

Hypersexuality

By Kalan Cordell

The Weji Dulin was more than just an ancient god, the parasitic deity was the fungus of nightmares. An Incubus of unholy existence. Each night it preyed on wholesome, loving families. Watching them crumble was the Dulin's favorite kind of amusement; seeing a mother cradle their half-eaten child gave the entity a similar pleasure to masturbation. The dopamine-like sensation made its insects crawl and itch with sensuality. And tonight it found a sweet and unsuspecting family to help with its self-recreation.

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Keith groaned with disgust as he plucked a black bug that had been feeding on his arm. "I found another bed bug. I told you we shouldn't have stayed at a cheap hotel on the south side of Brooklyn."

The White Ridge Hotel is a place where people flock to for their own selfish gratifications. A realm where desire dances on the cheap palm tree wallpaper that's stained with semen and shame. Its dust-covered curtains hold secret the taboo desires of man; orgies, porn addictions, and affairs have their freedom here because the worn maroon fabric promises not to tell when diseases are given unknowingly or the stranger slips off their wedding band.

Nick removed his shirt, revealing a potbelly and nipples guarded by coarse hair. "I'll get a paper towel," he kissed Keith on the cheek, running a calloused hand down his waist. "Then you're all mine," Nick promised as he left the room.

“Worst vacation ever,” Keith scoffed, sitting upright, eyes fixed on the dead insect’s flaky remains.

Three pupil-sized bumps took shape on his forearm. *Breakfast, lunch, and dinner*, he thought as his skin crawled. The idea of there being more of the bloodsuckers was a jet cloud looming over him. A viscous smell of stale cigarettes lingered that only cheap hotels could harbor. Grimacing, Keith slapped a hand on his face. Then his chest. Welts blossoming after every strike. The paranoia had had its way with him, turning Keith on all fours, he scanned the stiff mattress for more of the unwanted bugs. From behind the bedroom, a light turned off. Keith caught his husband’s silhouette closing the door.

“Did you find a towel? I’m scared this place might be infested.”

Nick didn’t respond, crawling on top of his lover, belly draped over his waist, moaning as he embraced Keith. Suddenly, the bed bug was no longer a concern, but a figment of imagination starlights away from them. What had been present and tangible was their passionate lovemaking. All that was important was the inclination of the body, the urge to satiate its hunger.

Their lips traded salvia, tongues slow dancing. Keith’s eyes rolled back as Nick pressed his pelvis against him, back arching as he felt his partner dig deep inside of him. Placing his clammy hands on Nick’s moist face, Keith felt a surge of astronomical sensation course through his veins. Unaware that more of the filthy bugs had taken the opportunity to feast on his flesh, carefully raking into his back, draining their host of his fluid until their black bellies burned scarlet. Now thrusting quicker, Nick’s blue eyes pierced through the blanket of darkness. Eyes rolling, Keith clutched Nick’s lips with his teeth and pulled backward. A warm and sticky and wet liquid ran down his chest. A faint flapping sound echoed, followed by a light slap against his

torso that felt like a soaked rag. Keith opened his eyes, face flushed with confusion. The strings of blood were a banner of horror stretching between him and Nick. His now wide eyes moved down, and he screamed, dropping what was Nick’s face onto his neck. The victim’s sapphire eyes still lodged in the skinless skull reflected fear and confusion, nostrils squirting mucus each time Nick exhaled, an oil-consistent substance secreting out of his muscles that were still contracting as if unaware that they no longer had any lips to move. It was a surgical procedure from hell. Keith jumped at the sight of an eye deep in the dark pit of the patient’s left nostril.

“What the hell?!” Keith rolled from under Nick’s waist and onto the floor, not realizing he’d taken the face with him, choking on a gag. The parasites were still dining on him, going from a small tribe, to a large colony. He stood up, gasping, heart thudding in his ears. Tossing the face on the ground, a faint splat cutting through the silence, the pads of his fingers now painted with his lover’s blood.

“Nick... are you alright?” Keith quickly slipped on his shorts, watching as his husband stood frozen in the same position. His hands slapped and pinched his back as he felt tiny insect feet squirming all over his skin. Keith took a step towards the door. Then as if he’d set off a trap, an echoing, cracking devoured all other sounds in the room.

“NICK!” Keith now screamed with tears burning his eyes.

The corners of the room had become plagued with hoards of bed bugs that resembled black fungi, painting the walls with soot. A sharp putrid aroma of sewer water and excrement replaced the cigarette smell, and he tasted it on his tongue. He sprinted to the door, gripping the silver knob. Another shriek escaped his lips as his hand slid off the backs of more of the dime-sized pests. His palm was tattooed with fresh bumps. Flipping on the light switch, Keith

turned back to his partner, who'd had a wide crack in the center of his skull. His stomach flipped. Chest heaving. Nick's skin dried, peeled, and flaked off like a boiled egg. The splinter grew down both ends of the rest of his body. Several hands protruding out of different parts, knocking organs and muscles and fat every which way. The crackling of bones being crushed underneath the pressure was a song from hell. His skin a piece of gum being stretched and pulled this way and that, ripping and tearing apart like a piece of cheap fabric. Something broke free from the now vacant shell of the man, rising as if materializing from thin air, pieces of Nick slipped and rolled from its shape. Keith vomited, not believing what he was witnessing. It was as if the bed bugs had collaborated and created a humanoid beast, before spilling all over the mattress like a cloak, revealing the true master. A monster covered in a yolk-like substance emerged, ripping off a pale intestine that was wrapped around its neck like an umbilical cord, before slurping the sustenance-rich noodle. *So many arms... So many eyes. This isn't real. This is a nightmare. A horrible nightmare.* Keith stumbled back against the wall, his head tilting on its axis. A glistening, clear colored sap oozed out of the folds of the creature's exoskeleton; the Dulin was edging itself as it watched its prey look helpless. This pleasure would be magnificent.