

**THE VAGINA ASS
OF LUCIFER NIGGERBASTARD
By Shawn Wunjo**

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THE VAGINA ASS
OF LUCIFER NIGGERBASTARD
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For all my favorite fuckers
And all those who love classic literature.

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CHAPTER 1: GAY DICKS

“FUCK YOU AND YOUR GOAT-LOVING ANALSAUSAGE FUCK FACTORY!” Lucifer Niggerbastard screamed, giving the shape in the window a double-handed flip-off. Mr. Moneyballs could go fuck himself.

“Fucking goats.” Lucifer kicked a dented can off the sidewalk as he stomped away, ignoring the shit-brown images of grandmas fucking that smiled back at him from the label. “Fucking hate goats.” Working at the analsausage fuck factory as a packing boy in the assfudge department had always been just a job, a job he hated, but a job nonetheless.

But then Mr. Moneyballs had brought in the goats. Lucifer drew the line at goats.

“Always shitting all over the place, fucking the baby-skinners in their nipples sphincters.” He groaned. “Jesus Christ. Wetback niggers!”

A passing sack of babyshit bounced past, aroma blossoming into the air as the piss-yellow sun caught its mottled face. "Hey Lucifer!" It said. "How's my favorite Niggerbastard today? You look like you've had the gayest day ever to be a day!"

"It's been the gayest day in the history of gay days!" Lucifer threw up his hands, screamed at the blueballs sky. "Its been so gay, even dicks in asses and touching balls covered in chink-flip asslube couldn't match it for gayness!"

"Wow!" Said the sack of babyshit. "That's pretty fucking gay!"

"You have no fucking idea." Lucifer kicked more garbage, picked his nose and flicked a sticky glob of mucus the color of Christmas shit at the sack of babyshit. "Gay old Mr. Moneyballs decided to start laying people off and replacing them with goats shipped in illegally from shitting Nigeria." He shook his head. "Fucking wetback goats. I told him he was a fuckass for doing it, and the greedy old crotch fucker fired me for it!"

"Well, the economy has been shit for everyone

lately.” The sack of babyshit burbled. “He probably had to cut costs to keep the factory open.”

“Fuck you.” Lucifer elbowed the babyshit into traffic, waited for it to pick itself off the tires of a giant dick-shaped bus with an advert for Baby Jesus’ brand baglecunt ass sandwiches plastered on the side.

“Look, I’m sorry man. That was a fucked up thing to do.”

“No worries.” Said the sack of babyshit. “I had it coming.”

“No shit.” Said the bus driver, then waved. “You fucks be careful, okay! Playing grab ass in the street with a sack of babyshit is about the most dangerous fucking thing any retarded gimp brained cuntblast could do.”

“Ah, go fuck yourself up a wall, faggot dick.” Lucifer kicked more garbage. “Fuck this shit. I’m going home and eat some fucking cheese sandwiches.” He looked at the sack of babyshit. “You coming?”

“Only when I’m fucking.” The babyshit grinned.

“Yeah, sure. Lets go eat some fucking cheese sandwiches.”

CHAPTER 2: CHEESE FUCKING SANDWICHES

“Oh my fucking god damn shit baby Jesus I love cheese fucking sandwiches.” Lucifer Niggerbastard said as he watched a football player shove a pencil up his ass. The announcer for the Fucking Asshole Gay network moaned the voiceover, screaming about fucking rabid geese with a stick and putting his nose in a shemale’s penishole. The sack of babyshit pressed itself against the remote, smeared greasy crap onto the buttons until the channel changed. A giant dick filled the screen, and then there was a toothless crackwhore yammering about how loose her stinky pussy was and how much like a honkey’s asscrack it smelled. The sack of babyshit changed the channel again and Lucifer threw his sandwich at the T.V.

“Fuck this shit.” Niggerbastard said. “I need some fucking hard baby tampon milk.”

“Ooh! Get me a fucking glass of that shit too!” Rumbled the sack of babyshit. “I heard that shit is so

good for you it makes your nipples turn into dicks and baby uncles start fucking dropping out through your nose and shitting in your bellybutton!"

"Fuck you, get your own glass you stupid zipperhead." Lucifer said. "And change the fucking channel. I want to see some fucking disabled grandmothers falling into meatgrinders or some shit."

"That shit's not on until later." The sack burred back. "Right now the best thing on is hairy swedish midgets fucking mutilated hamsters and baby dicks with clown-shaped anal beads."

"That's fucking *boring*." Lucifer pulled the shit brown carton of hard baby tampon milk out the rotting corpse green fridge and dumped it into an ass-shaped glass. "Fuck that shit. Stupid fucking useless TV."

"In another fifteen minutes that fucking penis-beaner cooking show where they chop up dead babies with cancerous hamster cunts will be on."

"My balls are full. I can't wait fucking fifteen minutes." Niggerbastard said. "Fuck this. Lets go find something else to do."

“Like what?” The sack of shit burbled.

“Like fucking beating goats and shit-lobbing nigindians with ass bats and fucktarded dick hats, I don’t know.” Lucifer shook his head. “Oh my fucking god I hate my stupid life. So fucking pointless, useless and boring.”

“No it’s not.”

Both Lucifer Niggerbastard and the burbling sack of babyshit spun around to see where the voice had come from. Dressed in shit-stained spandex pantyhose that smelled of smegma and bulged around a dick the size of a small car, a man with elephant-sized tits and cum-dripping tentacles stepped into the house, picked up the ass shaped glass and drank the hard baby tampon milk in one gulp. Belching, he shifted, did a jig and Yodeled: “Hi fuckers!”

“Hey! That was my milk, you stupid fucking asshole!” Lucifer shouted. “Who in the fucking shit-eating anal hells do you think you are?”

“In lands way cooler than this stupid shithole, they call me Griswalda, the magical Ass Fairy from the

shitty side of the foreskin rainbow.” He spat, groaning in a whistling baritone.

“An Ass Fairy?” Lucifer’s eyes lit up. “No way! Like in Cinderella and the eighteen shit-eating midgets in furry costumes?”

“The very same.” Griswalda squatted down, scratched his crotch.

“Well what the fuck are you doing here?” The sack of shit burbled.

“Setting you stupid fucks right.” He pulled out a shotgun. “This is my fucking magic wand. Do you think your lives are boring, fuckers?”

“Shit yeah!” Lucifer spat. “My life eats shit, I have no job, no hole to fuck, my best friend is a sack of babyshit, there’s never anything good on T.V. and a fucking Ass Fairy just drank the last of my hard baby tampon milk out of my favorite ass shaped glass!”

“Nothing lasts forever, fuckwit.” The Ass Fairy chuckled. “Shit be rolling and changing like a gender confused dildo wheel.”

“So roll it in a fucking sweet direction, bitch!” Lucifer laughed. “Fucking interesting times and shit.”

“Oh, I don’t have to.” Said the Ass Fairy. “Shit is already getting real fucking interesting.” He looked at the sack of Babyshit. “Turn that fucking stupid dickbox to channel Gay.”

Burbling more babyshit onto the remote, the sack flicked the channel down to the gayest channel the TV had reception for, froze as a screaming bottle of anal lube filled the display.

“Fucking niggers!” He breathed. Behind the anal lube, a starship shaped like the loose lips of a floppy cunt landed in the sand, gave birth to a thousand ugly scrotums with cum-shooting prolapse guns. “Holy shitting universe! We’re being invaded by aliens!”

“Indeed.” Said the Ass Fairy.

“What the fuck are we going to do?” Lucifer screamed.

“You’re gonna fucking run like a pussy bitch, Lucifer.” The Ass Fairy grinned. “There’s a fucking boat at the end of the block that has a magic dick in

the bottom of it. Jack off that magic dick, and you'll leave the city of Troy far behind." He handed Lucifer the shotgun. "Here, you'll need this. Don't let the scrotums catch you. They've come for you. They want the thing that makes you different."

"My vagina-ass?" Lucifer gulped. "But why?"

"Because it's the only vagina-ass in the world." The Ass Fairy said. "It's the fabled vagina-ass that is destined to give birth to an entire nation of fuckers that will take over Italy and have a big fucking empire and shit."

"Holy fuck!" The sack of babyshit burbled. "Lucifer Niggerbastard's vagina-ass?"

"That's right." The Ass Fairy grinned. "And he'll need you on his journey too, faithful sack of babyshit. You two can be a gay fucking fellowship or some shit."

"Fuckin' sweet!" Lucifer shouted. "Thanks, Ass Fairy!"

"Use my magic wand wisely!" Griswalda warned. "It can only work so many fucking times before it

blows all up and shit.”

“You got it, dicksplash.” Lucifer said, and with that, he unloaded both barrels of the Ass Fairy’s shotgun into Griswalda’s face and pissed into the dead fucker’s throat.

CHAPTER 3: SHIT HAPPENS LIKE TONS

“Fuckers’ never gonna get my fucking vagina-ass.” Lucifer muttered as he kicked down the door of his house and ran out into the street. The magic boat with the giant magic dick was right where the Ass Fairy had said it would be— on the corner at the end of the block. Lucifer turned back to the doorway, yelled to the sack of babyshit. “Hey fucker! What in the holy shitting goddamn name of Christ riding a cross-shaped dildo are you doing? Lets move, fucktard!”

“The Ass Fairy is fucking dead.” The sack of babyshit burbled. “Someone has to teabag his fucking corpse.”

“Good point, but fucking hurry up.” Lucifer scanned the horizon, held the shotgun closer. “Those fucking evil alien cunt scrotums could show up any minute and I will totally leave your burbling ass behind if you slow me the fuck down.”

“Would I look like hot shit in these spandex pantyhose?”

“Get your ass out here.” Lucifer snarled.

“Fine, fine! Don’t be a cuntstab!” The sack of babyshit crossed to his side. “Hey, what about some fucking provisions and shit? We could grab some more fucking cheese sandwiches and eat that shit while we run away like castrated baby donkeys.”

“We don’t have any fucking time for that kind of bullshit!” Lucifer shot back. “We’ll find something to eat when we get fucking hungry again. I’ve got a fucking magic wand that shits buckshot. We can fucking kill some birds or hoboes or some shit and cook them.”

Right!” The sack of babyshit grinned! “Goddamn you’re a genius! No wonder Jupiter blessed you with the fucking vagina-ass!”

“Hell yeah, nigger!” Lucifer grinned. “Now get in the motherfucking boat and help me jack this magic dick off!”

Running like little bitches, Lucifer and the sack of

babyshit quickly reached the magic boat and jumped in. Shaped like a giant ass, the boat seemed to sparkle with all the gay wonder of faggot vampires and teenage angsty movies. The magic dick in the center of the ass-shaped boat was already hard, and as the sack of shit wrapped his fist around it, the whole vessel shook like a toothless old retard on the edge of cumming buckets while watching midget porn. Lucifer grinned, put one foot up on the cunt-shaped stern and extended the Ass Fairy's wand into the sky.

“All ahead go!” He shouted. “Full speed! Engage! Jack that motherfucking dick off!”

The sack of shit burbled with joy.

“So gay we all!”

Climbing into the wild blue yonder on a fountain of piss and shit, the ass-shaped boat took to the sky, and as Lucifer looked down upon the land below like Aeneas surveying the kingdom he had left behind, another floppy cunt-shaped ship landed and shatnered out its load of prolapse-wielding scrotums. The sack of shit panicked, jacked the magic dick off harder, and before the cum-blasters could even throw their fuck grenades at the boat, the two comrades of

the fellowship of the vagina-ass were in the sky, blasting away at high speed. Lucifer glanced back, grinned again.

“Fucking shit niggers!” He said, and the sack of babyshit burbled in agreement, but further up in the sky, like the distance of a giant fucking massive dick away, some other shit was going down.

CHAPTER 4: GODS ARE FUCKING GAY

“Fuck you, you old bitch nigger fucking cunt slapper!” Juno screamed, slapping Jupiter so hard he farted and shot shit all across a passing chihuahua. “Fucking vagina-ass!” She stomped, growled, spat, puked a gallon of angry shit into the sky. “Lucifer Niggerbastard is going to give birth to a gay fucking empire that will destroy my fucking favorite shithole in about eighty billion years and you just let his gay ass get away!? Oh my fucking god!”

“Well I can’t just destroy the fucker!” Jupiter made a gesture. “His people are going to fucking worship me, make giant fucking golden statues of me with ten-mile long cocks that acolytes will smear with babyshit every Sunday while screaming gay euphemisms!” He crossed his arms. “What do your gay fucking worthless people do? They worship you, that’s what. They don’t worship jack shit other than that.” He made another gesture. “So I say fuck ‘em. They’ve had their shot. Its time the world was run by

Niggerbastards. Plus, I'm totally fucking your sister Venus and she told me to save Lucifer and not to fuck him in the ass like I do my brother Neptune."

"ARG!" Juno shouted. "You are so fucking grounded, Jupiter!"

"You can't fucking ground me, cunt." Jupiter grinned. "I'm your fucking uncle-husband."

"Fine!" She screamed. "Then no fucking anal sex for a millennium! How's that for fucking gayity, you faggot retard?"

"I don't fucking care." Jupiter shrugged. "Your ass smells like a camel corpse that's been rotting in a pool of dick cheese and nigger vomit for ten years. Plus, your sister is tighter than you."

"She is not!" Juno yelled.

"Bitch please." Jupiter laughed. "When I fuck your rotten skanky ass, its fucking hotdog in a hallway time. That's what giving birth to a fucking world will do to you."

"I didn't give birth to the fucking world you

moron. That was your gay fucking mother after you stuck your dick in her ear and crammed shit logs up her nose."

"Right." He nodded. "So what's your excuse for being a loose, floppy cunt again?"

"Hades just has a bigger dick than you." She shot back. "Plus its fucking chrome plated and he plays guitar with it so he's fucking hella skilled. And I'm fucking Charon and Eris and Hypnos and Alecto and Chronos and Cerberus and Priapus and Augustus and Octavian and Cassius and Petronius and Plautus and Claudius and Seneca and Germanicus and Nero and Tarquinus Superbus and Ceres and Persephone and Caliope and all of Modesto, California and Cybele and Mythras and Jesus and Castor and Pollox and Bacchus and Apollo and Diana and Mars and Vulcan and Hephaestus and Pluto and Quirius and Vesta and Abraham Lincoln and Odin and Concordia and Orcus and Shiva and Yahweh and your grandma and Vishnu and fifty dwarves and Krishna and Rasputin and Vladimir Lenin and Joseph Stalin and Cupid and Faunus and Sherlock Holmes and Cthulhu and Xenu and a giant dickless baby and Johnathon Swift and William Shakespeare and John Dryden and MacFlecknoe and Percy Shelley and a giant bottle of

puke and Cordelia and Goneril and Cicero and Pliny the Younger and Thomas Jefferson and Adolf Hitler and your baby's daddy and the Holy Ghost and the Archangel Gabriel and the tire fire and Gregor Mendel and the HMS Beagle and Captain Mac and Pliny the Elder and Frontinus and Francis Bacon and Cato and Horace and Cylea Von Mitternacht and Juvenal and several future terrorists and the Unibomber and the moon and Martial and Tacitus and Mozart and Beethoven and Proserpina and a rotting pizza and an entire elderly care facility and a pack of illegal aliens and Hecate and Horus and Isis and Flora and Mercury and Janus and Uranus and Hercules and fifteen professional wrestlers and Thor's Hammer and Tantalus and Turnus and Pallas and a thousand Nigerian refugees and Camilla and Hyppolyta and Oberon and Fachan and Pyrgopolinices and Trimalchio and Brutus and Rhea Silva and Romulus and even his brother Remus, though its more fun to sandwich the fuckers and dick them with a strap on while they moan into each-others' vomit-covered mouths."

"Fuck me sideways to the moon and back on a Sunday!" Jupiter thundered, brushed the sweat from his brow. "Hey! Mercury! Get your fat faggot ass up here!"

In a puff of green shit and dick juice, Mercury jumped sideways through the clouds and came to a stop just short of where Jupiter sat.

“How can I be of service, your high holy dicksnatch?”

“Did you sleep with my niece-wife?” Jupiter demanded. Mercury grinned.

“Begging your pardon, fuckwit, but who hasn’t?”

“Jesus Christ, you’re a whore.” Jupiter shook his head in frustration. “Still, this doesn’t fucking change anything. I am still going to protect these faggots.” He shifted, shatnered on the chihuahua again. “Any storms you raise, anything bad you throw their way comes out of your sex allowance.”

“My sex allowance!?” Juno screamed “You bastard! I need every one of those fucks to keep from killing fools with my fucking gat!”

“What are you in your thirties again?” Jupiter shot back. “I swear, bitches in their thirties love cock more than life itself! They’re like a fat faggot at a buffet yelling ‘BRING MORE DICK!’”

“WOW, fuck you.” Juno stomped out, rubbing her floppy cunt against Mercury’s leg as she passed him. “I’m going to go hang out with people who understand me for a fucking change.”

“I wish my lawn was that fucking stupid and emo.” Jupiter shared a grin with Mercury, jerked his thumb toward Juno’s retreating ass. “It would probably cut itself!”

“That’s okay, your fuckwittedness.” Mercury clicked his gay-winged heels. “That’s what babies with sharp objects taped to their faces are for!”

CHAPTER 5: THE DEAD FUCKER IN THE DIRT

When the magical Ass Fairy from the shitty side of the foreskin rainbow's faggotty ass-shaped boat shot up into the sky, it didn't stay there. It did some sweet flips and shit, a thirty-eighty, a fucking barrel roll and a dead baby Macdouble triple double bread gap sack tap. The magic dick in the bottom of the boat got so fucking hard that it started fucking everything it could touch and the sack of babyshit had a grand old fucking time with it. While the boat was flying, Lucifer Niggerbastard grew three mullets, one on his head, one on his cock and one in his ass.

And then the ass-shaped boat broke the fucking light barrier and crashed into an ocean. Then it coasted along the waves and smashed all up on a beach full of pink and sparkly rocks. The ocean moaned like a faggot being railed in the ass with a giant spiky elephant dick as Lucifer Niggerbastard got to his feet and yanked the sack of babyshit out of the assboat wreckage.

“That was a fucking gay time!” Lucifer yelled.
“Holy shit on a sausage!”

“Jesus Christ!” The sack of babyshit burbled. “I thought I was a goner! I saw my whole gay life flash before my eyes and most of it was times when I danced naked with a lead-filled sausage on top of a taxicab in downtown tokyo with a gay gimp-armed cowboy shooting a lettuce gun at me!”

“I remember those hot times!” Lucifer laughed. “I fucking slapped your babyshit ass so hard one of those times you flew off the taxi cab and shot liquid cunt crust onto fucking hella nips and gooks and chinks that were watching like gay little bitches!”

“Hey!” Someone yelled.

“Holy shit! What was that?” The sack of babyshit burbled fearfully.

“It came from over here!” Lucifer pointed at a patch of dirt shaped like a dead guy. “What the fuck?”

“Hey!” The patch of dirt yelled. “What the fuck!? This is my fucking beach! What the fuck are you god

damned kids doing on my shitting beach!?” But by the time he had finished, Lucifer and the sack of babyshit had reached the spot and stood staring down at it. A flower shaped like an ass with a dick in it that leaked a smell like donkey vomit had sprouted in the center of the patch and moved whenever the voice yelled: “FUCK YOU!!!”

“What!?” Lucifer yelled. “Fuck you, flower!” And with that, he yanked the cockass flower out of the dirt. The instant he pulled the thing up by its roots, a fat geyser of chunky period-style cunt blood shot out of the hole where it had been and sprayed both Lucifer and the sack of babyshit until they were so drenched they could barely move. The sack of shit burbled again.

“Oh my fucking god I love you. Best tasting explosion of cunt blood ever!”

“Who the fuck are you fuckers?” One gay old glass eye rolled around in the hole, squinted at them. “Holy shit! Lucifer Niggerbastard!?”

Lucifer squinted back, made a gay face. “That’s my name. Don’t fucking wear it out!”

“Holy shit on a new pair of socks!” The patch of dirt shaped like a dead guy yelled. “Oh my fucking god! Do you know what this means?”

“No.” Said Lucifer Niggerbastard. “What the fuck does it mean?”

“It means the prophesy of the vagina-ass is close to being fulfilled! Welcome to beaner-land, Niggerbastard!”

“Who the fuck are you?” The sack of babyshit burbled interrogatively.

“Me?” The patch of dirt exclaimed happily “I am Lowrider Dewrag Dicksalsa, King of the Beaners!”

“And what the fuck are you doing in the dirt?” Lucifer asked.

“Well, I’m dead, obviously, you stupid fuckwit loser.” The king laughed. “Listen, over the hills and through the woods but about five miles past grandma’s house is the city of Carthage. My gay ass dyke ex-wife whom I love dearly lives there and rules the place like a super dyke. I want you to go there and fuck her silly, okay?”

“Sure thing, King!” Lucifer said, then he pulled out the Ass fairy’s magic wand and shot the king of the Beaners in his gay face.

CHAPTER 6: THE DYKE OF CARTHAGE

“FAGGOTS? IN MY VAGINA?” Yelled the queen.

“It’s more likely than you think, your fuckwittedness.” Groveled the footman.

“Off with their cocks!” She shouted. “I want all of their dicks on a fucking shit covered silver platter with frenchie fucking froggie frenchy sauce.”

“But ma’am!” Shouted one of the footmen, an especially gay-looking young man with pictures of clowns getting fucked in the ass on his sleeves. “These faggots come from the city of Troy! Our lookouts say they came in an ass-shaped boat that crashed on our shores just this morning!” He swallowed. “They could be the chosen faggots of Antioch! The fellowship of the Vagina-Ass! The entourage that is prophesied in the teachings of all those gay fuckers from ancient times!”

“Really!?” The queen tittered. “How many did our lookouts see?”

“Just two, Ma’am!” Another footman piped up. Dogs and horses ate each others’ shit in a unique floral design printed across his chest. “A man with three mullets and a burbling sack of babyshit.”

“It must be the prophesy!” The queen thundered. “Holy shit! Bring them to me!”

“Wait a minute, bitch!”

The queen whirled, found herself staring the goddess Juno in her floppy cunt face.

“Listen here you stupid whore.” Juno grabbed the queen by the front of her shit-purple dress. “Have you ever actually read the prophesy of the vagina-ass?” The queen shook her head quickly. “Lucifer Niggerbastard, keeper of the vagina-ass will give birth to a gay fucking nation of Niggerbastards who will come and destroy your shithole city in about eighty fucking billion years!”

“They will!?” The queen sputtered. “Holy shit! Off with their heads! Off with their heads!”

“Now wait a second.” Mercury appeared in a puff of dick cheese and green penis-shaped nickels that bounced all around the floor like gay jumping beans. “Juno! Your uncle-husband is going to be fucking pissed if you interrupt the gay prophesy like this!”

“Jupiter can stuff it!” She shouted back. “I will not lose Carthage to the Niggerbastards, now or ever!”

“If you look at the prophesy, Juno, Lucifer is destined to fall in love with the Dyke Queen of Carthage.” He grinned conspiratorially. “Imagine: We enlist the help of that lazy fat fucker Cupid, have him bite Lucifer Niggerbastard on the ass with his gay love venom and have Neptune destroy all the boats in the whole goddamned harbor. Lucifer will have no choice but to fuck the Dyke Queen’s brains out endlessly and give birth to a nation of Niggerbastards right here in Carthage! Imagine! Millions of Niggerbastards worshipping only you!”

“Holy shit, you’re right!” Juno dropped the queen. “Mercury! Fetch that fucker Cupid! Fetch Neptune! Lets do this shit!”

And with a puff of something that smelled like shit-covered dicks fucking rotten eggs, both Juno and

Mercury disappeared, leaving the Dyke Queen reeling in her chambers.

“So. . .” The gayest footman trilled. “Off with their heads?”

“No, you fuckwit!” The queen slapped him in the face with her cock-shaped scepter. “Bring Lucifer Niggerbastard and his sack of burbling babyshit to me!”

CHAPTER 7: CUPID IS A FUCKASS

“Use this to cover your faces so you’ll look like a bunch of fucking retards when you enter Carthage.” Grandma advised, handing Lucifer Niggerbastard and the sack of babyshit leprechaun shit colored knitted blankets as they left her house. “The people of Carthage are so fucking nice to retards, you wouldn’t believe it. They’ll feed you and fuck you in the ass and give you free nachos and pizza and shit.”

“I fucking love you, Grandma.” Lucifer hugged her, smearing shit all over her face. “I’ll never forget you.”

“How sweet.” She smiled. “Now you boys be good little faggots for Grandma, okay?”

“Yes Ma’am!” The sack of babyshit burbled. “We most definitely will!”

And with that, they set off for Carthage,

leprechaun shit colored knitted blankets in hand. Along the way, they met a faggot who they shot, but it isn't important. When they got to the gates, they covered themselves in the leprechaun shit blankets and hobbled in like a bunch of gymped idiots.

“NURR! HURR HEEHA DERP!” They shouted. “ME LIKE DICK!” and suddenly they were beset by a bunch of retard loving idiots who offered them cock-shaped cookies and dysentery pizza. But Lucifer had other plans, and as he waved the idiots away retardedly, he set his sights on the Dyke Queen of Carthage, who stood on top of her purple, dick-shaped tower, nestled in a chair built like fat cunt lips. The words of Lowrider Dewrag Dicksalsa, the King of the Beaners, came back to him.

My gay ass dyke ex-wife whom I love dearly lives there and rules the place like a super dyke. I want you to go there and fuck her silly, okay?

“Wise words, my friend, but how?” Lucifer whispered.

Then, as if on cue, the queen shifted in her cunt-chair and bent over, spraying the people of Carthage with a typhoon of ass juice that they danced in like

little faggots. Mesmerized by the stream of liquid dick pouring out of her prodigious rectum, Lucifer didn't even notice as the hunchbacked and bulbous-eyed fatass they call Cupid stumped up to him and bit him on the ass. By the time he felt the pain, the little fucker's venom had soaked into his blood and suddenly he was in love. He didn't care about any fucking thing—he just wanted to fuck the Dyke Queen of Carthage until her brain fell out her ass.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, needledick?” The sack of babyshit burbled. “Hey! Hey fuck ass! Hey!”

“Fuck off, cuntswallow.” Lucifer said dreamily. “I want to fuck that bitch from here to the moon and back.”

“I have heard that a great hero has come to our lands by chance.” The queen thundered from atop her dildo tower. “A man of great skill and prowess in the sack. A man with a cock fifty feet long and eighty feet wide who has fucked more whales to death than any faggot who ever lived. His name is Lucifer Niggerbastard, and he is the man from the prophesy of the Vagina ass that is spoken of in the teachings of those gay fuckers from ancient times.” She smiled.

“Oh, how I wish he would come and fuck me until my brain fell out my ass!”

“Holy shit! Here’s my chance!” Lucifer threw off the knitted blanket and grinned. “Your highness! I am no gympy retard come to mooch your pizza and nachos while fucking your grandsons in the ass! I am Aeneas—I mean Lucifer Niggerbastard, and I am here to fuck you so hard your nipples will turn blue and fall off!”

“OH LUCIFER!” The Dyke Queen dived off her dick tower and fell into his arms, kissing every inch of every one of his mullets. “I love you! Holy shit I love you!”

“Is there a place where we can fuck?” He asked.

“Yes! Oh god yes!” She cried. “There’s a gay musty cave in the mountains we must go to. We can fuck there for hours!”

“Sounds like a plan!” Lucifer Niggerbastard yelled, grinning. “Carthage fucking rocks!”

CHAPTER 8: THINGS GET EVEN MORE FUCKED UP

“Hey, fuckwit!” Mercury kicked Lucifer Niggerbastard in the balls. “What the fuck are you doing? Did you forget the fucking prophecy?”

“What fucking prophecy?” Lucifer bent the queen over and started plowing her ass like an angry cow again. “Go the fuck away you kinky freak. I’m trying to fuck the Beaner King’s ex-wife.”

“Dude. You want Jupiter to stick his foot up your ass?” Mercury kicked him in the balls again. “You got places to be, other people’s daughters to do in the ass and shit.”

“Fuck that.” Lucifer bit the Dyke Queen’s ear and came in her hair. “I’m in love, bitch. I’m never leaving fucking Carthage.”

“Oh right, I forgot about that little fucker Cupid.”

He kicked Lucifer in the balls again. "There's only one cure for the venom." He stroked his chin. "I have to touch my ballsack to yours and sacrifice a ten foot turd to Priapus."

"That sounds pretty gay." Lucifer mused.

"I've done gayer." Mercury grinned, kicking him in the balls one last time. "Stay there. I'll do it while you're already bent over."

"What?" Lucifer demanded, but before he could react, Mercury had moved so fast that the entire ritual was done and he had fucked Lucifer in the ass twelve times to boot. "Holy shit!" Suddenly the power that Cupid's venom had had over his brain fell away and he pulled his cock out of the Dyke Queen's ass.

"Woah, Mercury, dude, you're fucking right. I've got to get the hell out of here."

"There's one boat left at the harbor. Grab your sack of babyshit and some nachos and stuff and then sail to Cumay, home of the cunt-cave of wayward cum-sucking dick ribbons where the priest of the dildo staff reads the auspices in the liquid shit that a giant entombed forever in the stone by an Ass Wizard squirts through his enormous herpes-ridden

prolapse.”

“You got it, faggot!” Lucifer pulled his pants on and darted for the door. “Thanks for the kick in the balls, Mercury!”

“Anytime, Niggerbastard!” The god tipped his gay hat to the master of the vagina ass and puffed out of existence with a wet explosion of ass mucus.

“Wait, where are you going!?” The queen asked, following Lucifer as he dropped to the dirt and did a series of action rolls all the way to the gates of Carthage. “I love you! We fucked! You’re supposed to marry me and be the new King of the Beaners!”

“Fuck that!” Niggerbastard said. “Fucking doesn’t mean marrying, bitch!”

“But you fucked me so hard my brain fell out my ass about eight times!” The Dyke Queen yelled, pounding her fists against her tits. “Doesn’t that mean something!?”

“It means you’re fucked if you have a gay baby now.” He laughed. “Sorry, bitch!”

“I am totally going to kill myself if you don’t stay, Lucifer!” She shouted.

“Down the lane, not across the street, bitch!” He yelled back.

CHAPTER 9: BITCH GOES TOTALLY FUCKING EMO

When Lucifer arrived in Carthage, the Queen was so fucking emo she ordered her footmen to gather up everything burnable in the city: nachos, pizza, furniture, small children, bibles, babies, copies of *Mein Kampf* that the high priest had been wacking off to, music made by dickless boybands, lumpy horses, the works. On top of the giant pile was a massive shit-stained mattress that had been freshly killed that morning, and as she sprawled out on top of it, she held her favorite razor-bladed dildo to her throat.

“I’m going to fucking kill myself, Niggerbastard!” She warned.

“Do it, bitch!” He shouted back, gathering up his sack of burbling babyshit and stuffing him full of nachos. “I don’t fucking care.”

Screaming like a little bitch and kicking her heels

against the shit-stained mattress, the queen took the razor-bladed dildo and mutilated herself with it, cutting open every vein in her body and using her last breath to order her footmen to burn the giant gay pile of crap they'd put her mattress on top of. The razor-bladed dildo got so fucking scared when it fell from her hands that it yelled "Holy shit! Holy fuck! Ahhh!" and ran all the way to the top of the stack again on its gay little ballsack feet. Seeing this, the sack of babyshit vomited all over the place and pointed one shitty fist at the dildo.

"Holy shit!" He yelled. "Hey, fucker! They're gonna burn your ass if you stay up there!" The dildo stared down at him dumbly. "Come on down, fucker! We could use someone like you on our quest!"

"Really?" The dildo asked. "Holy shit! Sweet!" And with that, he bounded down the pile of shit just as the footmen of the dead Dyke Queen of Carthage set it on fire and joined Lucifer Niggerbastard and the sack of burbling babyshit in the center of town. "My name is Rojir!" He grinned, extending a rubber hand. "Pleased to meet you!"

"Yeah, same, fuckwit." Lucifer nodded quickly. "Listen, we gotta go. Can you show us to the place

where they keep the fucking boats?"

"Yeah sure!" Rojir bounced on his little rubber balls. Lucifer swallowed; while they had been standing there, a pack of angry retards who had been suddenly deprived of their free nachos and pizza had gathered around them, beating their gimpy arms against fists, eager to pound some ass into the ground. "Holy shit!" Exclaimed the dildo.

"Yeah, I got this." Lucifer grinned, and throwing off the leprechaun shit colored knitted blanket he'd been using as a cloak, he yanked the Ass-Fairy's magic wand and blasted the closest fucker in the chest with a load of hot buckshot. "Anyone else want to suck a load of what I've got!?" He shouted. "Come on, Fuckers! Get some!"

But none of the gympy retards were eager to die, so they all ran away like little bitches, clearing a path to the port where the only ship Neptune hadn't destroyed sat waiting to be commandeered. Like the Ass-Fairy's boat, this too had a giant magic dick in the bottom of it that had to be stroked to get the thing moving, and as the boat took off into the piss-yellow ocean, it got so hard that it almost popped the burbling sack of babyshit and the razor-bladed dildo

had to take over for him. Lucifer grinned, reached into the sack and smeared nacho cheese mixed with babyshit all over his face.

“Holy shit I love life!” He yelled, then turned back. “Oh, and Rojir, welcome to the gay fucking fellowship of the Vagina Ass!”

CHAPTER 10: THE PRIEST OF THE DILDO STAFF

The razor-bladed dildo was such a hot-shot pilot with the boat and so good with the magic dick in the bottom of it that the fucking thing shot all the way to Cumay like a nigger with a stolen television chasing a bucket of fried chicken inside of a watermelon. Within seconds, Carthage was gone, the memory of it like the aftertaste that hits you when you've sucked down a gallon of runny bear shit with a drain-cleaner chaser and suddenly you want to dance around like a faggot and wear ugly white peoples' skin for socks. In fact, the razor-bladed dildo was so good with the magic dick that the fucking boat skipped right off the piss-yellow ocean and crashed headfirst into the cunt-cave of wayward cum-sucking dick ribbons. Being the fucking hero and not a useless sack of babyshit or a retarded dildo covered in razor blades, Lucifer was the first to get to his feet again.

"Hey niggers!" Lucifer stuck his head into the cave.

“Any bitch cunt motherfuckers up in this shitty ass retard cave?”

“Shut your whore mouth, chink nip whop gook son of a mulatto!” A voice shouted back. “I’m trying to read the goddamned future in this gigantic faggot’s shit!”

“The future!?” Rojir clapped his gay little rubber balls together excitedly. “Holy fuck! What do you see!?”

“Gayness.” The voice replied. “President after president who isn’t worth a fucking shit and. . . oh wait, wrong empire.” He cleared his throat, made a gay-sounding falsetto whistle. “Lucifer Niggerbastard, you stupid worthless honkey motherfucker, I know what you have come seeking.”

“Yeah, Mercury said he called ahead.” Lucifer nodded knowingly. “So what’s the verdict, fuck ass?”

“You’ve almost made it to the shithole where you’re supposed to use the power of the vagina-ass to found a nation of Niggerbastards. Only one fucking gay ass little thing still stands in your way.”

“And what the fuck would that be, buttmunch?”

“The Latin League.” The Oracle poked his head out from around a corner, lit the end of his dildo staff and stepped into the cavern where Lucifer stood. “Long ago, when giant fucking shit-breathing lizards and angry disco-dancing white people and butt-burping rolling fatass beaners of the orient were tearing the shit out of this land and eating everything, a big fucking douche named Turnus showed up and single-handedly smashed them all into oblivion. But, since he realized being a douche all by himself wasn’t as cool as being a douche with others, he roped these two bitches named Camilla and Alecto with promises of anal sex and now they all run around with superhero masks on calling themselves the Latin League.” The Oracle sighed. “There’s no way you’re going to be able to give birth to a nation of Niggerbastards with those fuckers running around.”

“It’s okay, I’ve got a magic wand that shits buckshot.” Lucifer said, showing off the shotgun the Ass Fairy had given him.

“Yeah, that’ll do the trick, but you gotta catch the fuckers first.” The Oracle nodded.

“My ears are wide fucking open on how to do that, you old bitch.” Lucifer grinned.

“In this land, there is a castle where a tremendous asshole named Latinus lives with his wife Latina and their daughter Latvia, who you’re destined to fuck a bunch and maybe marry down the line if she doesn’t turn out to be a barren bitch or a man with his cock all shoved up into his ass so he he looks like a girl.” The Oracle turned and drew a perfect map of the earth complete with towns and touch-screen adjustability on the rock wall. “Just go to this fucking place and ask Latinus to help you. Here’s a GPS in case you get lost. His wife’s a bitch, but he’s cool and his daughter is totally fuckable.”

“That’s it?” Lucifer asked.

“That’s it.” Said the Oracle. “Then you just fuck up Turnus, rape his whores and start pumping out that nation of Niggerbastards.”

“Sounds easy.” Lucifer grinned, then blasted the Oracle in the face with a load of buckshot. “Thanks, asshole!”

CHAPTER 11: AT LEAST HIS DAUGHTER IS FUCKABLE

“Knock knock, bitch! Open the fuck up!” Lucifer Niggerbastard pounded on the gate of the massive castle where Latinus kept his flock of crackwhores locked up like fuckable sheep. Yelling like a bitch with a giant carrot stuck ten feet up her rectum, Latina ran tight circles around the inside of the castle’s giant cock-shaped tower until the king jammed a handgrenade in her mouth and pushed her off the tower onto a bed of steak knives that had been welded together and left on the ground for the local children to play with.

“Holy shit I’ve been wanting to do that for a long fucking time.” Latinus grinned, night cap sitting on the top of his shiny bald cock-like head like a giant squirt of liquid poo. The grenade went off, and Latina exploded like a cherry bomb in a diaper crammed to overloading with liquid grandpa shit. Bits of brown and yellow and red and mauve splattered

everywhere, and the king kept grinning even as a splotch of it hit his cheek and ran down the curve of his face into his mouth. "Hello fuckers!" He shouted. "What the shit is going on!"

"The priest with the dildo staff who was the Oracle at Cumay told us to come here." Lucifer glanced at Rojir and the sack of babyshit. "He said you had a gay wife and a fuckable daughter."

"My daughter is most definitely fuckable. I go there at least ten times a night. Her ass is tighter than a senator's wallet and twice as fat! And my wife, well. . ." He shrugged, laughed. "What wife?"

"I fucking love this old bastard already." Lucifer said to the sack of babyshit. "Hey King Latinus, the Oracle also told us you could help us meet the Latin League so I could fill that worthless cracker-ass potato-sucker Turnus full of hot buckshot."

"Turnus?" Latinus grinned back. "I don't give a shit about that old fag. My son Pallas is the only asshole gay enough in this castle to know where that dickless excuse for a pedofile hangs out."

"Well send him the fuck down." Lucifer said. "The

prophecy says I've got to start making a fucking nation of Niggerbastards with this fucking vagina ass now that I'm in your gay fucking country."

"Vagina-ass?" Latinus' grin faded. "You're the keeper of the vagina-ass?" He squinted. "Lucifer Niggerbastard!?"

"That's me, bitch!" Lucifer grinned.

"Holy shit sideways through a fuzzy tube!" Latinus rushed to the other side of his tower and yanked on a massive cock-shaped lever, raising the gate in one firm pull. "Get the fuck inside! Tonight you eat only the finest ass oysters freshly harvested from the sea of foreskin sauce and drink only the finest Ethiopian bathwater!" He gestured fiercely. "I want you to fuck the shit out of my kids too! Latvia is fucking hella tight, but Pallas could use a hotdog or two in his hallway too!"

"Can I just fucking marry your gay ass, sir?" Lucifer yelled back as he walked through the gate. "You're the most fucking amazing king ever to live on the face of the whole shitting planet."

"Nah, fucking shit's still illegal." He closed the

gate. “Besides, if you’re fucking me, you’re not fucking my kids. And I tend to shove grenades into my wives gay mouths. He wiped at the shit on his face, licked it off his finger. “Goddamn! Latina was a hot tasty bitch. She was my fifty-eighth wife!”

“Holy shitting Christ!” Rojir yelled back. “You are the fucking man, Latinus!”

“Shut the fuck up so this chapter can end and we can go kill that nigger Turnus!” Lucifer yelled.

And then the chapter fucking ended.

CHAPTER 12: TURNUS SUCKS SHIT THROUGH A LITTLE TUBE FOR FUN

The next morning, after fucking everything in sight and eating more ass oysters than a rich bitch could ever fucking afford to serve at her gay ass elbow-rubbing-with-faggots-party, Latinus bid the Fellowship of the Vagina-Ass a fond farewell, adding his son Pallas to their number. The young cocksucker was armed with his trusty Roman GPS, and as they all rolled out on brand new pink and sparkly scooters with knobby, babyshit green tires, he pointed at the horizon, announced:

“Faggot-ho!”

Over hills shaped like tits and dales shaped like vaginas they ran, scattering herds of faggotbeest roaming the fertile plains. Each mile brought them closer to the Latin League, and even before they saw the first signs of Turnus and his two bitches, they caught the smell of burning baby diapers and

nipplecheese prolapse gas. “The Latin League!” Pallas yelled from under his shit-frosted, ass-shaped goggles. “Holy fuck we’re close!”

“Good!” Lucifer Niggerbastard shouted back, pulling the Ass Fairy’s magic wand out and slinging it across the handlebars of his pink and sparkly scooter. “Lets fuck this townie mudder hopscotch penis wannabe so fucking hard his ass will prolapse out his face!”

“Hell yeah, Niggerbastard!” The sack of babyshit burbled.

“Lets do this, bitches!” Rojir screamed, peeling out in the shit-colored mud and rocketing off toward the spot where Pallas had pointed.

But when the four intrepid fuckers of the Fellowship of the Vagina-Ass crested the last hill between themselves and the Latin League, they quickly found that Turnus, having been the only person in the entire shitting world who had read the prophesy day and night and committed the whole damn thing to memory, had set a trap for them.

“La-Tin-League, roll out!” Turnus shouted, ripping

off his pants as he ran out to meet the fellowship, the surface of his diamond-plated, prehensile carbide-reinforced cock blinding them as it caught the light. On either side of him, Alecto and Camilla pulled hard on ropes of braided asshair, and as the ground exploded in a furry of mud and shit, a wall of floppy dicknipples sprung up in front of the fellowship and became suddenly erect, squirting wads of chunky, semi-liquid shit in a phalanx that came too sudden for any ordinary man to avoid.

But Lucifer Niggerbastard was no ordinary man, he was the keeper of the vagina-ass, man destined to give birth to an entire nation of Jupiter worshipping Niggerbastards! Leaping straight into the air and doing a somersault, he grabbed the sack of babyshit with one hand, caught Rojir's little rubber balls with the other, and used his floppy cock to catch Pallas by the mouth, flinging the three of them over the wall of shitting nipplesdicks and catching the Ass Fairy's magic wand as he let them go.

“FUCK ME! FUCK ME! SHIT ON ME!” Turnus yelled as the scooters exploded against the nipplesdick wall and the Fellowship of the Vagina-Ass landed safe and sound on the other side. Alecto and Camilla rushed to Turnus' side, doing gay little dances with

sausages on chains of braided ass hair as Lucifer got to his feet, pointed his shotgun at the Latin League.

“So, bitches, we meet at last.” Turnus flashed his sweet golden grill, complete with missing teeth. “I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time.”

“Me too.” Lucifer shot back. “Well, not really. I only found out about you yesterday, but I’m still going to fuck your ass up.”

“Bring it, bitchessssssssss” Turnus hissed, and with that he rushed the Fellowship, Alecto and Camilla quickly falling into crouches, screaming gay, piercing, undulating battlecries that seemed to bend the very fabric of reality in fucking epic ways. Not wasting any time, Lucifer slung a load of hot buckshot at the crazy fucker, but the master of the Latin League was too fast and deflected the entire thing with the diamond plating of his prehensile cock. Grinning from ear to ear, Turnus yelled: “Alecto! Vomit Cannon Go!”

Tearing open her mouth, Alecto dropped to hands and knees and opened herself to the elemental plane of explosive vomit and summoned a tide of burning fucking regurgitated death that sprayed toward the

Fellowship. Beside her, Camilla yelled “I cast magic dildo!” and threw out her hands, summoning a fifty-foot sparkly, shit-covered, wheeled, razor-bladed, cat-raping, gyped, shaved, piss pimple spewing, Elvis-impersonating dildo and flinging it toward Lucifer Niggerbastard at hypersonic speed.

“Jesus Christ!” Pallas screamed, tackling Lucifer Niggerbastard just in time to save his life. On either side of them, the sack of babyshit darted left and Rojir darted right, both readying their own weapons for the fight.

“Babyshit!” Lucifer yelled. “You take Alecto! Rojir! fuck that bitch Camilla in her fat, dildo-summoning ass!”

“Aye aye, fucker!” They yelled back, and not waiting for any fucking thing, they rushed their targets, the sack of babyshit summoning his own magic dildos and Rojir rolling as fast as he could on his tiny rubber balls, screaming his battle cry of “I FUCK YOU UP! I FUCK YOU UP!” Turnus didn’t even flinch as his bitches were forced to do hand to hand combat with the dildo and the sack of babyshit, but instead focused his prehensile cock on Lucifer and the prince, grinning as he jumped into the air,

sunlight glinting off the diamond-plated head of his carbide-reinforced penis.

“I got this, Niggerbastard!” Pallas yelled, and sprinting straight up into the air like an epic motherfucker, he threw his GPS at Turnus and clocked the fucker right in the face. But that wasn’t enough to even slow the asshole down, and as he grinned his toothless grill grin at the prince, he spun around on the axis of his cock and caught Pallas around his gay pencil neck, jamming his killer dick into Pallas’ undefended ass and killing the fucker instantly. Lucifer shouted, suddenly so angry that he bodyslammed Turnus like a profiling cop and carried him back to the dirt like a bitch. But Turnus’ most dangerous weapon was his diamond-plated prehensile carbide-reinforced cock, and even as Lucifer pinned him down, he tried to stab the master of the vagina ass, his dick like a heat-seeking faggot missile.

“FUCK YOU, TURNUS!” Lucifer shouted, slamming the fucker’s head against a rock. “FUCK YOU IN YOUR GAY WORTHLESS FAGGOT SHIT EATING GREASEBALL GRINGO WHOP TARBABY GOOK FLIP NIP JERRY CHINK RUSKIE BEANER NIGGER GOYIM KRAUT HONKEY CRACKER

WETBACK SQUAW BOHUNK POLACK GWAILO
CHINAMEN CHRISTKILLER HALF-CASTE CHOLO
SPOOK KYKE COON-ASS LIMEY RAGHEAD DINK
NIG-NOG ASSKIMO HUN WIGGER FRITZ FROG
SPICK JUNGLEBUNNY MUNTER PORCHMONKEY
ROUNDEYE WHITEY ZIPPERHEAD
MOTHERFUCKER ASS!"

"Haha, I killed Pallas!" Turnus grinned. "Who's the bitch now? Who's the bitch?"

"Fuck you!" Lucifer shouted, and throwing the master of the Latin League down so hard he cracked the fucking Earth beneath the fucker, he jumped to his feet and jammed the Ass Fairy's magic wand into Turnus' face. "Eat lead, fucker!"

"Wait!" Turnus yelled. "Let me live! I won't be a bitch anymore!"

"Fuck you." Lucifer spat back. "You killed Pallas, and he was the best fuck I ever had." His finger tightened across the magic wand's trigger. "See you in hades, fuckwit!"

But when he pulled the trigger, nothing happened. In the moment, both fuckers froze. Lucifer pulled the

trigger again, and then the Ass Fairy's words came back to him all at once.

Use my magic wand wisely! Griswalda had warned. It can only work so many fucking times before it blows all up and shit.

But the realization came too late, and Lucifer's gay little reverie only served to distract him. In an instant, Turnus was back on his feet and, jamming his huge prehensile cock into the chest of the keeper of the vagina-ass, he ripped out the fucker's heart and ate it whole. In another instant, Lucifer Niggerbastard was dead, and both Alecto and Camilla made quick work of Rojir and the sack of burbling babyshit, spreading their guts across the plain like faggoty shit-paint.

From his castle of shit high atop mount Olympus, Jupiter shat himself, facepalmed, and yelled:

“FUCK ME IN THE GOAT ASS!”

Seriously though, if you're offended, you're not reading close enough. :)

