

Fuckchanged

I met her at a sex club for weirdos who like to dress up as cartoon characters.

You couldn't get in without a costume, and I didn't want to spend much time worrying about it, so I put on a nice suit, dyed my hair red, stuck an ex-girlfriend's dildo out of my zipper, and I told the bouncer I was the guy from Flaming Hott brand condoms.

"That's not a cartoon character," said the bouncer, an enormous man with six rolls of fat under his chin who was wearing a pink dress and had curly blonde hair raining down over glittery butterfly wings.

"Of course it is," I said. "Flamin' Randy."

"He's not ANIMATED," said the bouncer, picking his nose.

"I'M animated," I said, sticking my thumb in my chest and leering at him. The bouncer sighed and stuck his hand out and I put a hundred in it, and he wiped whatever he found in his nose on my back as I passed into the club.

She wasn't dancing. She was standing in line for the bathroom and pressing buttons on her phone. She was gorgeous: black hair like a helmet, black dress, black high heels, big bright clear eyes, a body that had more imaginary curves than realistic ones, skin so white that she was black-and-white with no ugly greys or in-between pinks.

She stood out like a forehead zit. The rest of the club was painted in such bright, gory reds, greens, blues, and purples that no matter how much I blinked, I couldn't focus my eyes. My eyes kept returning to her. Everything was shiny plastic, and if it wasn't shiny plastic, it was chrome, and if it wasn't chrome, it was neon. Drinks were served in huge mugs or in bubbling beakers. The dance floor was packed with people dressed like trolls, bugs, forest creatures, superheroes, and aliens. Everyone was dancing to out-of-tune ragtime.

On the bar (perpendicular mirrors as long as cherry-picking ladders), two people in bear suits were fucking doggy-style while a bowlegged cowboy filmed them and a woman in a plush tomato-soup-can-suit hit them over and over again with her purse. Although people were having sex everywhere, they were particularly hard to ignore.

I walked over to the lady in black-and-white and pointed at the bears.

"My, my, my," I said.

She looked up from her phone.

"Oh yeah," she said. "The soup can and one of the bears came here together. I guess the bear found someone better, and now there is trouble."

“And the cowboy?”

“The cowboy always does that,” said the woman in black-and-white, returning to her phone.

“We should get out of here,” I told her. “I want to take you home.”

“Just like that?” she said, putting her phone away.

“Just like that,” I said.

“I can’t have sex with you,” she said, smiling at me with dead eyes. I readjusted the dildo that was sticking out of my pants to make room for my actual erection.

“Why not?” I asked. “You got somebody else?”

“No,” she said. “I just can’t.”

“So why are you here then?” I asked.

“It’s my thing,” she said.

“We don’t have to go,” I suggested. “We could do it here. Everyone else is. Name your price. I can pay anything.”

“Oh, I don’t mind going home with you,” she said. “It’s just the sex part. I’m one of a kind.”

“I agree.”

“I mean I’m modded,” she said.

“Modded?” I asked.

“I’m fuckchanged,” she said, exasperated.

I stood there, staring at her blankly. The bathroom door opened up and a rabbit came out, followed by a man with a blonde page-boy haircut carrying a broadsword taller than a shepherd’s crook.

“I’ll show you,” she said, grabbing my hand and pulling me into the bathroom. The bathroom was nice. In one corner was a medieval anvil and on top of it were bottles of seltzer in oversized spray containers. In the other corner, there was a huge, open safe loaded with packets of lubricant. She locked the door, sat down between them on the toilet, and crossed her legs. I put my hands in my pockets. She grabbed my dildo and tweaked it, like the nose of a young scamp.

“Who are you supposed to be, anyways?”

“I’m Flamin’ Randy!” I said. “From the condoms.”

“A one-track mind,” she said.

“No,” I said. “I’m different. I’m one of a kind.”

“Not like me,” she said.

“How do you know?” I asked.

I replaced the dildo hanging out of my pants with my own dick, popping it out like one of those pointy disposable cups you get from a watercooler. I grinned at her and raised an eyebrow, but she only laughed.

“Oh my,” she said. “A penis.”

Somebody knocked on the bathroom door.

“Wait your fucking turn!” I roared.

She grabbed my dick and stroked it sadly, as if it were the lymph nodes of a sick child.

“I’m fuckchanged,” she said. “I’ve been everywhere and done everything and done everyone and seen it all and sucked it all and fucked it all and come all over it and now I’m finished with all that. So I went and had myself modded, sweetheart, but if you really want to know, I am a really great fuck and truly one of a kind, but you’ll never know.”

“What are you talking about?” I whispered seductively.

“You seem nice, but you are SUPER naïve and you really don’t belong in this club at all, so you have to promise not to scream.”

“Oh baby,” I said.

She let go of my dick.

She stood up on the toilet and lifted her skirt so that her pelvis was right in my face. She was laughing. I stared, my eyes moving back and forth between the whiteness of her thighs and the whiteness of her belly, searching for a pussy or even a dick, finding neither and yet not accepting what I was seeing instead.

Her pelvis was shaved clean of hair, and where a typical woman would have a slit and a clit, there were two proboscises like thin index fingers, one on top of the other. Beside the two probes were two gaping holes that were tight like fists and yet had lids like eyeballs.

As I stared, the lids opened, the sphincters expanded, and the probes stiffened. Her breath quickened, and she put her hand on my head and twisted my hair in her hands.

“Lick me,” she said.

“Lick what?” I asked. “Lick which? What am I looking at here? What’s wrong with you?”

“What’s wrong?” she asked, disgusted. She threw her skirt down and jumped down off the toilet fast, slamming down the bubbly plastic lid and landing on her high heels on the bathroom floor: an impressive feat. She pushed me away and moved to the mirror to fix her lipstick.

“Are you an alien?” I asked. “An angel? An android?”

“I’m fuckchanged, you retard,” she said. “Read a goddamn magazine.”

“What do you call it? What do you call the thing that you have?”

“I call it a Diana, because that’s my name.”

“How do you fuck a Diana?” I asked sweetly.

She rummaged in her pocketbook full of cosmetics and pulled out a fortune cookie slip. She handed it to me. The fortune said: “Anyone can succeed by trying, but only the wise prosper without effort.” On the back someone had scrawled an address in the city.

“Is this where you live?”

Instead of answering me, she lit a cigarette. Her lighter was black. Her cigarette was white.

“Can I call you?” I asked.

“No,” said Diana. “But if you are really the one for me, I’ll find you again.”

She snapped her pocketbook shut and stormed out of the bathroom. I sat on the toilet for a long time thinking as people outside beat on the door and called me names, and then I went home.

For a whole week, I dreamed about Diana’s Diana.

One night, I woke up sweating and opened a graphics editor on my laptop and sketched her modded genitalia as best as I could remember. Two pencil-like prongs. Two sphincters. A diamond of strange flesh. Could she fuck the sphincters with the prongs? Or would that be like trying to fuck your own ass; an impossible paradox for a man? If your

dick is hard, then you can't get it where it needs to go, no matter how big or how rough you bend it.

At the end of the week, I made a decision. I got on the train and rode to the address on the back of the fortune. Maybe it was her house. I got off the train and walked along the street, counting off the numbers on the sides of shops.

It wasn't her house. The address was for a sex shop called "Fuck University." The sign was a big "Fuck U." in all caps, bordered by green neon tubing.

"Ha ha," I said.

I went inside the sex shop anyway.

It was a standard place. Lots of whips, chains, dildos, vibrators, porn mags, porn movies, and lubes. Mannequins were all dressed up in humiliating uniforms that were supposed to be erotic: nurses, soldiers, Nazis. Why didn't they dress up sex mannequins in modern humiliating uniforms: Starbucks, Home Depot, the Marines, dread-locked vegans, bank tellers?

Maybe I would have found all this stuff interesting when I was twelve, but not anymore. I went right up to the clerk (a skinny, baggy-eyed waif who was watching cartoons on his phone with one eye and looking at the clock with the other).

I grabbed a steel set of ass balls and swung them over my head like a bolo.

"Tell me everything there is to know about getting fuckchanged," I said. "Is it legal? Is it permanent?"

The clerk looked up from his phone and pointed at a set of stairs right next to my feet that led into the basement.

"Fine," I said, lowering the ass balls and walking down the stairs.

It was a waiting room, like a doctor's office. I sat down in one of the leather chairs and waited. Ten minutes later, I was pulled into an examining room by a delirious looking punk with chains running all over his body and a bright green Mohawk. The man wouldn't stop moving and danced all around me as if I were a statue that he was trying to bring to life through magic.

"How do I get fuckchanged?" I asked.

"Money," said the man. "What do you want? Something original? You got your own design?"

“No,” I said. I handed him the drawing I had sketched of Diana’s Diana. “I want to be able to fuck this.”

The man looked at the drawing, squinted at it with one bloodshot eye, folded it, and put it in his pocket.

“That’s my own work,” said the man. “No one does it as pretty as me. Vivisection is not a crude art, mate. It requires the steady hand of a cold genius.”

“Will it be permanent? Or can you change me back if I don’t like it?”

“You’d better go home and reconsider,” said the man. “I don’t like your uncertain tone. This is a dangerous, illegal, horrific procedure that will almost certainly ruin your life.”

“I can pay,” I said. “I have a trust fund so big that I can’t even spend it fast enough to keep the interest from making it bigger every month. I can pay to get changed, and I can pay to change it back if I don’t like it. Really, for you, it’s an investment. Otherwise, I could just call the cops, you know. I know the mayor personally.”

I handed him my business card. He recognized the name. Who wouldn’t?

“I’m going to charge you double,” said the man. “I am going to charge you double for your hostility, ignorance, and your garish display of wealth and power. You think you can just come in here and wave money around.”

“But it’s POSSIBLE,” I said.

“It’s an easy design,” said the man. “A bifurcated mini-phallus, two eye-sphincters, and a wicked little pheromone sack. We’ll punch two holes, cut your dick in half, and turn one of your balls into a musk sachet.”

“And then I can fuck the...uh...drawing?”

“All day long,” said the man. He opened a drawer and pulled out a Petri dish full of grey, oozing tissue. The dish was covered in Chinese characters, and, in English, the side of the dish said “Toxic Panda Graft Gum: NOT FOR HUMAN USE.”

“They developed this stuff in China for pandas,” said the man. “To mold their genitals into more sensitive and effective forms.”

“Do it,” I said. “Today. Before I change my mind.”

Two syringes flipped into each of the man’s hands like switchblades. He drove each syringe into one of my knees, and then the man slammed down the plungers with his dirty, tattooed palms. He pulled the syringes out and grinned.

“Anesthetic,” I said.

“Actually, no,” said the man. “LSD and ecstasy suspended in saline solution. For the insult. There’s nothing more unaesthetic than anesthetic. Sadly, you’ll pass out soon enough anyway.”

The syringes in his hands disappeared and were replaced by scalpels. That’s when everything went neon blue.

2.

Two weeks later, I was able to get hard for the first time and to play with myself. My musk sachet was amazing. When I squeezed it, a plume of scent drizzled into the air and then evaporated like mist. It was a smell so strong that it made my eyes water, but I liked it. I wasn’t sure if I was masturbating or not as I stroked my probes and fingered my holes, but I was certainly doing something, even though it felt like I needed three more hands to get anywhere.

There was a knock at my door.

It was Diana. I had left a message for her at the club and she must have gotten it. Perfect timing.

“I could smell you six blocks over,” she said. “Can you smell me?”

She was wearing a track-suit. She pulled her pants down and threw me to the floor. Diana’s Diana was fully erect and glistening. She yanked off my pants. My “Dave” was just as hard and just as wet.

“We’re the same,” she said, moaning in ecstasy.

“Not quite,” I said. “I still have more money than you.”

“For now,” she said. She had a ten-strip of condoms, and lovingly, she put four of them on our junk.

We fucked right there on my carpet. My brain disappeared and my whole body turned into one giant, bleeding wound with edges that quickened with poisonous, maddening joy. We each had two probes and two holes, and so we had to keep changing condoms like we were changing fuses on an ancient switchboard. Eight sets of genitalia pulsed in waves, coming together and in staggered crescendos as we gyrated and throbbed. Eight orgasms, then four more, then one really big one where two of her probes and one of my holes got off at the same time, leaving us both breathless and wild in each other’s arms.

She pulled out and kissed me on my forehead as soon as we were done and I couldn’t move anymore.

“I’d better tell you now,” she said. “If you want to fuck me again, it’s going to cost you twelve thousand dollars.”

“But, but,” I stammered. “What about my Dave? Who else could you possibly love?”

“Love?” she said, laughing. “You’d just better hope you’re not pregnant.”

“Preg,” I said. “nant?”

“That’s not called a “Dave,” said Diana. “That’s called a Yuri, which happens to be my boyfriend’s name. You think you’re the first man who’s ever had himself fuckchanged for me? SUPER naïve. But try and change back. Try and go back to the old way. Just try. You’ll hang yourself first. You’d just better hope you never meet Yuri. He gets jealous, but it’s not like he has a job.”

She was right, I could never go back. I reached for my pants where they lay crumpled beside an antique Korean vase in my apartment’s foyer. I found my wallet. As long as she was still here. I might as well.