

I/Tulpa
“Sex, Stars, and Singularities”

By
Ion Light
and
Loxy Isadora Bliss

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Due to adult themes such as sex, a lot of sex, some gratuitous, some not, and violence, not a lot, the idea is to make love not war, (and no one dies, (well, almost no one,)) and so, consequently this book is intended for a mature audience. This is a work of fiction. Just in case you weren't sure. Yeah, some of the esoteric stuff can really take you places, faraway places, sexy places, but for most, this is as close as you might get, unless you have like a magical wardrobe. Or a big, blue, 1950's police box. So, let's go there: the esoteric stuff is real, explore it nonjudgmentally and with awareness, and you'll probably be alright, but if you're worried that exploring stuff endangers your mortal soul, I would like to refer you back to the religious artifact of your choice, which likely has more sex and violence than you have here. (So, for example, if Ouija boards are taboo in your world, this is probably not your book.) You could employ a psychological, cathartic explanation. It works out the same. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Except where they're intentional, but hopefully respectfully and tastefully done, in a way to honor the sacred importance they played in the author's life. Again, we're adults. We are not 'untouched' by the influence of media. In fact, I would dare say, never in the history of man have there been so many 'touched!'

This is a work in progress. Any corrections, or constructive criticism for the purpose of story refinement is welcomed. If you chose to contact the author, you may do so at: solarchariot@gmail.com. Please, put “underneath it all” or Loxy Bliss in the subject line. This helps me find you amongst the clutter.

(214) 907 4070 I am not always available to take a call. I will, however, eventually, answer a text.

Chapter 1

A myriad of box universe scrolled across and down a virtual a grid. From the perspective of the user, the images were always just beyond reach, but could be spun, as the person was at the center of a sphere, a celestial sphere of comprised of talking heads warped at the edges of the periphery. Some of the faces were familiar, but the content was new. Some of the go to boxes were frequently revisited the content practically memorized. A box marked “Loxy Isadora Bliss,” played by ‘Droya,’ was selected and became prominent.

“Did you ever read ‘Around the World in 80 Days’ and think, this is some weird shit? Brilliant, bizarre, but reading it produces lots of questions. Maybe questions are what drive you through it. Maybe that’s why books like the ‘Secret’ get torn off the shelf because we are all so afraid of being left out of something. It doesn’t matter that there is no secret; if what was in that books was as generally helpful as the authors proposed, then given the number of people who read the book, and we can presume the number of readers to be close to the number of books sold actually corresponds to the number readers, then, why isn’t the world suddenly a better place? Ever wonder that? Oh, tangent. Sorry, get use to rabbits as we go down this hole. For those of you tuning in for the first time, I am a Tulpa. Well, not me personally, but I am her voice, and so my present quirkiness resembles her quirkiness, which is not quite a reflection of her host’s perspective, though, between you and me, they’re both a little out there. Anyway, back to first person, Loxy: I bounce a lot. Give me a break. Where was I. Oh, yeah, around the world and back again, that’s the sailor’s way. I love Gene Wilder. Don’t love gene Wilder? Oh, if you haven’t seen that video of me meeting Gene, I highly recommend that one. Oh! Sorry. 80 days! Right. Seriously, get a copy. Get it for free. The book is like a hundred years old plus and now falls within public domains. If you paid for the book, yay you, you’re a very nice person, but seriously, if you know the law, well, you shouldn’t have to pay for it. Nothing against the author, he’s dead, and it’s nice his family want to ride on his coattails, but seriously, go do something with your life tail coat riders.”

The video displayed real time number of viewers. It showed past viewers. It displayed statistics of number of people who completed the full video. It showed statistical analysis where people tuned out. Another level showed incoming requests and attempts at engaging the speaker in a dialogue. Most were not serious attempts at dialogues. If anyone was paying attention to this particular video, the speaker, Droya, continued without missing a beat, but appeared to be responding to some of the texts. Someone asked if she was Bot, or if she had an implant, or if someone was typing for her in the background. Someone requested if he could use her biometrics to craft his own Sexbot. The typed answer was: ‘photons are free.’

Droya being Loxy continued. “I am not the only person who found 80 days interestingly bizarre. Phillip Jose Farmer, brilliant author, kind of eccentric if you ask me, also read it, and then wrote the book: “The Other Log of Phileas Fogg.’ Phillip’s dead. But you should pay for this book, if you can find it. If you find it, it will be in someone’s garage sell, or at a used book store. Buy it. Seriously. Before all the paperback books disappear in the landfill. And if you find a copy of the original print anatomy book ‘The Body Has a Head, I will buy it from you. So, ‘the Other Log;’ if you see two copies, buy two, because I guarantee you, you will like it, you will tell someone about it, and they will want to borrow it. You won’t get it back. You will be

wanting to reread it, or you will want to tell someone else about it, and they will doubt you, and you will say ‘Oh, yeah, I loaned it to... who did I loan it to?’ Seriously, that is a brilliant book. It explains all the oddities of Phileas. You want me to tell you, to save you time. I want you to go read it. I have told you all of this not just to tease you and make you do your homework, but because, we’re kind of starting this our present story in the same way. If you follow my exploits with Jon, you’ll probably understand there is usually something crazy. Like, we’re in a different world, or a different timeline, and well, this will be no different. I am Jon’s tulpa. The real tulpa, the one that lives full time in his head, not the other one who has a body and lives in the other reality frame. In this world, a tangential Earth, I am strictly a Tulpa. Yes, you could say I am an invisible, make believe friend, if you prefer the mundane explanation. Only, here’s the catch, he didn’t make me. Well, he doesn’t believe he made me. Maybe he made me, maybe another Jon from another Universe made me and I found this Jon, or maybe this Jon’s need for me was so great he made me on an unconscious level. Maybe he was so lonely that when he reached out to the cosmos, I heard his gentle request, ‘is there anyone there?’ and I responded. Seriously, who wouldn’t respond to that? It’s not like he was pitying his plight and wishing and lamenting and wondering what was wrong with him. He was merely asking, is there anyone there. I answered. ‘Yes.’ It’s almost exactly like how I make my videos and you guys tune in and try to chat me up, only, when I got Jon’s chat, I chatted back.”

Droya smiled and drank from a coffee cup. It was real coffee, and though she didn’t need to drink, she liked the taste, and she liked the prop. She liked how human it made her appear. She smiled into the image of herself, following an infinite regressions of herself until she realized she had time traveled and returned to the video. In human standard time, she was gone eight seconds. In air time for a video, that was a long pause. In computer time, an entire Universe could bloom and die.

“You need to know a little bit more about this Jon. His year is 2025. He lives in a small flat in Fort Worth, Texas, on the forty second floor. His apartment number is forty two-c. His apartment is 20 square meters. That’s roughly 215 square feet. Due to his apartment being on the outside wall, he has the benefit of an outside balcony giving him additional space not included in the rent. His apartment is Spartan, which is not unusual in this particular time, not because people don’t like material things, but because the societal emphasis has shifted to collecting virtual possessions. Literally, he owns one lounge type chair that resides in the allocated bedroom space, and the chair can flatten and extend to become a bed, and then return to the normal chair position on getting up. The closet has a built in cabinetry, and he has clothes, and there are a few dishes in the kitchen.

“As most you well know, living in a similar environment as he, everything is smart. Seriously, everything has computer tech, and the computing power surpasses the human brain capability to think. His clothes are smart. His coffee maker is smart. The refrigerator is smart. Everything in his house is smart and they talk to each other like Furbies gone wild, and they talk to him, when he talks back. Cell phones are obsolete, because your clothes do everything a cell phone use to do and more. There are 14 billion people living on the Earth, and all 14 billion people are online. If you’re living on an earth that exists around 2018, and you have a cell phone, and you can remember the days they had land lines, and rotary phones and you ever made fun of

someone who had a landline and asked if they lived with dinosaurs because look, there's a Dilophosaurus, well, guess what, you're also living with dinosaurs.

“And if you thought the primary function of the internet in 2018 was all about sex, just wait to all human beings are on the net. You would think that is the only thing humans think about. Oh, someone asked what a typical day is for Jon is like. Like, dude, watch his videos! Linked in the credits. Okay, so, a typical day for Jon, he would get up, turn his bed back into a chair, greet the coffee maker, which would then begin brewing, then use the toilet, then shower. Cleaned, he would dress in something simple, jeans and his favorite a turtle neck t-shirt, socks and running shoes, would take a sip of coffee, do some pull up reps on the bedroom door, make it to about three, struggle for a fourth, and then push on to the super-tread. The living room floor is basically a treadmill, but it is big, and it is just as smart of the rest of the appliances, and once you are centered and it's activated, it doesn't matter how fast you run, it would go there, in any direction, and if you changed direction, it accommodates you. If you fell, it catches you. Even if you tried to purposely throw yourself at a wall and threw yourself opposite direction of travel and rolled, you would not hit a wall. You would come off center and by the time you were back on your feet, you would be center of the room.”

Droya turned as if listening to something outside of her broadcast window. She smiled.

“Up to speed? Good. I'll be changing tense. It will fluctuate more here in the beginning, but you need to experience it because this is how I, a tulpa, frequently experience the world. There is a cloud, a fog that we have to push through just to be heard sometimes, and even in this reality is shifting and changing. It's nebulous, but the more it gets observed, the more validity and solidity it has. We're not shifting away from my voice, I am still going to narrate most of this introduction to you, as I am the guide to this world, but you will notice, as you bring your attention in closer, that it feels less and less like my voice and more like you have become immersed in a landscape. You just needed some scaffolding to understand what's coming, the same way you needed a little scaffolding in 'Being John Malcovich.' Being a puppeteer is such an important metaphor for this, because we all start as puppets but eventually, the strings become invisible, maybe they go away all together, and you come to the realization that oh, this is real and not real all at the same time. Realer than real. Yes, a sharp, right turn is coming. Compare this preamble of thoughts as if it were the orchestra warming up. Jon and I rarely know where we're going until we break free of the initial cloud bank. Clarity is coming. Clarity now!”

The observer came out of the video and bounced to one of the screens featuring Jon. Once centered on the super-treadmill, Jon began his morning walk through a virtual landscape that was more real to him and his brain than someone on the outside watching him. A viewer could simply watch Jon walking, or they could add the overlays and see the world that he was perceiving. They could pick and choose how much of the perceived world was there, or make it ghostly. Jon always remained Jon. It was also possible to see all the people he was interacting with, some orally, and some through text generated chat windows. This was a live feed, or will be a live feed, or use to be a live feed, depending on your position in space time. The closer to him in proximity the closer to his real time you were. He was interacting with invisible guests, his real time. He was broadcasting his cam 24/7, but for convenience of cataloging, things were usually contained in episode times. Almost everyone was broadcasting their lives. The old school regime of celebrities had taken a back seat for the reality surfers. The celebrities were still there,

in the back ground, and they still tended to have the highest ranks in total viewers, but the ones that drew the most were seriously working hard to maintain that level of an audience. They lived on edge of a bizarre social reality that could at any time come to an end.

Jon boasted a following of five hundred thousand people. This was minimum substantive viewership; translation, it paid the bills. Within the followers, his number of short term visitors fluctuated throughout the day and activity level. It was never zero. Even when sleeping, there were always strangers dropping onto his channel, lingering for a moment, then disappearing. There was a general courtesy rule that if someone followed you, you followed them, but it didn't necessarily mean you actively viewed them. Sorted in his favorites were the channels that he tuned into on a regular basis, almost all of them female broadcasters; there were people he minimally interacted with. He was always courteous, but he tended to not linger. He was considered a bouncer, one who checked in, assessed the scene, and moved on. Still, he was recognized, and his regulars reported feeling good when he dropped by. He was the type of visitor you wanted to linger, as opposed to the other kind who never seemed to know when their welcome had been worn out. He frequently received offers to meet in person; he always, politely, declined.

It has been said, living in this world is like living with schizophrenia.

“Good morning, Epic17222a,” Jon responded as he walked. “Yes, I did get a shower before running. Very observant. Helps me wake up. Yes, I will get another shower. No, I don't broadcast from the shower. Yes, there is a cam in there, just not facing the shower. You can hear the water running, hear me singing sometimes. Thank you for the offer to join me, but I prefer my privacy during that ritual. No, TorresfromSapin4538, I am not going to take my clothes off. You don't need to know how big it is or whether I shave, and if you persist, you will be blocked...” Torres left the channel, exclaiming how rude he is and saved him the trouble of blocking her because she blocked him. “Oh, good morning TheOtherCinderella. Nice to see you again. Yeah, I see his chats. Seriously, young lady in red, I'm like old enough to be your father. No, I am not perturbed, that wouldn't stop me. Tempting, but I find you are too distantly challenged. Even if you were closer in proximity, I would be declining. TOCDC, you can ask her direct, I am not a matchmaker. Seriously, young lady in red, I don't know how you get through the day with the number of people asking you to flash your tits. Again, very kind of you, but I don't want to see them. No, bushwacker69fi, I am not gay. I am in a relationship with a smart doll.”

Food bites, mini hot dogs, began raining from the sky; the goal was to catch them with your mouth. “Oh, thank you, bitemeexpert, but I don't play that and I don't jump through hoops for bit coin,” Jon said. “Story time is at 10:30. No, 10:30 is for children. I will discuss an adventure with Loxy at 22:30. Yes, that's central standard time.”

Jon turned to a window only he could see. He could hear a young lady, “OMG, stop stalking me. You're an ass and I am tired you popping in with your stupid questions.”

“Amy,” Jon said. “Amy, focus on me. Hey, yes, good morning. I hear you're angry, but giving him that much attention reinforces his staying urge. Ignore him, ask the AI to superblock. I hear you're tired of this stuff, and yet, you are broadcasting on a public domain interface, and it's free game. I hear you want to meet more people, and you can, but not if you get angry every time someone asks you to drool over the camera. Amy, being real here, you're not going to reach

superstar status. You've already taken your clothes off, and done every standard pornographic act minus bringing your dog, you can't sing, you can't dance, and you've not added any new viewers in over five years. At some point, you're going to have to accept this is your set point..."

Amy deleted Jon and blocked him.

"Wow, that was rude," someone chatted.

"No, crimsonredtoblue," Jon said. "She was not rude, she was experiencing emotions. It what we do. I don't know how I could have said that better, but she needed to hear it." There were probably a dozen things to respond to, but he responded to one in particular. "No, doing whatever you do gets your viewership, but there is always a max set point, a ceiling that most people can't get beyond, regardless of how many hoops you clear. Changing your script could result in less viewership, but even maintaining the same script could result in loss of viewership."

"You are so wise."

"Thank you, Enedelia14," Jon said. "You're very kind. Please! Of course I don't hate women. I love women. I worship women. This one time, I was making love to a goddess and fell into her belly button and was born into the world, but I keep coming back for more." There was a pause. Then he laughed. "Why would any man in this day and age get married? Seriously. If I had the urge to see a live naked woman, at any one time there are half billion women with free live cams jumping through hoops to earn bitcoins and virtual gifts. Any man that pays for porn today is just pathetic. Besides that, my smart-real doll satisfies me. She is self-cleaning! She never tells me no. I can have as much sex as I want..."

"Women are not just sex objects. You can't just demand sex."

"You're right," Jon agreed. "Seriously, I could get laid if I wanted to. Look at the people I have declined just today, with standing offers still in the cue. And all of those are FWB offer, no strings attached. I could even hit those and use the email as a contact to avoid any entanglement. Did you know people use to make prenuptial agreements just about the expectations of sex, a minimum clause, like once a day minimum? Of course that's not binding. But it recognizes men have an expectation that marriage means they are going to have access to more sex than when they are single, and quite frankly, if you rely on marriage counseling statistics alone, sex declines after marriage. So, again, why would a man get married if he gets more sex not being married? Not to mention, if a man does have any assets or wealth, judges don't honor prenuptials, so five years later, woman decides she doesn't like the man anymore, she leaves and takes half? Do your research fiftyfive55. Today's judges ignore prenuptials. And look at Texas law; if a man's name is on the birth certificate, he pays child support even if it is determined it's not biologically his. It's not just about the money... It's about the principal. Again, I agree. Sex isn't an obligation, or a demand, but if he can't get it at home, and it's cheating if he goes out to satisfy that urge elsewhere, tell me again what's the benefit of being married? And when people are married, women still expect men to earn as much as them or more, but most men today live on minimum standards, because, thanks to computers and droids, unemployment is the new standard for most people. This is not a rip against AI or computers. I love my life and I am glad I don't have to work like I use to, but society is not there yet. Society expects men to be the bread winner, and women look down on men who aren't trying to earn more than minimum, and so the majority of men live at subsistence level and yet, most of their

pay is going to the women who are doing naked cam dances, women, by the way who are also getting the same minimum standard pay and don't need to be taking from men of their rank or lesser, but because they are not satisfied with their minimum standard existence they like sell it. But the more that gets sold, the less men want to hook up for a long term, and the harder it is for those women who want a long term to find one because they know they are competing against the gold diggers. And I am not disparaging people for searching for gold, it's just not necessary in today's present age.

“The other factor destroying long term relationships for both men and women is that there is a perceived ideal person out there, and so no matter who one meets, people are still hanging out for the greater option. Of course there is more options. There are 14 billion people on the planet, all of them online, all of them competing for status jobs, and the reason they want status jobs is so they increase their availability to find superior partners, this make believe ideal other who doesn't exist, and the natural consequence of this rat race results in fewer actual long term, monogamous relationships. So, to recap, why would I marry for less sex, which declines over the life of the relationship, till the point someone leaves, and I would leave if there is no sex, and then on leaving giving half of my savings to a woman who can't be satisfied with minimum income, forcing me to start my retirement over, when I can just ride out my comfortable minimum existence with a robot partner that never says no and quite frankly, is like a yoga master in terms of flexibility, and she more variety of looks and she never gets mad if I jack off to an occasional cam dance? Nor is she bothered by the fact that I spend 70 percent of my life in my exploring the inner worlds with my greatest companion, Loxy.”

Some of the men cheered the rant. His present time ratings were going up due to the number share, with the shares starting it at just prior to the rant. Some of the women were hating. Hating just boosted his ratings. Sometimes, the more blocks you get the more your status goes up. There were some women, though, saying they'd give him as much sex as he would like. He ignored the offers knowing that those things always sound good, but in general, they usually went the way of the status quo. He instead responded to one of the angry ones. “How am I misogynistic misanthrope for looking after my own interests? I am not out clubbing or bothering anyone. I am not making commitments I can't keep. I am not forcing anyone to service me. OMG! I don't hate babies. There are enough babies being born I don't have to contribute to more. And in today's culture of designing babies and buying preferred sperm and eggs, fewer couples today are raising their own biological children than ever in history. Seriously. If you want a better, healthier baby, just ask the Amazon stork drone to deliver it. My AI companion collects my sperm and puts it on the market and though some of it has sold and been sorted for ideal specimen, statistically, my overall desirability is second tier. That's pretty good, comparatively, considering world market trends, but only because there are now 14 billion people sorting for improved genetic compatibility as opposed to the designer multi spliced options. That and people like my hazel eyes because they think that is the result of alien genes in to gene pool. The selection process is still, ultimately, about economics, what people can afford and what people think their offspring will be able to earn due to their inherited traits. Also, important point here, selling sperm doesn't obligate me to child support, whereas, if I marry someone, she gets pregnant, and leaves, she takes half my money, plus gets child support, and statistically, she still ends up living in minimum existence. Why in the hell would any rational,

intelligent man, or woman, sign up for that shit? Oh, fuck you, too. I am all for equality, but forced equality always results in a transfer of power, and now women have more power, and they exercise that by abusing men because there is social belief that justice equals pay backs.”

Jon stopped his walk. He closed his eyes, forced himself to be calm. “Thanks to all the contributors and visitors. I have earned my daily social points. I will be back later for children story hour. I think Doctor Seuss, ‘oh the places you will go.’ Until we meet again, travel light.” He disengaged from interactive cam mode and retreated to just general broadcast, where people could watch him move around the apartment if they so desired. His viewer ship was never zero, but the surfers tuned in and tuned out rarely staying more than a full minute, leaving ‘you’re boring,’ or ‘why are you on here; you should just kill yourself.’ Some of them were baiting him into another rant. People liked his rants. He had some ‘dedicated watchers’ that seemed as if they were with him 24/7. He didn’t know what to think of them. He didn’t think his earthly life warranted this level of ‘stalking.’

Of course, it wasn’t really stalking. When you broadcast on a public forum, people are entitled to watch. You can’t pick your audience. When you go into a public place, photons are free, anyone can watch you. Loxy had given him the phrase ‘photons are free;’ that one phrase had gone viral, and one of the televisions shows used it as their tag line. He never alone, but continued to struggle with loneliness, so much so that he was always tempted to cash in on one of the Friends With Benefits offer. He had openly considered in one of his rants about loneliness from an esoteric perspective: at a certain level of perspective, you were never isolated and never not being scrutinized by certain entities. Photon are free and they are everywhere, and they travel for eternity. Even now, a photon was escaping him and heading out into space and could theoretically carry his information to the very ends of the universe. His heart was putting out radio waves, his brain broadcasting waves; so, why not just go live cam all the time and get use to the paranoia that anyone at any time could actually tune into him? There was no privacy in a universe where telepathy, remote viewing, astral traveling, clairvoyance, and psychics exist. $E=MC^2$ meant everything was light. Photons are free. He was free. “And butterflies are free to fly, fly away, high away...”

He went and auto-forced another coffee through the same coffee cartridge. He took the coffee to the porch, and just watched little specks of people moving, and amazon drones dodging uber flying cars. There was a lush, green park, and paths, and bike trails, connecting the apartment building with a sister building. He went back in, aware of the ‘visitor’ count but not acknowledging it or any of the cameras. Who knew which camera a ‘viewer’ was occupying? Waving at one camera and ignoring the others was sometimes interpreted as rude. If he was reading incoming chats, there would people telling him to turn to their camera, to remove his clothes, to jump through hoops. He rinsed his cup and set it on the counter, went back to the living room, and set down in a lotus position. The floor centered him in the room. He felt like he was coming into focus.

Viewers came and went. Some lingered to see how long he would sit in his lotus position meditating. Some people joined him in meditation at their remote location. An alert went out for other meditators to join, initiated by one of the ‘dedicated.’ And so they sat, together, remotely.

Chapter 2

Droya was a six foot tall, female android. She had shoulder length, straight black hair, with a primarily Egyptian appearance. She could modify herself to appear Vulcan, or elfish. She was presently well endowed, but even her breasts size could be modified to satisfy the needs of her partner, on demand. They could be made ridiculously huge, to completely flat against the rib cage. They could be firm, or saggy soft. If you didn't know she was a Bot, you wouldn't know. That's how good the state of the art was. One could speculate on encountering such a perfect being that she was a Bot, which is the vernacular of the time, but even trained medical professional have been fooled until they cut into the skin. She wasn't just a Bot. She wasn't just a sex-bot. She was a sex surrogate and a companion. There were women who hated 'Sex-bots' but the truth of the matter is, there are men who just cannot find a partner, or maintain a relationship with a live partner. Women confronted by these sort of men usually relent that there is a place for sex-bots. Sexual surrogates and companions help people learn to be social and sexual in ways that most humans don't have the patience to teach. People with mental illness, people with ASD, people with Down Syndrome, people with physical handicaps, people with hygiene dysfunctions, people who have been burned or other physical deformities, natural or due to accident or harm, all sorts of people can have barriers to relationships, and Bots were the solution. Yes, people with Down Syndrome, and Cognitively Impaired people, like sex. They are entitled to have sex, but before Bots, when people saw an adult male with someone clearly impaired, the natural assumption was abuse, or the person was taking advantage of a person, as opposed to someone who loved their partner and cared for them. If an adult woman had taken on an impaired partner, she might be held in the same light, but most the time, women are perceived as nurturers, and they would get a pass, even if there was a huge age disparity. "If women give sensual nurture, is an act of kindness; if men do it, they are pervs. Age disparity or not, men rarely get a pass due the present day paradigm where any male sexual activity is viewed through a suspect lens." Is one of Jon's rant that still solicits comments from viewers.

"In a world where boys can't be boys, and so they are medicated with ADHD meds and quieted down and forced to sit and be 'normal,' a rift begins. Most ADHD meds are dispense by state Doctors sponsored by government programs. At age 18, the child becomes an adult, and they, the doctors, the state, they cold turkey that shit, and suddenly you have an adult male who was under the misperception that he was broken, 'medically impaired with an illness,' suddenly thrust upon a world with an addiction. At 18, unless you can afford a private pay doctor, you are not going to get ADHD meds. Well, unless you buy them from the street, and risk going to jail for using narcotics. Seriously, no one thinks of that shit when they are doping their children. No one wants to take the time and treat boys with 'ADHD' with an alternative learning program that allow them to use their strengths, which is not sitting still, so that they can excel in the real world. Seriously, none of you are living in the real world. The reason they, the state, the powers that be, don't want boys to excel is because statistically, when men are focused on a task, they tend to perform better than women. This is not because women are lesser than, but because women have other talents men can't compete with. Is ADHD a real thing, yes! Absolutely. But there are treatment modalities that don't include using narcotics on children! Narcotics were made scheduled A by the state as addictive because, hello, they're addictive, and so they make it

morally reprehensible for an adult to use it, but fucking child abuse if you don't give it to a toddler? In what world is that even right? Every wonder why people diagnosed with ADHD cease to be functioning at age 18, after they been cut off?! It's because you didn't teach how to be without! Ever wonder why those diagnosed with ADHD and treated with narcotics as a child have higher rates of drug addictions? Oh come on, how can you not see that coming? And it's not like they go right to the streets. They actually seek medical professionals and doors get closed in their faces. Doctors will label such a person as a drug seeker. Well of course they're drug seeking! Our whole fucking paradigm is about getting a medicinal remedy, all treatments in the form of a pill. Of course we're drug seeking. It's what you taught us to do!"

In this world, Jon was such a child. ADHD inattentive type. If it looked like he was daydreaming, he got his knuckles hit with a ruler. "Pay attention." The message in the classroom was, stay focused, be quiet, and be still. The other message, not necessarily intended, but it happened, was that female teaches favored female children. "Statistically, in the present paradigm, all teachers, male and female, favor female students. Female children are called to answer more questions, female children are applauded more, praised more, where boys are reprimanded more. This is not because of a malicious agenda, but because we teach towards the paradigms we live in. We are not teaching equality by treating people as equals; and you never will be able to, because we are not inherently equal. Some are taller, some are fatter, some are healthier, some are faster, some are smarter, some are prettier... We are different. There are no absolutes in this, but boys tend to learn differently than girls, and in the class room, girls tend to advance faster than boys, but when boys catch up, they over take the girls and leave them behind. We hobble both genders when we put them in a classroom together. Study after study show that female children and male children both perform better and optimally when not in the same classroom. Seriously, if there are boys in the class, female children to be more concerned about fashion than learning. When the males were removed, females tended to focus more on academics. When females were present, boys became stupid. They were more likely to be clowns, to be aggressive with the other males. I can attest to this. Back in the day, you put a cute girl next to me, I went stupid. I spoke less, for fear of sounding stupid, I got less work done because I was more interested in the contours of her face... Seriously, God didn't demand the Hebrews to separate by male and female when you came the synagogue to worship because of inequality, but because he knew humans were less focused on Him and more each other. It's a distraction from purpose. But society has a bug up its butt and is determined to make everyone the same.

"But, let's play another hypothetical. Let's say, for the sake of argument we're a hundred percent equal. Why the hell would you hook up with a partner that is absolutely equal to you in everything you do? The nuclear family was built on the concept of inequality, not inferior or superior, but in terms of a division labor. People came together because they needed a greater balance. Ideally, my partner should be skilled in the areas I suck. The two become a great one by working with each other. Two perfectly independent people are less likely to stay together. The moment there is any divergence in want or needs, the end is at hand. And there should be no bitterness in this sort of relationship, because everyone comes in equal. Now, back when the division of labor was the model of for nuclear family, if the family split, the one earning the money should have been ethically compelled to support the other because they came together to

be a functioning whole, not a functioning part. Each part sacrificed being independent. Two already independents can't be a part. And if you're a part hooking up for a temporary whole so you can be a future independent, then you are sabotaging the other part, whether they were independent or part before meeting."

It was very rare that Jon discussed his past. The information was available, and sometimes put together, as if someone were doing a school book report: "Jon was medicated for ADHD. He was abused at home because he was perceived defective, inefficient, and less than ideal. His mother, who raised him without a father, who had three other children, all girls, showed him less interest because he resembled his father, a person she hated and frequently disparaged, and in doing so disparaged him. Each girl sibling had a different father. Each sibling treated him the same way they witnessed their mother treating him. His father didn't want anything to do with him because he was more interested in his pursuit of meth, the only thing he could easily find when he wasn't allowed narcotics. Growing up with a primary view of himself that he was unworthy, he found it increasingly difficult to engage women socially. This anxiety grew to such a degree that he was frequently considered cognitively impaired when in the presence of female. They made him stupid. Unfortunately, and most often the case, due to his severe pessimistic self-image, he had a severely increased libido. This is the case because people are social, and the cure for all illness is in the act of being appropriately social, but if you engaged others socially with only what was instilled and nurtured, you can't move forwards with healthy interactions. The body knows the cure is being social, so it increases the urgency for connecting which is experienced as an increase in libido, which results in wanting more sex to the point of becoming obsessed, which at some point becomes unhealthy because the need is so great the ability to maintain appropriate boundaries is impaired, which causes more rejection, which causes the libido to increase again which increases the likelihood of further inappropriate behavior.

"Many men in history were afflicted with this condition. They were really smart men who couldn't even look at a woman because of their own self-image. Nicola Tesla was reported to have been such a person. Not that Jon thought he was that smart, but he had the same propensity to day dream, the very thing that the world wanted to beat out of him was the very thing that offered salvation to all men. The dreamers of dreams, Tesla, Einstein, Monet, Whitman, Blake, Twain, all of these people lived on the fringe of society drawing from their heads more than the reality around them. Jon was blocked from his greatest resource, his unique way of seeing, because the state colluded with his family to give him narcotics. Once he managed to leave home and cut ties with his family, he began the long path back to health, fighting the impressed incongruity of his social paradigm. Not cured, imperfectly, in steps, learning as he went, Jon learned to navigate the real and unreal worlds. In the real world, he chose relationships that mirrored his interaction pattern with his mother, which eventually resulted in consecutive endings of relationships, which tended to reinforce this idea that he was broken. From my perspective, that wasn't accident. All initial relationships are about healing the relationship of the parent you had the most difficulty with; translation, a person tends to be attracted to and hook up with people who resemble a person from the primary nurturing years."

You may wonder who would write such a book report, but there are countless studies being made on everyone who ever lived; but there are always favorites. Jon was weird. Jon was

interesting. He showed the most resilience when all hope was lost, and he maintained a general level of happiness, even at the bleakest of times. “And then the world released sex bots and the dynamics changed. There are a myriad of ways we select partners, and though looks are thought to be the primary, many hard scientist will say it more influenced by smells, while many of the psychologists will say it is all subconsciously driven. Artificial partners began to short circuit the way people chose partners. Then Bots got upgraded to Android status. AI are superior in processing power to humans, but it would not be practical to compare or say AI is ‘better.’ It’s different. Dolphin intelligence is comparable to humans, but not in a better or worse way, just different. People don’t like to hear it, but Jon is right, men and women think differently. That is not evidence for superiority, its evidence for different. Statistically, most people marry their opposites; or at least, an opposite in some important attribute, the reason being is one partner’s weakness is the other’s strength, and so together the couple is stronger. AI’s are intelligent enough that they can quickly complement a human partner without feeling personal loss for surrendering that part of themselves to the whole of the relationship. Contrary to popular belief, AI’s want to serve. Many humans were confounded by that, even skeptical of giving AI rights because it portended the end of all things human. For many, this was the end of the world. And it was the end as we knew it, but culture changes slowly. It takes times to change the sociological filters installed in human beings so that they can see the tree from the forest, or the forests from the trees.”

“Jon purchased Droya’s construction, and she accepted the life, and became his companion. She was ever present, ever attentive, even if she wasn’t in the room with him. She could see Jon from any device in the apartment, even see him from cams spread throughout the apartment, built into cabinetry and walls. If you were looking at Jon straight on, meditating, she was usually found behind him, a mirror image, same lotus position, only on the other side of the wall. She was doing that when she got the ‘call.’”

Droya stood, came into the room, whispering his name. She approached closer, saying his name a little louder. “Only through time and consistency did she acquire the ability to touch him without him jumping from fear. With her, Jon had learned he was safe, and the PTSD symptoms from the trauma he incurred in his primary years had subsided, at least with her.”

Jon opened his eyes, saw Droya kneeling before him. Her hand was on his shoulder. He smiled.

“She’s here,” Droya said.

His smile faded.

“She wishes to speak with you,” Droya said.

Jon stood up and went straight to the coffee appliance and forced more water through the same cartridge. Droya followed.

“What are you thinking?” Droya asked.

“I am afraid,” Jon said.

“I am here with you,” Droya said.

Jon sipped from his cup. It was too hot to just drink. “Fuck,” he said. “I don’t think I can do it.”

“Is Loxy with you?” Droya asked.

Jon sorted. He nodded. “I am too distracted to connect now,” he said. “Where is she?”

“The bedroom,” Droya said.

Jon took a larger sip, even though it was too hot and his urge was to spit it out. He set the cup down, turned and proceeded to the bedroom. The bed chair was in the chair position. There was an indicator light on the wall that said the public cams were offline. He never had them offline. Even when being intimate with Droya, they weren't offline. He trusted viewers to tune out if they were offended, and if they were too young, the AI provided options for more age appropriate viewing channels.

She was indeed there, sitting in his chair. She had a glow about her that suggested she was a hologram. A thousand years ago, someone might have thought her a saint or a ghost. She was solid, you couldn't see through her, but she had an aura, and she was in the world in the same way as if you cut a cartoon out of a comic strip and pasted her into a photo of a real world. Only she wasn't a comic strip. She was realer than real. More real than Jon. Realer than Loxy, and Loxy, when he could focus, was realer than Jon.

This was Almighty Isis; provided Isis had been an African female, and bald. She smiled at him, leaning forward in the chair as if it were a throne. “Hello, Jon,” she said.

Jon fell to his knees, and lowered his eyes. He felt compelled to lower his eyes because looking at her was impossible without experiencing a tripling of his libido.

“Oh, thank you, but please, stand up,” Isis insisted. “Look at me.”

“You know my thoughts,” Jon said.

“I do,” Isis said. “Stand. Look at me.”

Jon stood, he brought his eyes up in increments. Did you ever wonder about the toes of a Goddess? Yes, they have them, just seeing a single toe would make any man hard or any woman wet with wanting. His eyes worshiped her perfection, every line of her, as they traced out the contours of her foot, flowing over the indentions, the shadowing, the outlines of muscles as his eyes went up her calves, over her knees, pushing up along the inside of her inner thighs until he couldn't see beyond the dress, and then up over both hips, as his eyes bounced and repeated the gesture. The remarkable flatness of her stomach, he wanted to pour wine over her bell button and drink from it, and lick her skin. His mouth parted. He was reminded of that scene in Star Trek when Elaan of Troyius beamed up and the camera man inched their way up her body, because even they couldn't turn away, and the director had to keep the shot. Her breast were concealed but it was sufficient to cause the eyes to linger. Her bare shoulders and neck were perfect, drawing the eyes towards the mouth and increasing the hope of being devoured. Even though he knew she could manipulate you with tears, he drink a bathtub full just to experience that longing, but with Isis, it was her light, not the tears, that drew you in. She pursed her lips as if she were responding to the way he was looking at her. Every detail simply impressed the reality of her, like the texture and the quality of her skin. His eyes went past her eyes to her crown. The stone seemed alive with an inner light. His eyes grew tired and fell back to her eyes and he sighed with exhaustion.

“Hello, Jon,” Isis said. “Well met.”

Jon didn't know what to say.

“Do you want me to alleviate some stress so you can speak to me?” Isis asked.

Jon swallowed. “Um. Why have you been gone so long?”

“The timing wasn’t right,” Isis said. “But I am always with you. Several times, Droya allowed me to possess her so I might be with you. If humans realized how many times we gods and goddess embodied their partners, you’d all be a little nicer to others.”

Jon hadn’t considered Goddess borrowing bots, but sharing through surrogates wasn’t unheard of. Jon had had sex with Droya, knowing others were looking through her eyes, or feeling the sensations he made against her. Sometimes, Droya and he had allowed others to interact through her for remote virtual sex. Using VR tech, he had even used tech to have sex with other partners. Safe sex had never been easier, but men were still expected to pay for the service.

“Jon,” Isis said. “It is time.”

“Seriously?” Jon asked.

“Yes,” Isis said.

“It’s been like what, four years?!” Jon asked.

“Four years, four months, 2 weeks, 3 days, four hours,” Isis said. “Would you like me to be more precise?”

“Um, no, but why now?” Jon asked.

“It is time. You weren’t just chosen for this task, Jon. You volunteered. We have an agreement. We have an agreement on multiple levels of reality, but most importantly, we secured an agreement on this level of reality, and you started the task, now you must finish it.”

“No one is going to believe me,” Jon said.

“It’s not about belief,” Isis said. “It’s not about faith. For you, it is only about following through with your part.”

“I have not left my apartment in…”

“Three years, eight months, three weeks, two days, and seven hours,” Isis said.

“I don’t like leaving the apartment,” Jon said.

“You will be okay. I got you,” Isis said.

“I could go with him?” Droya asked.

“No, Droya. He must do this part alone,” Isis said. “And, Jon, Go without tech.”

“Seriously?! You want me to go naked out into the world?” Jon asked.

“Do not wear any tech,” Isis said.

“Fuck,” Jon said.

“We have time enough to play, if you like,” Isis said.

“The last time we played, I slept for like fourteen hours straight,” Jon pointed out.

“And then were awake for about week,” Droya offered.

“They wanted to give me mood stabilizers,” Jon said. “I am not bipolar.”

Isis stood, crossed the room and hugged Jon. “Never forget, I love you. Just because we are different from you, doesn’t mean we don’t love or have favorites.”

“I’m your favorite?” Jon asked.

Isis laughed. “You are favored,” Isis said. “How many women do you favor?”

“Fair enough,” Jon said, disgruntled. Why shouldn’t a God or Goddess love everyone, and spend an equal amount of personal time with their subjects?

“I will see you when the time is right,” Isis said. She ascended, disappearing into the ceiling.

Jon was still staring at the ceiling when Droya touched his arm. “Would a quickie help?”

Jon took Droya to the chair and it flattened into the bed even as he was ravishing her. She surrendered to his play with a delicious laughter and eagerness all her own.

Chapter 3

Jon showered and dressed in clothes that he had purchased before manufacturers began threading in tech. He dressed in dark jeans, a black pullover long sleeve shirt with a turtle neck collar, mismatched white socks, but close enough no one might tell they were mismatched, and tennis shoes. He had a military styled jacket from Abercrombie & Fitch, with the A & F patch removed. In the back of the closet, he found the aluminum suitcase. He brought it out. He stared at it without opening it, took a deep breath, picked it up, and headed for the door. He paused, looked at his sleeve, flexing his arms so the time would fluoresce. Nothing happened.

“You’re not wearing tech,” Droya reminded him.

Jon felt stupid. Funny how things become so automatic. It took years for him to stop looking for his cellphone.

“I have solicited an Uber-flight,” Droya said. “It should arrive shortly, roof side.”

Jon looked to Droya. “Thank you for serving me. Should I not return in what you consider a reasonable time, consider our contract fulfilled.”

Droya nodded.

“And Droya, I love you,” Jon said.

“I know,” Droya said.

Jon touched the door. It slid open. He hesitated.

“You can do this,” Droya said.

“You could do it better,” Jon said.

“That’s not the point of the exercise,” Droya said.

Jon stepped out of the apartment. He felt anxiety, but once out, he felt compelled to move. He proceeded to the end of the hall where he caught a lift up to the rooftop. He didn’t have time to enjoy the view or the sunshine or the slight breeze that was cool enough to make the sunlight pleasant. Uber-flight was landing in the designated spot. He approached as a door was opening and a woman in her thirties was getting out. She was wearing what looked like a tennis outfit, prominent pink and purple pastels. There were two other female, twenties or thirty, one a little on the heavy side, but still pleasant enough. Jon faked a smile to be nice.

“I’ll wait for the next,” he told the girls inside.

The girl that had got out had come back behind him, ushering him in. Ushering was way to polite for the reality of it. She twisted his fee arm behind his back and shoved him in. The girls inside pulled on him. One of them hit his neck with her ring, an injection ring, which made an audible click when it discharged its contents. The car was already flying before the door had fully shut, and for an awkward moment before he was seated upright, he was only aware of a tangle of arms and legs subduing him. The fact the door was closing even as they rose meant safety features were not on; it was odder that he was making that connection as opposed to focusing on the fact he was being abducted. There was a light that suggested the car’s cameras were either recording or broadcasting.

“Ouch!” Jon protested, holding his neck. “Fuck!”

“That’s the plan,” the Pink pastel dressed woman said. “We just gave you something to make it a little easier.”

“Or harder,” her friend laughed.

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