inside immediately. You're a bit of a regular here, for better or for worse (your liver might argue the latter). You make your way to the bar where, surprise, the bartender has a Jack and Coke on the counter before you can even say hello. It's just what you need.

You sip your drink and survey the scene. The HotBox isn't large by club standards, but it boasts a dance floor with a chest-thumping sound system, plenty of private areas lined with comfortable sofas, and a clientele that's usually entertaining. This club isn't full of college kids either. At the HotBox, one finds a motley assortment of stockbrokers, drug dealers, bored housewives, petty criminals, and even a few friendly gay guys. You never know who you'll run into here, but it's always an adventure. In fact, you're marginally certain that you picked up last night's fling standing in this very spot.

But at this early of an hour the action looks tame. A middle-aged couple is engaged in some freaky dancing on the floor, but otherwise you notice nothing of interest. No, wait. Seated side-by-side in a booth in the darkest corner of the club are two unusual women. Unusual in that they're jaw-droppingly gorgeous. Too good looking for the HotBox, that's for sure. From what you can see, they're wearing matching black minidresses, fishnet stockings, and boots. Goth twins, you think with a chuckle. One of them catches you looking, and an odd sensation courses down your spine. You look away quickly. What was that all about?

Before you can figure it out, you see a familiar face across the dance floor. It's Pedro. A hardened drug dealer and a pimp, no one would claim that Pedro has an engaging personality. Still, if one is looking for the latest illicit drug, Pedro has it. He's headed for the door, however, so if you want to acquire something, you'd better do it now. Of course there's still the matter of those two beautiful women seated in the booth. You don't want them to get away either.

If saunter over to the two women, turn to page 78.

If you'd rather score some drugs from Pedro, turn to page 93.

You swing yourself onto a branch just in time. Snapping their jaws, the wolves cluster around the base of the tree, so you immediately climb higher. Soon you are far above the menacing animals.

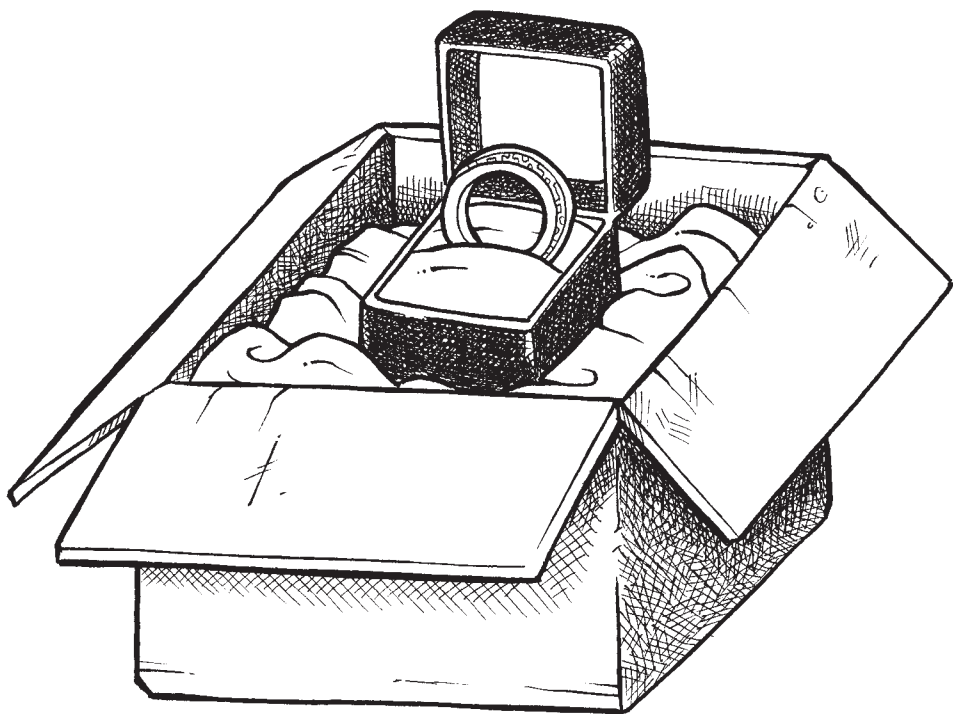
You stop to rest on a large branch. The tree you've chosen to climb is taller than many of its neighbors, so you have quite a view of the forest beneath you. Now all you have to do is wait. It might be a long night, but you suspect that the wolves will abandon the hunt when the sun comes up.

Suddenly, you notice something scrabbling *up* the trunk toward you. Wolves don't climb trees, do they? You look closer. It's a man, ascending rapidly. He has a long curved blade clamped between his teeth and an ancient looking pistol tucked into his belt. He looks alarmingly like... a pirate!

You'd like to climb higher into the tree, but the tree has vanished. You're sitting in the rigging of a ship that is crashing through the waves of the sea far below. You look down and see several more pirates, all heavily armed, clambering up the mast. You climb higher, too, and finally topple into the crow's nest at the top of the mast, almost a hundred feet above the ocean. There's no where else to go. The pirates are so close you can smell them. If they catch you, they'll keelhaul you for sure.

You leap from the crow's nest and feel massive wings unfurl from your back. You can fly! You gain altitude so rapidly that soon the ship is just a speck beneath you. You pump your wings and aim for the moon. There, you land neatly in your girlfriend's crater home. She asks if you brought her some banana bread. When you show her the bread, she tells you that she needs to check its density before she can give you a moonjob, her specialty. So, you lay down in the moon dust and place the loaf of bread on your chest. It sure is heavy. It feels sort of like a big, heavy cat.

Suddenly it dawns on you. This *must* be a dream. And just like that, you wake up.



When you arrive at your law firm on the 52nd floor of a building downtown, you find a courier waiting. After you sign his clipboard, he thrusts a plain cardboard box into your hands. There's no shipping information on its exterior. You'd ask the courier who it's from, but he is already gone. Inside is a sheaf of paper and a jewelry box.

The first paper is a standard Non-Disclosure Agreement. You scribble your name in the required spot and continue to read.

Dear Sir, the missive begins, enclosed you will find an item of utmost importance to National Security. Breach of this contract will be considered treason.

Your blood turns cold. *Treason?*

The note continues. *Enclosed you will find the Ring of Invisibility prototype for your inspection. The prototype will be retrieved within twenty-four hours of delivery. Attempting to operate the prototype is punishable under US Penal Code 2381-1.*

The document goes on to discuss an unnamed agency's desire to ensure that such a device is legal as well as pursue patent arrangements. But you've long since stopped paying attention. Ring of Invisibility? This *has* to be a joke.

You open the jewelry box and, sure enough, there is a ring inside. It is made of platinum. A band of circuitry runs around its circumference. You glance around your office, waiting for someone to jump out and yell "*Surprise!*" When no one does, you slip the ring onto your finger. "Ring of Invisibility," you snort, and leaf through the paperwork. You spot an address for an "IR Lab" but otherwise there are no clues to the ring's origin.

You catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror that hangs behind your door. Your shirt and pants are reflected there, but you can't see your hands or your face. You're invisible! Hastily, you remove the ring, and sure enough, you appear in the mirror again, grinning.

Naturally, you don't want to commit any crimes, but you tingle at the prospect of being invisible. Maybe it would be best to learn more about this ring by visiting the address in the paperwork. Or maybe, a more devious part of you thinks, you should take it to Carol's friend's party, just for fun.

If you investigate the lab where the ring was developed,
turn to page 76.

If you take the ring and go to Taylor's party, turn to page 94.

You back slowly out of the clearing and then burst into a sprint. You don't look back, but you hear panting as the wolves give chase. You believe that you can run as fast as any wolf—you placed second in the 100-yard dash in Junior High after all—so as long as you can stay ahead of them, you should be okay. Unfortunately, you're already starting to feel the effects of your donut-based diet; you're not sure how long you can keep up this pace.

But no matter, you also have your superior intellect! All you need to do is outwit these mangy animals. You weave through the trees in a zigzag motion. Serpentine! Serpentine! Amazingly, the wolves are not at all confused by this tactic.

So, with sweat beading on your forehead, you plunge forward with all your strength. It works! You're pulling ahead. This is one race you can't afford to lose, and by golly you're winning it.

Up ahead you see, miracle of miracles, a pair of headlights moving through the trees. You must be near a road. Though the headlights pull away into the night, you aim for their approximate location. Another car will be along soon enough.

You hazard a glance over your shoulder. The wolves have fallen further behind. Yes, you're doing it! You're getting away! You're—

You trip on a tree branch and fall on your face.

The wolves are upon you in an instant. Six pairs of teeth tear through your clothing and into your flesh. Before you can defend yourself, the largest wolf rips your jugular out in a spray of warm blood. You try to scream but all that comes out is a sad gurgle. As you suffocate in your own blood, the wolves yank out your intestines.

Which isn't how you hoped to spend your birthday, all things considered.



THE END

You're pretty sure that you're losing your mind. You had a conversation about magic numbers with someone who looked exactly like you. Oddly, you don't *feel* crazy, but you read a magazine article once about psychotic breaks. You think you may have just had one.

The receptionist at the emergency room takes your fears seriously and soon you are in a small room by yourself, kicking your heels against the side of the exam table while you wait. After an hour, a nurse enters.

"I'm Megan," she says, pointing to her name tag. She's here to take your vitals. After glancing at your chart, she asks, "You're worried about your mental stability?"

Megan is a dainty little thing with a freckled nose and her blonde hair drawn back into a ponytail. But as you stare at Megan, she begins to *change*. She becomes taller, her hair grows shorter, and her nose elongates. Megan just turned into you!

You stare at yourself. "Why are you here again?" you ask.

The second you says, "Because you didn't do anything I said to do."

You tell your doppelganger that you can make your own decisions, thank you very much. "You're a real fuck-up is what you are," he says, unimpressed.

Now you're angry. You ask your second self to leave, but he continues to make fun of you in a loud voice. You don't want him to embarrass you in front of that cute nurse, Megan. Where did she go anyway? You ask your second self to leave.

"You can't make me, loser," he says.

"I'll show you," you scream and leap at your doppelganger. You get in one good slap, but then the other you escapes out the door, screaming loudly.

You streak after your second self, but are promptly tackled to the ground by a pair of agitated men wearing hospital security uniforms. Normally, you wouldn't put up a fight, but these guys both have your face! "Loser, loser," the doppelganger security guards chant while they subdue you.

You scream in terror and confusion as a pair of cuffs are snapped around your wrists, and you know that you are losing your mind. It's a brief and final moment of clarity before your madness becomes absolute.

THE END



You take Carol's hand, lead her past Mr. Natas' office, and into the stairwell. Moments later, you emerge onto the roof of the building, fifty-five floors above the street. You lead Carol to a low concrete wall at the roof's edge. The night is pleasant and still, and the city glitters below.

Carol presses herself against you. "Hold me," she says. Soon the two of you are kissing. You put your hands on her ass, which is perfect. How did you never notice that before?

Carol pulls away to look you in the eyes. "I need to tell you something," she says.

You don't have any idea what Carol could tell you that her tongue hasn't already made perfectly clear, but you say, "Okay."

"Do you remember my first day at the office?" she asks.

"Sure," you say, and it's true, you do remember. Carol dumped a pot of coffee onto the carpet in the breakroom. You helped her clean up the mess.

"I knew the first time I saw you," she says.

"What did you know?" you ask.

Carol looks out over the nighttime city and takes a deep breath.

"That I loved you," she says. "Just like that. It was love at first sight."



You must look confused, because Carol frowns and adjusts her glasses. “I mean, that’s how I felt about you—how I feel about you. I love you.” She pauses expectantly.

You’re floored. You never guessed that Carol felt so deeply for you. Sure, the two of you almost hooked up last night, but that was a fluke, right? Still, when you think about it, she’s made her feelings for you perfectly clear. She’s left a bag of your favorite jellybeans on your desk every Friday, for God’s sake, and she *always* asks if you need a date when you leave for lunch alone. Of course she’s in love with you.

But do you love her?

Flustered by your hesitation, Carol continues, an unhinged look creeping into her eyes. “There’s no one else in this world for me except you,” she says. “Without you, life wouldn’t be worth living. I hope you feel the same about me.”

So, do you?

If you tell Carol that unfortunately you don’t feel the same about her, turn to page 202.

If you tell Carol that you love her, turn to page 206.

You decide that you'd rather stay in your office where it's warm and toasty thanks to Mr. Natas' fixation with the thermostat. You press your finger against Carol's lips and say, "Sssshhhhh."

Carol grins devilishly, hikes her skirt around her hips, and reclines on your desk, knocking over your Employee of the Year award and a picture of Emerson wearing a cowboy hat. She giggles at the noise, but you look cautiously over your shoulder, your pants already around your ankles. "We have to be quiet," you whisper.

"I can't promise that," she says and peels off her panties.

You push deep inside of her, and she locks her legs tightly around your back as you find a satisfying rhythm.

"Oh, God!" she groans. "I'm so close already!"

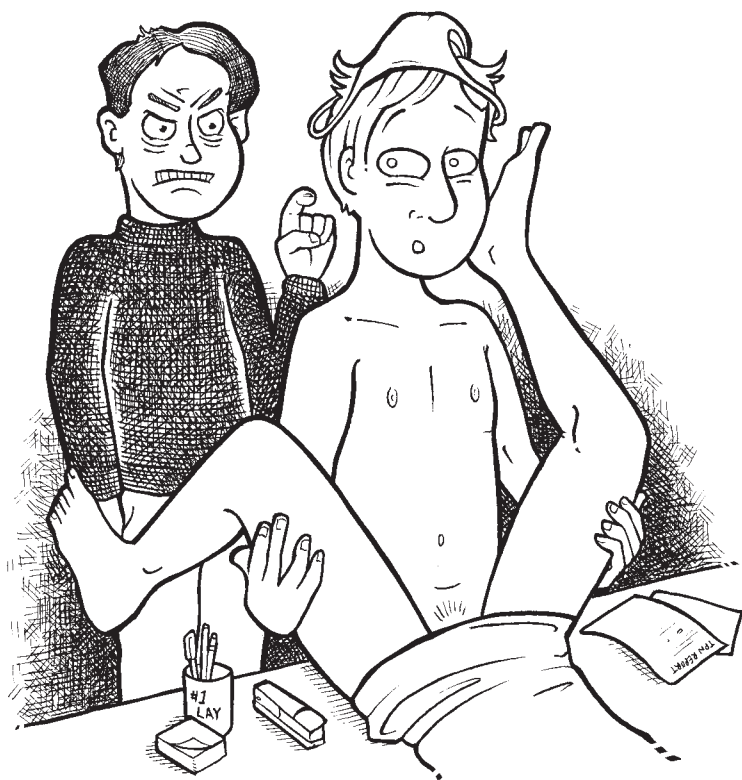
"Sssssshhhh," you reiterate, but Carol is past the point of listening. Normally you'd be thrilled to give a woman an orgasm so easily, but not now, not while you're trying to have stealth sex.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, ooooooooooh!" Carol moans. You clamp a hand over her mouth for the last part, but it doesn't do much good. No matter, you think, you're about to come too, and then you'll be out of here.

Something heavy collides with your office door. A thump, and then another. You can't pull out, you're so close! More thumping. Then, with a heavy bang, the door flies open.

Mr. Natas stands there, glowering. At least he put his pants back on, thank goodness.

"Hello, Mr. Natas," you say, trying to sound like you're not perilously close to ejaculating inside your coworker. "Do you mind? We're just finishing up?"



“Fine,” Mr. Natas says. “When you’re done, pack your things. You’re both fired.” Then he slams the door.

Carol pushes you angrily away and smooths her skirt down. “I need this job, you asshole,” she says hotly, “and you just lost it for me.”

You try to explain that you were both to blame, but Carol’s not having any of it. “At least let me get off,” you beg, but she grabs her underwear and storms out of your office, leaving you alone with your fading erection.

Not only have you lost your job and a great coworker, but the only thing you’re getting for your birthday is a painful case of blue balls.

THE END

You drive to the location noted in the paperwork and find a gated building amid several industrial compounds. When you push the intercom button near the gate, a voice squawks, "Identify yourself."

You do so, and the gate slides open. You pass through a steel door and enter a hallway where a short, rotund man meets you. With his frazzled hair, thick spectacles, and pocket protector, he looks like a quintessential scientist. "My name is Smith," he says and extends his hand. "You must be the lawyer. I didn't expect to see you here."

Smith wastes no time ushering you into an adjacent room. The walls are covered in all manner of electrical equipment, and strange devices lay strewn across the tabletops. One in particular catches your eye. It looks like a ray gun of some sort.

"You have the ring with you?" Smith asks, and smiles when you remove it from your pocket. "Excellent," he says and takes the ring from you. "Now I expect you have questions."

You ask Smith a string of questions, all couched in the language you know best, Legalese. Smith answers each tersely before finally interrupting.

"May I ask *you* a question now?" Smith asks.

You nod, even though there's something sinister about the way Smith seems to be assessing you.



“You look like a reasonably fit young man, yes? And you already know about the Ring of Invisibility, yes? Do you have any experience in the realm of, say, covert protection of high-ranking government officers?”

Ummm. You shake your head.

Smith looks disappointed but says, “No matter, no matter. Our top agent is currently, uh, incapacitated, and we need a replacement immediately. How would you like to work for us?”

You stare at Smith and then at the Ring of Invisibility in his hands. Is he really offering you a job? You don’t even know who *he* works for. “Can I say no?” you ask.

Smith frowns. “There’s always a choice,” he admits, “but I can’t guarantee your safety if you were to refuse. So, what do you say?”

If you tell Smith that you’ll take the job, turn to page 104.

If you tell Smith that you can’t take the job without more information, turn to page 106.

You let Pedro shuffle out the door. You're more interested in the women sitting in the booth than in getting high. You watch for awhile but no one approaches them. Whoever they're waiting for isn't coming. Besides, they're looking your way more frequently now and in a come-hither sort of way.

You walk casually over to their booth. As cool as ice, you ask "Waiting for someone?"

"You," one of the women says.

"Sit," the other commands.

You obey automatically. Once you're seated in the booth, you feel bewildered. Why did you sit down so quickly, like a dog wanting to please his master?

Up close the two women are much more beautiful than you realized. They both have long dark hair and skin so pale it seems almost translucent. Their lips are bright red, as are their long nails. Curiously, the irises of their eyes seem to glow with an unearthly red color as well, but that might just be a trick of the light. The women are thin, but shapely in all the right places, and their matching dresses are skin tight. These women are odd for sure, but bewitchingly sexy.

"Are you models?" you stammer, your suave facade gone.

"We ask the questions," the woman on the left says sharply.

"Understand?"

You nod dumbly.

"We're vampires," one of the women says matter-of-factly.

"We're on our way to a ritual..."

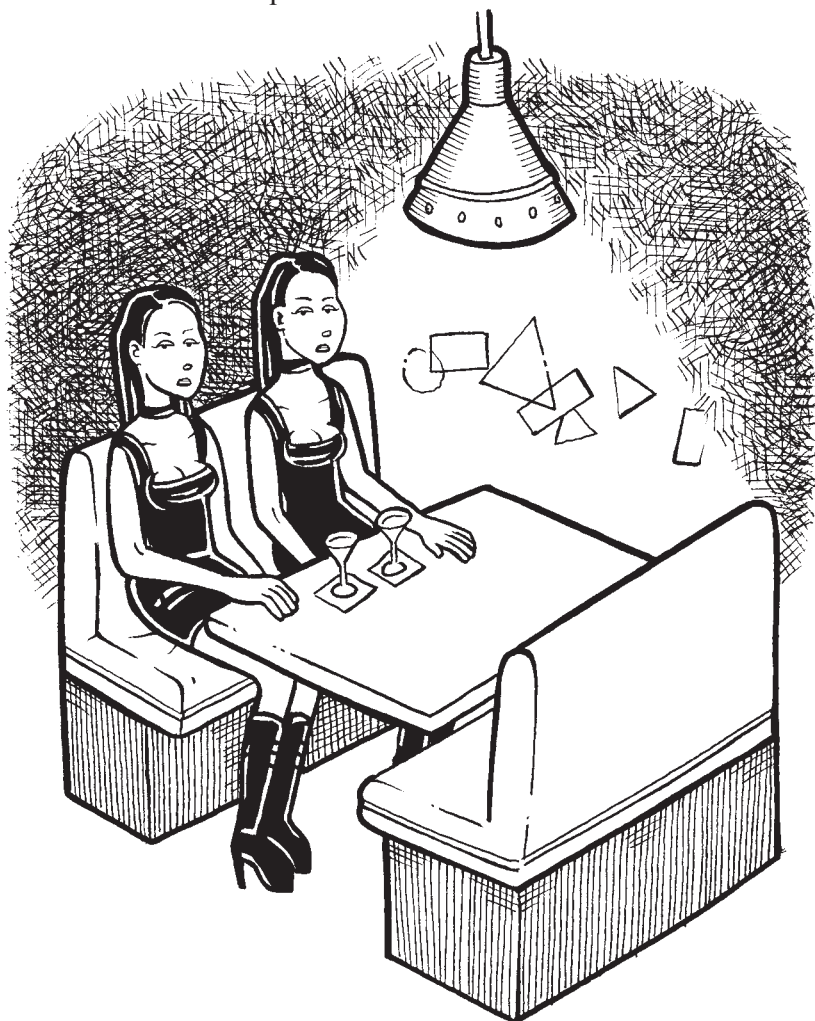
"A *party*," her twin interjects.

"Right, a *party*, but we're one guest short of the number we need."

You feel like laughing, but you don't—or can't. If the women are joking, they've got their poker faces firmly in place. This is ridiculous, you think.

"We'd like you to join us," the woman on the left says, "but it's important that you come with us of your own free will. Would you like to come with us to the, uh, party?"

Suddenly the fog in your mind clears, and you can think freely again. What the hell are these Halloween kooks going on about? A party? It might be interesting to go with them, but anyone who claims to be a bloodsucker might be into some sick shit. Maybe you should ask them a few questions first.



If you decide to question the women, turn to page 80.

If you agree to go to the party with the two strange women, no questions asked, turn to page 82.

You aren't usually one to question a proposition from a pair of good-looking women, yet something about these two makes you nervous. "What kind of party?" you inquire.

"We ask the questions," one of the women responds dryly.

You feel your mouth tighten as though something is trying to prevent you from speaking, but you force your drink to your lips and nonchalantly take a sip. Whatever strange control the women exert on you fades. "What kind of party?" you repeat.

The two women exchange a glance. "Our apologies," one of them says coldly. "We thought you were someone else." Abruptly, they rise from the table.

Standing beside them, you're struck again by how insanely sensual these women are. Just looking at them makes your stomach tighten in a knot. "I mean," you say, trying to regain their attention, "if we're talking about a *sex* party I—"

"Excuse us," one of the women interrupts, and the pair pushes past you.

"Nice to meet you," you croak pathetically as the women disappear into the club.



Oh well, you think, there are plenty of fish in the sea. Unfortunately, one look around the HotBox confirms that the vast majority of the fish here tonight are not ones you want to catch. You sigh and down the rest of your drink. Well, time for another round!

Soon you are at the bar chatting with an amiable young man named Christopher. Christopher is brawny with a bald head and a handsomely chiseled face covered in stubble. He tells the bartender to put your drink on his tab, and the two of you hit it off immediately. You talk about your favorite sports teams, and Christopher tells you about his personal work-out regime. He even offers to spot you at the gym! What a great guy!

After a couple of drinks, Christopher suggests you head over to his apartment, which is nearby. He has a new video game console you might want to check out. It sounds like a fun way to end the evening. What do you say?

If you've had enough male bonding for the evening and would like to call it a night, turn to page 30.

If you'd rather go play some video games with Christopher, turn to page 84.

No matter what sort of bizarre stuff these women are into, you decide to go with them. They are insanely hot, after all. So you nod, remembering that you were told not to ask questions.

The women seem pleased with your response. "He's the one," one of them whispers to another.

"Come," the other says, and instantly you're on your feet. Like a sleepwalker, you follow the women outside. At the curb, a black car waits. One of the women slides into the back seat, and you follow. Soon you're sandwiched between two sets of the finest, longest legs you have ever seen. With a nod, the driver accelerates the car away from the HotBox.

One of the women slides her hand between your legs, caressing your thighs with her sharp nails. You don't even notice when her twin slips your cell phone and wallet out of your pocket.

The car brakes in front of an indistinct brick building. "Inside," one of the women orders and pushes you toward a door. They follow you inside, and the door closes behind you, a heavy lock clicking into place.

Your eyes slowly adjust to the flickering candlelight. You're in a parlor decorated with velvet couches and ornate paintings. You see a door in front of you, but it's boarded over and doesn't look like it opens. An unblocked doorway to your right leads down a stairwell into darkness.

The women take your hands. “We’re going to play a game of trust that involves several tests,” one of them tells you. “If you do exactly as we say, there will be pleasure in it for you. But if you disobey or ask questions, we make no such promise. Do you understand?”

You shiver. Something is very much not right here. It might be a good idea to go along with whatever these women have planned for you, but then, it just might be a good time to bug the fuck out. You’re locked inside, but you think you might be able to run down the stairwell before anyone stops you. Maybe you’ll find another exit there.



If you agree to go along with the women’s requests, turn to page 108.

If you’d rather make a dash for the stairs, turn to page 110.

You've had enough drinks that Christopher is your new best friend, so it's with great enthusiasm that you tell him you'd be thrilled to play some video games. "I love you, man!" you gush.

You weave your way to Christopher's apartment, stopping to pee in some shrubbery along the way, even though your new friend frowns disapprovingly. Christopher lets you into his apartment after a you climb a flight of stairs that seems as treacherous as Mount Everest. One too many drinks, you think.

You're greeted at the door by a yipping ball of energy. "This is Dorothy," Christopher says. "She's a Pomeranian."

You're more of a cat person, but Dorothy is adorable. And so is Christopher's apartment. So modern and clean! The furniture, all constructed from a blonde wood, sits on purple rugs. The walls are hung with brightly colored paintings of tropical scenes. "Nice place you've got," you say.

Christopher shrugs. "My ex was a designer."

"She decorated the place?"

Christopher shrugs again. "I haven't got around to changing it."

You almost ask Christopher about his last relationship, but decide you don't know him well enough yet. Maybe he doesn't want to talk about his crazy ex-girlfriend. Lord knows, you've had a few of those.



Christopher ushers you into a second bedroom that he uses as a game room. “It’s more *me*,” he explains, indicating the dark leather sofas and shag rug. Dorothy hops into your lap as Christopher makes you an Appletini from a small bar in the corner. “She likes you,” Christopher says as he hands you the drink.

You tell him that you don’t need another one—you don’t want to get sick on Christopher’s rug—but he insists so you sip the sweet liquid while he shows you his latest video game. After a particularly successful level completion, Christopher puts a hand on your thigh. “Do you like me?” he asks.

Sure, you tell Christopher. You think he’s really swell. You even like his dog.

Suddenly Christopher leans over and kisses you on the mouth.

You’re so surprised that you do an excellent impersonation of a drowning person.

Christopher looks upset. “I thought that’s what you wanted. You’re not gay?”

If you tell Christopher you’re excitedly confused, turn to page 101.

If you’re disgusted and tell Christopher you’re not interested in man love, turn to page 102.

You tell Laura that she has to tell the truth. Then you ask her if Paul is her boyfriend.

Laura seems taken aback. "I'm not sure," she says.

"What do you mean by that?" Paul counters.

Laura grills him about a blonde she saw him with earlier, and soon the two of them are arguing heatedly over the status of their relationship. Paul calls Laura something under his breath, and Laura slaps him. The frat boy raises a fist to retaliate, but one of his buddies hastily drags him into the hallway, where he yells drunken obscenities.

"Guess that sums it up," you say.

After the altercation, everyone goes back downstairs. Everyone, that is, except you, Laura, and the bong. You blaze a fat victory bowl. Soon Laura snuggles dreamily against you.

"Do you want to—?"

You have her shirt unbuttoned before she can finish her sentence, and it takes only a moment more before you're both naked, kicking aside beer cans as you look for a place to get it on. She's so tiny that you finally pick her up, wrap her legs around your back, and fuck her against the wall. When you come at last it feels like the house might crumble down around you. Judging by the expression of utter rapture on Laura's face, she feels just as good as you do. Exhausted, you tumble to the floor in each others arms.

Too soon, however, voices in the hallway snap you back to reality, and you reach for your clothing. Laura dresses quickly too, a smile on her lips.

"You better get out of here before *he* comes back," she tells you, but she grabs your collar before you can go and plants a kiss on your lips, "but *that* was amazing. I'd like to do it again sometime." She gives you her phone number and tells you to call her.

In the morning, you find Laura's number scrawled onto a scrap of paper stuck in your pocket. She made for a helluva birthday, you think, but it's probably better to never call a one-night-stand. Still, something about the sexy redhead makes you feel a little, well, different.



If you decide to call Laura, turn to page 184.

If you pitch Laura's number into the trash, turn to page 187.

With the voices urging you onward, you stumble deeper into the forest alongside a meandering stream. Darkness soon envelopes you, but the voices grow louder with every step so you are not afraid.

Abruptly, you come to the shore of a pond fed by a waterfall that flows down a steep rock face. Unsure of where to go, you listen for the voices. They seem to emanate from behind the waterfall.

You circle the pond and find an opening in the rocks behind the waterfall. Stooping, you step into a moonlit grotto. It is warm and damp inside, and the rocky walls are covered with soft, green moss.

“Welcome,” a voice says, and at last you see the speaker.

Only a few feet tall, she has luminous green skin. She hovers above the ground, held aloft by iridescent wings protruding from her back. She is quite beautiful... and completely naked.

“What are you?” you ask, stunned.

“We are water fairies,” she replies, and you see that she has a companion, bluer in color, but equally attractive. “You ate our mushrooms and are under our spell.”

“What kind of spell?” you wonder.

The fairies don’t answer. Instead they push you onto the moss and undress you with nimble fingers, giggling with delight as they see your arousal. Your size difference doesn’t seem to be a problem: the green fairy slides herself onto your erection with a moan. The blue fairy flitters above you before lowering herself onto your face. She is as sweet as cotton candy.

You lose track of time as the fairies trade positions, one pleasuring you while you gratify her partner. You only notice that it is dawn when a pink glimmer of sunlight passes through the waterfall.

The fairies have brought you to orgasm more times than you thought physically possible, and you are tired. “I have to go,” you tell them sleepily.

The fairies shake their heads. "You cannot leave this place," they explain. "Sleep now. When you wake you will find food and drink. We will return each evening at dusk to use you as we please." Then they disappear through the waterfall.

You try to follow them, but cannot. A magical barrier prevents your escape.

You are doomed to spend eternity in this cave, a sex slave to the fairies. Is this heaven... or hell? You will have decades to decide.



THE END

Seriously? You're wearing a Ring of Invisibility and you're going to walk away from a beautiful gal who wants you to fuck her brains out?

Turn to page 182, you goon.

You feel drawn to the light behind the trees. Maybe you imagined the voices, but the pulsing light can't be ignored. It becomes brighter and brighter as you stumble toward it until you're forced to shield your eyes.

You are close enough now to make out an object silhouetted against the night sky. Resting on stilt-like appendages, it is huge and oval-shaped with a dome-like protrusion affixed to the top. It resembles nothing so much as a spaceship.

A hiss escapes from the bottom of the craft, and a narrow set of stairs lowers to the forest floor. You hold your breath. This *is* a spaceship, you are sure of it!

A figure clad in a tight-fitting silver suit descends the stairwell. Its head is grotesquely elongated and its eyes are large and black. You've watched enough movies to know an extraterrestrial when you see one.

Unexpectedly, the alien speaks. "Have you seen a little girl around here?" it inquires in squeaky English. "Short, black hair?"

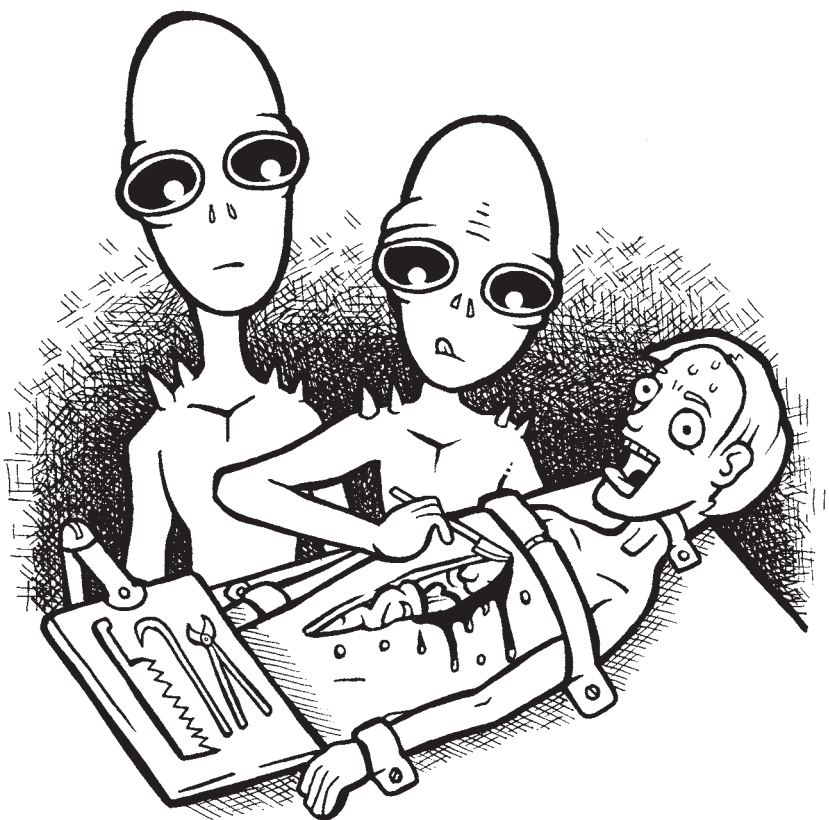
"Sorry, what?" you say, more confused now than ever.

More aliens descend the stairwell. They carry wand-like devices that crackle with electricity. Okay, now you're frightened. Slowly you begin to back away, but the aliens surround you. You raise your hands in surrender. "Take me to your leader?" you try.

ZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAPPPPPPP!

You would attempt to escape, but you can't even blink. You are paralyzed. Several of the creatures carry you up the stairwell into the belly of the spaceship. There, inside a circular room, they strap you to a cold metal table. You feel a rumble beneath you and then the sensation of flight. Though there are no windows to confirm it, you know that the craft is headed into the stratosphere.

Turn to the next page.



Just when you're starting to wonder if this will be a lengthy trip, an alien approaches bearing a platter of sharp-looking medical tools. A shiver runs down your spine. You pray that this is a dream. But as the alien selects an electric saw and exposes the skin above your heart you know that this is *not* a nightmare. Your last coherent thought as the whirring saw bisects your sternum is that you won't even be able to scream while the alien vivisects you.

THE END

You yell at Pedro before he can disappear out the door. With his hard, dark eyes, unshaven cheeks, and unkempt clothing, he doesn't look like he's slept for days which is entirely possible, even probable, for a guy like Pedro. He nods in greeting, but says nothing.

"Got anything new for me?" you ask.

Hurriedly, he pulls you aside, extracts a small baggie from the recesses of his coat, and presses it into your hand. "What is it?" you ask.

Pedro cocks his head toward the two women seated in the booth. "See those spooky bitches?" he asks. When you nod, he continues. "This is something new they cooked up. You can be the guinea pig."

When you ask what the four greenish pills in the bag are, Pedro shrugs. "Doesn't have a name yet," he says. "Try 'em and find me later. We need to talk." Then he's gone.

You pocket the mysterious drug and make for the bar. The thought of being a test pilot for some new strain of dope is something that you'd like to think about... over another drink.

After a second drink, and then a third, you feel considerably braver. Your curiosity growing, you head for the bathroom, determined to try the pills out. On the way there, however, you bump into a tall blonde woman. Or more precisely, she bumps into you. She drops her drink, a tall red one decorated with fruit and a little umbrella, and the glass shatters on the floor. You glance at the blonde. She's older, but still attractive. She has a pretty face and a sexy figure that looks, though not entirely natural, still pretty damn good for someone approaching middle age.

You start to mumble an apology, but the blonde beats you to it. "My bad," she says. "I'm so clumsy. Don't worry. I'll get another."

She returns to the bar to get a replacement Sex on the Beach.

You pause. You're intrigued by this woman, but then, you're also intrigued with getting high as fuck.

If you approach the blonde woman, turn to page 96.

If you think she's too old and you'd rather get high, turn to page 118.

You decide that no one is going to miss the Ring of Invisibility for an hour or two, so you pocket the ring and head to the address Carol gave you.

The party is in full swing when you arrive at Taylor's modest two-story home. You pass through guests chatting on the porch and knock on the front door.

A young woman opens the door, a thousand-watt smile on her lips. Her cheeks are flushed, her dark hair somewhat disheveled. Slightly unsteady on tall black pumps, she wears an apron over a polka-dot party dress. In one hand she holds an oven mitt.

"Hi," you say, "I'm Carol's friend."

"I'm Taylor!" the woman exclaims and shakes your hand with the oven mitt. "Come in!"

You follow Taylor into the kitchen where she's busy taking a tray of bruschetta out of the oven. Carol is nearby preparing a salad. You feel out of place in Taylor's home, which is small and simply decorated, but after a Martini and some of Taylor's delicious snacks, you mingle more freely. Taylor's friends are clean-cut, all-American types. Nice people, you think, but not really your scene.

Still, Taylor is a doll, and soon your interest shifts from Carol to the winsome brunette. Eyes shining, she slips her hand into yours and leads you around her house like a dog, introducing you to one person after another. She seems gentle and sweet, cocking her head as she asks about friends' parents and children. Yes, you'd like very much to get her out of that party dress and onto her back, but a woman like Taylor might need some wooing first.

The party winds down early. Soon only you, Carol, and Taylor remain. The tipsy women begin cleaning up. This might be a good time to have a little fun with the Ring of Invisibility, you think. Or maybe you would prefer to talk to Taylor and try to get to know her better.



If you decide to try out the Ring of Invisibility now, turn to page 98.

If you'd rather talk to Taylor while you help clean up, turn to page 100.



You catch the eye of the blonde as she waits for the bartender to make her another drink. When she sees you she smiles and pats the bar stool beside her. You don't have to be asked twice.

Her name is Grace. Though nearly twice your age, she doesn't look it. She has long legs, a tiny waist, and round breasts that threaten to fall out of her top whenever she moves. These, she admits hesitantly, were a gift from her husband. That's right, she's not only older, but married, too. Grace uncrosses her legs as she talks, and you're fairly certain she isn't wearing any panties. You decide that her marital status doesn't much concern you.

She pounds her drink and you sip another Jack and Coke. It's easy to see that Grace was once a classic beauty. She's still beautiful, of course, but you get the impression that she's unhappy, and that her unhappiness has begun to wear her down. Her makeup can't hide what appears to be a fading black eye, and the more she drinks the more she seems reluctant to talk about her life.

You do learn that she's a suburban housewife, but you aren't able to get much more out of her than that, so you steer the conversation towards more mundane things—music, television shows, movies—and for that she seems grateful. As for you, you've forgotten entirely about getting high, which might be a first.

At around midnight, Grace checks her phone and a worried look crosses her face. "I have to be going," she says apologetically and jumps to her feet.

Before you can speak, the bartender leans over the bar and grabs her wrist. "You're going to have to settle your tab tonight," he growls at her, "or there's going to be trouble."

Grace eyes the exit nervously. "I don't have any money," she mumbles.

"You've got money," the bartender insists. "Settle up or I'm calling the cops."

Grace looks frightened. You can see that she isn't carrying a purse so unless she's stashing cash in her cleavage, she might be in real trouble. Still, it's not your problem that she hasn't paid her bills.

If you offer to pay Grace's tab, turn to page 115.

If you wait to see if she'll pay it herself, turn to page 116.

Time for some mischief! You sneak into the bathroom while the two women share a bottle of wine and do the dishes.

Carol's bathroom contains a clawfoot tub, a large white vanity, and a cushioned bench. Across from the tub is a pair of French doors. Inside you find a sizeable closet containing a washer and dryer. Perfect, you think.

You undress and stack your clothing neatly behind the washing machine. Stark naked, you slip the ring onto your index finger and check the mirror above the sink.

You're completely invisible!

You hear footsteps outside the bathroom. Quickly, you close the utility closet doors, step behind the bathtub, and stand silently in the corner. You don't answer when Carol knocks on the door. Boy, are you going to give her a scare!

Carol enters and bends over the sink to inspect her make-up. You stare at her ass. So many possibilities. You're just about to grab a handful of Carol, when there's another knock at the bathroom door.

Taylor slips inside. "Where's your friend?" she asks.

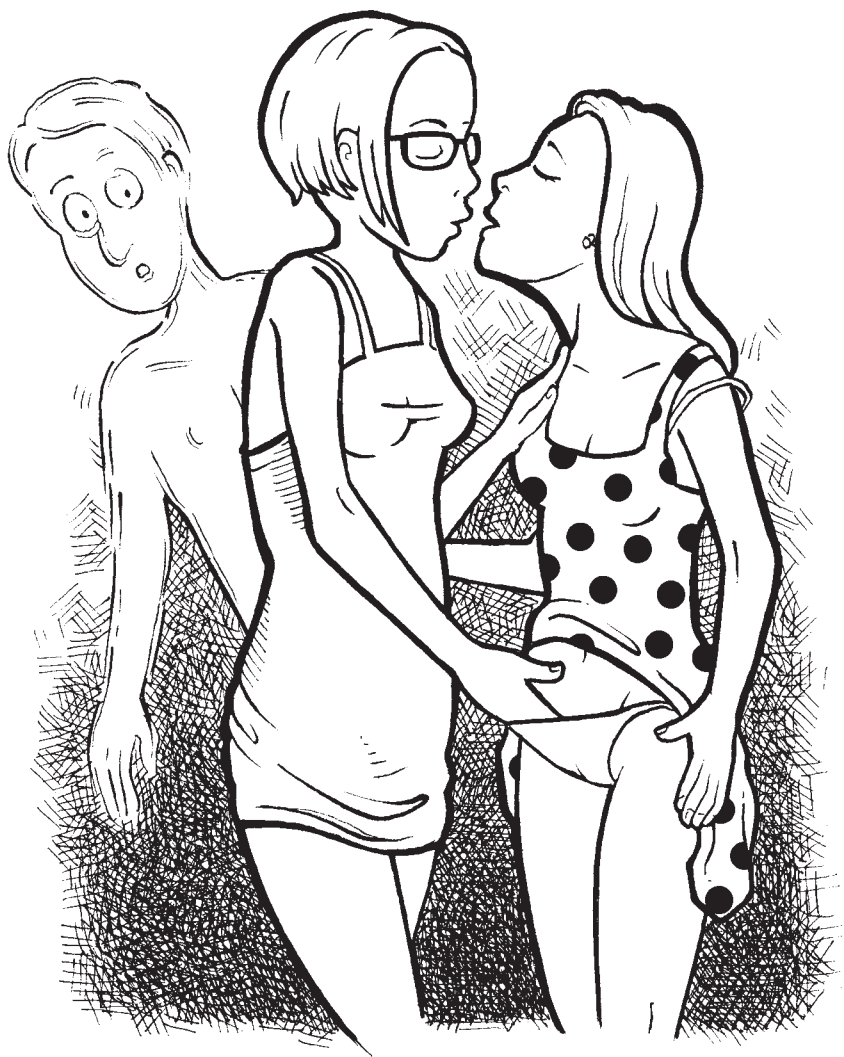
"I guess he took off," Carol says. Both women seem a little dazed. Then you remember the bottle of wine in the kitchen. They must have downed the entire thing.

"Just us then?" Taylor asks conspiratorially. She flicks on a corded radio that sits on a shelf just inches from your face. Soft music fills the bathroom.

Suddenly Carol and Taylor are locked in an embrace. They press their mouths together passionately, their tongues moving over each others' lips.

As Carol's hand disappears beneath Taylor's dress, you forget all about scaring the women. This is much more interesting—albeit shocking. You thought you knew Carol, and you could have sworn Taylor was straight. Who would have guessed?

Watching the women become aroused turns you on too. Good thing your giant boner is invisible. You stroke yourself slowly. You could have a nice wank right here while Carol and Taylor put on a show. Or maybe you should attempt to join them, invisible or not.



If you try to join Carol and Taylor in their Sapphic romp,
turn to page 155.

If you'd rather watch the women from a distance, turn to page 162.

Taylor opens a bottle of wine as the three of you do the dishes. Soon you are flirting with the pretty brunette. Carol doesn't seem to mind; in fact, she looks on approvingly as you make her friend laugh. But as you come to the bottom of the wine bottle and the clean-up reaches its end, Taylor's mood turns darker. When Carol asks her what's wrong she won't answer.

"Come on," you encourage her, "you can tell us anything."

Taylor smiles weakly. "Promise you won't tell anyone?"

You and Carol nod.

"My house is haunted," Taylor says. She then describes her recent experiences with an entity that she says slams doors and causes lights to turn on and off. "Casper" she calls the ghost.

"Maybe you should politely ask Casper to go away," Carol suggests.

The color drains out of Taylor's face. "I tried that," she says, "and it seemed to work for awhile, but now Casper is back and he seems more forward. Last night he touched me while I was in bed. Here." She indicates her thighs.

"Maybe Casper is just lonely," you suggest.

"Maybe," Taylor says, blushing. "Maybe I was dreaming."

You don't know what to think. You don't believe in ghosts, but Taylor doesn't look like she's joking. She says she's afraid to be alone tonight and begs Carol to sleep over.

"I'm sorry," Carol says, giving her friend a hug. "I can't. I'm leaving on vacation first thing in the morning."

"I can do it," you say. "I'll stay with you."

Carol raises her eyebrows, but a smile brightens Taylor's face. "Thank you so much. I'll make up the couch for you."

A half hour later Carol is gone and you lie on the couch in the living room, watching television as Taylor showers upstairs. From the kitchen you hear a strange knocking sound. Weird, but probably just the plumbing. As you listen for the noise again, you finger the Ring of Invisibility in your pocket. A horny ghost and a comely girl. *This* has possibilities. Of course, you're here to protect Taylor, not molest her. Still, this kind of opportunity is unlikely to come around again.

If you think you better check out those strange noises, turn to page 121.

If you put on the ring and pretend to be a ghost, turn to page 126.

"I don't know," you admit when Christopher asks about your sexual orientation. "I've never felt this way before."

A look of relief washes over Christopher's face. "That's okay," he says. "It's different for everyone." He tells you that he realized he was gay when he was nine, but that he didn't come out until college, years later. "It wasn't a revelation for me," he explains. "I always knew who I was, it was just a matter of letting my friends and family know."

You think back over your life. You remember your best friend Michael Dick and your awkward but exciting showers together. You think about an agonizing moment in the junior high locker room when you wondered what would happen if you kissed skinny Timmy Balls. And what about that one night in college when you "accidentally" got to second base with your roommate, Harry Boner? You both laughed about that incident in the morning over sober-up breakfast burritos, but for you it was hardly a laughing matter. It was the tip of an iceberg of feelings you'd been repressing for years.

"I always knew, too," you tell Christopher. "I just never let myself... be myself."

Christopher smiles. "You can be yourself with me. This is a safe place." Dorothy nuzzles you reassuringly.

You chuckle.

"What is it?" Christopher asks.

"I was just thinking," you say as you stroke Dorothy, "that I had a chance to go home with several beautiful women this evening, but instead I ended up with you."

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?" Christopher wonders.

"Oh, Christopher," you say as you lean into his arms. "It's a beautiful thing." This time you kiss him, and the electricity between your lips is palpable. Christopher pulls his shirt off his shoulders, revealing a thick carpet of chest hair. Then he slowly undresses you, checking your eyes occasionally to make sure you're still okay. When your mouths meet again, there is nothing between you but naked skin (and chest hair).

"May I-?" Christopher asks politely.

"Yes," you moan. "Oh god, yes." Finally, you think, I've found myself. You're gay... and you couldn't be happier.

THE END

“Don’t do that again,” you tell Christopher.

Christopher’s face turns red. “I thought you wanted me,” he says. “I thought—”

“You were wrong,” you say. “I’m not a homo like you.”

Christopher stares at you, shocked. “A *homo*?” he finally cries, his voice becoming gradually more threatening. “Is that what you think I am?”

You don’t know what to say. “I wasn’t sure what you people call yourselves these days,” you venture flippantly. “How about ‘fruit’? Or ‘twink’?”

Christopher is now the color of a tomato. Dorothy notices his agitation and begins to growl. He tosses his video game controller to the rug and stands up, glowering. All those hours spent working out have really served Christopher well. The muscles along his arms ripple, and a vein bulges in his forehead. This guy could snap you in half.

“It’s time for you to go,” he hisses, “before I tear you a new one.”

You stand too, avoiding Dorothy. But the alcohol coursing through your veins makes you brave, and kind of an asshole, so you take one more pot shot at Christopher’s sexuality. “‘Tear me a new one’? You would say that, you sodomite!”

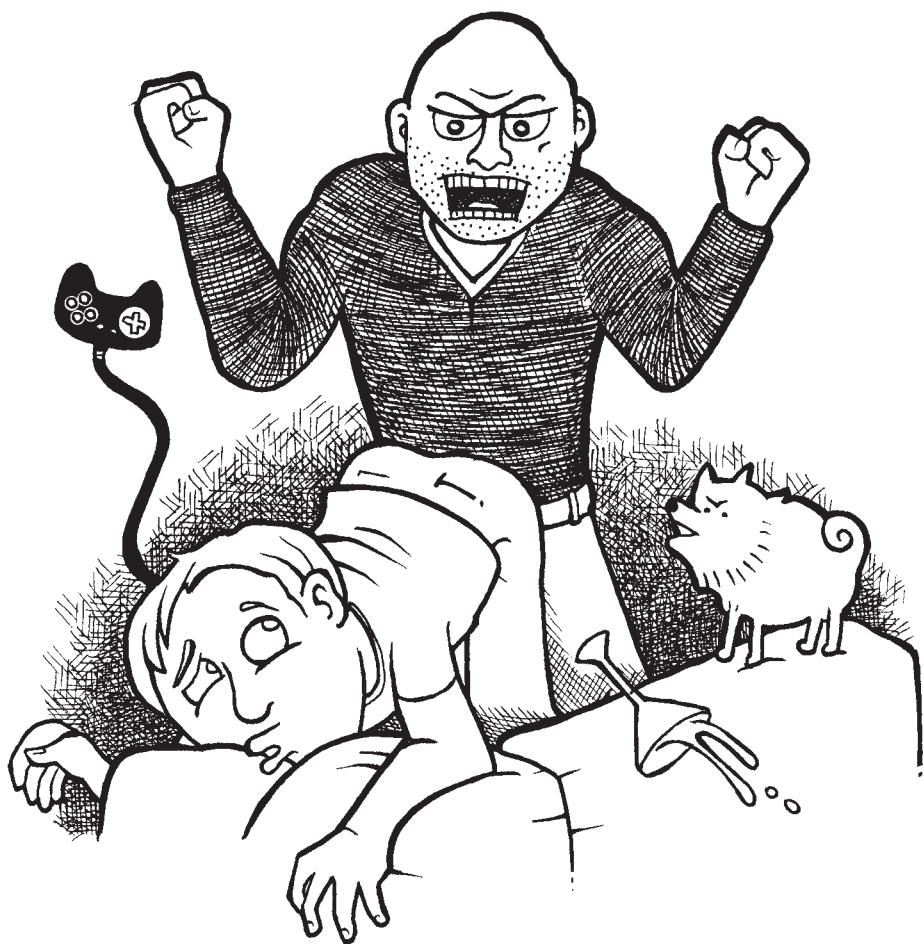
That does it. With a bestial roar, Christopher lifts you off the ground and slams you onto the couch. It doesn’t hurt much, and you expect to roll away and make your escape. But Christopher flips you over and uses his weight to pin you down. You win, you want to tell Christopher, but you can’t because your face is wedged into the cushion.

“Sodomite?” Christopher yells and rips your pants to your ankles. “I’ll show you!”

Then Christopher falls on top of you, his massive penis quite effectively ‘tearing you a new one’ while Dorothy barks into your ear.

As Christopher rapes you, you realize that you have brought this fate upon yourself. If you’re ever able to take a normal shit again, you swear you’ll never make fun of another gay man.

THE END



After you tell Smith that you'll take the job, events unfold rapidly. You undergo a physical evaluation and sign a stack of papers nearly a foot tall. You don't have time to read it all. Very unlawyer-like of you, but today you're not a lawyer. You're a top secret super spy with a Ring of Invisibility.

At least that's what you tell yourself as Smith drives you to the airport and pulls onto the tarmac beside an airplane. "Air Force One," Smith says. "The President will be arriving momentarily. Let's get you inside."

Holy crap! Did he just say the *President*? You follow Smith into the luxurious interior of the aircraft. Even the rear lavatory he leads you to looks like something out of a five star hotel.

"Put on the ring and get undressed," Smith instructs you. "There's a compartment here for your clothing."

To use the Ring of Invisibility, you'll need to be naked. Luckily, no one will be able to see you! You do as you're told and check the mirror. You're completely invisible.

"Are you there?" Smith asks when you step out of the bathroom. "Good. Now, your assignment. The President is traveling with Svetlana today. Despite her relationship with the President she has raised some red flags with Security recently. She's quite skilled at raising things. You'll see."

"She's a spy?" you ask.

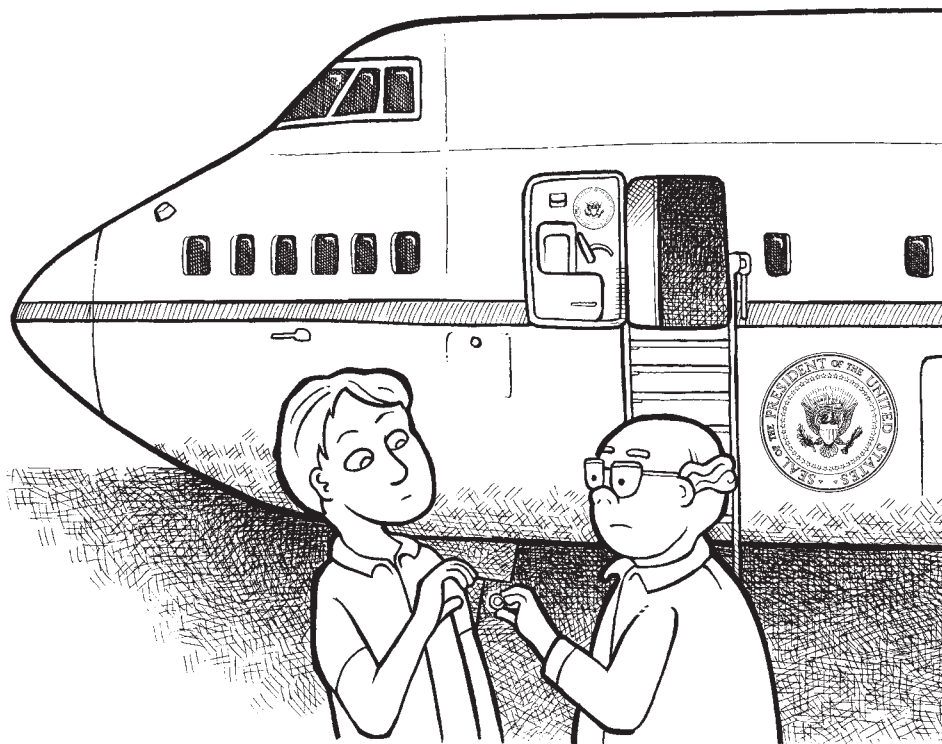
Smith shrugs. "Keep an eye on her. If she does anything suspicious, you are to intervene. Otherwise, do nothing. Just be a fly on the wall."

Or a naked dude with his dick in his hands trying not to cough, you think, but tell Smith that you understand.

"The President is en route to Paris," Smith tells you. "Once you land, our guy in France will come onboard. Hand over the ring, and we'll have you on a return flight within an hour. Understand?"

"Got it," you say.

“Here comes the President,” Smith says, glancing out the window. “I’d shake your hand, but I can’t see you. So, good luck and stay alert.” With that, Smith steps off the jet, leaving you naked, invisible, and alone on Air Force One.



Turn to page 119.

"I was afraid you'd say that," Smith says with a tired sigh when you tell him that you don't think you can take the job without knowing more about it.

"I need to know who exactly I'd be working for and what exactly the job entails," you explain. "I need to know more about the Ring of Invisibility. I need a detailed description of its capabilities and development. I need to know if what I'm going to be doing is permitted by law."

"Is all this legal, you mean?" Smith asks.

You nod. "I'm a lawyer."

"I'm afraid I misjudged you," Smith says quickly. "You aren't the right man for the job after all."

"I see," you say, trying not to sound disappointed. "Well, if that's all, then I'll be on my way."

Smith shakes his head sadly and slides the ring into his pocket. "I'm sorry, but I can't let you do that," he says.

"Excuse me?" you say. "Did you just tell me that I can't leave?" You're growing tired of Smith's games and you know your rights.

Smith picks up the ray gun lying on the table. With its bulbous barrel and network of aluminum tubing, it looks like something out of a science fiction movie. Smith aims the barrel of this strange weapon at your chest. "I'm sorry," he says, "but you know too much."

"This is crazy," you yell at him. "I signed the NDA, didn't I? I'm leaving, *now*." You turn on your heel and prepare to stomp indignantly out of the laboratory.

You hear a click behind you and then a barely audible hum. You take a step toward the door and then stop, suddenly queasy. Your stomach lurches, and a metallic taste floods your mouth. Something is happening... inside you. It feels like your guts are churning, moving, being *rearranged*.

"Internal liquefier," Smith's voice says as the hum becomes a high pitched scream. "Don't worry. It will just take another moment."

You feel your internal organs cook into a single jellied mass. Protected by your skull, your brain is the last to rupture. When it finally does, you are thankful. You tumble to the floor at Smith's feet, everything that was you reduced to bloody goo.

THE END



You nod your assent. You're going to do everything these women tell you to do. There's something compelling about their voices, their eyes, the way they move. Like a moth to a flame, you are drawn to them. After you make your decision, your fear floats away.

The women lead you across the parlor toward the boarded up door. One of the women depresses a latch, and the door swings open, quite useable after all.

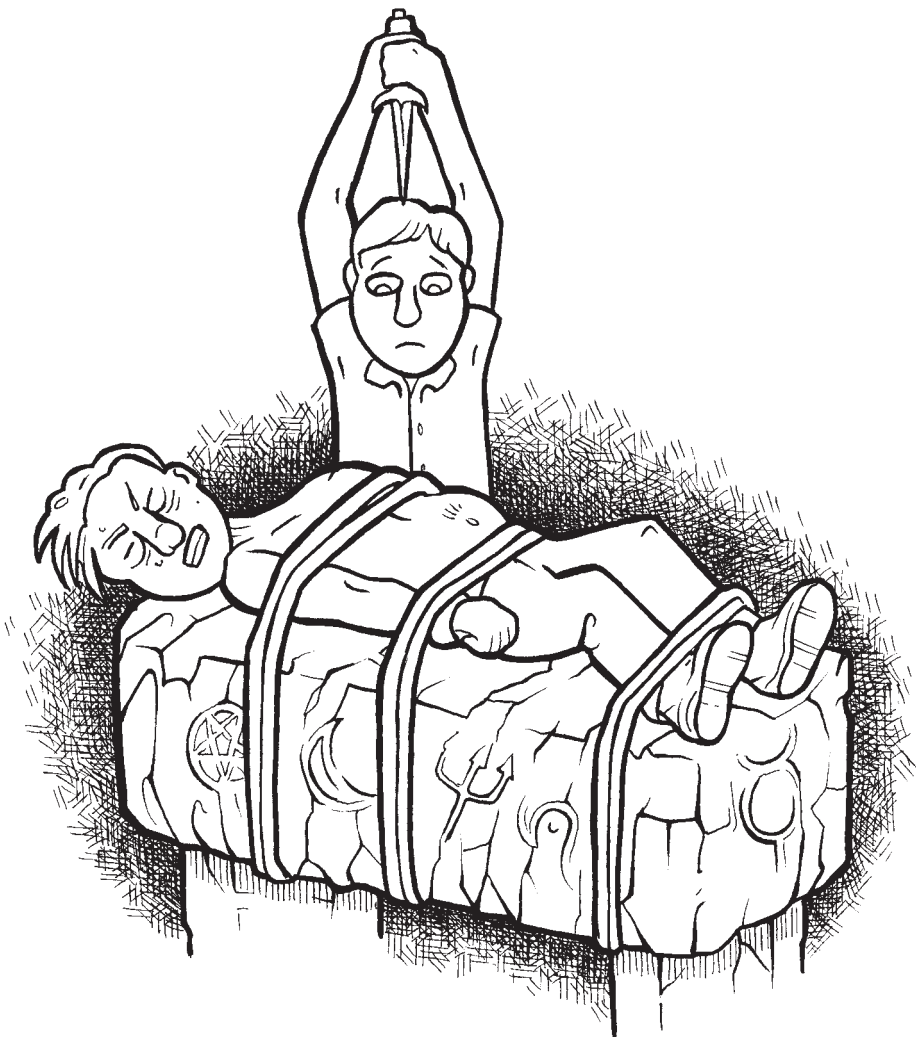
You feel a cold draft blow across your face as you pass through the door into a large room. This space, too, is lit by candlelight. Dark shrouds cover the walls, and the ceiling is painted to resemble a night sky, complete with stars and a full moon. There isn't any furniture, save for an altar of some sort in the middle of the room.

Large and rectangular, the altar appears to be made of solid stone. Ornate symbols in a language you can't decipher cover its surface. Something reclines on top of this slab. A sculpture, you think, leaning closer. Your blood turns cold. This is no sculpture; a man, naked from the waist up, lies bound to the stone pedestal with rope. When he sees you, his eyes bulge, and he strains against his bonds. You know this man! It's Pedro, the drug dealer from the HotBox!

You want to ask the women what Pedro is doing tied to a stone table, but you remember their warning not to ask questions, so you hold your tongue.

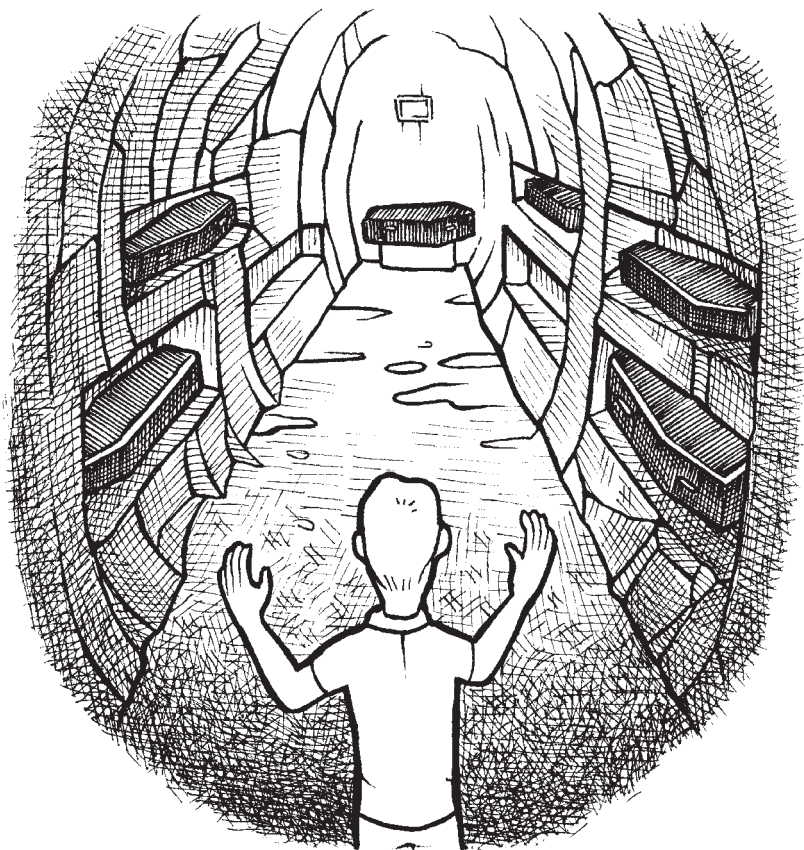
One of the women presses a cold object into your hand. You stare at it queasily. It's a dagger with a long, sharp-looking blade, it's handle adorned with gemstones. "Stab him through the heart," the woman says and indicates Pedro.

Your hand begins to shake. You know you shouldn't hurt Pedro, but you feel as though you're watching yourself from a distance, unable to intervene. You long to obey the women, but a sliver of resistance remains within you. You still might be able to put a stop to this madness.



If you stab Pedro with the knife, turn to page 120.

If you refuse the request to harm Pedro, turn to page 124.



Enough of this crazy game! You push the women aside and bolt for the stairwell. You stumble down the stairs, which become progressively more primitive the farther down you go. Finally you arrive in a long, narrow room, a tunnel really. It's dark here, but not completely so. A dingy light at the end of the tunnel allows you to see to some extent.

You move away from the stairs and grope along the rough hewn stone walls. What is this place? It smells damp and earthy, but there's a hint of decay as well. Shelves are carved into the walls at regular intervals. You look closer. Some of the niches are empty, but others hold large, oblong boxes. You run your fingers along the edge of one of these containers, but then pull away in terror as you realize that you're touching the rim of a coffin! There are dozens here, wedged into the walls. Some look shiny and new. Others are constructed from stone and decorated with strange hieroglyphics. Whatever those women are playing at, the crypt you've just stumbled into doesn't look like something out of a Halloween haunted house; it looks like the real deal.

You hear voices on the stairs, so you move quickly toward the light, careful to avoid the coffins. At the end of the crypt, a small opaque window allows moonlight to filter in. Though the window is fairly high on the wall, it doesn't appear to have a latch. It looks like an extremely tight squeeze, however. Frantically you look for a better option. Nearby is an open coffin. It's one of the newer looking models with a frilly interior that might go well with a dead grandma. Though the idea revolts you, you think you could easily hide inside this coffin until the coast is clear. The women have almost reached the crypt and will soon be able to see you. You have to decide quickly!

If try to unlock the window and climb through, turn to page 112.

If you hide in the coffin, turn to page 113.

There's no way you're climbing into a coffin, so that tiny window is your only hope! You tap it with your fist, hoping that it isn't rusted closed. It moves a fraction of an inch.

"He's here!" a voice says behind you says. You whirl around and see that the women have reached the bottom of the stairwell. Their eyes gleam with predatory red light as they creep toward you. "Don't fight us," one of them hisses in an inhuman voice. "Fear will spoil the way you taste."

If you didn't know it before, you know it now: this is no joke. These women—or whatever they are—are't playing parlor games. If you don't get out of here, you're going to die. You redouble your efforts at the window, and it finally opens with an unhappy creak. You grab ahold of the frame and jump. You were the guy in gym class who could only do half of a pull-up, but now you need to do a full one, and fast. Your muscles burn as you drag your head through the window. You're going to make it! It's a tight squeeze, but... nope, your shoulders are stuck.

The women grab ahold of your legs and begin tugging. You slip back toward certain death (and probably dismemberment and broasting). Frantically, you claw at the bricks inside the window well. There! Your fingers wrap around a bar of some sort, and you pull with all your might. The window frame cuts your shoulders, but you pull and pull. Slowly, you drag yourself through the window and onto the street. Below you, the women shriek as you slip from their grasp.

You stagger into the deserted street, knowing that you only have a minute before the women catch up with you. Blood drips from cuts on your shoulders and your legs are lacerated, one severely. Those harpies cut you with their nails!

You see a minivan in the distance and you limp toward it, waving your arms. Behind the wheel you see a small, frightened looking blonde woman. You crash against the passenger side door, your knees weak. Unable to prevent it, you crumple to the pavement and there, in a very undignified fashion, lose consciousness.

You climb into the coffin. It smells musty, but you don't let that deter you. You rest your head against the pillow and ease the heavy lid down. You don't want it to latch closed, that's for sure! Laying perfectly still, you listen as several pairs of footsteps stop beside the coffin. You hear the women discussing whether or not you could have wormed through the window.

"Never would have fit," one of them decides. "Much too pudgy."

You are feeling a little pudgy actually. This coffin was constructed for someone with a smaller frame than your own. You wiggle into the padding, but your nose brushes the lace on the underside of the lid, and you stifle a sneeze. This coffin is musty *and* dusty. All you can do is pray that the women move back upstairs soon. Then you really will try to cram yourself through that window, pudgy or not.

The itch in your nose returns and, this time, you sneeze. Crap. Surely, the women heard *that*. You listen, but the crypt is silent. Whew, maybe they've gone back upstairs.

Turn to the next page.

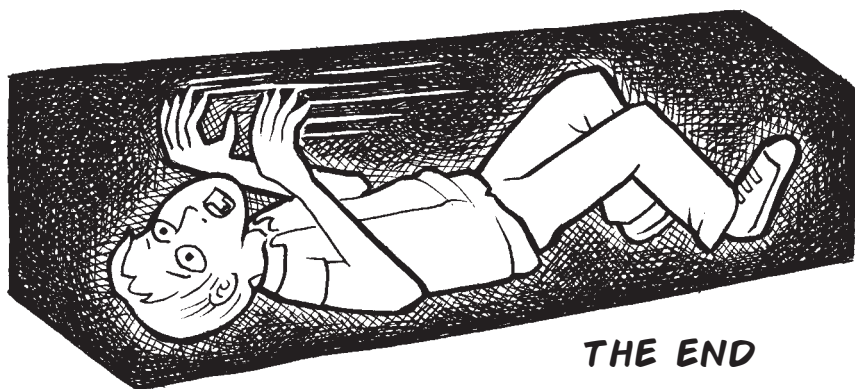
Then you hear an evil laugh. The coffin rocks, and weight is applied to it's lid. Something clicks.

You throw yourself against the lid, but you don't have much leverage. Pounding your fists, you yell at the women to let you out. Then you bang the lid with your knees, but it's no use. The coffin is either locked or the women have maneuvered something heavy on top of it.

Time begins to drag. You fall asleep for awhile, but when you awaken, the nightmare continues. You wait for the women to return and free you, but no one does. As the hours pass, you become weaker, and your muscles ache. You can't even scream anymore—your voice is gone. Feebly you scratch against the lid with bleeding fingernails. You'd trade anything for a mouthful of water or a lungful of fresh air.

Why did you agree to get into the car with those two women? They were beautiful, sure, but you knew that something was odd about them. Maybe you should have done what they wanted, but now it's too late.

One thing has become terrifyingly clear, however: You're going to be spending your birthday inside this coffin... and the birthday after that... and the birthday after that...



THE END

You pull out your wallet and ask the bartender how much Grace owes. Though the bill is substantial, you have just enough cash to cover it. Grace looks relieved and wraps herself around your arm as the two of you leave the HotBox.

You're pretty drunk, but the night air clears your senses enough that you offer Grace a ride home. You really are quite the gentleman tonight.

As you drive to the address that Grace gives you, she becomes visibly nervous. She tells you to park several blocks away from the stately white colonial, which has lights shining from several windows.

"What's going on here?" you ask her, concerned.

With tears in her eyes, Grace explains that her husband is waiting up for her. You ask her if he's been abusing her and indicate her black eye.

She nods, sniffing.

Feeling even more like a knight you ask Grace how you can help her.

She gives you the details of her plan. She needs a ten minute head start so that she can get her things together. Then she wants you to enter the house through the garage where you'll find a ski mask and a knife. After putting on the ski mask, she instructs you to come in through the kitchen and subdue her husband. Then you can whisk her away to safety.

"That's a fucked up plan," you say. "Why do I have to wear a ski mask?"

She shrugs and leans over to whisper into your ear. "Do this for me and I'll give you something you won't ever forget." Then she licks your neck with the tip of her tongue.

Grace gets out of the car and disappears into the house. You check your watch. This is nuts, you think. Still, the woman does seem to be in danger. You want to help her and you *do* like unforgettable somethings. A knife might not be enough though. You reach under your car seat and pull out the loaded revolver that you keep for emergencies. Maybe it would be better to take your gun with you.

If you follow Grace's plan, turn to page 143.

If you'd rather take your gun to the fight, turn to page 146.

You decide to see if Grace will pay her own tab. Sure enough, she extracts a roll of bills from her cleavage with a sigh and tosses them onto the countertop. Placated, the bartender shuffles away.

Grace asks if you'd be willing to give her a ride. She's anxious to be home by midnight since that's as long as the babysitter could stay. You're a helpful guy, so you agree.

When you pull up in front of Grace's home, the lights are on. "Oh dear, she must have had trouble putting Ronald to bed." Grace chuckles and points to her black eye. "He's such a brawler. Got me pretty good. Drives a girl to drink."

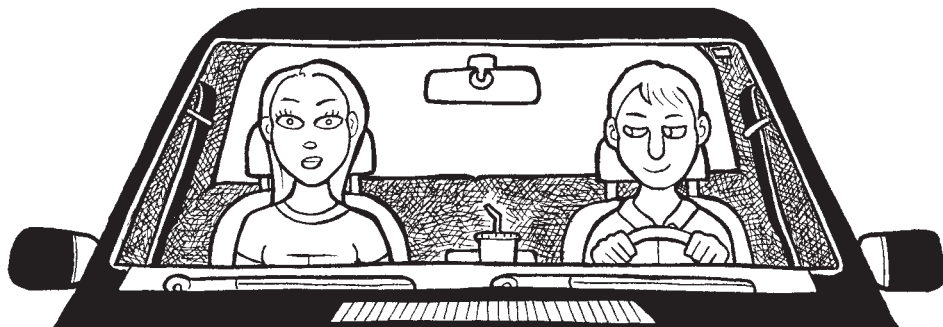
You wish her luck with her combative child and tell her that you enjoyed your time together. She tells you that she enjoyed your company as well, and then pauses. "I know this is a bit forward," she begins. You wait expectantly, hoping for some rushed heavy petting. "But would you mind taking the babysitter home?"

"Oh," you say. "Sure."

"You're a doll," Grace says, gives you a peck on the cheek, and disappears into the house. A moment later, a willowy teenager opens your car door.

"Thanks for the ride," she mumbles.

You can't help but stare. Except for the braces on her teeth, the babysitter looks like she's stepped off a runway. She has high cheekbones and huge, brown eyes. Beneath her cutoff shorts and simple t-shirt she has legs for days and a beguiling waifish figure.



Feeling like a creeper, you ask what her name is.

“Kaitlyn,” she replies and then launches into a lengthy discourse of the disaster that is Grace’s son, Ronald. You listen sympathetically as you steer the car semi-safely toward Kaitlyn’s house. After a few minutes, Kaitlyn stops blathering. You glance over to find her staring at you.

“You seem like a cool guy,” she says.

You nod. You *are* a cool guy.

“Do you have anything to drink? Some beer maybe?”

You shake your head. “Sorry.”

“How about some weed?”

You’re about to shake your head again, but then you remember the pills that Pedro gave you at the Hotbox. Of course, that might be a really, *really* bad idea.

If you offer the drugs to the babysitter, turn to page 130.

If you think that’s entirely irresponsible, turn to page 132.

You take up residence in one of the HotBox's bathroom stalls and open the baggie. Pedro didn't say what sort of dosage was appropriate, so you decide that starting with one pill would be prudent.

After a few minutes, the drug hits you like a freight train. You instantly feel elevated, powerful, and virile. Ready to fight and dance and fuck. Hell, maybe all three at the same time! After the energy boost passes, a deep euphoria settles over you. Every cell in your body quivers with pleasure. Briefly, you even glimpse your place in the expanding universe. Wow! This drug has it all!

Whatever it is, you have a feeling these pills are going to make the two women who were seated in the booth *a lot* of money.

But then, as suddenly as the high began, it dissipates, and a splitting headache replaces the giddy euphoria. You rub your forehead to ease the pain. Great high, but the comedown needs some work, you think. The headache increases to such a degree that you wonder if the drug hasn't done serious harm. It feels like someone is stabbing your brain with a fork. The pain ripples down your spine and spreads into your feet and hands, which promptly become numb. For a moment, you think you might pass out.

Maybe you better tell Pedro that this shit is wack before someone else tries it. Or maybe you should give it another go, you know, to get rid of your headache. The high was so intensely pleasant that it seems like a little suffering afterwards might be acceptable.

If you take another, bigger hit of the mystery drug, turn to page 128.

If you go looking for Pedro instead, turn to page 133.

You shrink into a corner of the plane as the President and his entourage board. With a haggard face and slouching gait, the President looks nothing like the cool, collected man you see on television. With him is a slender woman with cropped blonde hair. She wears high heels and a short red dress that looks like it was sprayed on. If she's carrying any weapons or spy gear, she'd have to be a magician. She dotes over the President, speaking English with a clipped Russian accent. This must be Svetlana.

Soon the jet is cruising smoothly over the North Atlantic. The President's security team, a pair of tough guys with wires in their ears, leaves the President alone with Svetlana in the main cabin. Svetlana makes the President a vodka tonic and then another. You watch carefully as she prepares the drinks, but see no evidence of foul play. Soon the President is intoxicated, but Svetlana doesn't seem affected at all, even after consuming the same number of drinks. Amazing vodka metabolizers, these Russians.

The President grins sleepily as Svetlana drapes herself across his lap. She really is beautiful, but everything about her—her severe cheekbones, tight red lips, and sharp nose—looks dangerous. Snakelike, you think.

She wedges one hand between the President's legs and kisses him forcefully. You watch attentively. It's your job, after all. With her other hand she extracts something from beneath her dress. So *that's* where she hides her secret spy stuff, you think. You're dealing with a real professional.

Something long and metal glints in Svetlana's hand. It might be a recording device, a knife, possibly even a small gun. You just can't quite see it from where you stand. Whatever it is, Svetlana raises the object toward the President's face. If it is a weapon, the President will be dead within seconds.

If you tackle Svetlana, turn to page 147.

If you wait a moment to be sure, turn to page 154.

You raise the knife over Pedro's exposed chest, and the razor sharp blade glints in the candlelight.

"C'mon, man," Pedro pleads. "We're buddies, right? Don't do this."

You've made your decision, however. The muscles in your arm become rigid as you prepare for the blow. But just as the knife begins its final descent, one of the women shouts, "Stop!"

The tip of the knife stops centimeters from Pedro's skin. You glance at the women for further instruction, ready to finish the task if necessary, but neither says a word. Finally, one of them plucks the knife from your hand. "Very good," the other says.

"Jesús Cristo," Pedro wheezes. "You weren't going to do what those bitches wanted, were you?"

You can't tell Pedro the truth. You would still stick him fifty times with that knife if the women asked, and the thought terrifies you. Get a grip, you tell yourself. These women aren't actually going to hurt anybody. It's all just a sick game. Maybe even some sort of depraved foreplay you realize with a combination of excitement and fear.

"You're doing well," one of the women says and offers you a goblet, ornamented in gold and gems much like the knife. You take it into your hands and the metal is warm to the touch. A dark, reddish liquid fills the goblet's interior.

"Drink," the women command. While you were distracted by Pedro both of them folded down the tops of their mini dresses to expose their upturned nipples. You stare, mouth agape, at this fever dream of dark eroticism.

Oh, right, you were supposed to be doing something besides admiring boobs! You focus on the liquid in the goblet. Is it blood? It *looks* like blood, and even in your spellbound state, you're not sure you can put it to your lips. Wasn't almost killing Pedro enough? You feel ready to explode. You're tired of not being in control. Maybe you should get it over with and chug this whatever-the-hell-it-is, but then maybe it's time that you get some answers from these women.

If you ask the women what's in the cup, turn to page 135.

If you drink the reddish liquid, turn to page 138.

Though you'd rather give Taylor a supernatural experience of your own making, you think you better patrol her house first to make sure that nothing odd is going on. You head for the kitchen, where the knocking sound can still be heard.

When you flip the light on in the kitchen, you see the source of the commotion: the cabinet doors are opening and closing by themselves! "Who's there?" you call out.

The overhead light goes out, and the cabinet doors slam more violently against their frames. A banana hits you in the face and then another. Eerie laughter fills the room.

You're afraid, but you're not about to let some banana-throwing spirit scare you off. "Stop this right now," you command.

Surprisingly, the light comes back on and the cabinet doors stop moving. You breathe a sigh of relief. If this is really a ghost, it listens to reason.

"You're not welcome here," you say. "You need to leave now."

"I can't leave," a disembodied voice replies. "I want to be with her. Forever."

You shrug and tell the ghost that you have something in common.

A figure materializes beside the counter. He's tall, translucent, and not bad looking for a phantom. A gauzy halo of light swirls around him. "You are also in love with the woman?" he asks.

"You mean Taylor?" you reply. "I wouldn't say I'm in love with her, but, you know, she's got great—"

"You can't have her," the ghost interrupts. "She's *mine*."

"Now, look," you explain to the ghost, "you're confused. I think you might be dead."

The ghost hisses and his eyes fill with an eerie red glow.

This is not good. You're not sure if apparitions can harm the living, but this one looks like he might give it a shot. The ghost did stop banging the cabinet doors when you commanded him to do so, however, so maybe taking a domineering approach is the way to go. On the other hand, it might be better to come to a compromise with the ghost.

If you tell the ghost to fuck off, turn to page 191.

If you offer to share Taylor with the ghost, turn to page 194.

You recite your Admittance Number. The angel trails his finger down a page in his book and then looks up with a smile. "Enjoy your eternal stay," he says as the massive doors swing silently open.

You step through them and into a world as strange as it is beautiful. Fluffy clouds fill a sunset sky. Palaces of ivory and gold rise from each cloud, their shining minarets reaching astounding heights.

Voices call your name. The voices are soothing and musical, like birds heralding your arrival. You turn from the aerial vista and find yourself in a courtyard filled with fruit trees and flowers. Across the courtyard a majestic alabaster castle towers above you. The voices come from inside.

Dreamlike, you cross the garden and climb the castle steps. Inside you find a magnificent room containing all of your favorite earthly things.

You notice none of this, however. You are transfixed by the women in the room. There are dozens of them, lounging, smiling, and singing your name. They are of every shape, stature, and nationality, but they share several important attributes: they are all young, impossibly beautiful, and wearing little, if any, clothing.

A celestial blonde rises to her feet and stands at attention, her pert breasts bared. "Welcome," she says.

"Where am I?" you ask.

"Heaven, of course" she says. "*Your* heaven, to be precise."

"Who are you?" you wonder. "Who are *all* of you?"

The blonde smiles patiently. "We are your seventy-seven virgins. Here to fulfill your every desire."

"But I'm not Muslim," you explain.

The blonde shrugs. "Muslims only get seventy-two virgins."

"So, I can... ?" You look around the room at the smorgasbord of women.

"Of course," the blonde says. "You may have any of us any way you like."

"I couldn't choose," you admit finally. "I want you all at once."

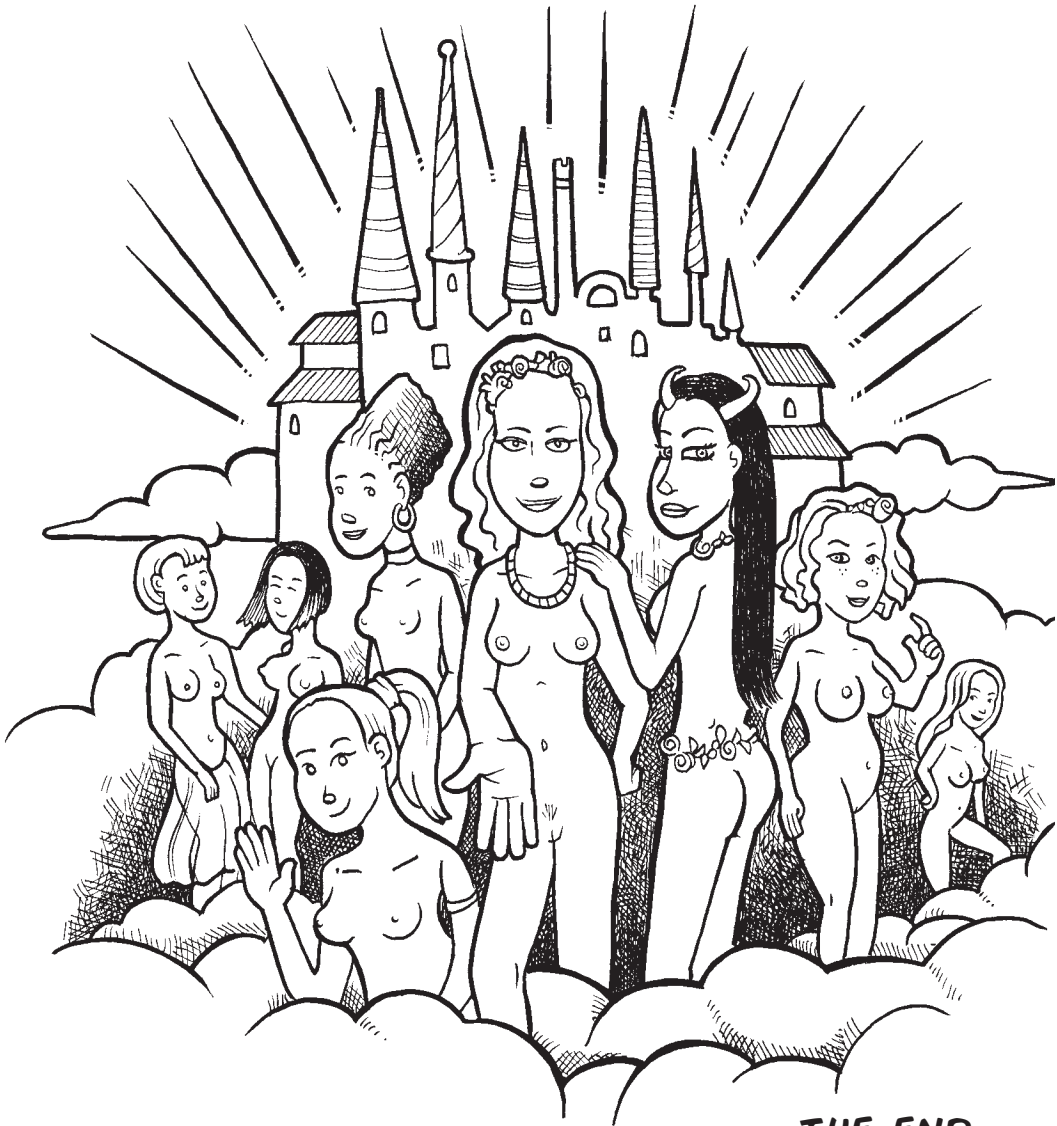
"Yes," the blonde says, "we can do that."

You stare in disbelief. "We can?"

"Anything is possible here," she says and adds with a wink, "There are no performance issues in Heaven."

As your seventy-seven soon-to-be-ex-virgins drag you to a waiting bed made of clouds, you wish that you could do this forever.

Oh wait, you can.



THE END

“I won’t do it,” you say. Pedro looks visibly relieved as you hand the dagger back to the women.

The women exchange a glance, and for a moment you think that they are going to reprimand you, perhaps severely. But then they smile and take your hands. “You are worthy,” one of them tells you. “Come with us.”

They lead you into an adjacent room that is small and warm. Pillows are strewn about the floor, and the women push you onto them. As you watch, they undress each other and soon are wrapped in an amorous embrace, their tongues darting in and out of each other’s mouths.

It’s a great show, for sure, but after awhile you begin to wonder when you’ll be included in the action. At last, the women move toward you. You’re pretty sure this is where the pleasurable reward part comes in.

One moves behind you and quickly secures your hands behind your back with a length of rope. Kinky! The other kneels before you and unbuttons your pants.

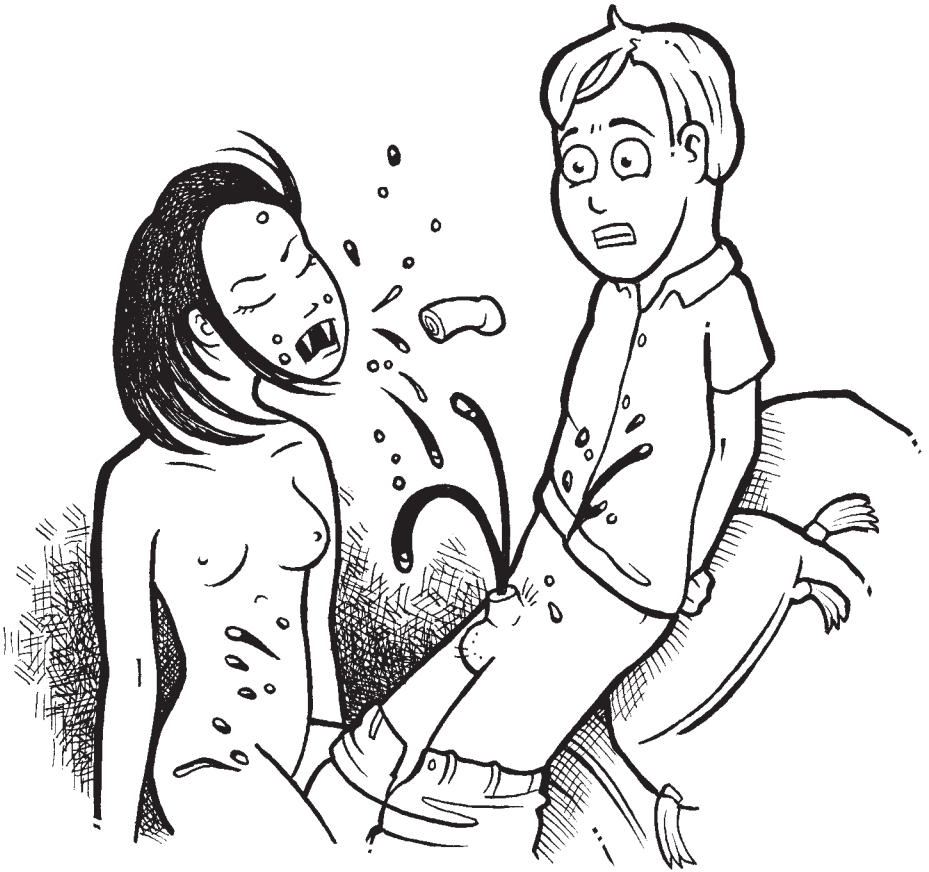
“That’s nice,” you murmur as she takes you into her mouth.

But then she bites you a little. It still feels good, but well, ouch! When she bites you again, you tell her that it’s a bit much.

“Is it?” she asks, hovering above your erection. That’s when you notice that the woman’s teeth are bared and her canines are long and sharp-looking.

“What—” you cry. You struggle, but your hands are tightly bound.

In a flash of teeth, the woman is upon you again, only this time there is no pleasure. Pain tears through your crotch, and you feel blood splash against your thighs. As you watch, stunned, the woman spits your severed, still erect penis into the pillows. Then she returns to lap up the blood spraying from the wound.



“I thought I was worthy,” you gasp.

“You *are* worthy,” the woman tells you and then adds, “of being our next meal.”

As the life drains from your body, you sink weakly into the pillows. Before you close your eyes forever, you have one final glimpse of these two beautiful vampires feasting on your blood.

THE END

You undress quietly and slip the ring onto your finger. You don't feel any different, but one look into the mirror beside the front door tells you that the ring is working. You're invisible!

You creep up the stairs to the second floor of the home. Taylor is still in the shower so you sneak into her bedroom. It's small with a sloping ceiling. Light from a lamp illuminates a queen-sized bed, a dresser, and a vanity with a mirror. You stand beside the dresser and wait.

After a few minutes, Taylor arrives clad in a soft-looking robe. She stops in front of the dresser, selects a pair of underwear from a drawer, and lets the robe fall from her shoulders. Good gravy! You knew that she was pretty, but you had no idea that she had a body like *this*. She has round breasts with small, firm nipples, a toned stomach, and gracefully curving hips over which she slides a pair of cotton panties. You're close enough to admire the way her skin still glistens from the shower and smell her intoxicating vanilla scent.

You watch as Taylor opens a window to allow a little air into the stuffy room, slides between her sheets, and then, after a careful examination of her surroundings, turns off the lamp beside her bed.

You want nothing more than to climb in bed beside her, and you sport a raging invisible erection to prove it. Restless, you shift on your feet and accidentally bump the side of the dresser, causing a jewelry box on its top to rattle.

Taylor sits up. "Who's there?" she whispers hoarsely.

It's now or never. Though it's more than a little dishonest, you could probably put some ghostly moves on Taylor if you act quickly. On the other hand, Taylor might respond to your advances better if you take off the ring and approach her in the flesh.

If you continue with your ghostly charade, turn to page 176.

If you take off the ring and try to put the moves on Taylor,
turn to page 178.

You recite what you hope is your Admittance Number.

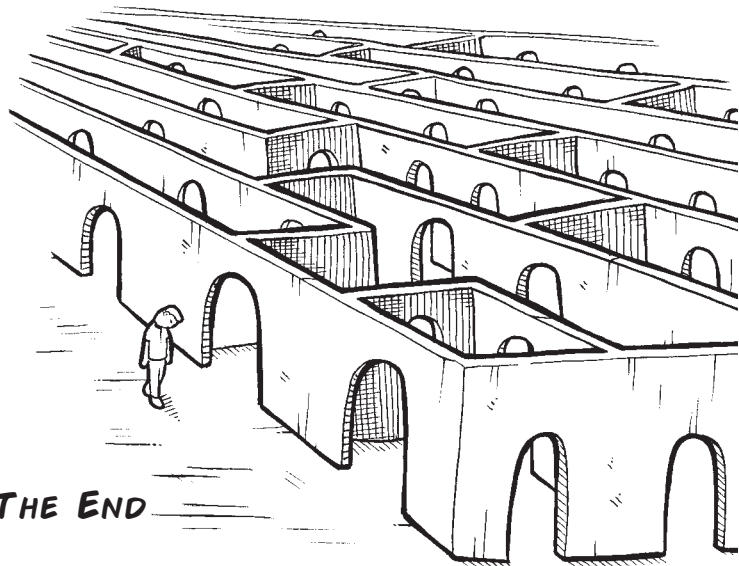
The angel shakes his head sadly, and his mustache droops a little. "Sorry," he says. "Looks like it's Purgatory for you." He points his finger back the way you came. Then, with a poof of bluish smoke, the angel, the podium, the book, and the gigantic door disappear.

You're still standing in the hallway, but countless doorways are once again scattered along its length. Not knowing what else to do, you start walking. You choose one doorway, then another, but the outcome is always the same: another long hallway punctured with seemingly identical doorways. Your feet begin to hurt and you're hungry, but you keep going. Hours pass.

You hear Carol's voice calling your name, but she sounds far away. You dodge through doorways and traverse corridors, trying to locate the source of the sound, but Carol's voice never gets any closer. After awhile, you don't hear it anymore.

With a heavy heart and heavy feet, you continue walking. Hours turn into days. You ache all over and are so thirsty that you become weak and dizzy. You begin to see drinking fountains and pop machines along the walls. But these, of course, are only cruel hallucinations.

How much farther can you walk? Only you know for certain, but one thing has become painfully clear. No matter how many doors you pass through or how many corridors you cross, you are doomed to die in this limbo, trapped in a maze that knows no end.



THE END

As the pain in your head intensifies, you open the baggie and dump the remaining three pills into your mouth. Bombs away!

You don't have to wait long. Your high begins in a geyser of pleasure. The euphoria of a thousand orgasms ripples along your nerve endings. When the pleasure finally ebbs, you feel as though your muscles have been charged beyond the limits of human strength. If you wanted to tear the bathroom stall from its moorings, you could. If you wanted to rip the toilet from the floor and hurl it all the way to the moon, you could.

But the high doesn't stop there. While your first hit gave you a brief look at your place in the galaxy, now you understand the workings of the cosmos in their infinite complexity. Like the pleasure and strength you have experienced, your knowledge knows no bounds. You comprehend the trajectory of your life and observe the paths that it could have taken.

There are women along the paths, many of them desirable. They respect you, love you, and, more often than not, screw you senseless. You see yourself blissfully married, your wife and children by your side. You feel a great happiness.

But then the vision changes. The beautiful women around you open their mouths to display rows of sharpened teeth. Snarling, they chase you through catacombs, forests, and unending mazes. At their hands you are torn apart by gunshot, stabbed with knives, and suffocated in darkness.

Then, you are alone. There's no more ecstasy or power or visions of your future. There is only the dirty bathroom stall and the empty baggie in your hands.

You stagger to your feet, but an agonizing headache forces you back to your knees. When your nose begins to bleed, you realize that this is no typical withdrawal; something is horribly wrong. Your hearing goes first, and then your vision begins to fade. You crumple into a ball on the floor, the pressure in your head increasing until all you can do is scream.

With a final pop, a blood vessel ruptures in your brain. In a puddle of your own blood and excrement, you die on the dirty bathroom tile.

Of all the the possibilities the universe offered you, this was the fate you chose.



THE END

You tell Kaitlyn that you have something better than marijuana. You pull off the highway and park along the deserted shore of Lake Titticaca. This time of night, there's no one around. The moon illuminates picnic tables and barbeque pits along the narrow beach, where gentle waves lap against the sand.

The two of you walk to a picnic table and sit on its top. When you show Kaitlyn the baggie of pills, she's intrigued.

"They're experimental," you say, secretly hoping that Kaitlyn will balk.

But the babysitter grabs the baggie and before you can stop her has shaken a pill into the palm of her hand. You have to smile at her good old-fashioned recklessness as you take one of the pills yourself.

It doesn't take long before the nature of the drug becomes clear.

You watch, dumbfounded, as the lake comes alive. Its waves stretch toward the moon, becoming shimmering waterspouts that burst into rainbows before falling to the beach as multicolored confetti. Then the sand on the beach becomes liquid, then solid, then liquid as it forms into alien structures resembling turreted castles. Crabs and other aquatic creatures crawl through numerous arched apertures, their antennae twitching.

You glance at Kaitlyn to confirm these strange visions, but Kaitlyn isn't there anymore. A mermaid with braces on her teeth and a sparkling blue tail has taken her place. She has perfect breasts with blue nipples and her hair, undulating with the rhythm of the waves, is a deep ultramarine.

You lead the mermaid onto the beach, into a room of sand that assembles itself around you. You lay with her in some sort of congress, not exactly sexual, but not chaste either. Her hands send shivers of electricity down your spine as you curl around her like the coils of a nautilus.

And then you come in your pants.

"You didn't, uh, already...?" the mermaid asks.

"Urrrrrrrgggghheeehhh," you say.

"I'll just walk home from here then, OK?"



The mermaid abandons you on the shore of Lake Titticaca. Everything becomes quiet and only marginally sparkly. It's so relaxing that you think maybe you'll spend your birthday right here, on the beach. And so, pants abundantly soiled, you fall asleep, at one with the universe.

THE END

Giving potentially dangerous drugs to a teenage girl seems like a great way to spend the night in jail, so you shake your head. “You’re too young to be doing stuff like that, sweetheart,” you tell Kaitlyn.

Appropriately chastised, Kaitlyn becomes quiet for a moment. Then she tells you all about how she’s going to buy a car someday with her babysitting money, how she can’t wait to get her braces off, and how, one time at band camp, she ate two Snickers bars for breakfast. Blah blah blah. You stop listening. This girl is starting to give you one helluva headache.

When you finally drop her off at her doorstep, you feel relieved. You wave goodbye as you watch her trot up the front steps on her coltish legs and then pull back onto the road.

So far, your birthday has been a bust. Maybe you should have pushed things a little farther with Grace, but she seemed a bit heavy in the baggage department. And as cute as Kaitlyn was, she was too young (and annoyingly chatty) to risk a hook-up. Oh well, you think, not every night can be a winner.

The HotBox is still open though and there’s sure to be more a wilder crowd there now. You have Pedro’s pills in your pocket, and the club’s bathroom stalls always provide a reasonably safe place to get high. Of course, it might be wiser to call it a night and return home while you’re still in one piece.

If you decide there’s no shame in calling it a night, turn to page 30.

If you return to the HotBox to get high, turn to page 118.

You pocket the baggie and leave the bathroom stall, intent on warning Pedro that the pills should be labeled “Not for Human Consumption.” The HotBox dance floor has heated up during your absence, and pulsing electronic music pounds through the energetic crowd. At least the beat is in cadence with your splitting headache, you think glumly.

As you scan the club you notice that a gaggle of frumpy, overweight women has replaced the two goth beauties at the corner table. You think that Pedro might have left as well, but then you spy him by the DJ booth, chatting up the attractive female DJ that spins for the HotBox. Pedro slips her a baggie as you approach.

“That shit is bad,” you yell at Pedro. “I think my brain is bleeding.”

Pedro appraises you stoically for a moment before he says, “That sure could be.” Then he resumes his conversation with DJ TNA. DJ TNA is tall, powerfully built, and wearing some kind of strappy contraption that could only pass for clothing in a club. Clamped down by a pair of headphones, her long ratted hair is bleached white and dyed with blue stripes. Sparkly star-shaped pasties are affixed to her otherwise bare breasts.

“Pedro,” you insist. “Don’t give any more of that stuff away. It’s going to kill someone.”

Annoyed now, Pedro says a few more words to the DJ before turning to you. “Come with me,” he says and takes you roughly by the arm.

Pedro drags you through the crowd and into a small room behind the DJ booth where the two of you can talk without shouting. Several dirty couches sit against the walls, and you spy at least one couple engaged in covert sex on the dilapidated furniture.

“I hope you didn’t give any of that crap to the DJ,” you say, continuing your crusade.

“Who gives a fuck about that!” Pedro says and sticks a finger into your chest. “We got *much* bigger things to discuss, am I right?”

You stare at Pedro, repulsed by this dirty little man and unsure of what to say.

If you agree that yes, you have bigger things to discuss,
turn to page 137.

If you tell Pedro you don’t know what the fuck he’s going on about,
turn to page 142.

“What *is* this?” you ask the women as you examine the liquid in the goblet.

“Only wine,” one of them replies drily.

You shrug and pour the liquid down your throat. Not very good wine, you think to yourself. Moments later, you notice that the candles look noticeably dimmer. In fact, the entire room is growing darker. You stagger and drop the goblet. The wine, it must have been drugged!

“We told you not to ask questions,” one of the women says.

You lose consciousness.

When you awaken, you’re looking into the night sky, but something’s not quite right. It’s a painting, you realize. With a jolt, you remember that you are in the inner sanctum of the two strange women.

You try to sit up, but you can’t. You’re lying on on something hard and cold. You glance frantically around. You see ropes and the edge of the carved stone altar. The ropes bind you to it; you can’t move an inch.

You hear chanting nearby, and the women come into view. They are naked now, their bodies oiled and as smooth as serpents. They beckon to someone in the shadows. When he steps forward, you recognize Pedro. He looks half asleep and moves as though in a trance. He stops beside you, and one of the women puts something into his hand.

“There is time yet,” the women intone, “for you to redeem yourself, Pedro.”

Pedro raises his arm, and you see that he is holding a knife, the same gold-handled dagger that you brandished against him. He raises it above his head.

“C’mon, Pedro,” you plead. “We’re friends, remember? Don’t do this!”

Turn to the next page.

As the knife comes down, you expect the women to stop its descent, but the order doesn't come. The blade pierces your chest, and you gasp in surprise. Pumped by your heart, blood gushes from the wound. You watch in shock as the women catch your blood in their cupped hands and drink deeply, their eyes closed in bliss. They really are vampires and they're making a meal out of you!

When they've had their fill, the women lead Pedro into an adjacent room full of warm candlelight and pillows and close the door. Alone, you shiver in the darkness as life drains from your body. This chamber has become your tomb.



“We do need to talk,” you tell Pedro. “but last night is still a little hazy.” Suddenly you have a bout of *déjà vu*. You *were* here last night. In fact, you had a conversation with Pedro in this very room.

Pedro looks concerned. “You’re not having memory lapses again, are you, man?”

“What *did* I do last night?” you wonder.

“You seriously don’t remember?” Pedro asks.

Another memory returns in a flash. You see yourself beside a beautiful young woman with red hair. You buy her several drinks at the bar. When she’s too tipsy to notice, you slip a capsule into her drink. Then, you offer her a ride in your car. The memory makes you queasy.

“You need to see a doctor or something before you get sloppy,” Pedro says and presses a roll of hundred dollar bills, so fat that you can barely get your fingers around it, into your palm. “Anyway, there’s more where that came,” he says. “Got another for you next week. A judge who stepped on somebody’s toes. And don’t worry about that drug. The headache goes away after a half hour or so.”

Pedro leaves, but you’re so caught up in your memories his departure barely registers. The Rohypnol made the woman in your car drowsy, but she was still talkative. You learned that she was a call girl and that for the last year she’d been sleeping with a high-ranking public official. She planned to go public with the name of her john soon. Sure, his career and marriage would be ruined, but she was tired of the lie she was living.

After she passed out in your car, you checked the driver’s license in her purse to be sure. Misty Cheeks. She was the one you’d been hired to—

No, it can’t be! You stare at the money in your hands, the rest of last night coming back to you with terrifying clarity. That couldn’t have happened! It must have been a TV show you watched, or maybe a story you read. But, what if it *did* happen?

There’s only one way to know for sure. You hurry out of the bar, jump into your car, and head directly for your apartment, praying that you won’t find what you think you’ll find.

You tip the goblet back and pour the red liquid into your throat. It tastes like... a really good merlot! You finish off the cup to make sure. Yupe, it's wine.

The women are beside you now, their naked breasts against your arms. "You have passed our tests," one of them says. "You are worthy," says the other. "Come with us." You let the women lead toward a door hidden in the shadows.

"Don't worry, Pedro," you whisper to the drug dealer as you pass the altar. Pedro, for the record, still looks worried.

Inside the door is a small, lavishly decorated chamber. Tapestries lit by candlelight hang from the walls. Large, soft-looking pillows cover the floor. Nearby are low tables offering an assortment of fruits and drinks. When the women pull you onto the pillows, you don't resist.

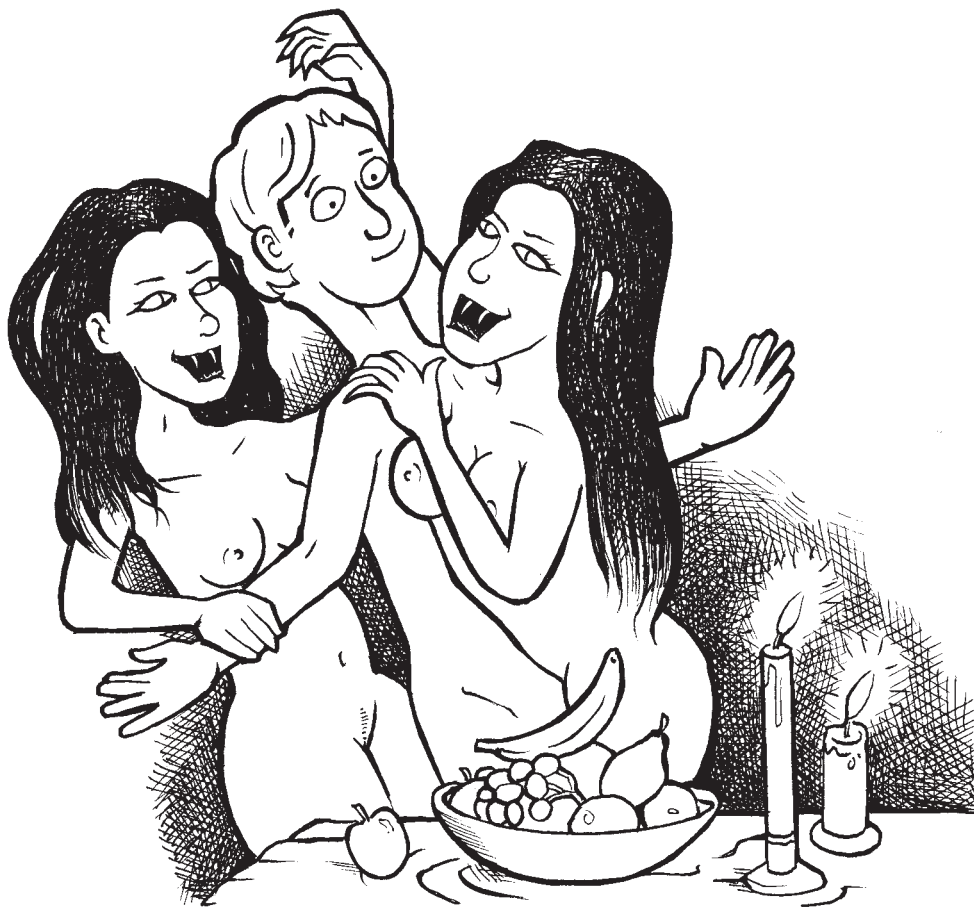
They make love to you as one, their two bodies used as a single instrument to wring every last drop of pleasure from you. You feel as though one woman is fucking you, but when you open your eyes, you find them manipulating you in ways that before were the stuff of fantasies. Where one woman ends, the next begins, each as exquisite as the other. The strangeness of the evening slips your mind as the women take turns, milking you like a machine until you can take no more. When you finally climax, it is the tongues of both that send you, moaning, over the edge.

You sink back into the pillows, exhausted.

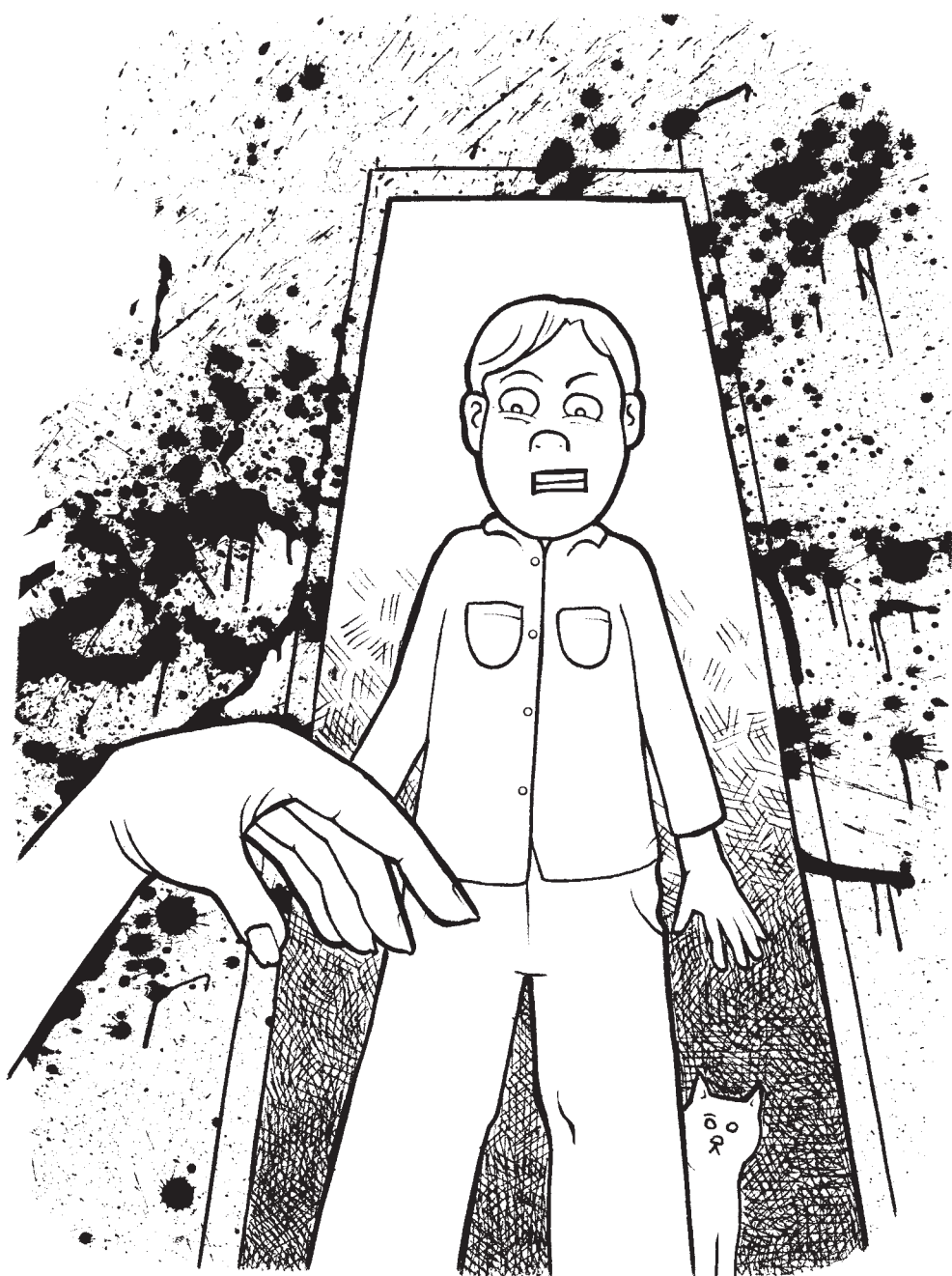
The women lay beside you, twisting you into their long legs. "You are beautiful and loyal," one of them says. "If we were to offer you eternal life so that you might live beside us forever, what would be your answer?"

You chuckle, but when you look at the two women you see that their eyes have become black orbs, and their canine teeth have grown to twice their typical length. Freaky, but you are no longer frightened. You have never been in the company of such breathtaking women and never have you felt so at peace. "Sure," you say.

They are on you at once, their fangs in your neck. On this night of your birth, you are reborn. . . as a vampire.



THE END



Your apartment is quiet and dark as you enter. You drop your keys onto the counter and stand for a moment in the kitchen, ignoring Emerson as he bumps against your legs. Everything is as it should be. But then you hear it: the steady drip, drip, drip of water coming from the bathroom.

You inch toward the bathroom door, which is closed. You have to know for sure. You throw open the door.

All you see at first is blood. Partially dried globs coat the walls, the ceiling, the floor, and the mirror. Then, you notice the figure in the bathtub. Lying in the overflowing tub is the red haired woman from the bar. Her naked torso bears the marks of many, many stab wounds. Bloody water drips from the tub. Drip, drip, drip.

Sometimes you tell people that you're a lawyer. God, if only *that* were true. I'm a killer, you think, a career hit man.

You've killed many people over the years. Police chiefs, rival gang members, even a candidate for mayor. But you've always done so with precision. You've never left any evidence. You always dispose of your victims in the lake where they'll never be found. You never bring targets back to your apartment.

So why is there a dead prostitute in your bathtub? You must have had a lapse of judgment or gone temporary insane. Just like Pedro said, you got sloppy. I can clean it up, you think, hurrying back to the kitchen. Just a little bleach and—

As you notice the woman's leather purse sitting on your counter, a horrible realization hits you. You carried this woman to your apartment from your car. How many video cameras did you pass along the way? Well, maybe the security guard didn't notice. And if you're lucky the prostitute won't even be reported missing. Everything is going to be fine, you tell yourself.

That's when you hear the police sirens converging on your apartment building. One glance out the front window tells you that there's nowhere to go. It's all over. As the cops begin to pound on your door, you stare forlornly at the roll of hundred dollar bills on the counter. If you're lucky you won't get the death penalty.

THE END

You stare at Pedro and shake your head. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I think you do,” Pedro says. His eye twitches.

Pedro’s right; you *do* know what he wants to discuss, but you’d rather not go there. “Sorry, man,” you say. “Don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Pedro’s face turns bright red as his anger bubbles over. He pulls you close and tells you in no uncertain terms that you owe him money. Considering your extensive drug habits, it’s a lot of money. “Fifteen hundred dollars last I checked,” he informs you. You feel something hard press against your abdomen. Thankfully it’s not Pedro’s penis, but the reality isn’t much better. Pedro has a gun trained on you through the fabric of his coat. You look around to see if anyone is watching, but the couple on the couch are exploring each other’s bodily canals and could care less that you’re about to be shot.

“So,” says Pedro. “You gonna pay me or not? I need cash. *Tonight*.”

You don’t want to die like a gut-shot cowboy, but you don’t have the money. You need to stall and hope that he’ll lose his nerve. “C’mon, Pedro,” you whine. “I can’t get that much out of an ATM tonight.”

Pedro lowers the barrel of the gun until it’s aimed at your crotch and tells you that he’ll make you a deal. “I got a special client that needs someone for the night. So, you do what she asks, and you’re off the hook.”

You cough. “You want me to be a gigalo?”

Pedro nods, a sadistic smile on his face.

What are you going to do? You don’t really think Pedro will shoot you here in the club, so you could call his bluff and maybe work out a way to pay him back later. Or, you could pay off your debt with a single stint of man-whoring.

If you accept Pedro’s offer and become a gigalo for the evening,
turn to page 149.

If you refuse to work as an escort for Pedro, turn to page 150.

You slide your gun back under the car seat. The last thing you want to do tonight is escalate a potentially violent situation.

After waiting the prescribed ten minutes, you walk quickly toward Grace's garage, sticking to the shadows. The house is well kempt, with a white picket fence, manicured lawn, and a blooming flower garden. The door next to the attached double garage is unlocked. Two cars are parked inside next to a workbench covered with tools. You identify the door that leads to the interior of the home; next to it sits a stool, and on the stool is a black ski mask and a knife.

Though it seems silly and honestly, kind of scary, you pull the ski mask over your face and pick up the knife. It's a standard steak knife, so dull that you doubt it would slice a baked potato unless you put all your weight onto it. But, no matter, you don't plan on using it on Grace's husband anyway.

You pause at the interior door, listening. Grace's house is quiet. For all you know, Grace's husband fell asleep hours ago. You wonder dimly how many crimes you've already committed. But is it really a crime to help a woman in her time of need? Nah, of course not.

With a deep breath, you slip through the doorway and into a brightly lit kitchen. It takes your eyes a moment to adjust. Nobody here, you think with a sigh of relief. Nobody, that is, except for the balding man staring at you intently from his seat at the kitchen table. He doesn't look frightened or surprised. In fact, he looks like he was waiting for you to come through the door.

For a moment you're taken aback, and then you remember your role in this rescue. Grace told you to "subdue" her husband, but the guy is just sitting there; you're not sure what to do. You brandish the knife and bare your teeth, but the man doesn't move. Oh shit, what do you do now?

If you verbally confront the man about abusing Grace,
turn to page 158.

If you wrestle him to the ground, turn to page 160.

“Yes, Master,” you intone and stand beside Mr. Natas.

“That’s a good boy,” Mr. Natas booms. “Do you like your new outfit?”

You are surprised to see that you no longer wear your normal clothing. Instead, you’re sporting assless chaps and a dog collar. You can only hope that the guys at the office don’t get wind of this!

“Bend over the desk beside Carol,” Mr. Natas says.

“Yes, Master,” you say robotically, though you want to shout the opposite.

You moan in pleasure as Mr. Natas slides his gigantic penis into your ass. In your mind, however, you scream as pain beyond compare rips through your body. Satan isn’t a big proponent of lube unfortunately.

“You like that, don’t you?” Mr. Natas asks.

“Yes, Master,” you say, but what you really mean is, “I’d rather die a million agonizing deaths than endure one more second of this torture!”

You lose track of time. Has Mr. Natas been raping you for hours, days, weeks, maybe even years? You can’t tell. The intensity of the pain is driving you insane. Let me die, you want to scream in your head, but instead you grunt contentedly.

“Aaaah, there we go,” Mr. Natas moans and convulses. An atomic bomb of suffering explodes inside you. Yes, Satan just came inside your ass. This really *is* Hell.

Mr. Natas removes his dripping staff from your rectum and with a flourish of his hand dresses you in your original clothing. Apparently not much of a cuddler, he then points brusquely to the door. “Time to leave,” he says and adds with a sinister smile, “but I’ll see you soon.”

A trifle sore, but happy that your torment is finally over, you open the door to Mr. Natas’ office and step through.



Turn to page 171.

You stuff your revolver into your belt and walk toward Grace's house. If push comes to shove, you'd feel safer knowing that you're well armed.

You try the door near the home's attached two car garage. It's unlocked. Inside you find several cars, a small, well organized shop, and another door that must allow entrance into the house. Sure enough, resting conspicuously on a stool nearby is a black ski mask and a steak knife. The knife looks dull and useless. You feel even better about bringing your gun now as you slip the ski mask over your head.

You pause with your hand against the doorknob. Is someone waiting for you behind the door? Could Grace's husband have seen you coming up the driveway? You know you could hold your own in a fight, but the gun in your hand tells you that this will be no ordinary brawl. But, you're committed now. With a deep breath you step into Grace's house.

You blink in the bright light of a spacious, modern kitchen. As your eyes adjust, you see a man sitting at a dining table nearby. He looks about Grace's age, balding and a bit paunchy. His face is red as though he is drunk or angry or both. Still, you've got the drop on him. "Get on the ground," you growl as you aim your revolver.

The man raises his hand, maybe to surrender. But no, he's holding a large caliber handgun.

The barrel of the man's gun belches flame. Bang, bang, bang! Your own gun slips from your fingers as you crash to the linoleum. Warm blood pools around you.

Moaning, you roll onto your side. You can see into the rest of the house from where you lie. Just beyond the kitchen, you spot a pair of legs, Grace's legs, sticking out from behind a sofa. A puddle of blood surrounds her.

Grace's husband looms over you. He raises his gun, aims it at your head, and pulls the trigger.

THE END

You don't have time to think. You leap at Svetlana and knock her away from the President. She lets out a surprised yelp and crashes over a nearby chair, thumping to the floor behind it.

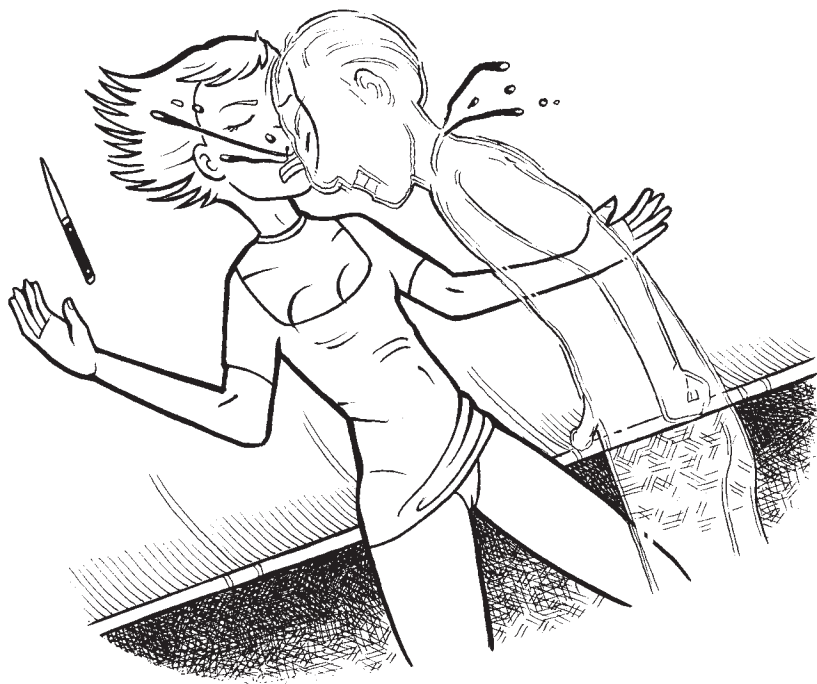
"Are you all right, Mr. President?" you ask, forgetting that you are invisible.

Confused and drunk, the President glances around. "Is that you, honey? Is it time for my bedtime blowjob?"

Crap. You may have just interrupted a situation you were supposed to leave well alone. Maybe, if you're lucky, you can shrink into the shadows, and Svetlana will chalk her tumble up to a little inflight turbulence.

Behind the chair, Svetlana is on her feet. She looks around warily as though trying to find a noisome insect that has just buzzed her face. Seeing nothing, she advances, the silvery object clutched in her hand. You hear a faint click and a long, thin blade springs forth: a switchblade! She raises the knife above the President's chest. You were right! She's going to assassinate him!

Turn to the next page.



You lash out with all your might. Your fist catches Svetlana in the left boob. She grunts, but doesn't go down. You try again, this time reaching for the knife. It's a poor decision. When Svetlana feels your touch, she slashes blindly in your direction. The blade slices your neck, and your blood sprays across the cabin. Svetlana retreats. "What is this?" she gasps.

Going for broke, you tackle her to the ground. As lithe as a cat, she struggles beneath you, the tip of the knife opening wounds in your back. With no other option, you headbutt Svetlana. Hard. Covered in your blood, the Russian sags against the carpet, unconscious.

You, too, are fading fast, your blood spilling from a dozen wounds. As the security guards race into the cabin, you roll onto your back. "I'm over here," you call, hoping they'll hear you. "I'm invisible."

"I found him," a voice says. You feel strong hands steady you as the ring is pried from your finger.

Then, you pass out.

Turn to page 172.

You tell Pedro that you'll work off your debt with his client.

He leads you through a door marked "Staff Only," past a dimly-lit warren of storage rooms, and up a clanking steel stairwell. At the top you come to another door.

"VIP entrance," Pedro says with a smirk.

You step into a dingy break room. A low table in the center of the room is covered with drug paraphernalia, and nearby, a woman waits, watching you. It's DJ TNA.

"Have fun," Pedro chuckles and leaves.

DJ TNA walks a slow circle around you. In her platform boots, she's taller than you are, and her body is lean and sinewy. She might be centerfold beautiful, but she could tear you in half. "Take your clothes off," she says.

Fifteen hundred dollars, you think, as you pile your clothing near TNA's feet. "Kneel before me, slave," she says. She isn't kidding. So, you kneel.

TNA strips out of her outfit, revealing perfect breasts and neatly trimmed pubic hair, dyed to match the blue streaks in her hair. "Lay down on the table," she commands. "On your back."

The table is covered with syringes, dirty cotton balls, lighters, and overflowing ashtrays. You shake your head.

You hear a snapping sound and feel a sharp, stinging pain. TNA holds a black whip over your head. "The proper response is 'Yes, Mistress.'"

Grumbling, you clear off the table as best you can and lay on your back. Embarrassingly, you find yourself sporting a champion erection. You look up to see TNA holding the whip in one hand... and your cellphone in the other. She must have fished it out of your pants.

"Who should we call?" she asks, flipping through your contacts. "Mr. Natas? Is he your boss? Or how about 'Uncle Mike'?"

"That's my phone," you cry.

The whip scores a direct hit on your dong, causing you to abruptly shut up.

"No, I've got it," TNA continues. "Let's call 'Mom.' Is that OK with you?" Her finger hovers above the touchscreen.

She's bluffing, you think, nervously eyeing the whip that hovers over your balls. But what if she's not?

If you tell TNA to go ahead and make the call, turn to page 153.

If you tell her to please not to call your mother, turn to page 156.

No way will Pedro shoot you here in the club, you think. He might not be too bright, but he's definitely not stupid enough to commit a murder in the HotBox, his primary stomping grounds.

You tell Pedro that you'll get him the money tomorrow. "Give me a break," you say. "It's my birthday."

Pedro is unmoved. If his face was red before it has now turned a deep purple, as though he's holding his breath. For a moment, you wonder if your boldness won't push Pedro over the edge.

But then, inexplicably, Pedro's jaw relaxes and he smiles. "You know," he muses, "you're right. This can wait until tomorrow. You'll have the money tomorrow, won't you?"

"Absolutely," you say. "Cross my heart!"

"Of course," Pedro says, his smile fading, "you made the same promise last weekend and the weekend before that. And what happens is that I owe people money and then I can't pay them, and pretty soon it's my ass that has a gun pointed at it."

"What are you talking about, man?" you say. "You don't even have an ass." You gesture to Pedro's complete lack of a badonkadonk.

"You think this is a joke?" Pedro asks, his voice rising. "I'm a joke, is that it?"

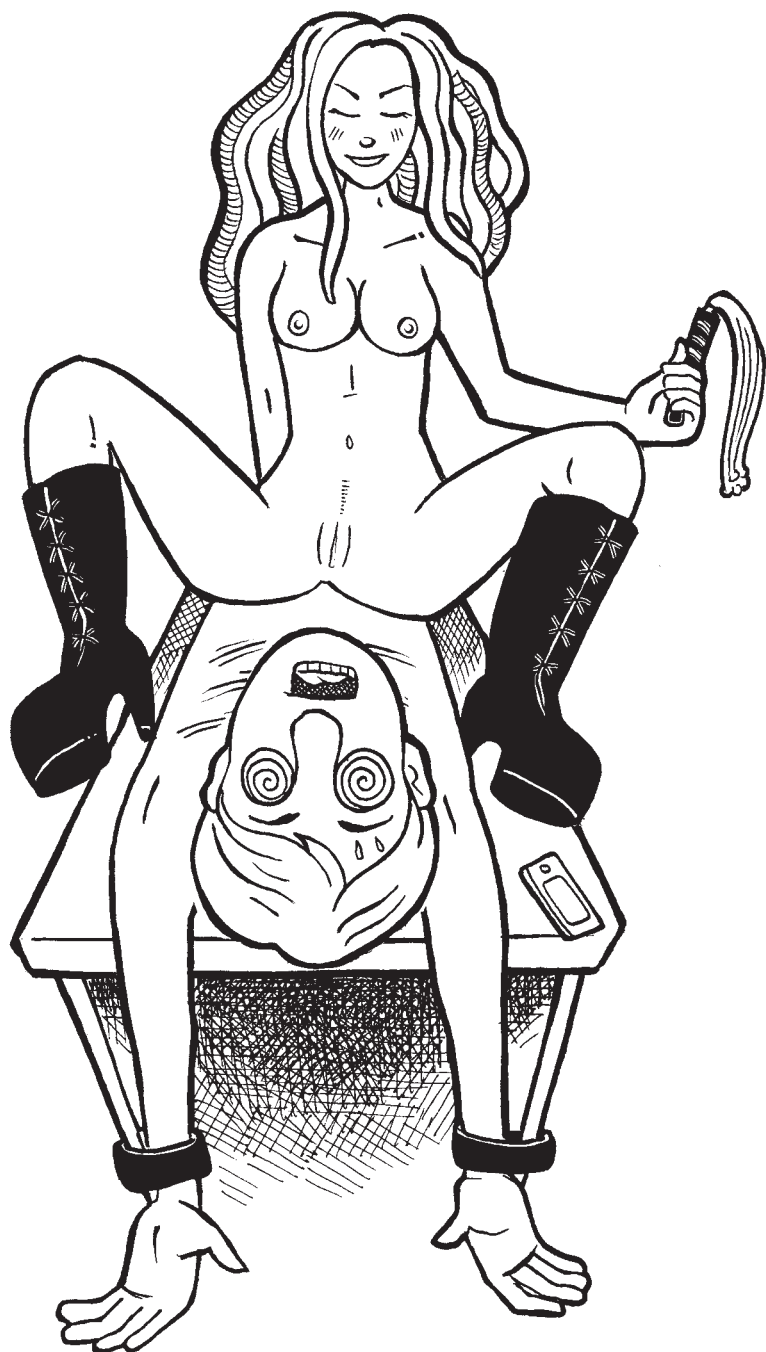
Slowly you put your hands up. Pedro not only doesn't have any booty, he has zero sense of humor. "Woah, woah. I don't think you're a joke," you say and then, because you can't help yourself, you add, "at least not a very funny one."

Something pops inside Pedro's coat and a smoking hole appears in the fabric. You stagger backwards and turn to run, but instead fall to the floor, your legs suddenly rubbery. As blood gushes from your chest, you realize that you have been shot. You look around for Pedro, but he is already gone.

As you sag heavily into a pool of your own blood, you watch mesmerized as the young couple on the couch reaches third base, unaware of your plight. At least someone's going to get some tonight, you think dimly. Then you choke on your own blood and die.

THE END





“Yes, Mistress,” you say, praying that TNA won’t call your mom.

TNA considers the phone for a moment and then tosses it onto your clothing. “Good answer, slave,” she says, “but we wouldn’t want your mother to hear *this!*” She raises the whip and flogs you. You scream, but no one can hear you except TNA.

Finally, TNA stops and you open your eyes. She isn’t even breathing hard. She could probably do this all night, you realize. Luckily, she tosses the whip aside and disappears for a moment. When she returns, she carries four leather shackles with attached cuffs.

You try to sit up but she pushes you roughly back down. Then she attaches the cuffs to your wrists and ankles and runs the other side of each around the legs of the table. You might as well relax because now you’re not going anywhere.

TNA slips one of Pedro’s pills onto her tongue. Then she pushes a pill into your mouth. You swallow it, even though you’ve only just recovered from your last drug-induced headache.

Pleasure soon washes the discomfort and anxiety from your body. You feel strong enough to break free of your bonds, but you don’t want to, not even as TNA wields her whip again. Every bite of the leather feels like an exquisite supernova against your skin. When the torment stops, you groan for more.

“Eat me,” TNA says and lowers herself onto your face.

“Mmmmmmmffff,” you say. TNA grinds at your mouth until you feel her convulse against your tongue.

“Your turn, slave,” she says and straddles you. She fucks you roughly, pummeling you with her hips until the table bounces beneath you. When she feels your body stiffen she eases off of you and takes over with her hands. “Come for me, slave,” she commands, and you obey, lost in waves of pleasure that the drug amplifies a thousand fold.

Afterward, DJ TNA dresses and reapplies her make-up while you lay, still gasping, on the table. Then, without freeing you from your bonds, she’s gone.

Eventually, Pedro will check on you. Until then, you’ll just have to stay put. Even as the inevitable headache returns, you feel happy with the way your birthday turned out. You’re debt-free, and thanks to TNA’s guidance, you experienced the most intense orgasm of your life.

THE END

You scrutinize the slender silver object in Svetlana's hand. When she places the object against her lips and inhales, you finally understand. Svetlana is smoking a vaporizing pen. You have to wonder why she was hiding a smoking device, up, you know, *there*.

She offers the President a puff, but he declines, so she settles between his knees, undoes his belt, and slides down his pants, giving you a front row view of the Presidential Penis. "Times for, how you say, foreign relations?" asks Svetlana.

"I would *love* some foreign relations," groans the President.

Svetlana proceeds to give the President a whopper of a blowjob. Just as Smith said, this woman is highly skilled, but you can't help but think that she's all business. Hell, she's hardly done swallowing before she's up and pouring herself another vodka tonic. As she swishes the drink around in her mouth, she rolls her eyes at the already snoring President. Then she flicks off the cabin lights and disappears into a small bedroom located near the lavatory.

Well, you think as you sag into a chair beside the President, that's that. Air Force One won't land in Paris for several hours yet, and you can't imagine anything will happen before then.

The gentle hum of the jet makes you sleepy, and you relax. Completely naked, you soon grow cold and are forced to commandeer the President's discarded suit jacket as a makeshift blanket. There, now you're cozy.

You're just drifting off to dreamland, when you hear a click near the rear of the plane. The occupied light above the lavatory door is now lit. Probably just Svetlana getting up to brush her teeth, you think. Your eyes droop again.

But wait, didn't Smith tell you to stay alert? Sure, you think, but you're literally two feet away from the President. No one could come near him without you noticing.

If you take one more look around the cabin before calling it a night,
turn to page 167.

If you'd rather close your eyes for a few minutes, turn to page 174.

“Let’s have a bath first,” Taylor says and turns on the spigot. As the bathtub fills with hot water, steamy air envelopes the women. Giggling, they slip out of their party dresses. Then they help each other out of their bras and panties.

You can stand around like a drooling gargoyle no longer. When Taylor pushes Carol against the wall, their mouths locked in a passionate kiss, you step from the corner. Ever so slowly, you place your palm on one of Taylor’s pink ass cheeks and give it a squeeze.

Taylor screams.

“What is it?” Carol asks. “Did I bite too hard?”

Taylor shakes her head. “Something just grabbed my ass.”

“Come here, baby,” Carol says and pulls Taylor’s pelvis against her own.

But Taylor’s face has gone pale. “Something’s in here with us,” she says, and then adds, “Maybe it’s a ghost.”

You suppress a chuckle, lean across Taylor, and tweak one of Carol’s firm nipples.

Now it’s Carol’s turn to scream. “Something just gave me a titty twister!”

Frightened, the women clutch each other, their eyes darting wildly around the bathroom as they search for their attacker.

Seeing Carol and Taylor tremble turns you on even more. You place the tips of your fingers against Taylor’s clitoris.

She screeches and bats your hand away. “I felt it again!” she tells Carol, a mixture of alarm and new-found interest in her voice. “It touched me *down there!*”

“What do we do?” Carol whispers.

You think that you’ve pushed things far enough, but you’re not sure what to do next. You might be able to touch the women in such a way that they accept you in your invisible state and let you make love to them. Maybe, however, it would be a good idea to back off, remove the Ring of Invisibility, and reveal yourself to the women in a more traditional way.

If you try to entice the women into sex with your invisible self,
turn to page 196.

If you’d rather try another tactic, turn to page 198.

“Please,” you beg, “don’t call my mom!”

TNA gives you a sly look. “The proper response is ‘Yes, Mistress,’” she says. “As my submissive, you will happily agree to any suggestion I make.”

“I’m just an ordinary guy,” you explain. “Don’t call my mom!”

“Call your mom?” TNA says devilishly. “Very well!” She taps the screen of your phone and places it against her ear. “It’s ringing!”

You lunge for your phone, but TNA anticipates the move. She karate chops your windpipe, and as you choke, sweeps your legs out from underneath you. You fall face first onto the table. Quick as a cat, TNA tosses your phone onto a nearby sofa and secures your wrists behind your back with a pair of cuffs. Then, before you can even draw a breath, she ties your ankles to two of the table’s legs. Bare ass wobbling in the air, you resemble nothing so much as a stuck pig.

TNA picks up your cell phone. “Hello? Yes, sorry about that. There was a problem with the connection. Your son asked me to call. He’s about to be sodomized and he’d like you to listen.” TNA lays the phone down on the table next to your chin.

“Mom!” you shout. “Can you hear me?”

Faintly, you hear your mother’s voice. She sounds worried.

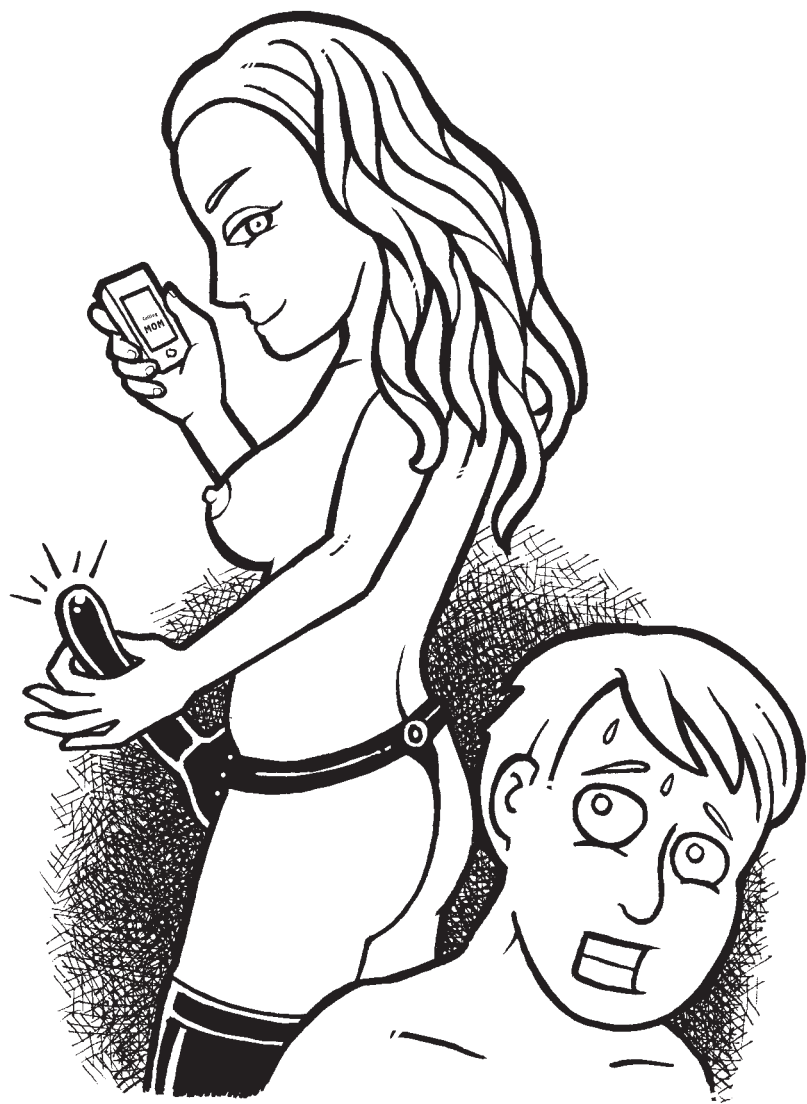
TNA paces around you. A large black strap-on dildo dangles from her crotch. You watch as she douses it with lube. “Mom,” you yell, “hang up!”

Unfortunately, she doesn’t hang up. She stays on the line for your entire introduction into the world of violent assfuckery. It’s a rather long, in-depth introduction.

When it’s over, TNA hangs up your phone and unties you.

You rub your wrists, afraid to meet her gaze. She leaves you to get dressed, and when she doesn’t return, you go down the stairs to the club. You limp past Pedro, who gives you a mock salute, and drive home in silence.

Your ego is bruised, and your ass is even more bruised. And good God, how are you going to explain this to your mother? Sure, you’ve worked off Pedro’s debt, but you’ve lost a little bit of your soul in the process.



THE END

For a moment you and the man stare at each other. It's awkward, to say the least.

"Oh, hey," you finally say as casually as you can for a guy in a ski mask holding a steak knife. "You must be Grace's husband."

The man nods slowly. His eyes follow the knife.

"Right, sorry," you say and lower the blade. "Do you know why I'm here?"

The man shrugs. He's sweating heavily. His left eyeball twitches. You wonder if he's on something.

"I'm here because you're abusing Grace."

The man snorts. "That what she told you?"

"She showed me her black eye. She said—"

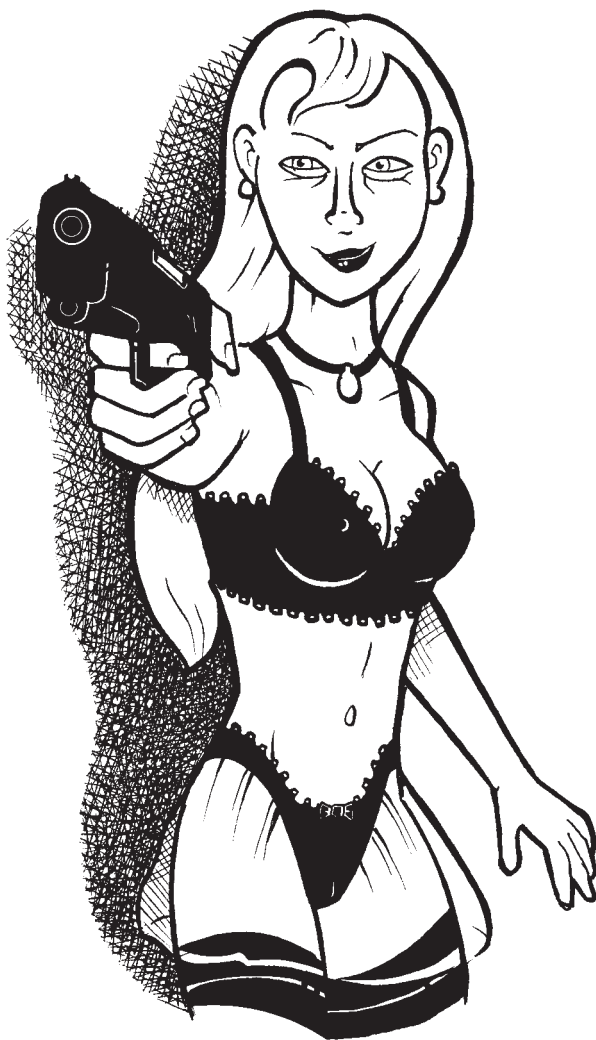
"Listen, my name is Bill," the man says quickly. "You better take off if you know what's good for you. Everything she told you about me was a lie. She's a compulsive liar." He drops his voice to a whisper and looks you in the eyes. "*She's* the evil one, not me."

You're not sure how to respond. You only know what Grace told you, but then you've only known Grace for a few hours. Bill seems agitated and paranoid, but he does sound sincere.

A noise causes both you and Bill to look toward the staircase. Grace descends slowly. She's not dressed for travelling like you expect. Instead she's clad in skimpy black lingerie. As she moves into the light, you can see *all* of Grace through the sheer lace fabric of her barely-there bra and panties. Her long legs disappear into black thigh highs, and she's wearing racy stiletto heels. She's also carrying an ugly-looking pistol.

"What are you telling our friend, Bill?" she asks with a laugh. "You told him that you're the victim, didn't you?"

Bill doesn't say anything, but he looks like he's ready to explode. Grace steps closer, the barrel of the gun aimed at Bill's head. Even though you don't know who to believe, you're going to have to pick sides and you better do it quickly.



If you support Bill and try to take the gun from Grace,
turn to page 164.

If you believe that Grace is being abused and that Bill is a liar,
turn to page 166.

If you decide that this crazy shit is none of your business,
turn to page 169.



With a flying kung-fu kick, you leap across the table at the man sitting there. He doesn't try to get out of the way. He's even one step ahead of you as you push him to the ground, lowering himself to the linoleum before you can wedge your knee into the back of his neck. But you do that anyway, crushing him against the floor.

"Stay where you are," you hiss, "or I'll cut you." You show him the knife that wouldn't be able to cut a stick of butter. "I'll fuck you up, you wife-beating piece of shit!" you yell at him.

"Alright, alright," he says, "you got me."

"Grace! Come on!" you holler. Through the kitchen, you can see a well-appointed living room and stairway that leads to the home's second floor.

After a moment, Grace appears on the stairwell. You expect to see her carrying a hastily packed suitcase, but there's nothing in her hands. She's wearing lingerie: a white see-through baby doll, high cut panties, and garters clipped to white thigh high nylons. She minces down the stairs in matching high heels. When she sees you, she stops, feigns a look of shock, and throws the back of her palm against her forehead. "Don't hurt him," she cries. "Oh please, Mr. Masked Robber, I'll do anything!"

"We have to go, Grace!" you yell at her. "Put some clothes on and let's get out of here!"

Grace prances closer, sticking out her chest so you get a view of her heaving breasts through the sheer fabric. "Take me instead," she moans, "Take me before I scream."

"What?" you say.

"She wants you to pretend to rape her," the man under your knee whispers. "You're supposed to hold her down and rape her while I watch. It's a part of the game."

"What game?"

"Role-playing," the man says. "Can you get off me now? I've got a bad back."

Suddenly you understand. The ski mask, the dull knife, the unlocked doors. Grace has tricked you into playing the lead role in a bit of kinky theater. You're disgusted, but well, Grace *does* look awful sexy in her underwear.

If you decide to play the role of Mr. Masked Robber, turn to page
186.

If this pervy production does nothing for you and you'd rather return
to your apartment, turn to page 56.

You would like to join Carol and Taylor, but your unannounced presence might be too alarming. So, you relax and watch the show.

Carol slides Taylor's dress over her friend's head before unzipping her own. Soon their undergarments are on the floor, and Carol and Taylor are naked and panting, their caresses growing increasingly frenzied.

Taylor lays down on the cushioned bench, so close that you could touch her. She positions Carol's sex above her mouth, and Carol lowers her face into Taylor's crotch.

As you watch the women sixty-nine, you give your penis a tug. You stifle a groan.

Carol lifts her tongue off of Taylor's clitoris. "What was that?" she asks.

"Mmmmf?" Taylor says.

You better keep quiet.

Carol and Taylor dive back into their work, groaning as each pleasures the other. In no time, Taylor goes off like a firework beneath Carol, her hips convulsing, and then Carol, too, finds her release.

You come with them, your breath hitching as your invisible dong blows a visible load... all over Carol's back.

"What the?" Carol says, leaping to her feet. "Did you just squirt?"

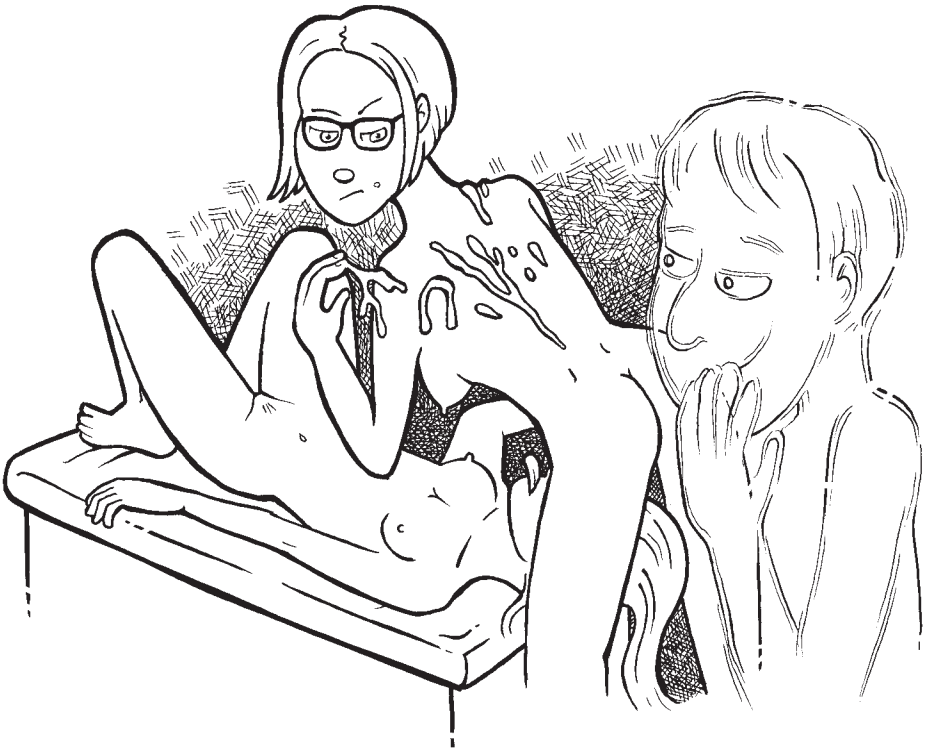
"What are you talking about?" Taylor sighs sleepily. "That was so good, baby. So glad we finally let this happen."

Carol grabs a towel and squeegees off your jizz. "I must have had more to drink that I thought," she mumbles. "Let's get you into bed, Taylor." She drags Taylor to her feet, and the two naked women stumble toward the stairs.

Now's your chance! You retrieve your clothing from the closet and dart out the front door of the house. Once you're safely inside your car, you remove the ring and wiggle into your clothing.

You fantasize about keeping the Ring of Invisibility as you drive back to your office. But as you pull into the lot, you see an armored truck and several soldiers milling around. They've come to retrieve the ring.

As you hand it over, you feel privileged that you were able to use the ring for such a worthwhile cause, namely your ball-draining orgasm. You can't wait to ask Carol how her evening ended, and with any luck you'll see Taylor again. What a strange, wonderful birthday it has been!



THE END

You lunge at Grace, intent on disarming her at all costs. You collide with the blonde just as the pistol emits a loud bang. The bullet embeds itself harmlessly into the wall, inches from Bill's temple.

You pin Grace to the floor and use your free hand to loosen her grip on the pistol. The gun skitters across the linoleum and slides beneath the refrigerator, safely out of anyone's reach.

Grace fights like a cat beneath you, ripping at your face with her nails. The ski mask gets turned nearly around and you can't see much, but it also protects you from her frenzied assault. "Stop it right now!" you yell and raise the knife so that Grace can see it.

At least that's what you intend to do, but Grace is thrashing around so much that the knife, dull as it is, manages to catch between the cups of her bra. With a faint pop, her bra separates. You realign the ski mask in time to get a glorious eyeful.

Finally, Grace stops struggling and begins to cry. "It's true," she sobs. "I'm the evil one. I would have killed you, Bill. Just like I did my second husband."

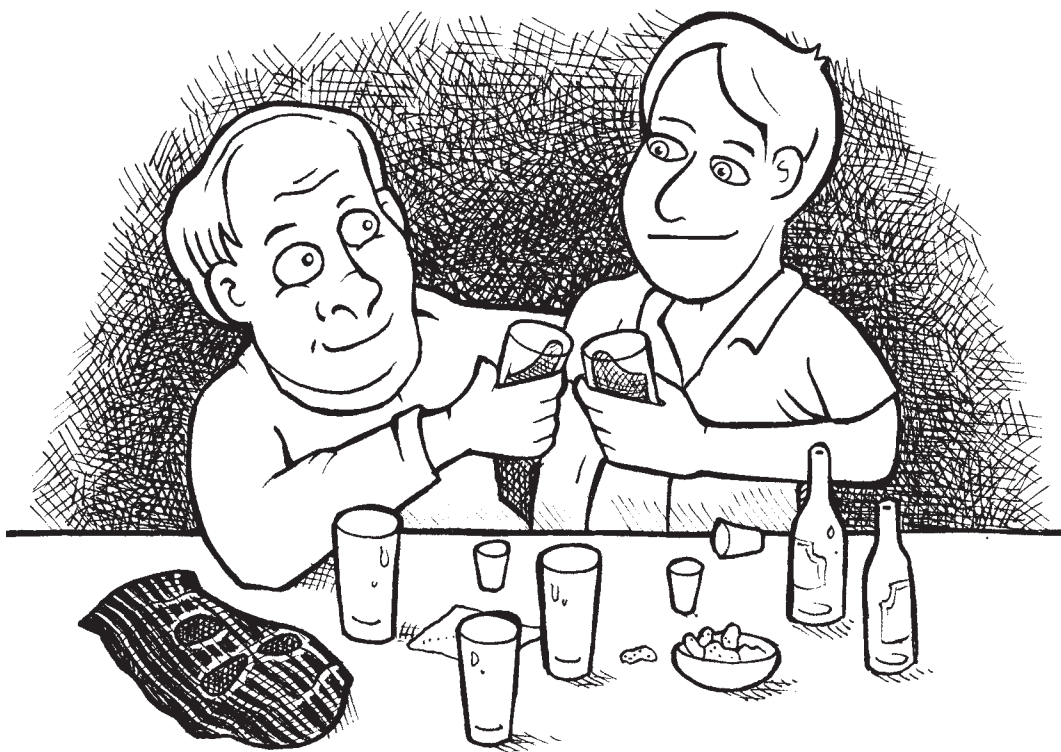
"She killed the first one, too," Bill says with a tired sigh as he dials the cops.

The police arrive a few minutes later. The scene confuses them at first, but after listening to Grace's tearful confession of murder, attempted and otherwise, they handcuff and lead her, breasts bared, to the back of a squad car. You answer questions as best you can, explaining that you didn't know Grace before tonight.

Finally, the last police officer departs. As you step out the front door, you look back and see Bill, alone once more at the kitchen table. You hate to leave him in such a state. As you step back inside, he says with a tired smile, "Did you see her tits? I paid for those."

"They were magnificent," you tell him, "but there are other tits in the sea."

He nods thoughtfully.



“Say,” you say. “You want to get a beer? I know a place still open.”

“Sure,” he replies after a moment. “I’d like that. But I’m buying. It’s the least I can do for the guy who saved my life.”

THE END

As Grace levels the gun at her husband's forehead, Bill confirms your suspicions that he is abusive. "You won't shoot me, you dumb bitch," he snarls. "You always come whimpering back. Nobody believes that I've laid so much as a finger on you."

"He believes me," she says and tips her head toward you.

"The guy in the ski mask waving a steak knife?" C'mon." Bill gets to his feet. Suddenly he doesn't seem at all like the passive, balding middle-aged man you first saw in the kitchen. This Bill has fists the size of hams, bodybuilder arms, and a fire in his eyes. He tells Grace to put the gun down. As he speaks, he inches toward her.

You can see that Grace is faltering. In another moment, he'll have disarmed her, and then what? You're guessing that "the guy in the ski mask" might be quite high on Bill's shit list. So, while Bill focuses on Grace, you cock your fist and let fly. The punch catches Bill under the chin and his head snaps back.

And just like that, it's over. Bill ragdolls to the floor, Grace screams, and you marvel at the effectiveness of your first sucker punch.

You try to reason with Grace, but she won't call the police. She's never coming back to this house, she assures you, and she'd rather get a restraining order in the morning. She hurries upstairs and returns wearing a long coat and carrying a suitcase bursting at the seams. Bill is still out cold.

You take Grace to a hotel a few miles away and chivalrously lug her suitcase through the door of the suite that she rents for the night. After setting her up with a six ounce bottle of wine from the mini-bar, you ask if there's anything else you can do for her. She shakes her head, thanking you profusely for your help.

You wish her good luck and move toward the door when Grace calls you back. "Aren't you forgetting something?" she asks.

You turn to find her in her black lingerie, the coat tossed carelessly over a chair, her tiny bottle of wine already empty. "Didn't I promise to give you something you wouldn't forget if you helped me?" she asks coyly.

You creep around Air Force One. The President's security guards are stationed in a room up front. One naps in his berth, the other plays solitaire on a laptop. A quick peek into the cockpit shows that both the pilot and copilot are diligently monitoring the aircraft's movements. Back in the cabin, the President snores away.

But then there's Svetlana. As you watch, she steps into the darkened cabin, walks to the table, and slides her hand beneath it. She seems to be attaching something to the underside of the table! When she's finished, she returns, quiet as a mouse, to the aft bedroom.

You peer under the table. There's definitely something there, but it's too dark to tell what it is. Probably a wireless bug, you think. You knew Svetlana was up to something!

Smith told you to intervene if Svetlana did anything suspicious, so you decide to confront the Russian. You sneak into the bathroom, get dressed, and slide the ring from your finger. Smith wouldn't want Svetlana to know about the Ring of Invisibility, after all.

You knock on the bedroom door and it opens a crack. "Who are you?" Svetlana asks. "I don't recognize face."

You explain that you are one of the President's security guards and that you have a few questions for her.

"You don't look like one who guards the security," she says, but beckons you inside.

The bedroom resembles an expensive hotel suite. It even has a mini-bar, from which Svetlana pours two hefty tumblers of vodka, one of which she thrusts into your hand. "Drink," she commands.

Turn to the next page.

As you sip the vodka, you ask Svetlana about herself.

“I am a, how you say,” she pauses, “model of bikini.”

You ask more questions, but she answers them all with aloof vagueness. This is going no where. You’re about to ask Svetlana what exactly she put under the Presidential table when the blonde suddenly kneels before you and tries to undo your zipper.

Startled by her forwardness, you push her away.

Svetlana looks confused. “What is wrong?” she asks. “Do you think I am dangerous assassin?”

Honestly, you’re not sure what Svetlana is besides a blowjob ninja, but now is the time to decide.

If you accuse Svetlana of being a Russian secret agent,
turn to page 188.

If you hit on Svetlana instead, turn to page 192.

You remain indecisive while Grace advances with the gun.

Bill raises his hands in surrender and his tone changes. "Now, honey," he says, "think about this for a minute."

Grace's face turns bright red. She tells him that she's fucking done with fucking thinking. Her breaths come in ragged gasps, causing her breasts to rise and fall. Since you've chosen to do nothing, you have plenty of time to gape at her perfect boobs, luscious hips, and long, shapely legs. Yum.

"You forgot to take your medication again," Bill says. "Put the gun down, and I'll find it for you, okay?" The gun is within a foot of Bill's sweating forehead.

"I'm done with the doctors and the pills," Grace says. "I'm done with all of this."

You're vaguely aware that the conversation is headed no where good, but you've got a great view of Grace's ass now. Thanks for wearing that thong, Grace!

Bill continues to reason with Grace, explaining how the last time she was off her meds she managed to give herself a black eye and that he doesn't want her to hurt herself again. "I'll run a bath for you," he tells his wife. "You'll feel better."

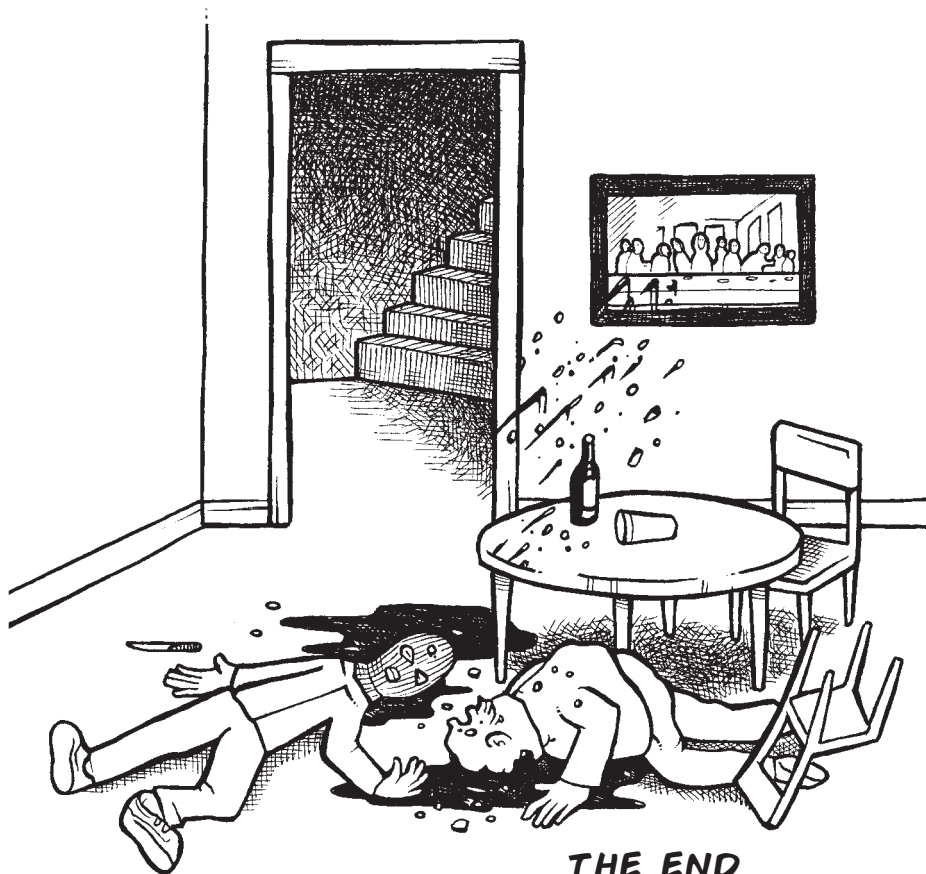
You're midway through a fantasy about Grace in a bubble bath when the gun goes off, snapping you back to reality. Through the haze of gun smoke you watch Bill topple from his chair, a neat red dot etched into his forehead.

Grace turns to you, the gun raised. That gets you talking. You argue for your life, taking the same pleading tone as Bill while you sneak an occasional peak at Grace's loins.

Turn to the next page.

"It's too late," Grace cuts you off. "You should have stopped me when you had the chance." Just before she pulls the trigger, you look into her eyes. They are cold and indifferent.

It takes nearly twenty-four hours before the police respond to a call from a concerned neighbor. They find Bill dead in the kitchen. You lie next to him, also shot point blank in the head, and wearing, of all things, a ski mask. And upstairs, in a bathtub full of blood and bubbles they find Grace, the murder weapon clutched in her hand, her naked body still beautiful in death.



THE END

“Welcome back!” Mr. Natas says gleefully as you enter his office.

Your boss sits at his desk, which is now a vast monolithic slab of volcanic rock. The rest of the room has transformed, too. The walls ooze glowing lava that spits ash and smoke toward the black, starless sky overhead. It’s excruciatingly hot here, well beyond the thermostat’s abilities for sure.

“Carol!” you cry as you notice your coworker. She stands beside the desk, but she isn’t wearing her typically drab work attire. In a black leather corset, fishnet stockings, and tall black boots, she looks like she’s stepped out of a bondage photo shoot.

“Nice, right?” chuckles Mr. Natas and he rises, revealing a massive muscular body. And then there’s his cock. It’s the size of a baby’s arm and covered with throbbing black veins. “Bend over the desk, Carol,” he instructs your coworker.

“Yes, Master,” she murmurs and obeys.

Mr. Natas positions his demon penis between Carol’s bare buttocks. “Now say my name, Carol.”

“You are the Angel of the Bottomless Pit,” Carol says as Mr. Natas slides his dick into Carol’s ass and begins pumping it in and out. “The Serpent of Old,” she says, in cadence with his thrusts. “Abaddon. Beezlebub.”

“Only my mom calls me that,” Mr. Natas says with a chuckle.

“The Devil,” Carol croons. “Lucifer. Satan!”

“But what do you call me, Carol?”

“Master,” Carol moans.

“Excellent,” Mr. Natas says. “You like this, don’t you, Carol?”

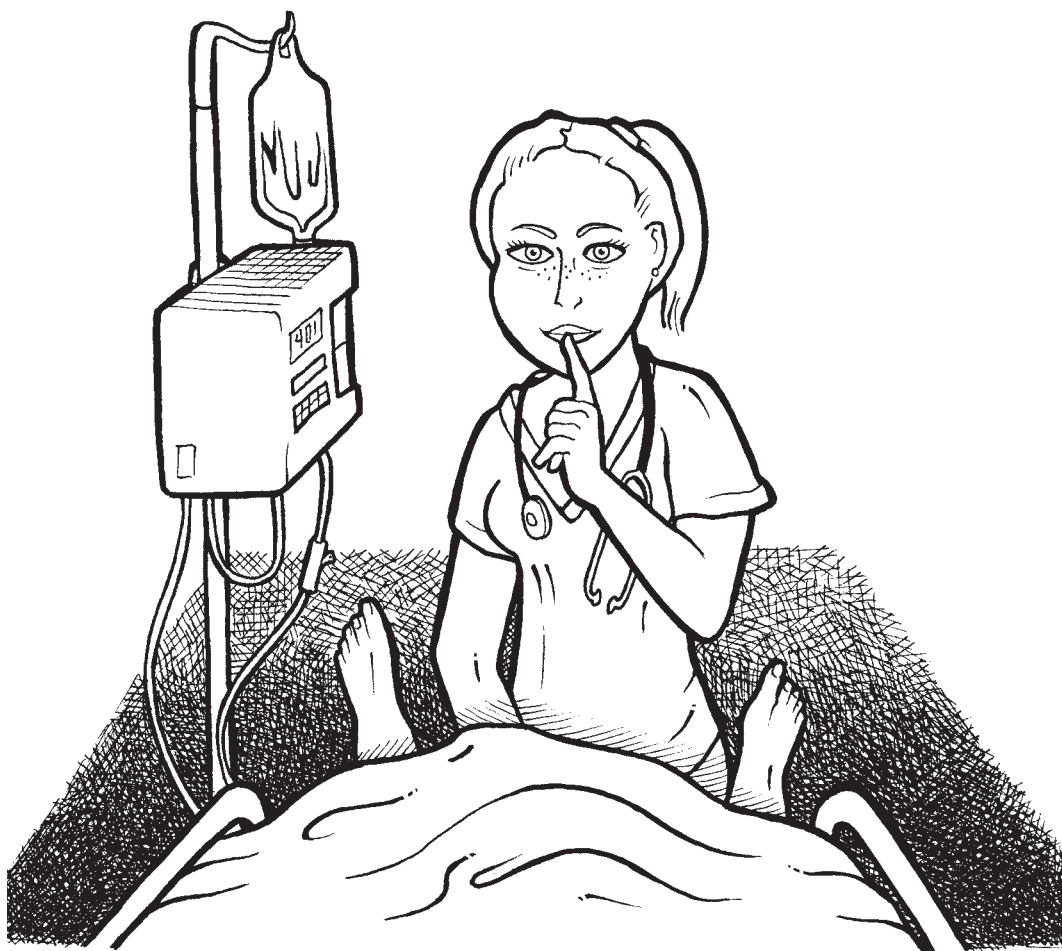
“Yes, Master,” Carol moans again, and her face contorts in pleasure. She *does* seem to like it.

You don’t know what to do, so you just watch. Your boss is Satan. Your innocent coworker and one-time love interest is now Satan’s Ass Slut. Where does that leave you?

“You’re wondering where this leaves you, aren’t you?” Mr. Natas asks with a smile as he withdraws his penis from Carol’s rear. “Come over here and find out.”

You want to run, or at least hesitate in an appreciably heterosexual way, but suddenly you are not in control anymore. You can’t resist.

If you say “Yes, Master,” turn to page 144.



You awaken in a hospital bed. Beside you an IV machine clicks and hums. Outside the window you see the last rays of sunset. How much time has passed since you lost consciousness? At least a day, you think, maybe longer.

You call for assistance, but no one responds. After awhile, you determine to get up on your own. With one hand gripping the bed rail, you pull yourself to the edge of the bed, but then stop, suddenly dizzy. Just as you are about to topple to the floor, a pair of hands eases you back into bed.

“No getting up, now,” a soothing voice says.

You look up at your savior. “Are you an angel?” you ask the comely young blonde woman. She has freckles on her nose, and her hair is arranged in a neat ponytail.

The woman smiles sweetly. “If only,” she says. “I’m Megan, your nurse this evening. Are you in pain?”

You nod feebly.

Megan inserts a syringe into your IV line. After a few seconds, a pleasant warmth flushes over you.

“What happened to me?” you ask.

“You were injured,” Megan says, “but from what I understand, what you did was *very* brave.” She leans over the bed to check your blood pressure and allows the neck of her scrubs to fall open. When she catches you looking at her breasts, she grins seductively. “Can I do anything else for you?” she asks.

You shake your head.

“Are you sure?” Megan asks and snakes her hand beneath your gown. “You deserve *something* for being so courageous.” Before you can protest, Megan wraps her fingers around your dick. You slump against your pillow, the narcotic taking effect. “Don’t nod off just yet,” Megan purrs.

You grow hard in her hand and she strokes you skillfully, slowly at first, then with building intensity. You feel yourself racing toward a climax you are helpless to prevent. You explode with a less-than-heroic grunt.

“There,” says Megan, pleased with her work. “Now take a nap while I get you a fresh gown. When you wake up, we’ll have a sponge bath.” She smiles that naughty smile again.

I’ll be here, you want to tell her, but you’re already fading into a drug-induced sleep. After all that’s happened, you can’t help but feel like everything has turned out fine after all.

THE END

You've done your part to protect the President tonight, so you let yourself fall asleep.

You are awakened by a jolt that knocks you from your chair and sends both you and the President rolling across the cabin. Shaken, you pull yourself to your knees and wait for the jet to jerk again, but everything seems normal. Air Force one *is* descending though. Maybe the pilot encountered some turbulence and is moving the jet to a more comfortable altitude, you think.

You feel a dropping sensation in the pit of your stomach as the jet's descent intensifies. The *Fasten Seatbelts* sign dings on and, more ominously, oxygen masks deploy from the ceiling. Awake at last, the President calls for his security crew.

The forward door opens, but it is not one of the thick-necked bodyguards that enters the cabin. It is Svetlana, barefoot and gripping a small revolver.

"What's going on?" the President cries.

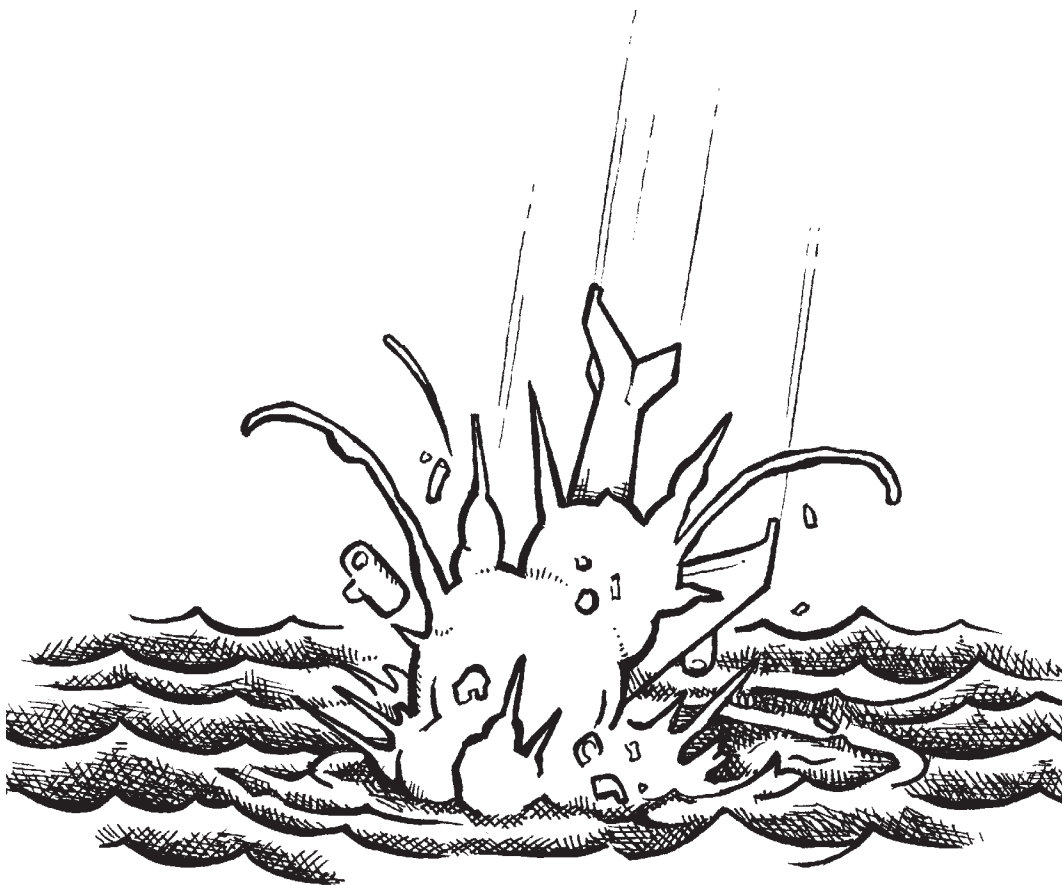
Svetlana gives him a dispassionate shove, continues to the rear of the plane, and enters the aft bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

The jet is descending so steeply now that the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. You struggle toward the nose of the jet, using the walls to stay upright. A narrow hallway brings you to the cockpit door, which swings open. Inside you find the pilot and the co-pilot. Both are deceased, their blood splattered over the windscreen. Frantically, you look for a way to stop the jet's descent, but the yokes have been sabotaged. Even if you knew how to fly an aircraft, you wouldn't be able to save this one.

You race to the rear of the jet and bang on the bedroom door, but Svetlana does not answer. Behind the door you hear a faint pop as though a handgun has been discharged. The President is no help either. He lies in a ball on the floor, moaning. Desperately, you return to the cockpit. Where are the President's security guards? Maybe they could operate the radio and call for help!

But there is no time. A check out the windscreen reveals the ocean rising to meet you at a dizzying speed. Moments before the jet augers into the waves you realize that you have failed the President... and your country.

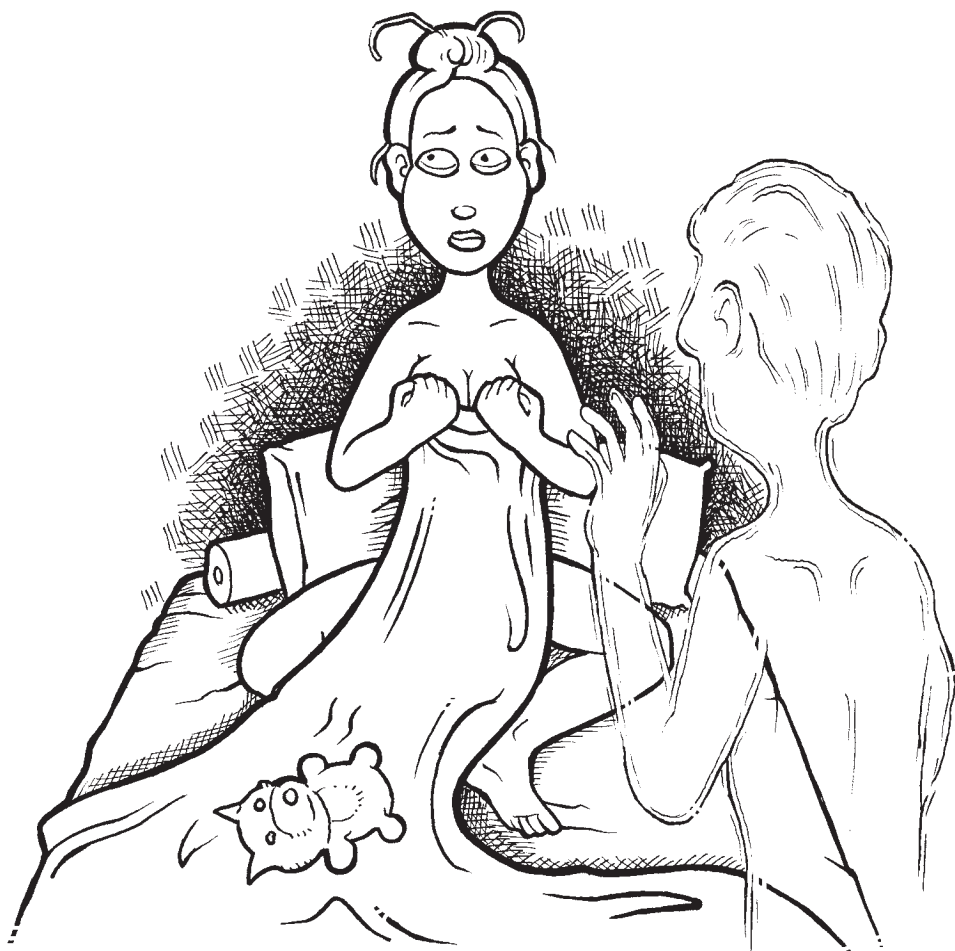
THE END



Silently, you move to the side of Taylor's bed. Her sheets are balled into her fists, and she looks terrified. You know that she will freak out unless you play your cards right.

In one quick movement, you slide onto the bed beside her and clamp your hand over her mouth. Her eyes bulge and she tries to scream.

"Sssssshh," you whisper as you caress her shoulder with your free hand. Softly, you kiss her neck, her ear, and her temple. She quakes at your touch, but after a moment, you feel her muscles relax. "Ssssssssh," you say.



Slowly, you remove your hand from her mouth. Her breath hitches, but she doesn't scream. "Casper?" she says drunkenly. "What do you want?"

By way of an answer, you push her gently back onto her pillow and run your tongue in circles around her nipples. Taylor moans, arching her back slightly. Oh yes, you could definitely get used to this ghost gig.

You peel back the sheets and kiss every part of her, running your fingers along her curves. You press against her through the cotton of her underwear, stopping to check her facial expression. Taylor's eyes are closed, and she groans through parted lips. Wasn't she afraid of ghosts?

You strip off her panties and cautiously slide a finger inside her. When she responds enthusiastically, you position yourself between her legs and let your tongue explore.

"Please," she whimpers. "Please, Casper."

It doesn't take long before she is bucking beneath you, her knees pressed against your ears. When she is finished, she collapses onto the bed, but only briefly. Then she sits upright, pulls the sheets around her breasts, and reaches into the darkness. "Where are you?" she asks.

Stealthily, you ease off the bed and move to the doorway.

"I liked that," she whispers. "Come back to me. Let me touch you."

You'd very much like to let Taylor touch you, but you hesitate. What you've done so far was deceitful, but as you watch Taylor search for her invisible lover, you can hardly resist.

If you return to Taylor's bed, turn to page 182

If you would rather go downstairs, turn to page 90.

You slip off the ring and become visible. Taylor's head whips in your direction and she cries out. Scrambling, she falls off the side of her bed and thumps to the floor.

"It's OK, Taylor," you call out. "It's me." You step into the moonlight coming through the open window, your erection bobbing in the breeze.

"Don't come any closer, Casper," Taylor says and her voice cracks. She really sounds terrified. "I don't know what you want, but you better go away."

Now you understand. Still intoxicated, Taylor thinks you're a ghostly intruder.

"I'm going to come around the bed and we'll talk," you say calmly. "I don't want to hurt you." You want Taylor to see that it's you and not some poltergeist, but she can't see you if she's hiding behind the bed.

"Don't come any closer!" Taylor yells and there's an edge to her voice now, as if she's gone on the offensive. You're beginning to wonder if the possibility of getting laid is slipping away. Though maybe all the adrenaline coursing through Taylor's veins will translate into some intense sex after this gets sorted out.

"I'm coming around the bed now," you say and take a few steps in Taylor's direction.

With a yelp and a commando roll, Taylor springs into view. Something flashes in her hand, and you feel a prick on the skin of your stomach. Then the room crackles with electricity as the Taser in Taylor's hand floods your body with 50,000 volts.

Shattering pain surges through your limbs, and your body stiffens like a board. You teeter backward. There's nothing you can do to prevent yourself from falling.

In the split second before your rigid body pitches out of the second story window, you see Taylor's face, frozen into a mask of sudden understanding as she stumbles forward, her hand outstretched.

Then you tumble through space, the world spinning around you, the sensation of falling knotting the pit of your stomach until—

SPLAT.

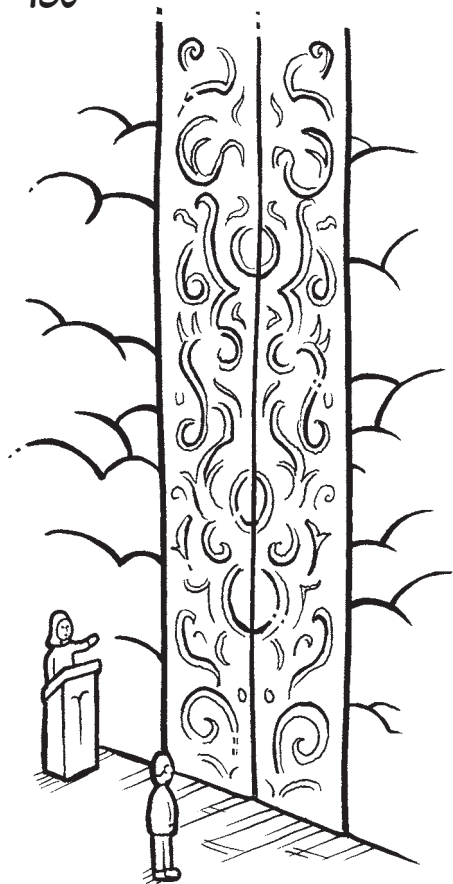
Your head meets the sidewalk, and it's all over.

Embarrassingly, you still have quite an erection when the paramedics arrive to scrape you off the concrete.

Don't worry though, provided ghosts do exist you may yet have a chance to get into Taylor's panties.



THE END



You don't like the looks of Mr. Natas' door. Pretty creepy the way it just came out of no where. Since it's most likely a portal to Hell, you turn around and head in the opposite direction.

This time there are no doorways to choose from, just a long, straight hallway that goes on for as far as you can see. You travel along it for what feels like hours. You'd kill for a granola bar and a bump of cocaine about now, but hey, the hallway *is* growing warmer and getting brighter.

When a door finally appears out of nowhere you almost bump into it. Unlike Mr. Natas' normal-sized door, this one is massive. It's as wide as a tennis court and so tall that you can't see the top of it! Crafted from a fine blonde wood, carvings of thousands of birds in flight grace the door's surface. In the center of the door, inlaid in gold, is a single word: HEAVEN.

“Welcome to Heaven,” says an angelic voice, which is fitting because it belongs to an angel. The angel has long platinum hair, the wings of a majestic eagle, and a bitchin’ handlebar mustache. He stands behind a podium to your right. Before him sits a large open book. “May I have your Number please?” he asks.

“Excuse me?” you say. “I don’t know what you mean.”

The angel looks concerned but still incredibly handsome. “You were given a number. Your Admittance Number.”

What the fuck is this dreamy angel dude talking about, you wonder. You reflect on your life, searching your memories for a number, *any* number that has more significance than the others. You can remember your locker combination from Junior High and your childhood dog’s birthday, but if anyone ever gave you an Admittance Number for Heaven, it seems to have slipped your mind.

“I’m sorry, sir,” says the angel, “but if you don’t have your Admittance Number, you’ll have to leave.”

Desperately, you rack your brain. You’re at Heaven’s Gates! Paradise awaits you! If only you could recall your Admittance Number. Maybe someone gave it to you during your life. Think, think!

If you think your Admittance Number is 27, turn to page 27.

If you think your Admittance Number is 49, turn to page 49.

If you think your Admittance Number is 122, turn to page 122.

If you think your Admittance Number is 127, turn to page 127.

You climb back onto the bed with Taylor. When she feels the mattress sag beneath your weight, she reaches for you. "Come here," she says.

One of her hands brushes against your erection, and she grabs ahold of it. "Oh!" she gasps as she realizes what she's holding. A wicked smile crosses her face. "Casper, Casper," she says in admiration. Then she leans forward and wraps her lips around you.

Her mouth is warm and wet, and she sucks hard enough to bring even a ghost back to life. "You like that?" she asks between mouthfuls.

You don't say anything, afraid that she might recognize your voice. Instead you flip her onto her stomach, pull her hips into the air, and sink yourself deep inside her. She squeals, but doesn't resist, and soon her breathing is ragged and quick.

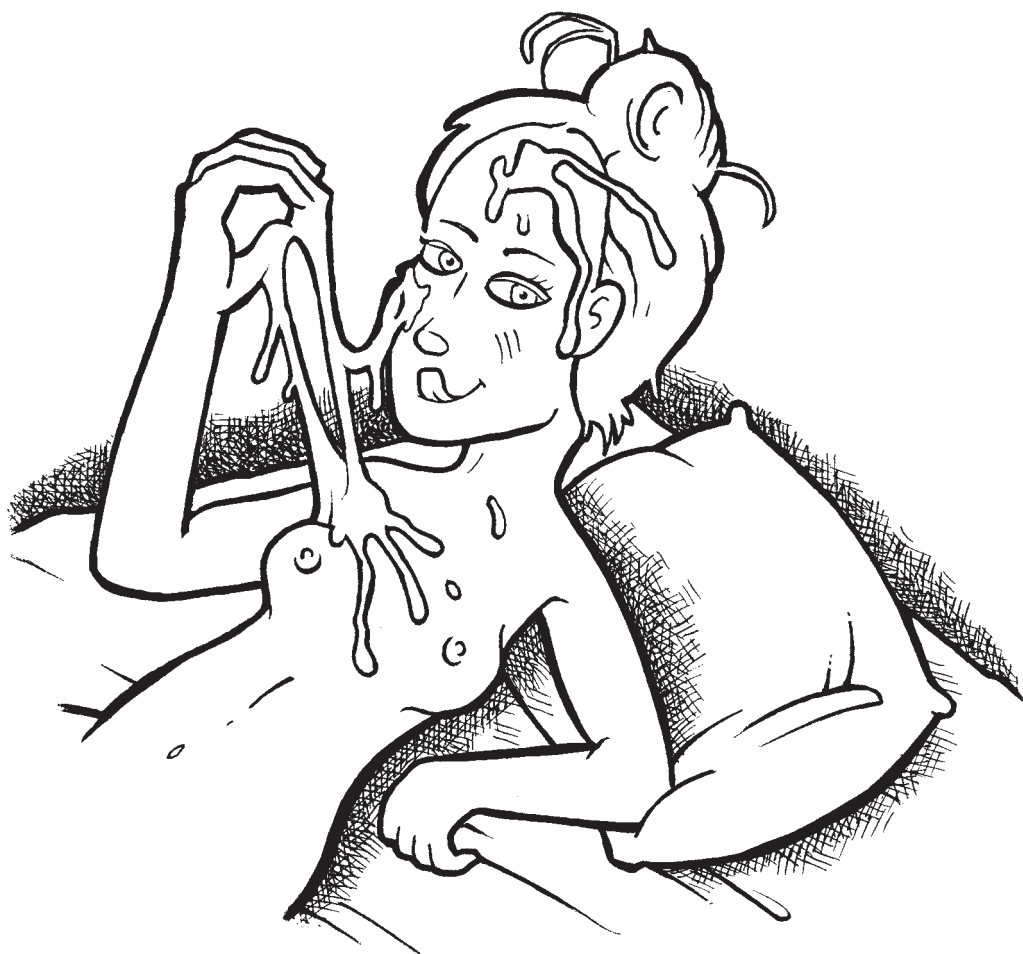
"I thought you would feel cold," she moans, "but you don't feel cold at all. This is so weird."

As you watch your invisible prick part her labia again and again, you have to agree. This *is* weird, but Taylor is certainly enjoying it. She thrusts against you, her mouth hanging open as a steady moan builds inside her. The rhythm of her hips dissolves into a wild bucking as she calls out, "Oh, Casper!"

You'd rather she not have your ghostly children, so you pull out, spin her over, and, with an unearthly wail, blast your hot spunk all over her breasts. As it coats her body, your semen becomes visible. Taylor dips her fingers into it and then touches them to her lips. "Mmmm," she says. "Ectoplasm. Thank you, Casper."

Thoroughly sated, you leave Taylor in her sticky dreamland and return to your temporary residence on the couch. You slip the ring off your finger, becoming visible once more. You really will hate returning it, but, of course, it isn't yours to keep. Still, it made for a very memorable birthday with a very memorable woman. Maybe someday you'll tell Taylor that you were "Casper," or maybe you'll always keep what happened as your dirty little secret. You'll have to decide.

THE END



Looking back, years later, you can still remember making that phone call. You were so uncharacteristically nervous and, let's be real, fairly hung-over. But Laura sounded fine, like she'd been awake for hours. In fact, she'd already been for a morning jog, so when you asked her to join you for breakfast at your favorite post-party restaurant, she said she was hungry and agreed.

And the rest is history. After that first (sober) date, you became inseparable. In the beginning you couldn't get enough of Laura's tiny, perfect body and attractive smile, but it didn't take you long to realize that she was the complete package: intelligent, compassionate, and instilled with a drive for success that astounds you to this day. When you asked her to marry you, she answered quickly, and you knew then, if you didn't before, how truly lucky you were. And, of course, how lucky it was that you followed her up the stairs on that wild and strange birthday so long ago.

Sure, you can't really tell the kids about how you and mom met, but you still enjoy taking them out for breakfast at Pancake-O-Rama, sharing a warm look with your wife and saying, "We met right here, over hashbrowns."

As you look out over the country estate where Laura keeps several horses and the children have room to run with their friends and pets, you realize how thankful you are that fate conspired to bring you and Laura together. After all, who knows what might have happened if you had met your parents for dinner instead of looking for your cousin at the party. Things might be very different indeed.

Laura calls from inside the house. Dinner's ready, and the children are waiting. You join them, a big smile on your face.

THE END



You decide that Mr. Masked Robber is a role you'll happily play.

You lunge at Grace, and she squeals in delight. You force her to the floor and climb on top of her. She breathes in short gasps of excitement as you hold the knife against her neck and force her legs apart. "Don't fight or I'll cut you," you hiss menacingly at Grace, and she instantly becomes as still as a board.

You slide the knife between her breasts. Then you jerk it forward intending to slice through her bra. But the knife is so dull that it doesn't cut. "Dammit," you say, sawing at the fabric.

"It has a latch in the front," Grace whispers. She unclips her bra, and her breasts spill out, jiggling.

"All right," you announce, "I'm going to rape you now."

"N-no-no," Grace stammers. "Please don't!"

You wiggle out of your jeans, but it's almost impossible with the knife in one hand. How do rapists do this anyway, you wonder, pausing to adjust your ski mask so you can find your zipper.

"You need some help?" Grace's husband asks.

"Bill, sssshhhhh," Grace says.

Finally, you maneuver into position, and she fights a little then, her hands punching your chest until you pin them back behind her head. But she's as wet as an otter as you slide inside her, and the moan that escapes her lips is one of pleasure, not torment.

You glance over your shoulder to see Bill jerking off while he stares at you. Gross, but nothing can stop you now. You pull out just in time to blow your load all over Grace's toned stomach.

She pretends to faint beneath you, but quickly recovers. "Okay," she says, "You should leave now." The performance, it seems, is over.

You pull up your pants and nod at Bill, who's apparently finished his business, too. "Well," you say, "thanks?"

"No, thank *you*. You can come back and rape me any time," Grace whispers. "But now's the part where you disappear into the night."

You do just that. It's only when you're a few blocks from the house that you realize you're still wearing the ski mask. That was fucked up, you think. But, of course, Mr. Masked Robber didn't mind at all.

THE END

Without a second thought, you toss Laura's phone number into the trash. God knows, she's probably just as embarrassed as you are about what happened last night. No one likes to think about alcohol-fueled mistakes the next morning.

Over the next few months, however, a phone number begins to pop up on your caller ID. And then Laura starts leaving you voicemail. "Please call me," she says and adds, "it's important." She sounds upset, but you never call back. By then you have a girlfriend who keeps you busy. She's sort of pretty and she only yells at you occasionally, which you figure is mostly because you got her pregnant. At any rate, Laura eventually stops calling, and you figure that was that.

In fact, when the phone rings ten months later, and the woman on the line mentions Laura's name it takes you a moment to recall that carnal night in the frat house. The woman on the phone is calling on behalf of a state agency, she explains. Laura has filed for child support, and the office needs some information from you.

This takes a moment to sink in. Laura has recently given birth to a son. *Your* son. All those phone messages she left you begin to make sense.

Frantically, you try and track down Laura, but when you do, her mother intercepts the phone call. You've ruined Laura's life, her mother tells you, and you have a lot of nerve calling *now*. Laura refuses to talk to you.

You hang up the phone, devastated.

You don't know how to tell your girlfriend about Laura. Your relationship isn't going smoothly at the moment with the new baby at all, and now you're *really* going to be in the doghouse. Maybe forever. You're happy to be a part of your daughter's life, but knowing that you have a son about the same age leaves you feeling torn. Holy crap, how did life become so complicated?

THE END

"I believe that you are a Russian spy put aboard this aircraft to gather information," you tell Svetlana.

"You make joke," Svetlana says with an uneasy laugh.

"You bugged the President's table," you say, your face turning red. "I saw you!"

Svetlana looks embarrassed. "Nyet," she says, "you misunderstand. I puts this under table, but was only so I could better hear." She points to her ears. "I do not know word for this."

"How about 'treason'," you say. You try to subdue Svetlana, but the blonde squirms away from you and bolts into the main cabin.

You charge after her and, just before she can reach the President, you tackle her. Something in her back pops, and she drops to the carpet like a sack of potatoes. She won't be getting up any time soon, but you pin her arms behind her back for good measure.

The President looks at you in groggy alarm.

"Don't worry, sir," you say. "The situation is neutralized."

"That's my mistress you're manhandling," the President sputters.

You freeze, frantically trying to remember the conversation you had with Smith. "But she put a bug under the table," you say.

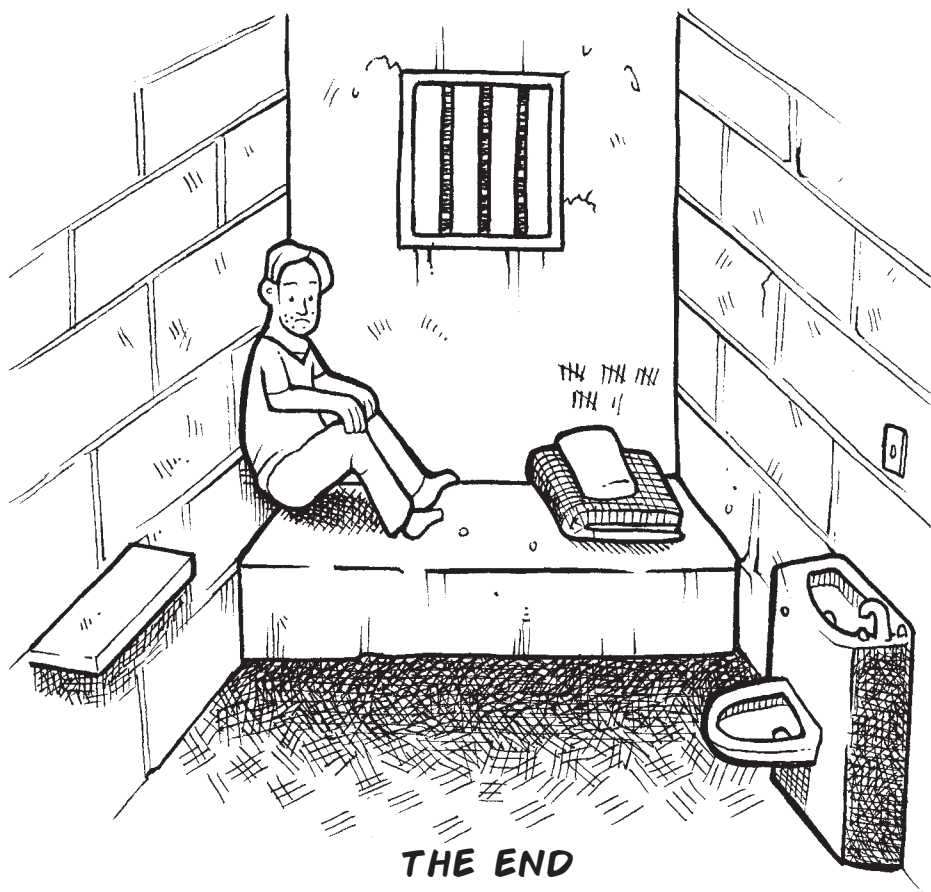
"I remember word now," Svetlana moans. "Chewing gum. I chew the gums to make ears pop when on plane."

"I told her not to do it, but she sticks her gum under the table," the President explains. "Now unhand her!"

The incident makes international news. Though Svetlana makes a full recovery from her injuries after a few months of physical therapy, her relationship with the President goes public, resulting in a bitter divorce that colors the rest of the President's term. In fact, many believe that your actions initiate a new era of hostilities between the United States and Russia.

When you try and explain what you have done, a search is mounted for the man named Smith. Neither he nor the secret lab is ever located. As for the Ring of Invisibility, the President's men remove it from your pocket on the jet, and you never see it again.

You are charged with treason for spying on the President of the United States and assault and battery for your crimes against Svetlana. You're sent to a federal penitentiary. Make yourself comfortable. You're going to be there for a long, long time.



THE END



You're not going to take any lip from this ghost, especially when it comes to protecting Taylor. "You can't have Taylor," you say in a loud, authoritative voice. "I won't allow it."

The ghost flinches. Nice. Your assertive attitude seems to be working, so you continue. "Leave this house immediately and never come back," you say, waving your hands as though warding off a fly. "Return to whatever unmarked pauper's grave you rolled out of."

Eyes flickering menacingly, the ghost abruptly grows larger. Once the size of an average man, the ghost now towers above you, nearly as tall as the ceiling, his body dissolving into a shifting black mass. To make things worse, a kitchen drawer pops open, and a dozen knives fly out of it. The floating utensils arrange themselves in the air around the ghost. All of the knives are pointed at you.

The ghost has taken the fight to the next level, but you're not about to let some spook get the better of you. "You don't scare me," you say, your voice shaking only a little bit as the knives follow your every movement.

The ghost growls gutturally in response.

"Begone, ghost!" you shout and stamp your foot. "I command you!"

The ghost looms above you, spreading over the room like a malicious storm cloud, the knives rotating around it like satellites. A roaring sound fills the kitchen, becoming louder and louder until you clasp your hands against your head.

Oh cripes, what have you done? You need a Plan B, and quickly. That's it! You could use the Ring of Invisibility to slip from the room undetected, assuming that ghosts can't see invisible people. You rummage in your pocket.

At that moment, the knives separate themselves from the ghostly cloud and slice through the air like missiles. The sharp blades pierce your face and torso, and you topple to the ground, a human pin cushion. You manage to tug one of the knives from your chest, but most of your major organs have been pierced, and the movements that follow are merely reflexive spasms.

As you twitch your last twitches, you see the ghostly cloud move from the kitchen toward the stairs. Taylor screams and you hear no more.

THE END

"I don't think you're an assassin," you say and then add with a wink, "or a spy for that matter. You're far too beautiful to be involved with something as sinister as planting a wireless bug underneath the President's table to record his intimate conversations." You grin slyly at Svetlana, expecting her to play along with what is maybe the most outlandish pick-up line ever, but her face falls.

"I don't know how, but you catches me," she says. "I am disgrace. I was intelligence agent for KGB, now nothing." A tear streams down her cheek. She moves to a drawer beside the bed, removes a small revolver, and extends it to you, handle first. "Shoots me."

You're stunned by Svetlana's admission of guilt. Though accidental, you have exposed her nefarious motives and will no doubt be commended for your actions. But now that she's telling you she'd rather die than face justice, you feel sorry for her. "I won't shoot you," you tell the woman.

Svetlana collapses on the bed, her face in her hands. "But my comrades will execute me anyway," she cries, "so now lets me die!"

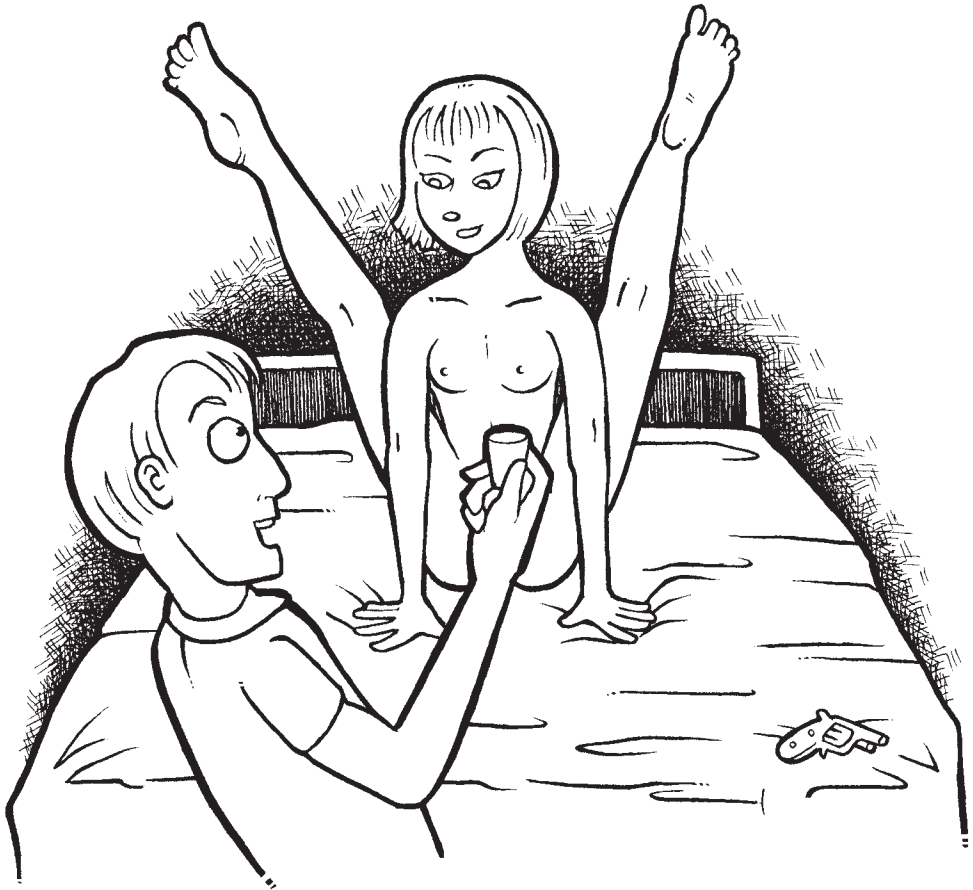
Maybe, you think, Svetlana is, like you, a pawn in game that is too large to fully understand. Maybe you can negotiate a peaceful resolution. "Tell you what," you say, "remove whatever you put under the table, tell your people you couldn't complete your mission, and walk away from the spy business forever."

Svetlana's face brightens. "I can do this. What do you ask in returns for not, how you say, making me the rat? Perhaps I open myself to you in trade?"

You have to give Svetlana credit. She knows her strengths. "Well," you say, remembering the President's terminology, "I could use some foreign relations."

Pleased, Svetlana nods and folds the top of her dress down to expose a pair of fantastic breasts. "I did not mention. Before I was model of bikini, I was much flexible gymnast for Mother Russia." She lets the dress fall from her hips. "What do you think? Da?"

You swallow hard. "Yes," you say, "I think we have an agreement."



Turn to page 208.

“You want Taylor and I want Taylor,” you tell the ghost. “Maybe we can make this work.”

The ghost gives you a quizzical look.

“Maybe,” you say, “we can *share* her.” You pause for effect.

The ghost considers this. “*Ménage à trois?*” he asks finally.

This isn’t exactly what you were thinking, but you’re here to compromise, not argue with some freaky creature from the netherworld. “Provided you still have the proper equipment, of course.”

The ghost chuckles and points to his crotch where a translucent ghost dong bobs in otherworldly mist.

“I don’t what Taylor would have to say about *that*,” you admit.

“I would say that it looks hot, Casper,” a voice behind you says.

You turn to see Taylor in a bath robe. She smiles drunkenly. “I’m dreaming, right?”

You shrug. The evening *has* taken on a dreamlike quality.

“We might as well have some fun then,” she says, letting her robe fall to the floor.

You undress, too, and lift Taylor onto the countertop, spreading her legs while she covers you with sloppy kisses.

“Wait!” you say, inspired. You retrieve the Ring of Invisibility from your pants and slip it on. Then you slide inside Taylor.

She gasps as she watches her vagina expands around your invisible penis. “Now I *know* I’m dreaming,” she moans.

After a moment, you feel an impatient tap on your shoulder. You move aside and let Casper have a go, watching as Taylor’s face contorts with pleasure. Soon though, it’s your turn to interrupt. “Let’s share her,” you suggest.

And share her, you do.

When it’s all over, you carry Taylor to the couch, slip the ring from your finger, and lay with her, visible once more.

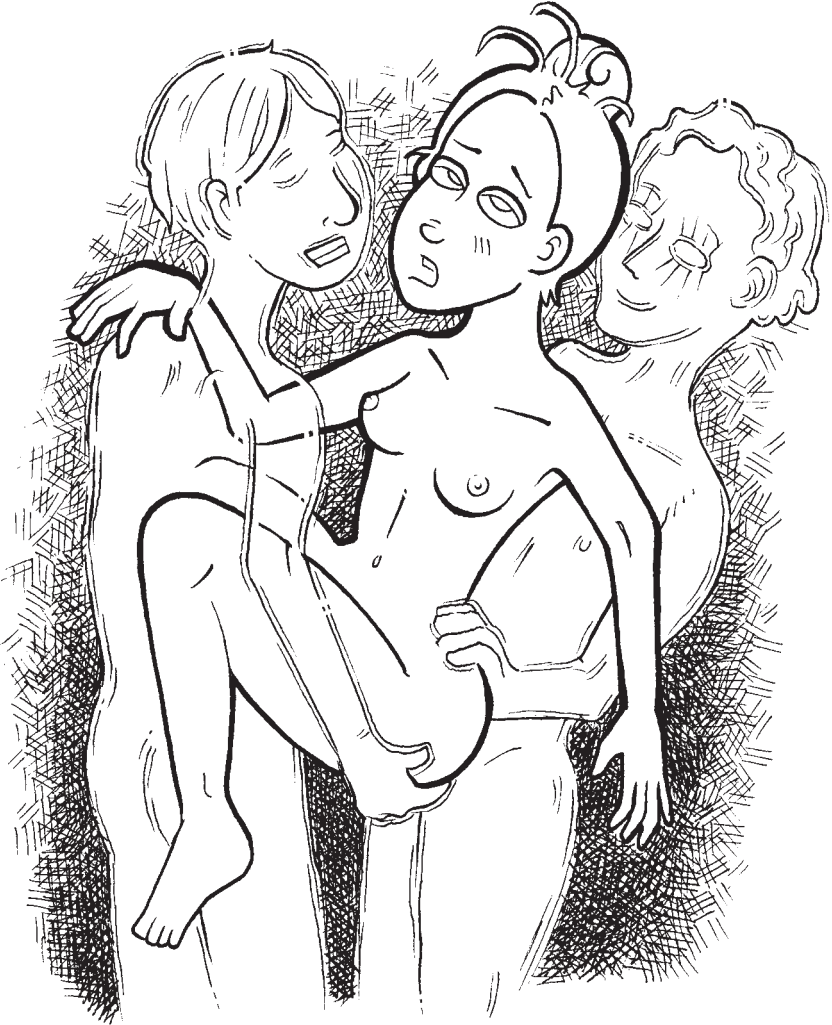
Taylor snuggles against you, already almost asleep. “I never would have guessed that my dream would end with me being double-penetrated by a ghost and an invisible man,” she murmurs. With as much alcohol as she’s had, you doubt she’ll remember her defilement in the morning.

You notice the ghost standing by the front door, spectral penis adroop.

“You’re leaving?” you ask.

He nods and fades from view.

You doubt that he will return to Taylor’s house. He got what he wanted after all. You, however, plan on sticking around. You haven’t had nearly enough of Taylor yet.



THE END

You're positive that you can manipulate Taylor and Carol into having sex with you in your invisible state. You are, after all, a master in the art of seducing females.

"Sssssssshh," you whisper to the women.

"Did you hear that?" Carol asks.

You slide your hand up Carol's thigh with one hand and trace a slow line down Taylor's stomach with the other.

Both of the women tense up, but you can tell that they are aroused, too. A stifled moan escapes Taylor's lips. Even Carol, so frightened she is shaking, presses her hips forward in the universal symbol of "More, please."

Time to take this up a notch, you think. You guide the women's hands onto your erection. Their eyebrows rise as they struggle to understand.

"What is that?" Carol asks.

"Feels like a Vienna sausage," Taylor mumbles.

A Vienna sausage! You thought you were at least hot dog caliber. But no matter. You force the women's hands up and down your shaft. Mmmm, feels nice. You moan softly.

Carol jerks her hand away. "I'm scared, Taylor," she whispers.

"Me, too," Taylor whispers back. "I don't like this."

For fuck's sake, you think. This is not going according to plan. Maybe it's time for a reassuring hug. You wrap your arms around the women.

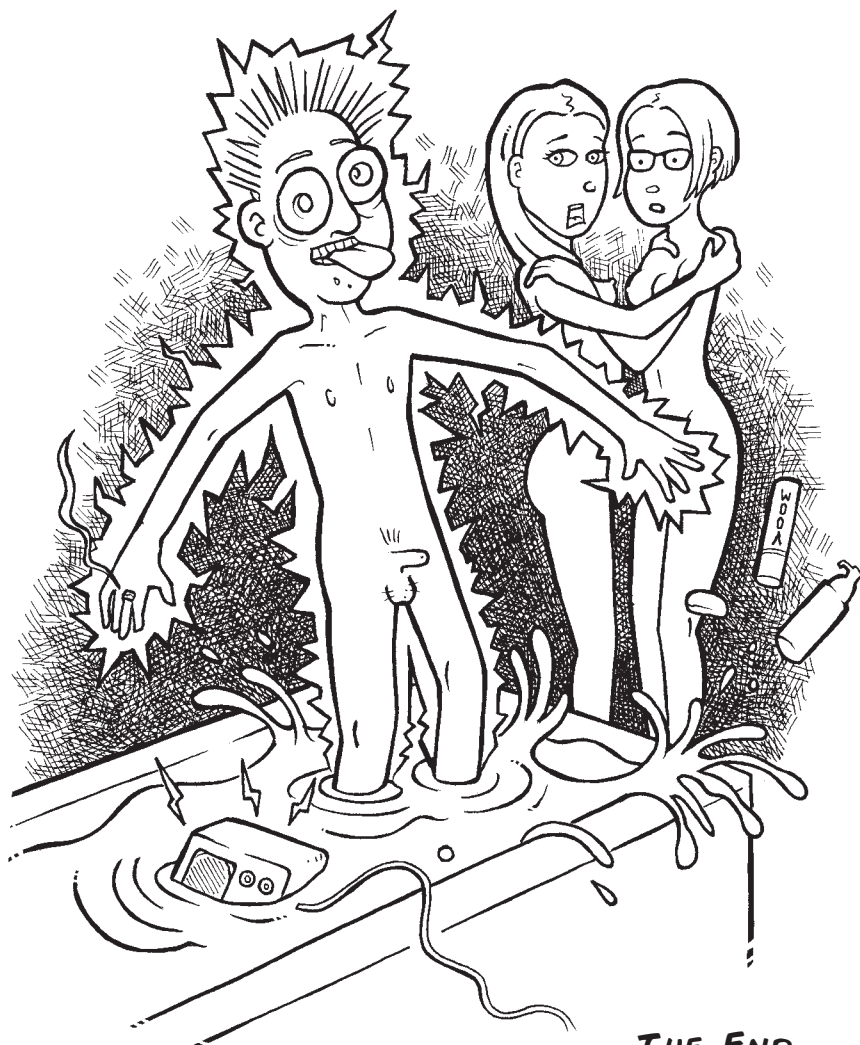
The response is violent. Both women scream, and in their haste to escape, knock you off balance. You accidentally bump the radio from its shelf above the bathtub and it falls into the water with a small electrical pop. Careless in her panic, Taylor lashes out with her fists and one of them connects with your jaw.

You tumble headfirst into the bathtub.

ZZZZZZTTTT.

Electricity surges through your body. Your muscles contract as you struggle against the slippery walls of the tub. As you sink into the water, your heart beats faster and faster and then stops completely.

In your final moments, you see your naked body convulsing in the electrified water. The Ring of Invisibility must have shorted out, making you visible once again. At least, you think, as you close your eyes for the last time, Taylor and Carol will be able to find your body.



As much as you'd like to have invisible sex with Taylor and Carol, the ladies are far too frightened. But you have another idea. As stealthily as you can, you exit the bathroom, hurry out of the house, and hop into your car.

Luckily, you have a change of clothing in your gym bag. The shirt and shorts are rumpled, and your gym shoes aren't particularly fresh, but they'll have to do. You remove the ring, dress quickly, and rush back to the bathroom in Taylor's house.

"Taylor? Are you in there?" you call out.

Taylor appears at the door, her eyes still wide. "What are you doing here?"

"I was out for a run," you say, even though you know how ludicrous that sounds, "and I heard you scream from the street. Are you all right?"

"Oh, thank God," Taylor says. "Just a minute."

After a moment Taylor and Carol emerge from the bathroom, wrapped in towels and grinning sheepishly. You feign surprise and ask what happened.

"*Something* attacked us," Taylor explains. "It was scary, but also kind of..." She gives Carol a glance. "Sexy."

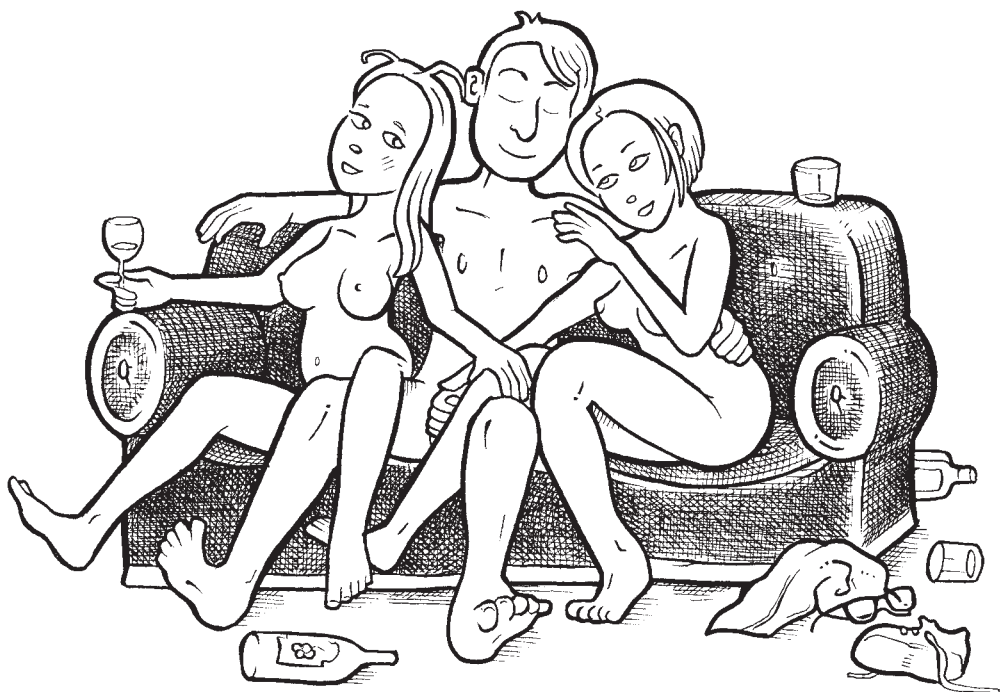
"I bet," you say, knowingly. "Sit on the couch. You can tell me over a drink."

The girls tell you their story over the glasses of whiskey you provide. By the end, they're both nearly panting at the thought of their unfinished business. From there, you only need to push the women gently together to set the ball in motion.

As the women kiss, you sit back and enjoy your handiwork. They take turns going down on each other and then extend their affection to you. You make love to both of them, first one and then the other, directing the women into positions that before this evening you'd only seen in movies. They taste like whiskey and wine and something sweeter still, each other, you realize.

When its over, the three of you slump together on the couch, sticky and exhausted. With smiles on their faces, Taylor and Carol are soon fast asleep.

You smile too. It isn't every night you get to use a Ring of Invisibility to orchestrate a threesome with two gorgeous young women. Tonight, it seems, really was *your* night.



THE END

You return to Grace, and she takes you into her arms. “My hero,” she whispers as you cup her firm ass in your hands. She kisses you languidly, teasing you with her tongue.

“Why were you wearing *this* when you came downstairs?” you ask when you come up for air, indicating her lingerie.

She looks hurt. “You don’t like it?”

You tell her you think that she’s the sexiest thing this side of Shanghai, but that her unmentionables weren’t the best choice for escaping a domestic situation.

“I *was* going to put clothes on over it,” she says, pushing you away so that you can admire her nipples through the sheer material of her lacy bra, “but I heard you and Bill talking and I grabbed the gun and—” She stops and then adds with a smile, “A part of me was hoping this was how it would turn out.”



Grace pushes you backward onto the bed and undresses you. Then she slips off her underwear and straddles your hips, gyrating and grinding with the sultriness of a stripper. At last she fucks you, slowly at first, her hips rocking in an ever accelerating rhythm that likely took more than a few years to perfect. When she senses that you are getting close, she backs off and starts over, working you ever closer to orgasm with a steady pressure. When you do finally come, it's a mind blowing, cry-into-the-pillow affair that leaves you convulsing beneath her.

"How did you do that?" you gasp.

Grace beams. "I do Kegels while I fold laundry."

As you fall asleep beside her, utterly drained, you can't help but think that there's something to be said for older women. Sure, they might come with a little baggage, but that's nothing that a hero like you can't overcome.

THE END

You try and break your feelings to your coworker gently. “Carol,” you tell her, “I consider you a very good friend.”

Carol’s face clouds as you drop the f-word and she shoves you away, her expression one of anger. “But the way you kissed me! Why would you do that if you don’t love me?”

You put your hands up in surrender. “Carol, please. It’s been a really weird night. Maybe I should take you home now.”

Carol crumbles at your words and suddenly she is crying, no longer angry, but repentant and confused. Man, she can really change emotions on a dime. “No,” she moans. “You have to love me. *Please* tell me that you love me.”

You decide it’s time to be blunt. “I’m sorry, Carol,” you say softly. “I don’t feel the same way about you. I think you’re a very special, likeable person though.”

“I can’t go on without you,” she mumbles and looks down onto the glowing city. “If I can’t be with you, I don’t want to live anymore.”

You tell Carol not to be ridiculous and repeat your offer to give her a ride to her apartment where she can get a good night’s sleep.

But a new emotion has crept onto Carol’s face. Though you’re struggling to keep up, you peg this latest look as determination.

Before you can stop her, Carol climbs onto the low wall that surrounds the rooftop. “Don’t,” you gasp.

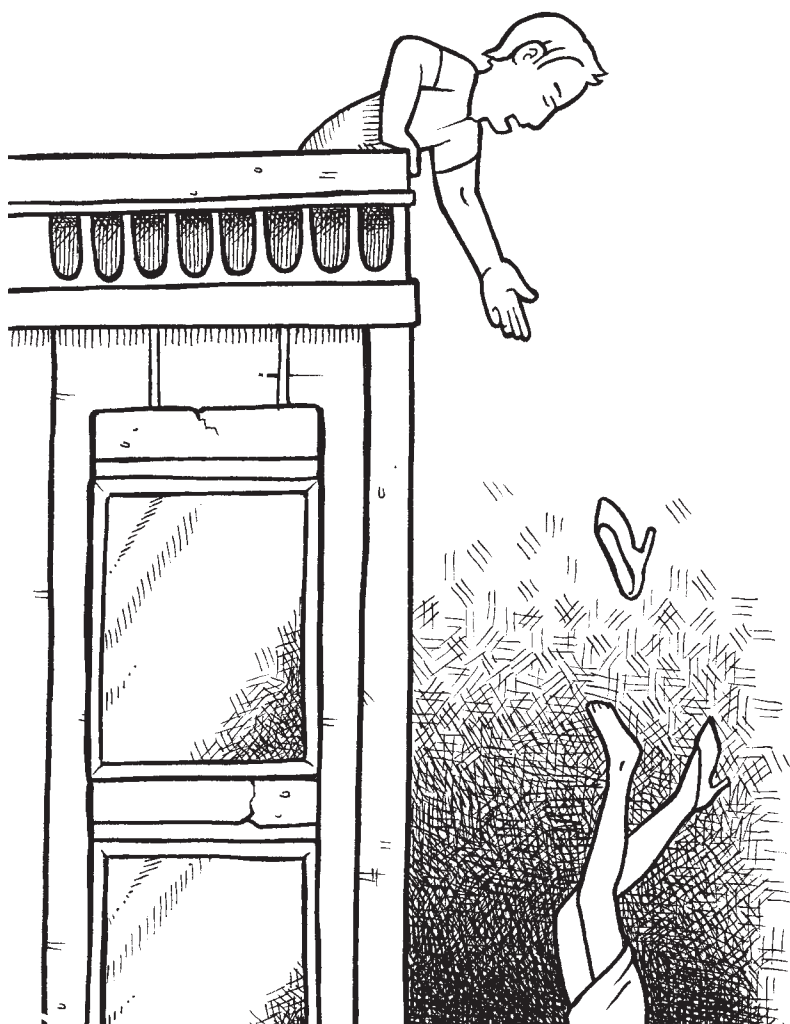
“Maybe in another life we could have been together,” Carol says.

You lunge for her, but she throws herself over the edge. You peer over the side, but she is already just a shadow, twirling toward the pavement fifty-five floors below. You turn away before the impact.

Horried, you slump against the wall. With your face in your hands you wonder what you could have done to have prevented this. How could you have known such a small decision would have ended in tragedy?

It’s a decision that will haunt you for the rest of your life. Needless to say, you will never be quite the same.

THE END



You let Cassidey escort you from the ring. A beer bottle whizzes by your head and then another. The booing crowd is well on its way to becoming a violent mob.

Cassidey encourages you to run and the two of you, drunk as you are, manage to dart around the side of the barn ahead of the melee. You follow her back up the gravel driveway, but instead of heading for the farmhouse, she guides you into the apple orchard. Soon, the gnarled trees surround you. After you've gone some distance, Cassidey stops and disappears through a gap in an adjacent hedge.

You duck in behind her and after crawling a few feet find yourself in a small clearing. Though one side is protected by the hedge, the other side opens onto a view of the moonlit countryside. No one will find you here.

"This was my hiding spot when I was a kid," Cassidey says, panting. When you don't reply, she says, "Listen, I feel awful about all of this. Will you let me make it up to you?"

You look for deception in her smile, but she seems sincere. Still, it's a shock when she gets on her knees in front of you, brushes her pigtails out of the way, and instructs you to unzip your pants.

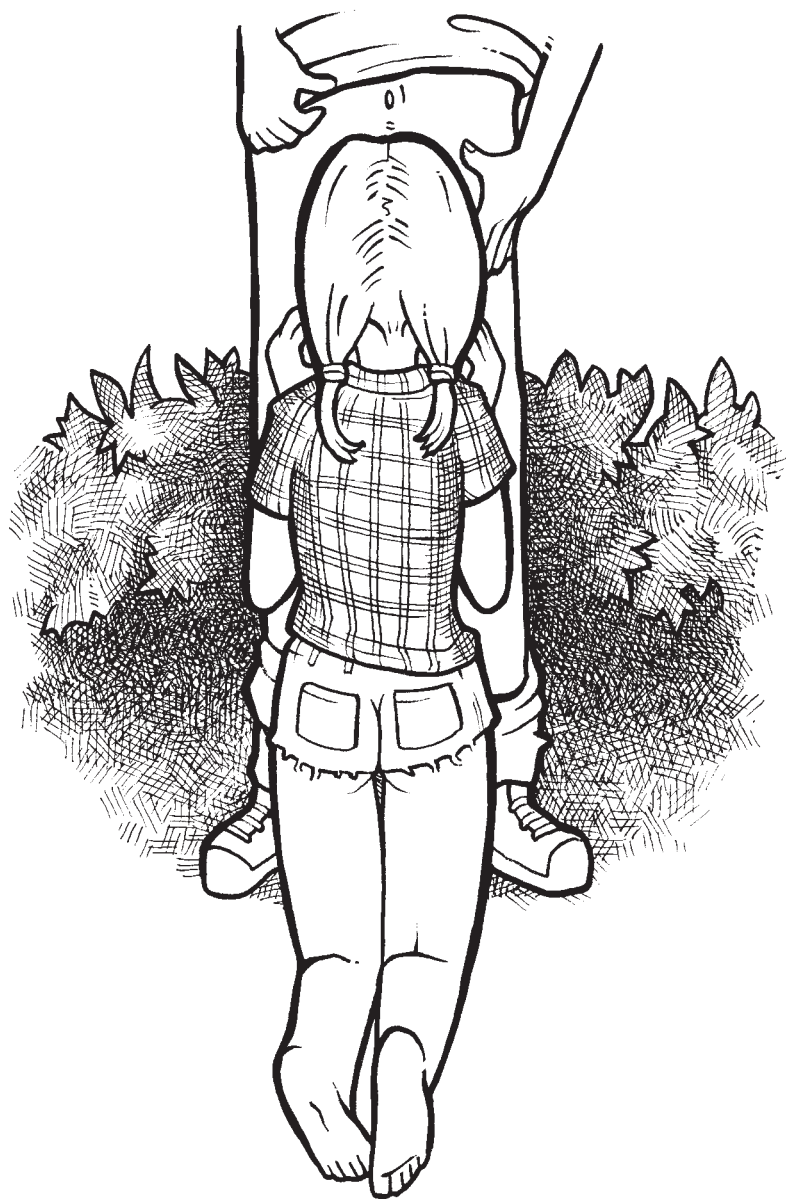
You hesitate. "How old are you anyway?" you ask.

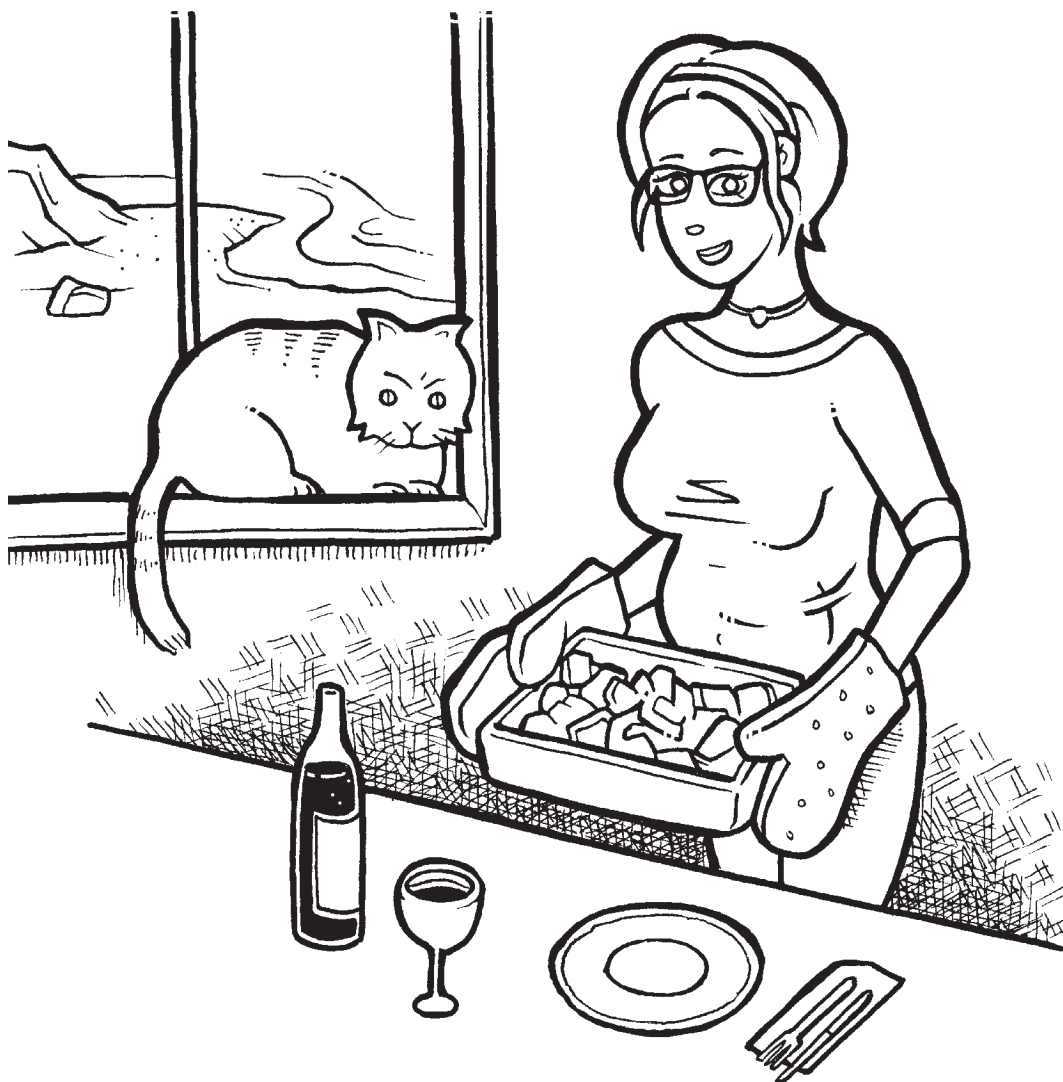
Cassidey looks offended. "Don't worry," she says, "I'm eighteen." You can't tell if she's lying or not, but the blowjob she gives you is the best you've ever had.

When it's over, she wipes her mouth with the back of her hand as you sag back into the grass. "Was that okay?" she asks. You nod weakly, speechless.

You wake up hungover behind the hedge the next morning. Cassidey is gone. As you return safely to your car and begin your drive back to the city, you think about the peculiar night you had. Though you never see Cassidey again, she certainly gave you a birthday present that you will never forget.

THE END





"I love you, too," you say, and with that your fate is sealed.

You and Carol wed a month later in Carol's New England hometown. Though the service is small it is apparent to all in attendance that the two of you are very much soulmates. "It was love at first sight," you tell anyone who will listen.

You both quit your jobs at the law office (due in no small part to Mr. Natas possibly being the Prince of Darkness) and relocate to the town where you were married. You start your own law firm, handling exciting matters like real estate closings, while Carol answers the phones and only occasionally spills the coffee. Emerson, your cat, makes the move, too, though he spends the rest of his life glowering at the windswept coastline and meowing angrily at sea birds.

Carol isn't much of a cook, but she loves to make you dinner, and though it takes nearly a decade, you actually come to enjoy her weekly mushroom casseroles. Besides, it isn't long before you have more mouths to feed: you and Carol are the proud parents of three daughters and two sons. When the time comes, you will build treehouses, coach little league teams, and chaperone school dances. All that joyful parenting makes your hair turn grey.

Life isn't all mushroom casseroles, however. After you made love to Carol on the roof of your office building that fateful night you find in her a patient and affectionate partner. Her beauty never fades and even as she grows older she retains a quiet charm that never ceases to captivate you. More importantly, she continues to forgive you when you can't perform. Which is somewhat often.

You never pause to wonder how your life might have been different had you not accompanied Carol to the office that night. No, as you suck back another plate of mushroom casserole, you realize that you couldn't be happier with how everything turned out.

THE END

After a deal-sealing vodka toast, you join Svetlana on the bed. Soon the two of you are moving together in delicious union. After some mandatory missionary, she straddles you and uses you like a pommel horse with a penis, every toned muscle in her body pumping you closer to ecstasy. “Damn, you *are* flexible,” you say.

“Da,” she says and contorts herself into a position that requires an extremely limber pelvis. You’ll never look at the splits the same way again.

“I’m going to come,” you groan.

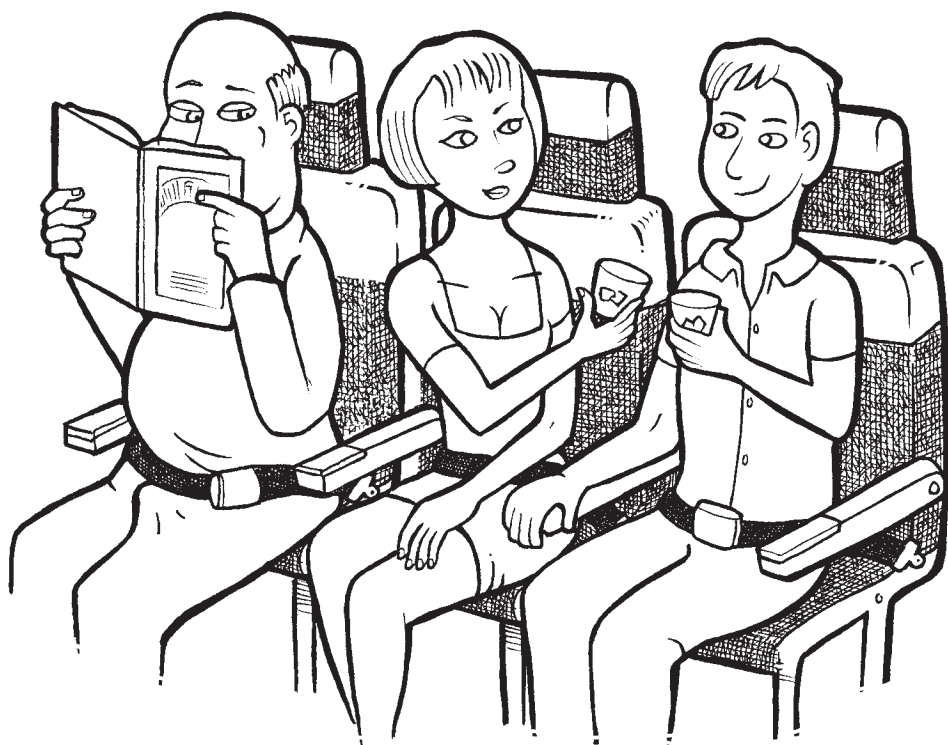
“Nyet,” she cries, climbs off of you, and takes you into her mouth, where you explode obediently onto her waiting tongue. “Leave no evidences,” she explains with a shrug afterwards, wiping her lips.

While Svetlana dresses, you say goodbye and slide the ring back onto your finger. Just in time, too: Air Force One is landing in Paris! The President, Svetlana, and the rest of the leader’s entourage disembark and climb into limousines waiting on the tarmac. You remain onboard until the French version of Smith enters and asks you to show yourself. He takes the ring from you and encourages you to put some clothes on, *s’il vous plaît*. Then you are whisked to a commercial area of the airport and deposited at the check-in counter with a ticket and a wad of cash. Soon you are sitting in coach on a flight waiting to depart for the States.

What a crazy day it’s been, you think. You used a Ring of Invisibility to guard the President and joined the Mile High Club with a sexy Russian spy. If only you could see Svetlana again, you think, everything would be perfect.

“Hellos,” says a female voice. You stare in disbelief as Svetlana slides into the vacant seat next to you. “Why surprise? It is your faults,” she says with a chuckle. “I cannot return to Russia, so now I seek the asylum in United American States.” Svetlana gives you an eyeful of her best assets, still barely covered by that tight red dress, and bats her eyes. “I need to arrange sponsor,” she says. “Do you know of lawyer for hire? I have no monies, but can make payments in foreign relations, da?”

“I know just the guy,” you say and put your hand on Svetlana’s thigh as the plane taxis onto the runway.



THE END



About the Author / Illustrator

Templeton Fate loved *Choose Your Own Adventure* books as a child. But then he grew up and beautiful women, fast cars, and hard drugs surpassed those imaginary worlds. With his new series of *Get Off or Die Trying* books, he hopes to unite all his passions into one big, glorious orgy of intrepid interactive erotica. He hopes that you, too, will find your passion in these pages, whether it be pigtails, space aliens, or long term relationships with vampires.

Templeton Fate can be contacted at templetonfatebooks@gmail.com.

Mature Audiences, 18+



Are you feeling lucky?

You're young, adventurous, and horny. And you have the day off. Outside your door, a world of possibility awaits; all you need to do is decide what –and who—you want to do. In your quest for love you'll traverse catacombs while fending off vampires, outwit a seductive spy aboard Air Force One, tangle with a lecherous ghost, and even travel to Hell and back. Make the wrong decision and you'll end up in a casket. Choose wisely, however, and you might get laid and still make it home in time to feed your cat.

A sexy spin on classic Choose Your Own Adventure books, **GET OFF OR DIE TRYING** combines the traditional page-hopping choices of the genre with entertaining erotica written especially for men who like their nostalgia naughty. Eighteen unique sexual partners and fifty endings are yours to explore as you turn the pages. Your fate, and who knows what else, is in your hands!

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