

# DARK CORONA

Howard Beck

*"It's going to disappear. One day, it's like a miracle, it will disappear."*

*- Emperor Donald Trump 2030, on the fate of the World by his hands.*

## i CHIVA

Alone, isolated from everything, worlds colliding in my mind, it was unsettling and the anguish of my life lay ahead of me. I sat in my decomposed world and stared at the needle on the table. I found an old ball of tar in my suitcase and scraped off a chunk to bang up later.

I stared at the spoon of gunk on the coffee table. I should just do it now and not wait. My life's been so depressing lately, I just want to go to sleep and tar will do that, make me sleep.

I slapped my inner left arm to firm my vein and put a cotton ball on my spoon and flicked the lighter to warm it. Drew the syringe back and sucked up the gunk without sucking up cotton fibers so I wouldn't get cotton fever. Stuck the needle in my arm and drew out a butterfly shaped blood drop and banged that muthafucker up.

A warm and fuzzy feeling entered my body. I let it settled in for a few minutes and nodded off. I woke up later itching my face and looked out my open hotel balcony door.

Another day of gloom, I barely saw the ocean. The rain was constant. So sad how the corona on the sun changed and started this disgusting slow end to civilization on Earth. The rain didn't help with the fires that were devouring the Malibu hillsides. But fuck I had a whole ball of tar to go through. I could last days without leaving my room. Shit, all I have to do is call for room service if I get hungry and maybe get a hooker or two if I get lonely, if I get lonely. I had a whole ball of tar, who the fuck needs anything more.

I rose up from the couch, and went to the lanai balcony door to shut it. The cool breeze from the ocean flooded my face and body. I took a deep breath and walked on the lanai. Looked over the edge to the beach below and waved to the three surfer boys below. They didn't seem to notice me or if they did, they just shunned me like everyone else in my world.

Fuck it, I'll go back in and shoot up another bunch of junk and go back to sleep. I was starting to have second thoughts about being here. I'd gladly trade my time here to go back to my own time. I thought being a time tripper was going to save me from my nihilistic lifestyle, but it only enhanced my own sad existence.

Going back two hundred years in the past was supposed to help me figure out what I wanted to do and achieve something in my life. But getting here proved that I only could do what I did back home, self-destruct. I guess going back in time wouldn't help me nor going in the

future would've helped. But I had to give it a shot, ha ha ha, get it ... give it a shot.

I still don't know why I chose Earth, especially at this time. I knew it was starting to decay and slowly self-destruct. I did my research. I chose to be here at this time, I could've gone back further. But why, Trump was Emperor for twenty years before this. Well, not Emperor, more like dictator, causing mass destruction and chaos. But this is what I wanted. I wanted to be a part of the end of the world, just to watch it disintegrate and die. I wanted to be a part of it myself, I'm so self-destructive, but what the fuck ... FUCK IT!

I reached for another shot of liquid gunk to set myself up for another round of sleep. Fuck, my mind is just a mush of bullshit, I just go over and over the same old bullshit constantly, rambling on about nothing, I need another shot, fuck, I'm thirsty, I could use a beer.

Where's that number for room service, oh, there it is by the fucking television set. I'm too fucked up to call, maybe later. Fuck it, I'll drag myself over there and make the call, I'm way too thirsty to let it slide.

Maybe those boys are still outside. Maybe they'd like to come up here for a party. I like surfer boys, they're so robust. I wonder if they'd like their cocks sucked by some weird chick from the future, oh god, I'm so retro.

I must look a mess, shooting up all day. I probably look like shit.

Where's the fucking mirror, I haven't even looked at myself since my arrival. I do know I'm female, I can tell by my body, but what I really look like, I have no clue.

I went into the bathroom to look at myself. Turned on the light to get a better view. There I was, a slender blonde girl around twenty something. Not bad looking, mascara dripping from my eyes like I've been crying. I kind of look like Taylor Momsen, that young singer from that band Pretty Reckless from the early 21st Century.

Well, at least I know who I am, well, what I look like. Those guys gotta want to fuck me now.

Fuck, I probably smell like shit. I didn't take a shower today or yesterday. Getting poured on from the rain on my balcony didn't help much with the smell either. Plus the black tar seeping through my skin, it's all I've had to ingest all day. I should go out and see if those surfer boys are still there. That is, after I call for room service or maybe before, maybe they want to party. Fuck I can't seem to make a fucking decision about anything.

I staggered to the balcony once more, walked outside in the pouring rain to look over the railing. Nothing, no one, just the beach ... damn, too fucking late.

Oh well, I'll just call room service and have some beer sent up. Maybe room service dude can come up here for a party. I don't know why I want someone to party with. I didn't want anyone before. Is this tar making me long for some company or is it making me horny? I can't see how, it's just pure tar nothing mixed in with it like coke; so why am I feeling this way. Fuck it, just fuck it!

I need more shit in my veins. Fuck calling room service. Fuck everything. I'll just shoot up one more time, maybe a bit more than usual. I can handle it, I got my tolerance up. I can take it.

I crammed more tar on the spoon, lit it up and injected it, whoa, nice one ... that hit the spot.

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Just by chance someone from another room next to mine at the Malibu Beach Inn called the front desk about the television being loud. Management came up and found me and called 911. Within a few minutes the EMS crew were at the hotel. They were just a mile away dropping off another patient at Malibu Urgent Care.

The EMS guys came into the room and looked around and saw the narcotics on the table and immediately started performing CPR. There wasn't a pulse. Clinically I was dead, that's what they said.

Because opiates work as respiratory depressants, overdose victims are often in a hypoxic state, meaning their bodies are slowly being deprived of oxygen. First responders start by applying ventilation to help the victim breathe. If the victim shows other telltale signs of an opioid overdose - pinpoint pupils, lack of responsiveness - first responders prepare a naloxone injection.

The EMS workers prefer to give naloxone intravenously because it takes effect faster than nasal sprays or injections into muscle tissue. But intravenous injections are not always possible when working with addicts." She doesn't have good veins," one of the EMS workers said, "We'll have to look at the other options."

"Revive her slowly, instead of all at once. Administer naloxone in 0.4 mg increments, wait three to four minutes between doses. Avoid accelerating the patient's heart rate or causing her to vomit." One said to the other.

While a naloxone shot can save a life, it is not a pleasant experience, I can attest to that. Paramedics report that many overdose victims become difficult or aggressive after being revived -- for a number of understandable reasons. Which I'll elaborate on.

First, they just blew their high, which they'd probably spent money on. Second, they're worried that we're going to arrest them for using drugs. And third, waking up to a bunch of strangers telling you what to do comes as a shock, especially if it's happening in your own home.

The combative attitude of overdose patients gives paramedics extra incentive to revive them slowly, instead of all at once. By administering naloxone in 0.4 mg increments, and waiting three to four minutes between doses, they avoid accelerating the patient's heart rate or causing them to vomit. They also buy themselves time to lay the patient on a stretcher and apply cloth restraints, reducing the chances of a struggle.

Respiratory depression, respiratory rate less than twelve breaths per minute or apnea in the absence of physiological sleep and oxygen saturation less than 90% on room air are suggestive of opioid toxicity, particularly when they occur in conjunction with stupor and or miosis.

Decreased peristalsis following opioid-receptor activation in the gut may lead to hypoactive or absent bowel sounds. Less commonly, patients in a prolonged motionless state may present with

rhabdomyolysis and subsequent myoglobinuric renal failure or with compartment syndrome caused by compressed fascia-bound muscle groups. If the patient's stupor has left him or her exposed to the environment, hypothermia may be present as well. The onset of such signs and symptoms may be delayed if the patient has ingested or applied long-acting opioid formulations. The patient should be promptly undressed and searched for fentanyl patches to ensure that further intoxication ceases upon removal.

Polysubstance intoxications are frequent and may influence the presence of typical opioid-toxicity signs and symptoms. Either mydriasis or normoreactive pupils and seizures may occur with concomitant meperidine and tramadol intoxication. Concomitant intoxication with antipsychotics, ethanol, anticonvulsants, and sedative hypnotics may further exaggerate the respiratory depression associated with opioid overdose.

That was a mouth full, just like having a dick in it. I laughed to myself. This whole EMS experience is very informative, being out of it, floating above the situation, I heard and felt everything they were doing, hell, I even managed to obtain all that medical jargon from accessing their database. Time tripping has its advantage over just being a mere human. Which, by the way, I'm actually not. Perhaps I forgot to say that before hand, I'm from another planet and time span. Anyway...

Narcan is a wonderful thing, woke me right up, at least that's what the paramedics from Los Angeles Fire Department Station 88 said when they revived me. I looked at their faces as I came to, and smiled at them. Maybe they'd like to fuck me, hell, I'm easy, lying here naked

spread out on the floor. They looked like robust guys, Hahaha, I just kill me ... robust. I don't know, why do I find that funny.

The paramedics found "her" wallet and ID card for identification when entering their medical information on their hand held devices.

Samantha Richards was her name, from Laguna Beach. Some little rich girl who had everything, but still wasn't happy. She still needed to head to the big city for smack to make her feel..something. At least that's the vibe I picked up when entering her consciousness.

"Let's take her to Malibu Urgent Care." One of the paramedics said.

I don't want to go to the hospital I said, I think I said it, I didn't actually hear myself say anything, maybe I just thought it.

"She's really bad off, we have to get her there soon or she'll die again." The second paramedic said grabbing the gurney to place my body on it.

"One, Two, Three." They both said raising my body to the stretcher.

"Good thing the hospital is only a mile away, we still have time." One said to the other.

Wait, I, wait, what? I thought I was talking but I guess I wasn't. Was I even awake?

Maybe I should go back home and forget about this time travel shit.

Maybe I should go back home and get some real help, not this primitive dinosaur help. This place is so barbaric, fuck, who am I kidding, I wanted this, I needed this. This is what I wanted, and by God I got it. I might as well see it through. I wonder if I should stay here forever or just hang out awhile and then go back home. I have to think about this for a minute.



"She's losing consciousness!" the tall blonde paramedic said as they put me in the ambulance, "Samantha, can you hear me?"

"We have to hurry!" as they jammed me in the truck, said the bald paramedic as he headed to the front of the ambulance to drive, leaving the cute blonde with me.

I laid there staring at the ceiling of the ambulance and waited for my ride to the hospital down the road. The rain was pounding on the roof and the siren was screaming in my ears, what a mess I got myself into, this isn't what today was supposed to be. It was still today wasn't it? The pressure from his thrusts on my chest was painful, but he was saving my life, maybe I could repay him somehow, maybe a blow job, when he was finished.

The ambulance pulled into Urgent Care. What a rush, felt like heroin rushing inside me. I'd rather have one of those paramedics rushing inside of me, Hahaha, I kill me. I should be a comedian, that's still big thing here in this timeline isn't it?

Oh well, let's see what's next, maybe ...

Fuck, blackness enveloped my existence once more.

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The medics rushed me out of the ambulance and to the emergency entrance of the hospital.

Nurse Ransom was just inside the door as they wheeled me in.

Speaking of robust, she was quite robust herself, she could probably get me off the stretcher by herself or himself.

"How long was she down?" she asked the blonde medic.

"About 12 minutes since we got there, we resuscitated and used Narcan."

"Okay, thanks for your help. We'll take it from here." Nurse Ransom said getting a couple of CNA's to help wheel me into emergency bay.

"CPR Defib 2x , 2 doses of Epi."

"No pulse, still in Defib."

"I can't get a pulse, doctor." the nurse said pounding on my chest.

"She's down." she continued to talk to the doctor as she continued to press on my chest. Fuck, that fucking hurts I screamed, well, I thought I screamed. But, shit I was awake or was I, at least I was out of the blackness of nothingness.

"She's coding, I can't get anything! We're gonna to have to open her up." the nurse continued with her diagnosis.

"Wait a minute nurse, we still have time." Dr. Flores assured the overreacting nurse, "let's take it nice and slow and make it work."

"First," the doctor continued as he replaced Nurse Ransom pounding on my chest, "help me get her transferred to the bed before continuing."

The group changed my transport to the hospital bed.

Dr. Flores stepped next to me. "Charging defibrillator 200G unsynced, clear!"

'SHOCK ADVISED' the defibrillator machine electronically said.

The machine activated my heart with a shock to the system, my body completely felt like it jumped off the bed.

"Start compressions 2 mins. CPR, then cross-check." Dr. Flores said.

"I got a pulse, she's waking up, Good to have you back." He continued.

"What, what happened?" I asked.

"You went in cardiac arrest we were able to revive you." He said smiling.

"We used defibrillation or unsynchronized cardioversion is the transthoracic application of unsynchronized electric current during a cardiac cycle, causing the heart muscle to contract simultaneously and, thus, terminating the abnormal electrical rhythm. This enables the sinus node to resume its normal cardiac cycle." The doctor told me.

I could care less what he was saying, although, I was still happy to be alive, well, my body still alive, it wouldn't hurt me one way or the other, since this body is just hosting my true self.

Hahaha, fuck I really messed up this time, I really did a job on myself or herself, Samantha. This is bad, really bad, I wasn't really trying to kill myself I just wanted to sleep a little, get my shit together. But, here I am, at the hospital, just because I wanted to sleep, hopefully not the big sleep.

Fuck, this isn't what I wanted. I keep saying that, fuck, I keep saying that, fuck it.

This isn't funny anymore, I want to go home, I want to be back on my planet, my timeline, I fucking want out of here. This isn't funny anymore I want to go home, I want to go back to my planet, if I keep saying that three times maybe it'll happen, it happens in the movies.

My chest hurts, that nurse was killing me, the pain is unbearable, are they going to give me any drugs for the pain, I can't stand it. Where the fuck is the doctor, why can't he help me. This hurts, really, really hurts. I hate pain. I have to leave, I don't like it here anymore.

Minutes passed.

I'm still here. I really thought if I just gave up and said I didn't want to be here, I'd be gone. I'm not, I'm still here, still in the hospital, still in so much pain, I want to go home!

Then the pain subsided. I felt nothing but I felt like I was still occupying Samantha's body.

"Doctor Flores," the nurse said, "she's gone."

"It's in God's hands now." Doctor Flores told the nurse.

What ... oh no, no way, it's not in God's hands, I'm getting out of here, I'm going back to my timeline, this is bullshit.

What was that thing I need to do to get back home, I can click my heels three times, I can do that. One, two, three, I can't move my legs. That's not going to work, say abracadabra. Shit, that didn't work. I'm still here, the pain is coming back, but how can I be in pain if I'm declared dead?

I don't think I'm dead, I just think these idiots don't know what the fuck they're talking about. Yet alone, know what the fuck they're doing,

bunch of idiotic stupid primitive assholes. I need to get back to my timeline and be done with this hellhole. If I could only remember how to get back home, my mind is so flooded with shit I can't think straight. I gotta remember how to activate my time sequence, what was it again, shit!

Let me see, what was the thing I was supposed to say to do that, what's that word, damn, I can't remember. It's gotta be something easy to remember, why can't I.

Let's see, conditions, arrays, methods, classes, ha, that's it. Bam!

Shit, forgot loops ... conditions, loops, arrays, methods, classes. Yes, I remember, how that was easy to remember is beyond me, that was pretty complicated sequence of words to say, but those programming classes sure did pay off.

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A rushing sound entered my ears, my mind drifted out of the body I was in and landed in my own timeline. Yes! There we are, back home, present day and planet, whoa, that was torturous. Sorry to say I had to leave that body of the girl I embodied, but, it is what it is. Damn, I'm so jaded and cynical and fucking uncaring.

"Ei bine, Xiindra, bucură-te de călătoria ta?"

"Oh Rinvoq, atât de bine să te văd." I said to my old friend Rinvoq who linked me up to time travel. "

Nu știi cât de fericit sunt că te recunosc."

"În ce gaură dracu m-am băgat." I continued as I gave him a big hug.

"Atât de bine să fiu acasă."

"Serios, o să spui că nu există un loc ca acasă, mă omori Xiianii."

"Ei bine, dacă pantoful se potrivește." I said, "hai să luăm o băutură, aș putea folosi cu siguranță una."

"Incotro acum?" he asked as we left the laboratory and headed for a stiff drink in the nearby living section of the lab.

"Nu știu, surprinde-mă. Evident, nu pot lua o decizie bună despre unde vreau să ajung." I said, clutching his arm tight, it was so good to be back with the sane and normal people I knew so well.

This was my fourth time tripping. Rinvoq told me that we could only do it ten times, after that, the body couldn't take the strain anymore. I would have to make each one count from now on. Not just jump into anyone, any situation I wanted, I had to be more precise in what I wanted to accomplish. Not just jump from one to another without abandonment.

But, he doesn't know my inner workings, my psychological makeup. My inability to be sane or reliably normal. I keep that to myself and whoever I inhabit. My little secret.

We hung out for the evening and partied until dawn. Then it was time to go once again. I don't like staying in one place all the time. Well, not for a long space of time. I like to move, travel, get going, move ahead, stay afloat, keep moving, like a shark.

I get bored really fast. That's why I need this. This time tripping shit. It really makes me feel alive. Going back in time and just playing with whatever, whoever, ain't hurting nobody, they're already long gone. I'm just taking over a bunch of dead heaps and using it for my own pleasure. Like I said before, they're all gone, no one is getting hurt. I get my fun, and no repercussions. EZ PZ.

I strapped into the chair, Rinvoq nodded that all was ready to go.

My next trip is one step away. I didn't have time to get over my hangover.

He hit the button.

## **ii ANGST**

I knew it was time to go again, I could feel it in my bones, well, someone else's bones. Rinvoq had the coordinates to the new arrival of my mayhem. This one was going to be fun. I waited for the transition from my body to its. I felt the surge and dropped into its life.

It vanished from the cortex as I overtook his body and mind. I was in control once again, to do what I wanted for as long as I wanted. This was going to be fun.

First thing I did was strip nude and looked in the mirror. A man's body, it's been a while since I was in a man's body. I liked the way it felt, it was different from being a woman and all the womanly things we go through. Being a man was like a relief in one way, and totally different

in another. The urges, the thoughts, the way the body was built was amazing. I grabbed his dick and stroked it hard, real hard. I jerked that thing and got it hard, rock hard and it came so fast. Cum squirted all over the place and flew about a foot away.

Put on my pants and sat in the chair next to a desk in the room, the desktop, huge computer, odd shaped monitor, was open to a soft porn website.

“Oh yeah, this was gonna be fucking fun!” I sneezed, what the fuck, does this body have a cold? Shit, fuck, I need a healthy body to do what I want to do. I also felt some itching, under my thighs and under my biceps, nice biceps, but what the fuck, dermatitis? That won't do, I fucking hate dermatitis. Does this body even work well, what the fuck did I do? Did I pick the wrong body or did Rinvoq pick the wrong body. So help me, this better work, I don't want some sickly old body to play with. Then I heard some noise in the other room, bashing and clanging, like pots and pans, and grunting in exasperation.

Sounded like an old woman, I rose up from my chair I was sitting in and looked around the room for a door and peeked around the corner.

In the kitchen, and an old lady was bashing around the room making food and making a bunch of unwanted noise. Where the fuck was I, and who the fuck am I? This was not the agreement I made, this was not the body I thought I was going to be occupying. This was fucking hell. I needed to either get the fuck out of here or kill this fucking host and make it back to my time space and start all over.



I couldn't believe the shit I was in. This place was loud, obnoxious, stupid, lonely and degenerate, and I should know, I'm the most degenerate soul in the universe. And I can't even take this shit.

I had to do something quick, I don't have time to waste, I have at least twenty hours per body to be involved with before quick de-simulation begins and I regrot back to my normal time span. I had to make a quick decision, stay or go.

More grunting from the kitchen, she was in there a hell of a long time, what the fuck do you need to spend so much fucking time in a kitchen to make food, make the food, get the fuck out, that's the way it's done. Why the fuck is she in there all day long doing God knows what for God knows how much time.

I waited, sitting back in my chair. I noticed the desktop again on the desk and clicked on the browser Google. I laughed to myself, Google, whoa, so arcane, whatever. So I punched on the keyboard, hardcore porn. Let's see what pops up, hopefully me, since I'm male...get it. Anyways...

I clicked on images and there they were, porn images, click on any and see what I can see. This was the old days, from the browser menu bar I saw that it was the year 2001, and from the browser window menu bar I saw that it was connected to AOL.com, wow, this was amazing, a throwback to olden times, this was going to be fun after all, depending on how long I hang out in this fucked up body.

I looked in the mirrored closet door adjacent to my desk and saw that I looked like a forty year old man, in good shape, but still forty.

Graying temples, pot bellyish, kind of a double chin but not too bad. I did look like I was closer to fifty though, but still workable.

I continued to click on the list of images on the computer. Very slow in response, like it took twenty seconds to load a picture. You had to go back to the list to get another photo, tedious, slow, damn slow.

There were men on men, women on women, men on women, trans on trans, trans on men, trans on women, bi on bi ... whatever, the good old days, uncensored and raw as shit. I loved it.

But shit that clanging in the kitchen continued. What the fuck, who the fuck was she, my mother, my grandmother, my wife, I had no clue. I popped out of the browser window of porn to find out who the fuck I was now. I missed Samantha, she was fun, but this dude, not so much.

More like a voyer than anything, someone stuck in a room living vicariously through the internet. This was sad. This guy was sad. Maybe the quick end was the best solution for me and for him.

The noise continued in the next room, I got up and closed the door. The coughing was disturbing, the woman was disturbing, perhaps the woman was disturbed.

Fuck, more porn. I clicked on the link to this body's profile site on the Internet. I searched his bio, posts, images, emails, anything to find out who the fuck this guy was. Turns out to be a nobody, a nothing. Just some schmuck trolling the Internet, and going nowhere, doing nothing but hanging out.

Fun was now a thing of the past unless I made this asshole do something other than troll the fucking internet all day long. I would

replace this poor soul of a dead existence with something more meaningful; and more meaningful meant more fun for me, even at the demise of this poor soul I inhabit. I smiled once again at what fun I was going to have. Perhaps I could be a sexual predator and serial killer, all I had to do was get up from this fucking chair and computer and head outside.

Oh shit I looked outside the window in the room, it was pouring rain outside. What the fuck, how am I supposed to go outside in the pouring rain. Fuck! What the fuck did Rin-FUCKING-voq get me into, that motherfucker is going to get fucking shit from me when I get back, putting me into this fucking shithole life. At least Sam was fun, she was in LA, being a junkie, at least she had some style to her depressing sad life. And she lived in a better time, not lost in 2001 and all this slow internet shit. This fucking dude was just a fuck-fuck. Living the life of a miserable decrepit shithhead. FUCK!

I need to terminate this bullshit...no wait, I need to fuck this shit up!

You know what; I'm taking the gloves off, I'm gonna reign hell on this Earth for all time, fuck every bit of humanity I had left in me. I'm fucking going to just raise fucking Hell on this planet or town or whatever fucking place I'm in.

I sneezed once more ... FUCK!

I opened the closet door, not looking at my image as I did, because this guy pissed me off so much. Just the sheer look of him made me mad. The idiot was just a dud and needed some ... something, to wake this motherfucker up.

And I'm gonna be that motherfucker to make this motherfucker open up to his full potential of Hell raising and whatever that fucking ZZ Top song is called.

Fuck the innocent, fuck the right, left, inbetween, whatever!!! This was going to happen and it was gonna happen fast and furious. NO survivors.

Whoa, the dude had a motorcycle leather jacket in his closet, maybe not a lost cause after all. Size 34 pair of jeans, Reeboks, and surfer T-shirts, maybe this guy wasn't as bad as I thought.

I put them all on and sneezed again. FUCK!

Maybe its allergies, maybe that's what the sneezing is about, anyways, I'm out of here. But what's with the dermo, well, that old woman in the kitchen was now talking gibberish to herself as I left the room walking pass her to head outside in the rain. The fucking pouring rain, where the fuck was I living, who the fuck would want to live in the fucking pouring rain, what was wrong with this dude. FUCK!

FUCK!

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

FUCK!

That's better, I feel better now that I'm outside a mile away from that place I call "home". I could scream, yell and shout Fuck as loud as I wanted without anyone hearing me, why would they, who would be out, it's fucking raining like no fucking tomorrow, what the fuck who the fuck is this guy?

I put my hands in my tight pockets of the leather jacket, cozy. I felt a small knife in the pocket. I pulled it out, a Gerber four inch blade, wow, some shiving could be done with that, all I have to do is find a receptacle to shiv it into. I walked the neighborhood and looked around for someone to thrust the blade into, nobody was out. FUCK!

I kept walking around the place looking for anybody, man, woman, child, animal, I wanted to kill and I wanted to kill now, fuck, I'd even kill myself just to be done with the urge, but killing someone else would be more fun. There has to be someone walking around the neighborhood, someone stupid enough to not care that it's pouring down rain on a summers day.

Anyone, any takers?

Ahh, there she was. A lone older looking asian woman walking the street, ready for me. Oh this was going to be fun. I walked up close to her and jabbed her with my knife, it sunk in easy, just like hitting her stomach and nothing more, no crunching, no sound, just a puff of soft jabbing, a few times, not just once, this was going to do the trick, she was going to die within minutes. In the pouring rain, on the wet soaked sidewalk without any help from anyone. Glorious!

She went down fast, groaned in pain just a little, looked at my eyes for a moment and closed them and slowly passed away. Blood poured from her mid-section onto the sidewalk and into the grassy median near the street, she died in minutes. No gasping, nothing.

I wasn't happy, this wasn't the right feeling I wanted, she fucked me over she didn't even scream, this was boring, there's more to murder than this boring feeling. I needed to do it again and I needed to do it

again soon. I needed some more feeling other than this boring feeling I was having, I needed some pain and sorrow and yelling and screaming and “Oh don’t hurt me!”. Something that was pleasurable, like cumming. Maybe I should rape them first before killing them. That might be the thrill I was after. Fuck ‘em, kill them, forget them; move on.

“Damn, this fucking itching, it won’t fucking stop!” I should just kill this body and head back and get involved with something more tolerable.

I could just suicide by cop, “he’s” already killed someone, there would be a reason and this asshole probably won’t know the difference, well, he won’t because I control his cortex, he’s not even here anymore, what’s it matter. These bodies are a dime a dozen, even though I only have ten times I can do this, scratch that idea, get it, scratch...whatever, and they’re already dead long ago, anyways what’s it matter what I do with him.

I just figured it out, I'm just doing this to feel life in the present. Fuck this body, fuck this person I'm inhabiting, I want to feel, feel life for myself, without myself present. I can be and do anything I want without repercussions. I'm free to do whatever I want.

But this Goddamn motherfucking itching won't stop! What the fuck is wrong with this body, what the fuck did I do to inhabit such a useless sickly body. Not my style, not my take on life. This is bullshit! I want another body to inhabit. This one sucks so bad! What a crock of shit. I fuck up this time for sure. Fuck this...

I'm going to kill a few and then end it with this asshole I'm in.

I walked down the road and saw another person walking towards me in the driving rain, no one will miss this asshole. He looked about twenty three, a Pakistani.

I reached for my four inch blade knife and held it out as he passed, thrifty stuck it in his abdomen and walked on. Watching from my peripheral vision, I saw him falling down in pain and succumbing to his injuries. They were quick and abundant stabs, like a prison shiving.

I was quite happy with my efforts. Two down, more to go before either the police intercepting me and putting me out of my misery or my own consuming self hatred ending me with thrusting the knife into my stomach and twisting the shit out of it to where I lay dying on the sidewalk in the rain, while the blood drained down the sidewalk into the grass median.

The itching on my arms was excruciating, it was all consuming, unbearable, this was worst than anything I ever felt. I have to do something about this really quick. I can't take it anymore!

I looked back at my handy work. Two people lay dead on the sidewalk behind me. I killed someone, and felt the joy in killing them. Although, the joy was quenched by the agonising itch on my arms. Even the rain pouring down on my arms wasn't soothing me.

This was the worst body I had ever embodied. What the fuck was wrong with Rinvog putting me in this fucking shit hole of a body. At least the other times time tripping were in a body adequate for soul pursuing. This one, was totally fucked up. I should have known once I embodied it in that house, and listening to that kind of lifestyle, this

thing was having; I should of jumped ship and headed back home from this trip. But no, I persevered.

I stood at the cross street. Looking left and right on the roadway. Do I take a left or a right? I stood there in the rain looking at the horizon on both sides. Glanced back at the mayhem behind me. No one was stirring. No one encountered the dead behind me. It was too miserable outside to be out walking.

I was getting away with my murdering of innocent people who just happen to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. But I was fulfilling my need. My need to kill. The itch, that motherfucking itch. I had to quench that fucking itch. The only way to free myself, was to kill others. If I kill enough people, the itch would go away. I had to get rid of this itching. I had to find a cure from my pain. And killing others was the only answer. It was the only way to heal myself.

I saw a couple of people on the left side of me walking hand in hand towards me. Two for the price of one. I could get rid of my pain. They would be the ones who will get this itch from stopping.

They were talking and smiling to each other hand in hand, not even noticing me. Maybe for an instance, they knew of my prescence.

White people, I thought ... in this neighborhood? Who was this guy? Such a bigot, some of his thoughts were still in there.

Transing into mine. What the fuck.

I turned to the left and started walking up the slope of the roadway towards them. They hardly noticed me. I stuck my knife out to the lower left of my torso and waited patiently as they approached me.



I quickly jabbed it into the male and then the female, then back to the male and the female, they felt it. They felt the jabs. They ached in pain, the male started to attack me with his rage, I slashed his face with my knife, then jabbed his throat, and slashed across his throat savagely.

They fell quickly to the ground. The girl was shocked, her eyes widen with fear as I juddered towards her with my knife to her throat. I slashed and gouged and slit her from throat to breasts. She winced in pain. I stood above her as she looked at me, as she bled out. I stomped on her breast and kicked in her ribs. Stomped again on her breasts and kicked her jaw over and over again, until it cracked under the pressure and dislodged itself from place and hung to her shoulder.

I screamed. Not words. Just screamed.

Rage, uncontrollable rage overcame my being, our being. The hate, the anger, just filled me. I took a deep breath and held it. The anger was so compulsive, I felt the heat from my torso to the top of my head. I was enthralled with uncontrollable anger.

I HATED EVERYBODY, EVERYTHING, including myself!

As she lay dying, I pulled off her pants.

I tried to get hard and penetrate her cunt. It wasn't happening, what the fuck is wrong with this mutherfucker.

Nothing is working on him. He had no problem getting hard the moment I entered his body. But now, this asshole is just a limp mutherfuck.

Cars were starting to appear over the horizon, I had to put my dick back in my pants and get the fuck out of there before someone saw me. I

had to escape. Fear. My fear had rose inside me or was his fear transforming into us?

I took a deep breath and started to continue walking the embankment of the sidewalk. Calming down with every step. I felt better as I hit the summit of the roadway and turned to look at my handiwork.

I felt a brief feeling of relief. The itch was gone for the moment. I freed myself from my pain. I was at last free of the itching pain I had been feeling.

I smiled to myself and looked at the sidewalk ahead of me. No one was coming. The car had turned the corner, the street ahead of me.

I didn't need to kill anymore. I accomplished my goal. I was at peace with myself.

Then the itch started up again. It wasn't ending. The killing didn't heal me. It was still itching as before. I couldn't take it anymore I stabbed myself in the stomach and twisted the knife over and over in my stomach, thrust it up and down my torso, tearing everything inside me, organs, blood vessels, stomach bile.

The life was draining from the body I was inhabiting. I did the old code to release myself from this dying body, I didn't flinch on the code this time, the body was dying way too rapidly for me to fuck up. If I fuck up and not jump out in time, I might actually die myself. Samantha died, but was she really dead, near death, from an overdose, not the same as actually dying from bleeding out on the fucking ground in the rain.

Fuck if that is going to happen!

I did my loop, array, etc.

. . .

Back in my own time and place I yelled at Rinvoq for such a fucked up body to be placed in. He apologized and said, maybe I should take a breather and not go back for awhile. Take a few days off and chill out and not try and go back into tripping, until I was more settled.

Tripping is what I do. I don't do anything else. That's my life. I'm a tripper. What the fuck is he talking about. Doesn't he even know me?!

"Sunt bine." I said. "Sunt gata să plec acum."

Rinvoq nodded, randomly put in some numbers, and hit the enter button. He didn't ask questions, he didn't even flinch. Just had a smirk on his face.

## **iii ANGER**

Rinvoq laughed as I headed out to my new world, my new body. Did he actually know where I was going, even though, he was randomly putting in numbers in his time machine. I couldn't tell, I was already there.

It was dark, I was in a car travelling south on a rural road. I looked up from where I was sitting and could see another person in the car with

me. Another guy. I was another guy, this time a bit more younger, and stronger, and I couldn't believe it even more angrier than the last guy. What is it with guys, why so angry all the time.

I sat there for a moment gathering my thoughts, what was it going to be this time. I sat back and listened to the music, if you can call it music.

"What the fuck is this shit on the radio?" I screamed at my fellow passenger who was driving. The sound was deafening. Volume to the limit.

"What?" He said puffing on a joint, "it's fucking Rammstein, bro."

I remember them from my Earth history research. They were a German Industrial punk band in the 21st Century. What is it with Rinvog and the 21st Century, why do I keep ending up in this place?

It's so backward, so fucked up and everyone is a knuncledragger. And from what I could feel and sense, these two guys were definitely in that category.

But fuck, I could feel the rush from this guy, he was horny as hell. He wanted a piece of ass, and right away, his dick was getting hard just thinking about it. I started shifting in my seat, the dick was getting a bit uncomfortable. I moved it around in his pants, that was better.

"Hey what's that over there?" The driver said pointing out the windshield.

Up ahead on the side of the road was an little orange car. We slowed down to have a look.

"You think they need help?" The driver said.

"What the fuck, Jer, how would I know, and how the hell do you know anyone is there, it could just be a abandoned car, for chrissake, you're such an asshole."

Well, now I know, who's driving the car. But who's body am I in, that's the next question.

"Fuck Bump, I'm just asking, that's all." Jerry said back.

Well, there you go, now I know who I'm dealing with.

We pulled over to the side of the road, just a few meters in front of the car. Three tires were flat. What the fuck happened.

A girl was inside the car, looking out and she seemed to be in distress. She quickly got out of the car and was very friendly but a little scared not knowing us.

"I've broken down." She said, "I could use some help. My friend just lives down the road, if you guys could give me a lift to her place, that would be great."

"No problem, little lady, we'd be happy to.." I said. Being Bump was kind of strange, never knew anyone named Bump before, must be a druggy thing. We were drinking a lot before and smoking some weed, plus some flakes.

"Bump?" Jerry interrupted.

"What the fuck did you do say my name?" I yelled back at him.

"Sorry bro, I just thought..."

"Yeah, you don't think." I said grabbing the girls hair and dragging her into our car. She saw a rifle in the back of the car. I pushed her in and climbed in with her.

"Hold the rifle on her while I have my way." I said to Jerry.

He did what he was told. Afterwards, I held the gun for him to have his way.

"Are you gonna shoot me?" She asked in a shrill voice scared out of her mind.

"No." Jerry said.

"Is he going to shoot me?" She asked if I would shoot her.

"I don't think so." Jerry said. He didn't think I would. Jerry figured I'd have enough sense not to do anything like that.

Instead of taking her to a friend's home as promised, we took turns raping her in the car and then proceeded to a small town to the abandoned house not far from my house.

After we raped her again in the abandoned house, Jerry said, "Bump." Again the asshole said my name.

"You know what we're gonna have to do?" I said, "we're gonna have to shoot her."

Jerry said, "No way, you can do whatever you want, but I ain't getting involved in that."

It was foggy, the break of dawn, I left Jerry and the girl to get some gasoline from the car. The girl then ran out a hole in the building, followed by Jerry who caught up with her and grabbed her by the arm.

Jerry had left the rifle by a tree. I was getting the chain from the car.

Suddenly I was inside the girl's body.

What was this, phasing between two bodies, that's never happened before, this was strange, and not very amusing.

I struggled to get access to the gun but before I could get to it Jerry had caught up with me. I kneed him in his groin. Jerry hit me in the face knocking me off balance.

"Please don't hurt me, I still have things I want to do." I said pleading for my life.

I asked Jerry "I want to go back and finish a painting I'm doing. Please let me go."

Then I was out of her body and back into Bump's.

I returned, hit her over the head with a logging chain.

She tried to ran away a second time after I hit her with a chain. She grabbed her head with both hands and said, "What are you doing?"

"Fuck it Jerry, shoot her!" I said.

"Fuck no!" Jerry replied dropping the gun.

I grabbed the gun, overtook her and shot her.

It was shortly afterward, I poured gasoline over her body and lit the match. Jerry doused the flames with water after a few minutes.

"I can't stand it!" Jerry screamed.

We dragged her to a nearby swamp.

"I ain't never did anything like that before in my life," Jerry said.

"I ain't either." I said realizing I had no control over this guy. Bump was in control of all of this, I was just a bystander watching it all happen. The chain, the shooting, the fire, all too much for me. But not Bump it seems.

"Gotta git rid of her feet, her hands, her head, so they couldn't identify the body." I said to Jerry asking for some fucking help from this little piece of shit. Bump was totally in control of himself and me.

"Cut her hands off at least, so no one can identify her, whoever she is." I said grabbing a hatchet from the trunk. We threw her in the swamp and headed out of there. Back to our normal everyday lives of my wife and kids and Jerry and his shit job.

What a thing to do. I had no control over this body, he had all the control. I was just there watching it all. Helpless. Being female myself and having that happen and not being able to stop it. I don't know, it's getting to me, I have to leave this body, I have to do the escape code. This was not what I signed up for. I had no idea this was going to be this way this time. What the fuck did Rinvoq do?

This was not like the last time, well, maybe it was, but it was more intense this time. I'm going to have to change what I want to do in the tripping thing. I know these people are dead and gone, but God the intensity of the last killing was altering my view on this time shit.

Was I actually changing how I thought about these people. Was I actually starting to get some empathy?



What was wrong with me. I'm not like this, what's happening to me. Am I starting to have some kind of time travel unwravelling. Was this tripping too much for my mind to absorb?

I had to get back to my planet and time period. I have to atone for what I just did. Even though, I had no power over it, I still did it. Or was I under the control of Bump. Was I losing control over my own mind. Was there too many time trips fogging up my head. Am I going to have to slow down just like Rinvoq asked me too?

I 'clicked my heels' and was back home.

Rinvoq was there still laughing.

"De ce naiba râzi?" I asked.

"Tu, vrei să te joci cu oamenii, acum era timpul să te joci tu, târfă egoistă." He said in a tone without laughing.

"Ce naiba crezi că faci, pur și simplu te draci cu oamenii." He continued to scold me.

"Știu, știu acum." I said quietly. "Știu că pur și simplu m-am bătut cu oameni în chestia asta de împiedicare. Dar am crezut că nu rănește pe nimeni. Erau deja morți."

"Goddamn it Rinvoq, speak to me in human English, I've been there more than here." I screamed trying to re-establish my languages between trips.

"They were." He continued in human, "but now when you're there they're alive."

"I know that now." I said shamefully. "I know."

"Well if you know, then don't do it." He said calming down handing me a drink.

"All is forgiven." Rinvoq declared clinking my glass with his. "At least you've learned a lesson, if it sticks, that's something else."

"You saw what happened." I said to him. "Why was I phasing between two people?"

"I did, recorded it all, like all the times."

"You record these trips?" I asked shocked.

"Of course, everything is recorded, every bit of data, from brain scans to overall video of what was happening from your optic nerve implants."

"What am I?" I asked, "I thought we were friends, I thought we were doing this for fun."

"You maybe, but you're research baby." He said having another drink of his alcohol.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"I did, you just didn't hear or care to remember." He confided, "and besides, you've been on these for a long time."

I didn't know I was time tripping for a couple of years, non-stop. I was unwraveling as I thought, after all this time of time tripping, my mind was coming apart. I was having a break down. The brain, alien that I am to humans does have a time limit on time tripping. I was nearing my expiration date.

"so..." I asked Rinvoq, "how much time do I have?"

He smiled, "A little over another two months, and you're done."

"Done?" dare I ask.

"Done with time tripping, you'll be okay, still alive, but you won't be able to continue at this pace, you'll end up retired and living a life of absolute emptiness.

"But before that, can you take me back to the last trip and enter Bump's body again?" I asked for atonement.

"Yeah, why?" He asked.

"Atonement, on all levels." I said.

Rinvoq sat me in the chair, warmed up the engines of his time machine and zap I was back inside Bump's body.

He was having breakfast with his wife and kids, like nothing ever happened.

"Your trial is set for next month again." His wife said.

"I know dear, but my lawyer has set up a double jeopardy clause, and I'm gonna get off, and be out in a couple of years on good behavior." Bump told his devoted loving wife.

They smiled, all was going to plan, but now it wasn't. I was inside his body, as he set out to go to work, I made a detour to the nearest sportings good store and bought a shotgun, I had control now, his body was mine, we parked in the parking lot near the store and I put the shotgun in his mouth and blew the top of his head off, split his face in two and brains went everywhere in the car, such a sweet smell, the sweet smell of atonement.

## iv REDEMPTION

Redemption.

What a wonderful word. Redemption, I feel like a weight has been lifted. All those years of struggling with depression and anxiety. Self-hatred and loathing. Now, I feel relief. Not totally healed, but on the way.

Rinvoq is even nice to me and I think still likes me, maybe even more. That's good, because, I was getting out of hand. Destroying people's lives, being a vampire of sorts. Take, take, take and not giving back.

But here I am, back on my own planet, back in my own time, and taking a breather from time tripping, just like Rinvoq suggested. It feels good to just stop for awhile and enjoy what I have.

But what do I have, why do I keep time tripping, isn't my life here good enough. Why do I continue to embody other people to get my rocks off. That's what I'm doing, I should admit it, especially to myself. Why else would I leave this wonderful world of mine.

Time will tell. Ha, time did tell, I leave this world because this world doesn't like me. I have to admit it, and I have to admit it to myself, finally.

First off, my life here isn't perfect. Far from it. I live a humdrum life.

I also had a few soiled stories of my own to keep telling myself. That's the problem. I keep telling myself these stories every day I wake up. Every morning, the same old stories keep running through my head. That's why I time trip, to escape myself. But am I really? Do I really escape myself embodied in another's body? Or am I just dragging my shit into someone else's shit?

First off, my family life. My mom and dad, from the git go were unrelatable to me. They said one thing, and then another. Like 'we love you' but 'we were told to abort you before you were born'. And, they tried it. They tried to abort me. And then they say, 'they love me.'

Well, say one thing and do another. I get it. Well, I kind of get it. You both were morons and yet, I see why your ancestors asked you to continue to abort an offspring, thinking it would be a moron too.

And, looking back, probably so. I was a moron. I was a moron to believe all these people from my family. Why I trusted them, is beyond me. I now think maybe they should have aborted me, then my life or no life would have been a helluva lot better.

Anyway, that was then, this is now, which brings us to time tripping.

And you're thinking, why not go back to your time of birth and liquidate yourself... good question. Why not?

If I do that, which I might. I might as well enjoy a few more out of this world life happenings, like mass murder, uncontrollable insanity, total self mutilation, insane drug trips and uncontrollable unheard of behavior. Just go for all the gusto I can think of, and maybe, research some things I can't think of and do them. That's the ticket, that's the remedy to my self destruction, just go for it.

Rinvoq entered the room once more with another drink in hand.

"Martini, chocolate infused, shaken, not stirred the way you like it." he said handing me the chilled drink in a chilled martini glass. It was dripping in whipped cream.

"You know, I'm not done." I said taking a sip. That was a nice strong vodka mix. Went to my head instantly. "I'm thinking, I'm not done yet. I still have tripping to do." I continued, again, taking another sip, well, maybe a slurp this time.

"I think you might still want to take a break." Rinvoq interrupted my insight on the future.

"No, I'm ready to go back." I continued between sips.

Rinvoq sat his drink down on the table next to him. He looked around the room and came back to my eyes.

"One more time. But this time, you have to really want to be there, and you really have to do something more positive with this life."

I nodded, I was being a weirdo with my experiences, taking more than giving. Not fully experiencing what I could be experiencing. Maybe this time I could be more awake in what I was doing. Maybe this time I could maybe make Earth more...

I stopped that thought mid sentence. I wanted to go back to time tripping, but not to Earth. I had enough of that place. I wanted something different, something more sane. I finished my martini and got closer to Rinvoq and whispered.

"I want to future trip on a unknown planet far from Earth, and not in the past, but the future."

"I don't know if I can do that." Rinvoq said putting his drink on the table once more after taking a large gulp.

"I don't think our tech can do future tripping." He continued looking bewildered.

"But, I'll try if you're game." he said stroking his beard. "It would be fun to try future hopping."

"Good, it's settled." I said. "Tomorrow, we're back in business...launch time 10 o'clock AM."

"Fine...another round then?" He asked getting up and walking to the bar.

"Fuckin' A bro!" I said smiling. I'm back, baby, back to time tripping, and this time the future is the limit!

I didn't know when I said that last night to Rinvoq, how true that statement was going to be, literally.

Rinvoq informed me that time tripping in the future had its time limit. Meaning, you can only go so far into the future before there's a buffer or a wall you hit. That time limit is only forty years in the future. Which has its drawbacks, you really can't explore vast amounts of time way out there, you only do a hop skip and a jump. Not a lot can happen in forty years, nothing worth noting. Yeah, maybe your gasoline engine might become a battery electric engine. Your cell phone might have a cord then becomes wireless.

He also said, that moving forward in time was a matter of someone being in the future first. Namely, him. He had to be in the future at least a year or two before the time trip. To take the subject, me, back in time but in the future of the current time...it's complicated.

Anyway...

With this in mind, Rinvoq informed me, going to the future on a different planet, well, things are going to be different, since I'm not really a habitant of that planet, it's all new to me, so, we'll see what happens.

T-minus thirty minutes before I go into the void for another trip.

This time I'm not going to mess with someone, I'm going to let what happens happen. Not be so mean to whatever I'm landing into this time.

Rinvoq strapped me into the time chair, attached all the signals to my head and started the countdown on his computer.

"Good luck." He said pushing the enter button.

Suddenly my head sprang back on the pillow and I was on my way.

I could feel everything, the jarring lights and sounds, like being under water. The hissing, the heaviness of the push on my brain to release it from my body, I said brain, my consciousness releasing, the brain stays in my body as I go down the line, hopefully, my body will remain intact for my return.



Felt like a minute, but only a few seconds zipped by, I was standing in the world unknown to me, in an entity unknown to me. This wasn't Earth or the past on Earth. This was new.

First thing I felt was heavy. The body I was in was a heavy pressurised alien. Gray skin, thin limbs, three eyes which I could see a far away planet orbiting this desolated desert landscape of a place.

Nothing was in visual range, nothing like a city or plants or anything other than desolation. And, I was alone for as far as the eyes could see.

Alone, isolated from everything, worlds colliding in my mind, it was unsettling and the anguish of my life lay ahead of me.

Back to square one, maybe even the snake eating its own tail. I've come full circle. Are we really just imploding on ourselves as we go?

Thinking back on my past lives, my own life in my own planet and I still find myself isolated and alone. No matter how many times, no matter how many bodies, how many life times I dump into, I'm still alone and isolated from everyone. This time, it's literal. Alone and isolated from anyone, in any time, in any planet, shit!

Rinvoq, again ... that mutherfucker is fucking with me once more, I don't know why I stay friends with him. He's always fucking with me, putting me in weird awkward positions and life times.

At least I'm inside the body and not outside in the metaphysical. I managed to be one with this alien entity and not wind up in the atmosphere only to be scattered atoms.

Suddenly my heavy head started to hurt. My three eyes became blurry and my limbs became weak. I couldn't even stand on my legs any longer and I fell to the dusty ground.

I looked up to the darkened sky and watched the darkness envelope me. My vision was growing dark, my limbs were heavy and I couldn't lift them from my side. I felt the heaviness in my chest as I struggled to breathe. My fear took over, panic ensued. I fought for reality. I lost all motor functions and passed out.

. . .

I woke up in the lab. Rinvoq was there standing over me.

"Sorry Xiindra, I had to pull you out. Your vitals were very wonky." He said stroking my hair.

"You're alright now." He said smiling. "I thought I lost you." He continued as he kissed my forehead.

I blinked a few times, realising I was still alive and in my own body.

I also realised that Rinvoq really did care for me, and all this time I was thinking he was just fucking with me because he was either angry or just didn't like me, and I was so wrong on all of it.

I looked around the lab, it looked different from the last time I was there, only moments before.

"What's going on?" I asked struggling to rise from the chair to lift myself to my elbows to get a better view of the lab.

"Everything looks different." I continued.

"It's because your fifty years in the future from when you left." Rinvoq assured me.

"You're in the future, our future." He said grabbing for a mirror.

He showed my image to me, in the fifty years that I traveled in only a few minutes, I aged. I was a late sixty year old woman. Rinvoq was the same age, but he managed to get treatments for aging. I didn't. It was quite a shock to look at my ancient body. I left a twenty something and returned an old woman.

I was shocked to say the least. Shocked beyond imaginable thinking. Talk about alone and isolated and depressed, this was more than I could take. This was something I didn't even think about could happen. I don't even think Rinvoq even thought about what would happen. It was all a first for all of us. But, it was shocking to really see it happening.

In all my plundering for a better life, I now found myself near the end of mine and I squandered it all away looking for something to give me "life". Now I had only a decade or two left in my life and I fucked it all up.

I could see in Rinvoq's eyes his concern for my mental well being.

"I could continue to send you back to Earth to live a younger version of yourself in another body for the remainder of your time here or you could just be content and live your life here with me as we age together and finally leave this world to the unknown." He said sincerely.

I sighed, paused a moment and felt unsure about everything. What I should do, where I should go or stay.

I could go back to a former life on another planet and time or stay here with him. Decisions, decisions...

"I need to think about this." I told him.

"No problem, take your time." He said handing me a martini. "I had it chilling while you recuperated from your journey."

I smiled and took the glass from him and sipped it.

"Oh a lemon drop." I said after taking a small sip. "Nice, hits the spot."

"I thought you'd like it, thought maybe it reminded you of your twenty fifth birthday when we went out clubbing." He smiled.

"Thought it would bring back memories of old times together." He said as he helped me off the chair.

"It does." I said. "You know, I know we're from a different world and time than Earth, but I have to admit, I'm really surprised about how alike our society and akin we are to their culture and even their human qualities and structure."

Rinvoq smiled. "That's because we are human, we always were."

I was startled for a moment. "I don't understand." I said confused.

"We are human, we're just in another time and place, then that of where I was sending you." Rinvoq looked at me for understanding.

"Human?" I said, I was still confused.

"It's okay, it's complicated." He said. "We're humans from a society that was sent away to wonder The Singularity alone because of our makeup. We were the exiled AI of Earth."

"AI, we're not real?" I asked.

"We're real, just misunderstood by humans, they were afraid of us, and we were expunged to The Singularity." He continued holding my hand.

"I just wanted you to see what your ancestors were like. You were always asking where we came from and who we were. I had to show you our history so you could be at peace with yourself."

"But I was always violent and angry."

"I know, see how human you really are." He said smiling handing me another lemon drop.

