Anthology Complex

M.B. Julien

Volume 2 - Composition 3
(2:3 / 6 / VI)

Part 9

Chapter 81

EEVEE

2:3:9:81

FOREWORD

"Eevee," contrary to what has been established of it in the years following its controversial publication in the Grand Searle Tribune, is less a tale about perversion and more a tale about sexual recognition. It follows the testament of Sir Absalom and his final months before exile, where he explains to the readers of the newspaper his thoughts and feelings and what transpired in those months, but is left to judgement on whether he is remorseful or proud of his actions. What is clear, however, is his action of writing the testament to bring forward and make known the many forms of love and the recognition they deserve.

Sir Absalom officially entered exile in 1979, dying only nine years later in 1988 due to an undocumented virus. It was noted at his trial that he may have suffered from a brain condition which influenced his development in adolescence and continued to affect him late into his life. The symptoms of the theorized condition may be seen even in his writing style, as Sir Absalom had a propensity to arrange his words into interesting sentence structures. This uniqueness and strangeness is believed to have dictated his interests and his lovemap.

Deconstructed simply as a short story, "Eevee" will be remembered and regarded as no more than immoral entertainment. But studied as a psychological thesis into sexuality as a whole, it will be regarded as both an educative text and a literary classic. Readers will find within it their own trails to sexual satisfaction, and despite the polar differences they may have with Sir Absalom, they will learn that both their trails and his began in the same wilderness.

And so this leads into the subject of perverse sexuality in of itself, which we as a society have labeled "taboo." The complexity of sexuality, as Sir Absalom puts it, is very confusing. It is more confusing than the morals of murder or the laws surrounding it. And yet we have structured laws for sexuality itself, something we humans know little about and what little we do know remains confusing. Sir Absalom, in one way or another, and in many ways in general, argues in his testament against man's need to confine and define sexual morality. But such is a way for great resistance, a resistance which ultimately put our author, Sir Absalom, into exile.

Raymond Johnson Sr, Ph.D.
January 5, 1989

1

OH, Vee. On that fateful night were you who? To me what did you say that I have forgotten after all these years? When light lit up the heavens were you where? And that the stray find comfort in the smiling is it why?

2

Grand Searle Tribune, let this serve as not a memoir or even an exhibition of evidence. With all the aesthetic value in my fiber it is instead a testament to my humanity and less a statement on my criminality.

When I suffered from a toothache in the isles of Paris, I pursued a dentist. When I suffered from depression in the cold of Moscow, I pursued a psychiatrist. But when I suffered from nihilism in the big towns of Grand Searle, I did not know who to pursue. There was no readied remedy provided like that of the doctors mentioned before.

But in the dead, indeed, and not in the living, I found that my solution was. Philosophers who told me about my condition did I turn to, and who were doctors of the soul. But the comfort I found in their dim studies was diminished by my final condition, which was not of the physical nor the mental nor the soulful; it was by law; criminal, and by morality; perverse.

3

I was working in public assistance, living at the time in Grand Searle at a residence not too unfamiliar from the peoples' I serviced. The home of the Gettes, who had recently applied for both unemployment and nutritions aid, I was to visit on this particular day. It was a rather unusual request by my employer as the Sun had already begun to set, but the humanities cannot wait diligently over night.

Upon the light of moons I traversed onto the Dyanran Highway, which, according to my esteemed employer, was “the simplest and quickest route to there and home.” He may have been correct if not had been there a traffic accident suffocating the road.

Aside from the traffic, of that fascinating evening the beautiful sight was not lost on me and I was grateful to have been given the time to witness it in all. There was that orange tint laced onto the horizon which was layered by a blue crystal. There was that cool wind which was not too cold yet not too warm and carried with itself the rare kind of equality, stability, balance, which you wished to one day see in other facets of the world.

There were the six lanes of traffic, and the three that were moving slow. Sitting, waiting to see what was going on up ahead and why I could not advance, I was left alone with the captivating universe. And as well with my terrible incandescent thoughts.

Every better part of four minutes found a humming motorcycle pass between the skinny lanes created by our four-wheeled vehicles, and only two minutes later would you hear that motorcycle's audible levels increase as it sped off far beyond the tragedy into a place we others could not go.

Again there was that orange tint laced onto the horizon which now was gold. There was that cool comforting wind which now blew in the opposite direction. There were those six lanes of traffic, of which now three were gridlocked. And then a man there was who came walking in my direction.

“Insane accident, the police are redirecting traffic but that could take awhile, best to turn around and find another way,” the man insisted, and his advice I took quickly.

Of course, en route to another route I found myself lost until I decided to give the Gettes a call. They knew the area much better than I did, and their prompt and organized directions which later led me to their residence were an exact indication of their quality priorities and yet also of their unfortunate circumstances.

“Sir Absalom,” Mr. Gettes said, “it's so nice to finally meet you.” I shook his hand, and after inviting me inside I saw Mrs. Gettes in their kitchen preparing what I assumed was a strategic meal for myself.

The three of us talked over and under their current living situation but address never did we not what directly lead Mr. Gettes into unemployment. It was a matter I would not discover until my next visit. Though not entirely satisfied with our conversation, I assured them that I would do what best I could in the approval process. Then I went to leave.

Mrs. Gettes, a plump woman who would be dangerously attractive to lovers of compounded flesh, showed me to the door, and I sensed that she herself sensed of my unwholesome satisfaction as she made every attempt, from here to the door, to let me know of her hardship. She then waved goodbye to me and I exited for my car.

The moment occurring my departure, I heard Mrs. Gettes whistle, then a yell, “Eevee!,” and in the darkness a small figure ran past me and into the light of the front door. I had only a glimpse of the animal, but I saw that it was a dog. And as Mrs. Gettes went to pick it up, in full its appearance was shown to me as elevation cast the utmost light onto him.

Eevee was a soul I had known before. First I knew him in the tangible nature of reality. Then in the longing of photographs. Then in the confusion of my dreams. Then, finally, he remained only as a specter in my memories.

4

Before I continue I would like to go back and tell more about my upbringing. I believe crucial some of these details are to understanding me and my claimed humanity, otherwise this remains only a tale of perversion. It remains only a tale of what wicked wishes the astray can bring into society.

When I was eight, my father and I had entered the wilderness of a Grand Searle hunting ground to hunt deer. I, on one hand, yesterday and today am a pacifist, but on the other, and only yesterday, was only a small boy and like all other small boys only wanted to impress his father.

That day no deer were shot, at least not for reasons that would irritate animal lovers. But a deer was shot. Back to the truck while walking we came across a deer surrounded by a thick circle of red snow. It seemed to have been attacked by a predator and was left to suffer, to die.

My father, hard as he was, that day taught me how to put a suffering being out of its misery. It is an event, no, an experience that has frequented me monthly. And it is without doubt a time that has shaped my mindset on the care of animals.

5

Denizens of Grand Searle, there is something inherent about two kindred spirits meeting for the first time. At age nine, I was selected by an advertising agency to be one half of the face of a promotional campaign heralding the well-being of at-risk animals. The other half of that face was a dog, of a name if I was ever told I do not remember. Despite this, very fond of the dog I grew and my primitive, young mind gradually came to believe that this dog itself was indeed at risk, not knowing it was only an acting dog whose quality of life I'm sure surpassed many humans'.

Taking these photos and hearing of the dire stories of animals in need, animals in danger, animals abused, with each day passing of the project my tiny heart sank with grief of what this particular dog was suffering through in his life. Then one day the project ended, the dog gone, and I never saw him again.

An empty feeling came over me, as if I had failed him somehow. And out of those feelings, I mean the sorrow of dog tales mixed with the thought of failure, was born the conception of a lost soul; a soul I would search for but not encounter until thirty-two years later, where I found him in the care of devils.

6

The image of that dog I could not get out of my mind. The day following my appointment and interview of the Gettes, I laid in bed, stood on my balcony, cooked breakfast, all the while plotting a means to see that dog one more time. It was not until I began dressing for work that I found a viable plot.

First I called my employer with a story that the Gettes were not available in yesterday's evening, but that they had contacted me to schedule a meeting this morning. And then after that was completed, I called the Gettes with a story that my employer had required another meeting, to which I insisted the meeting take place this morning. The Gettes were more than compliant and willing to work around the morning to accommodate me.

I took the identical route I took the evening before, but what a new world I felt I had entered. Because it was light outside, nothing appeared the way they appeared in fading sunlight. The route itself and whatever it held embraced a new identity, but it was not just the physical that transformed, there was an excitement within me to see Eevee once more which was obviously not present prior.

“Sir Absalom! It's great to see you again,” Mrs. Gettes remarked as she opened the door. Not could I find Eevee outside so all intimations were that he was inside, but even when I stepped inside there was no indication of him.

The Gettes and I spoke, irrelevantly, again about their current living conditions. This time a bit more I learned about them, and about a set of children who were currently living elsewhere. But in all that time, only Eevee was on my mind.

“Say,” I said, “where is that little rascal you had running around yesterday,” I joked. “Oh you must mean Eevee,” Mr. Gettes answered, “he must be around here somewhere.” I said nothing more of the dog so as not to cause slanted faces, and then told the Gettes that I would probably visit them again, the next time with paperwork, which I told them was a good sign of approval. They were delighted, so delighted that they joked to have Eevee present around on my next visit. I enjoyed the gesture.

I left the Gettes residence and walking toward my car I began. As I walked, of my surroundings I made note and observed the poverty all around me. It made me think of that spirit I knew so long ago who has never left me. It made me wonder where he is now, what he was doing. But in all my great wonder, as I approached my car, I saw that I no longer had to wonder, for sitting just beside the rear right tire was Eevee, who looked at me as if he had seen me before.

In clear day seeing him, I saw that he was almost a duplicate of that dog I had known all those years ago. No, he wasn't an exact duplicate per se, but the semblance was

uncanny. For all I knew time was soon going to rewind and a photographer momentarily was going to appear and ask to have our photo. And then later than a month no more we would see that photo hanging on a highway billboard, telling each driver in twenty-five words or less of the plight of animals, specifically dogs.

Only a foot away from Eevee, he suddenly sat up and was looking directly up at me. “Is it really you?,” I asked. Not reply did he, but instead went to walk around my left leg. “Oh!,” I ejaculated. “I have a treat inside my car for you!” I opened my door and found in my lunchbox a piece of meat from a nutritious sandwich I had made in the morning, but as I leaned inside to retrieve the meat, I suddenly felt something on the back of my right leg. Confused, I looked behind me, and heard the shouting at the same time of Mrs. Gettes in the background.

Eevee, the seductive varmint, he had begun humping my leg! “Vee!,” I heard Mrs. Gettes yelling in great anger, “Stop that!”

Rapidly and snatched him from off my leg she came as if he were a wild beast. After apologizing to me in full, “I'm so sorry! He hasn't done that in years!,” she walked away speaking lowly, but just enough that I could hear what she was saying, and what she said brought a sore to my heart. The punishment she had determined of his behavior was to put him inside his cage.

Driving back to work, I must say that though I was saddened for Eevee, I was ecstatic for myself. I entered into yet another world, a fresh crisp world of rejuvenation, and Eevee's gesture proved to me, or rather made me feel I should say, that I was not as repulsive as I thought, that I could indeed attract the unlikeliest of individuals, and that someone somewhere out there might still want me as a lover.

7

I am thinking of dark angels in Los Angeles. The platitudes of faith. Prayers in the rain. A foreboding sense of tragedy that is near. I am thinking of empty beaches at dawn. Sadness in July. A forgotten birthday. Innocence that was detached early on. I am thinking of lonely Thanksgivings. Formal gestures of farewell. Pity from the temporary. A glass of wine in small town Grand Searle.

I am thinking about what life will entail after they cast me out of this country. I am thinking about this piece of writing. Of what needs to be said and of what can be omitted. I have been given one pen and one notepad, and I am thinking of whether I will run out of ink first, or paper. If I run out of ink, they have silenced me and shorted my words; if I run out of paper, they have shortened my platform to speak and I have said all I am permitted to say.

Still I am thinking of the blossoms of black roses. The scorn of dangerous skies. Somber holidays. The unwell who were marred by striations of convention. I am thinking of cold days in January. Nights without television. A bruised ego. The sudden impact of illness. I am thinking of my physique. Overweight. My hair. Balding. All these things and more I am thinking of, I had or felt only before Eevee.

8

Of ganders at summit twilight is the catalyst of creativity. The day had afforded me a string of satisfaction as I left work for home. To the approval of the Gettes' application I completed a number of actions in the workday itself.

The first thought, which led to a series of thoughts, was the corruption of my integrity. Not my moral integrity, that was lost long ago, but my professional integrity. And by the time I was on the third or fourth thought, I possessed the guile of the deranged.

I found the original Gettes' application and then found a fresh application, where after I sought to recreate the document but provided false information.

The Gettes now had five children, one of whom who was adopted. Mr. Gettes was not relieved from work, but was dismissed, and because of the manner of dismissal a lawsuit was pending in favor of the employee. Mrs. Gettes is physically handicap. A year ago she was involved in a motor accident which left her left arm mangled. Before a year ago, and starting at the age of fourteen, Mrs. Gettes spent every day of her life working to help provide for her loved ones. And importantly most, never have the Gettes missed in paying their taxes.

All of these details have been verified by yours truly, Sir Absalom, the Grand Searle Eastern District claims investigator.

I must have spent a great deal mimicking exactly the handwriting of Mr. Gettes, and I must have also copied his signature to the “g,” the letter “g” being the most difficult letter in the English alphabet to forge. Denizens of Grand Searle, it did not help that his given name was George.

After I submitted the paperwork twice tweaked I gave the Gettes household a ring. I spoke to Mrs. Gettes, as Mr. Gettes was out, and I assured her of an approval as I had delivered my final assessment earlier in the day. Only a minute or two into the conversation, I heard aggressive yelling that verged on verbal abuse. It did not take me long to understand that Mr. Gettes had arrived home and found Eevee doing something he should not have been doing, and Mr. Gettes had begun to yell at him. A series of what sounded to be threats at Eevee's life prompted Mrs. Gettes to end the phone call, and it

was at that venom moment I decided I was going to abduct Eevee. He would be the price of the approval they required. And as I gandered twice at twilight from my office window, my imagination tweaked and spun twofold of all the things I was going to do with Eevee.

9

Brutally banal days and so many mundane will we live. Oh what a human would trade for one day of happiness and excitement.

With the perfect burglary in the foresight of my mind I woke up that day. It was my day off, but for Eevee, it was his day for freedom from all that imprisoned him.

I had breakfast, checked my mail on the way out, and then drove to a nearby department store to purchase a disguise. One, a hair piece, two, a pair of spectacles, and three, a bushy mustache. I also purchased dog food, a dog collar, some dog toys and a dog leash. Returned home, I placed a screwdriver in my vehicle.

That the dog is allowed to roam outside as he pleases I have observed, though come nightfall he is called inside. Neighbors walking about I have seen at various times of the day, but I believe my disguise will conceal my identity. And finally, most importantly, I have never ever heard Eevee bark.

As I drove to the Gettes's residence at dusk, I could not believe what I was about to do, but as the hour progressed I convinced myself it was “the right thing to do.”

Sure to park my vehicle a block away from the extraction point I made when I arrived. I put on the hair piece, then the spectacles, then the bushy mustache. Taking the screw driver, I took off both of my license plates. Then, finally, I went back inside the car once more to recover a couple of dog biscuits.

The sixty or so yards I walked to the actual residence of the Gettes to begin my search. At times softly whistling, I also noticed not a soul of a human in sight. At least six times alternatively I must have looked and doubted, but him I finally found before the seventh. He was way above on a fourth floor balcony looking down directly at me. I raised my hand into the air, and denizens of Grand Searle you know I had that biscuit in my hand. From his current location Eevee removed himself and towards me he began to make his way.

A game of cat and mouse ensued as I was in one place, then Eevee would find that place, and then suddenly I was in another. We played this game all the way to my car and it was finally declared over when Eevee retrieved his treat while sitting in my passenger's seat. As he nibbled on the pleasures of his pleased heart, we drove away into the arms of escape.

10

When I brought you home for the first time, I saw you in evening light, where yellow was the color of your energy. When you walked up the stairs to your new home, I saw you glee in excitement, where peach was the color of your past. When you got lost in the courtyard, I found your undeniable spirit, where white was the color of your ghost. When we drove down the highway in speed, I saw you in a motion that was slow, where black was the color of your escape. When I gave you your second treat in the kitchen, I watched your mysterious personality, where blue was the color of your desire. When you urinated on my carpet the next morning, I laughed at your silliness, where pink was the color of your confusion. When we went for our first walk, we kept the same pace, where orange was the color of your grace. When I threw you your first toy bone, I understood your playfulness, where green was the color of your soul. When we stayed up so late that night, I wanted you at dawn, where purple was the color of your clouds. When you laid across my chest, I felt your beating heart, where red was the color of your passion.

11

My prior actions despite, I kept my final meeting with the Gettes the following day. When I arrived I was surprised that there were already posters plastered of a missing dog named “Eevee.”

Asking Mrs. Gettes when the dog went missing, she answered “Since last night,” and asking how she got the postings up so quickly, she answered “That dog goes missing all the time, but he'll be back.” I nearly snickered.

The Gettes reported to me that they had been approved and thankful were they that they were dealt me as their serviceman. Me. Sir Absalom. I'll say I was more fortunate to have them than they were to have me. But that was the end of it, my relation to the Gettes was over, and I never saw nor heard from them after that day in the same manner in which they never saw nor heard from Eevee again after that night.

On one of my first nights at home with Eevee he accidentally fiddled with my record player and began a song. The accident led to a night of dancing, and it may have perhaps been the first time I had danced in ten years.

When you bring someone home, it can change your house itself. At times being in the company of Vee was like wandering around in a garden of magic where time had been suspended. Perhaps within him that I did not know there was something; a power enchanted on the wings of solaire; or a vast universe of electric magnetic dreams.

Grand Searle in the middle sixties was a city of heathens and was plagued by the confusing complexity of sexuality. Even more-so today in the late seventies, it remains as the judgment capital of the world.

And before the judgement came the churches. Then came the council. Then came the socialization. Then came the laws. But then on the final governance came Eevee, and he changed everything about what I had known and who I was.

12

Often the strange arrangement of attraction I have wondered. The sweet power of the canine is something I have likened to for well over thirty years now. I have a particular palette for the smaller breeds, I must say. But of the dog why is it that I am so fond?

There have been other such prospects for companionship and copulation and in consideration I suppose the horse; but it is a large body capable of strenuous force; the cat; but none have ever liked me; the pig; but so forth has not a fiber of cleanliness to its name; the goat; but has led me to believe it would be quite audible during intercourse, perhaps quite audible even in simple daily matters.

There may have been one or two humans I fancied, but on the whole and more not less I am not attracted to the homo sapiens. To the female of that species I am not interested at all; what cruelty I have seen them permit. Women having children with men so the men cannot leave; and why is it that every mother's son is a bright, smart, wise angel?

Perhaps of the female variety, if I must concede, I have been lured by their form, in particular the breasts. I have a few times admired their appearance and prominence on large breasted women, and this attraction may have supplied my interest in the goat who as well feature the udder. I just as well may have enjoyed them on men but in order for a man to carry large breasts he must be grotesquely fat, and grotesque fatness is not a physical trait I have ever admired.

Of the one or two that I did find attractive were both of the male order; but among men there is a vile aggressive assertity that could also be found in the biology of dictators. So that makes them more or less useless.

Alas, the supple beauty of the canine. The formless magical void of eternal restlessness. Oh I have been trapped in its trance for a triple set of twin days. A Tuesday afternoon of the beauty in their eyes, a Thursday night made my body throb. A Saturday morning of the beauty in their fur, a Sunday evening made me the sinner of Grand Searle.

I understood that I was sexually attracted to dogs by the time I was ten, but a nagging persistent has had me question when attraction truly begins to develop within us. A

subset of this question has also had me question why attraction itself exists. Many are very particular in sexual matters, and many are unlikely to cross preferential boundaries that have a foundation setting back to adolescence.

In sexual matters, often is a person's mind made up and unlikely are they to experiment. Some people will not try new foods. New religions. A new brand of a product they have found trustworthy. And simply put, if you are not attracted to the same object as someone else, you can never understand their attraction.

At some point before my age occurring ten, something must have happened to me. It could have been something as tragic in magnitude as a death, or something as slight as a pat on the back. For me, attraction must have occurred one hundred percent in the mind and whatever was the physical focal point at the time became my symbol. If I was grieving and a large breasted woman comforted me, perhaps I was focused on her breasts and her breasts became a symbol of comfort to me. If I was grieving and a male athlete comforted me, perhaps I was focused on his build and his build became a symbol of comfort to me. But no. I cannot vividly remember the ghost of attraction in these two events. What I remember, faintly, was a dog coming to comfort me in a time of great misery and distress.

13

“Lewd. Disgusting. The aprophophous of immorality.” Denizens of Grand Searle who were not present at my trial, this was how the presiding judge described my acts, and though I do not feel the same way that is how I will describe this chapter.

I gave Eevee his walk around the complex just before dusk when the lights and shadows in the trees began to take on forms and shapes. Standing there as Eevee did his business, him I admired and took detail to his shadow. His shadow made me believe that in the canals of a mind, the first being a person truly falls in love with, they can go on for a lifetime searching for the ghost of that person and be none the wiser.

Immediately tired Eevee grew when we got home and on a piece of furniture went to lay where after I had something to drink I joined him. With the television on I layed there silently thinking about the rigidity of love, but when the thoughts ceased I became aware of Eevee's engorged member. The average size of a dog's penis is 5.5 inches, but Eevee was not the average dog; he was a creature of sexual animalism.

The urge of deconstruction that night was more powerful than the preservation of innocence, and shortly after I found myself caressing the base of his penis. I guided my hand mentally with every desire of the senses to reach the shaft where after with satisfaction I made my way back down to the base.

There was no indication from Eevee that what I was doing was unpleasant, and this led to the manipulation of Eevee's penis with my tongue. Each movement of my mouth on his genital seemed to bolster the giant and it wasn't until I had trouble breathing that I removed myself from him.

What had transpired inspired me to masturbate, and revealing the excitedness of my own member, Eevee seemed to be confused that I too managed the same physical traits as he. In what still puzzles me to this day, Eevee jumped onto the ground, searched for a location with some kind of criteria or criticism in his mind, and then made his body figure as if he were awaiting penetration.

A man's love for the animal was here before me, and it will be here long after I am dead. On to my knees I crawled all the way to Eevee and took hold of his body, where after I made the gentle thrust into him. The poet nonexistent within me wanted to call that moment a reunion of souls, but the honesty within me can label it no more than sodomy.

14

Eevee was not my first physical lover. In humanity I am what you would call a “virgin;” With another human being I have never had sex. In canine, however, I have been the acquaintance of several dogs.

In my teen-hood I established myself as a dog-sitter. When married men and women went on long vacations with their children they looked to me, Sir Absalom, rather I was just Absalom at the time, to look after a member of their family.

Up with the idea I came after I realized how difficult it was to be left alone in a room with a dog. Or how strange it looks when you keep asking for photographs with a particular dog and not another. House-sitting and taking care of a dog for sometimes up to a month provided me the benefits of a stupor splendor. The ecstasy acquired in those dog days accumulated in me the memories of a thousand attractions. The dogs of whom I mated with remained in the oceans of my mind like still waters until came a wave that reminded me of a past lover.

Between attraction and memory the relationship must be closely linked. Often a dog's physical features can induce memories without the memorier even knowing it. It is like a smell from your childhood that brings back pleasant memories or horroring ghosts. But never have I met a woman with green skin, therefore memory of her and attraction felt I have not. However, let us not forget this the opportunity for a new memory and attraction for experience.

Regarding the fine judgment that is cast upon, it is never so much that there is something wrong with a lover of sex dolls as much as there is nothing right about a

married man. To open your heart into the attraction of the atypical takes a certain amount of deceptively defiant deviance. You have to be of manner and a maniac.

15

Denizens of Grand Searle, I assume by now patiently you have awaited the introduction of Sir Blackwood; the liar, the hypocrite and the cheat. The first of two encounters with Sir Blackwood came after the passage of three and a half months following the abduction of Eevee. A daily occurrence by now was intercourse with Eevee but unaware was I of the physical impressions left on his body until I inspected them on another dog. Individuals who commit a particular crime are far more qualified than the layman to diagnose that same crime.

Sick and unenthusiastic for a week, I brought Eevee to Sir Blackwood's office, who was a veterinarian, for inspection, but instead of learning of his ailment, something far more interesting happened that afternoon.

As I sat in the waiting room, Sir Blackwood's dog came out of the office and began to walk around me. Larger a dog than Eevee but as every bit attractive. When he was near enough to me, I began to pet him and massaged him all over his abdomen, and denizens of Grand Searle, after enough horsing around I discovered that he too was a victim of sexual abuse.

It was at this exact moment that Sir Blackwood exited his office to speak with me, and with such great suspiciousness in the figure of his form I understood that he too had made the same revelation about me that I had made about him only moments ago. And the moment occurring after, suspecting the figure of my own form, and then again the figure of his form, it became almost obvious that we both knew of the other's suspicions.

The knowledge of suspicions were all more than confirmed when after Sir Blackwood asked me of whom was the primary caregiver of Eevee, of which I noted was my nonexistent sister who loved canines more than humans. Shortly after I asked him the same question, of whom was the primary caregiver of his dog, of which he noted was more of a community dog but I surmised his answer was as baloney as mine.

That day after I became suspicious of everyone knowing of my “immoral sexual deviancy.” When someone asked to interact with Eevee as I walked him I made sure to limit the encounter. Days at the park were limited to a maximum of five children. I took every precaution for privacy from prying human eyes, but in the end the eyes of a camera were my demise.

16

To make known the truth now I would like about a story, or more rather rumor, that has attached and plagued itself to my name. In the week ahead was coming up a three-day weekend, and having a spare sick day I planned to make it four and use this time to with Eevee go on holiday.

Against my better judgement I decided we should attend the Georgetown Dogs & Families Music Festival, but something happened which not I could foresee.

So Eevee and I hopped into my automobile and we made our way out of Grand Searle. Afternoon on the road was hot and dry with a horizon of wavy heat. Eevee was a dog who liked to stick his head out of the window to feel the breeze of the wind, so I gave him some sunglasses and allowed him to do so, and for a long time I thought it would make for a humorous photograph.

Indeed was the drive longer than I had expected and soon fell into sundown where we drove through a town that seemed to be in persistent evening. And if the time of day was like a season then this place was eternally fall.

That we were in Greenville I later learned after I stopped at a hotdog restaurant for nourishment. Asking for directions to a nearby motel, Eevee and I found refuge at the Rucker Inn.

What followed the moments before sunrise was one of one hundred late nights that Eevee and I shared together. The rain had begun to fall quietly just before one in the morning as we watched together a film about romance.

After sunrise we began making forth our preparations for the festivities. I had the unique idea to dress up Eevee in the vein of the fabulous Marilyn Monroe. Indeed, there were moments when Eevee became Eve, and it is, I believe, at times what he wanted internally; to shed his masculinity on separate ends.

I have known irony to be either tragic or humorous, and as Eevee and I drove toward North Boulevard and to the festival I would find out that often it is both, of for and by definition.

When we arrived we could hear the ever booming of the musical melodies as we approached the scene that smelled of countless foods. And denizens of Grand Searle, so hungry was I that I could have eaten a horse. There must have been hundreds of people bordering on one thousand and there were so many activities to portain. Many, many interesting places, but one of the more interesting locations was, and denizens of Grand Searle if you can imagine my enthusiasm as I write this and reform that memory in my mind, was a dog kissing booth.

I myself did not engage in the activities of osculation, but this is most assuredly where the rumor began.

As I watched the many mostly women and children come to kiss at the dogs in booths, my fixation on the matter gave me less attention to Eevee himself, who in my trance went missing until I heard a woman yelling at him for his invasive attempts at intercourse with another canine.

This happened once, and then it happened several times throughout the course of the afternoon as we browsed through the festival.

Within me began to develop a familiar feeling. That primal primordial feeling of unease concerning another person's sex interests. That awful affectitious feeling of distaste at the sight of another person's affections to yet another who is not you. Yes, jealousy; it is what I felt for the remainder of the day.

The security that day warned me that if Eevee did not cease his attempts, to the nearest exit would we be routed. This, coupled with the anxiety from envy, caused me to only for a moment recede into the woods to tie up Eevee for and to prevent his actions.

As that primal primordial feeling rose, I left Eevee and wandered further into the forest ruminating on the last time I had felt his penis. I must have been so aggravated that I lost track of time, for when I returned to where I had left Eevee, he was gone.

Leaving as I did the woods that afternoon I returned to the festival to find that Eevee had been “rescued” by a man and woman attending the celebration of canines and music.

When I went to retrieve him, I was spoken to with disgust, and a vicious rumor began that evening of my abandoning Eevee to pursue intercourse with a still unidentified woman whom I had met at the festival.

The rumor was described as followed: I met a woman, we decided to recede into the forest where I tied up Eevee, we left that area, engaged in sexual activity in a remote area and while Eevee lay in the baking Sun.

Hold your horses. Sex with that woman I certainly did not have. In fact I emphatically deny any involvement with any woman that day concerning any sexual matter! I want my name cleared of this investigation into my sex life. It is a tribulation so dire it has left me without recourse. I would never engage in such vile and repulsive activity! Denizens of Grand Searle, I speak only with these honest and candor words; with that woman I did not have sexual relations.

17

I believe word of my alleged actions circled back to Sir Blackwood and I surmise that it must have been on a surrounding day that he hired a private investigator to follow and

investigate me. You see, denizens of Grand Searle, “sodomy” is an unclean act but it is not an unclean word. The president of any power can slip it into their speech and the crowd would barely batter an eye. “Bitch,” on the other hand, is a clean adjective but not a clean word and cannot be said in the same speech. And so it has it that while prostitution and pornography and basically the general sale of the seductive female image is legal in our state and rampant in every area of it, I cannot so much as look at a dog in an obscene manner. To do so is to be cast aside by the community of dog lovers as an abomination.

And yet, personally, less have I done to harm the animal community than the average animal owner. Never have I had a taste of meat past the age of eleven as I did not enjoy it as a child. I am a vegan, and probably was this foundation set on the same grounds as the ones set for my attraction to dogs. (I have put the preceding sentence of my history as a vegan in bold underlined italics but I don't know if they will format it in that manner for publication. They hate me.)

On a snowy day in late February, Eevee and I were on the verge of intimate orgasm when suddenly with my erect penis I accidentally injured him. To the extent of the injury I was unaware, but it left Eevee with an unenthusiastic impress.

The following day, he seemed to be on the proccessation of returning to his normal self, but when made I my sexual advances at him he pawed at me to leave him alone and go away. On the third or fourth advance, Eevee became visibly annoyed and for the first time in our relationship he barked at me. It had actually been the first time I'd ever heard him bark at all.

The first two days without intercourse felt like an eternity. On the third I resorted to using my photographs of Eevee, where I dressed him up as Eve, as a stimulant for masturbatory purposes. Oh, Vee, peace I have forgotten, quiet evenings I have forgotten. I looked to you for memories of the night, but how does one make up for a decade of lost kisses.

The duration of sexless nights was so great that when Eevee was finally up for copulation again, I had long the idea to produce video recordings of our matings in case this would happen again, I would have moving visuals to remind me of my excitement. By the end, I had at least thirty home videos for consumption.

Surely there must be millions of individuals out there who have inducted photography and videography of their own sexual immorality to set them in the gamuts of immortality.

All the priests and little boys have refuge from the synagogue, but safety harms a boy's bum and it's a clog by father's log. A party of ten naked men twenty naked women and for each male two females, four lips surround the excited one in a scene with cherry details. “I love my wife, I really do, but I want to see the two of you in intimate

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below