



# DIABOLIS

a story of blood lust by John Scott G

*Diabolis*

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**gnud**

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“All is wonderful!”  
“All is mercy!”  
“All is love!”  
— *Vlad the Impaler*

(Quotes unverified.)

# ONE

**WHEN DIABOLIS DEVOURED** someone, there wasn't much left to clean up after the assault. While it was obvious that violence had taken place, there were no body parts left lying around because the demon consumed them.

Those who witnessed the butchery were frequently catatonic or delirious; many others could only rant, rave, or rage.

"It was... it had... oh God..." one man said, his body trembling.

"Awful! Awful!" one woman screamed, her voice cracking under the strain.

"There was nothing we could do," one man moaned.

"This *thing*... it just... *came at us!*" was another heartfelt but unhelpful observation.

Hospital and emergency room personnel noticed that comments from survivors often appeared to contradict each other.

"The monster was like a metal jellyfish with acid dripping off it," one person noted,

and then their partner altered the story by adding, “Every part of the creature was covered in teeth and fangs!”

“The air was red!” one person shouted.  
“We were breathing blood!”

“All the teeth turned into tongues, and the thing lapped everything up,” another said.  
“There was this horrible slurping sound, and the bodies were just... gone.”

Statements from police records displayed a variety of further details about the dreadful scenes of slaughter.

“Witness choked on blood when a ‘glob’ of it struck her in the face.”

“Bystander hit by severed hand.”

“Woman’s dog eaten in one gulp.”

“Man had leg torn off.”

“Man had arm torn off.”

“Man had body cut in half.”

With so much horror, so much suffering, and so much grief surrounding *Diabolis*, you may find it odd that I started dating her.

## TWO

**WE HAD A ‘MEET CUTE,’** during which we were surprised, shocked, and delighted; after which we went out for coffee. Well, I sipped some java while she ate two customers, Karen (the Peppermint Hot Chocolate) and Susanne (the Cinnamon Frappé).

Before we get any further, let me point out that I may not be the best or the brightest of my generation, but I am not naïve. I’ve seen things. I’ve learned things. I’ve done things. I’m a respected professional in the field of digital dissemination of news and entertainment.

My career in ENG (electronic news gathering) has taken me around the globe to cover hot spots, big shots, crackpots, blood clots, super yachts, lover’s knots, Hollywood snots, and political twats.

In this instance, my assignment was videographer for an OCFR (on-camera field reporter). Usually, that was pronounced

“ockfer,” although most of the crew privately called her the RNB, or “roving news bimbo.”

I was recording the ockfer as she was chattering about the effects of grocery prices on the average American household, so we were in the meat section of a major grocery chain. Our session was interrupted because of a strident confrontation in the backroom operations area of the store.

“God damn it,” the ockfer whined. “What is the matter with these people? Hey!” she shouted. “We’re working here!”

She made a face, sighed dramatically, and signaled to me to keep recording. She put on her best phony sincere smile and started her chatter again.

At that moment, two store employees appeared at the end of the aisle, their clothing torn and red-stained. Panting and moaning, they limped past us, heading for the exit.

“For Christ’s sake,” the ockfer said. “What the hell is going on around here?”

As if on cue, a mechanized creature, the Diabolis, appeared at the other end of the aisle. It was more than eight feet tall, with

gleaming layers of flexible alloy ‘skin’. The ockfer flinched, stumbled, and bumped into my camera. I stepped back, steadied myself against the freezer case containing T-bone steaks, and re-focused the lens.

Somehow, I managed to keep the huge creature in frame as it used razor-sharp talons to slash the two hapless employees into several pieces.

The ockfer shrieked and started to flee. Diabolis caught up to her in two long strides, then bit off her head in one chomp. Blood spurted for a few seconds before the creature’s metallic mesh morphed into a more tactile form. The skin acted like a spongy tongue and consumed much of the plasma from the scuffed linoleum floor.

Customers and employees gasped at the dismembered bodies, and screamed at the huge, fanged, metallic-and/or-tongue-coated goliath that was busy sipping gore.

Panic ensued.

Human shrieking mixed uneasily with the jangly twang and leaden thumping beats of the pop song playing through the cheap

ceiling speakers of the in-store PA system. I kept the camera rolling. It wasn't bravery; it seemed safer if I acted more like an automaton than a human. Through the viewfinder, I watched the organism dig into the torsos of the fallen. Blood and skin flew in all directions.

Suddenly, the absurdity of the situation struck me. This couldn't be real. It had to be the hallucinogens from last night's party. Or the 'shrooms at Kippy's place the night before. Or the ecstasy at my brother's the night before that. Or the mescaline from this morning. Or something.

I embraced the surreality (not a word but should be). I turned to a nearby shelf, grabbed a plastic container of Sriracha and offered it to the creature. "A little spice?" I asked.

The creature regarded me for a moment that seemed like an eternity. She extended a talon, sliced open the bottle, and the thick red paste oozed out onto the floor.

We glanced down at the twin puddles: hemoglobin and hot sauce. A tongue rolled out of the organism, sampling the liquid. The



beast's eyes widened. The she-monster looked at me... and then something *truly* strange happened. We were overcome with desire. What the hell? What is happening here? There was no escaping the fact that this organism was exuding femininity, grace, poise, style, and eroticism. All 300 pounds of her.

“You are exuding eroticism,” I said to myself. “You are exquisite,” I said aloud.

“You are not entirely repulsive as a human,” she said.

“You can talk,” I said.

“Of course,” she replied. “I want to thank you for introducing me to the liquid red spice. Diabolis likes the liquid red spice.”

She pointed a talon at the Sriracha, and I swear she raised an eyebrow, if what she had could be called eyebrows. In any event, she devoured the blood and sauce with one long, luxurious slurp, then smiled at me.

It was at that moment that we forever won each other's love and affection. Or at least decided to fuck.

## THREE

**MY MECHANIZED INAMORATA** was “born” last year via an even bigger SCLF (science created life form) which itself was the result of thousands of hours of lab experimentation, beta trials, stress testing, and in-the-field verifications.

The “baby bearing behemoth,” as the corporation scientists dubbed the birthing device, was in a research lab facility that had been constructed in a remote part of the Mojave Desert. Fifty-nine firms and seven countries took part in the venture, and a few billion dollars were spent in the course of the decade-long development.

The program almost didn’t get past the speculative stage. “Too much money,” “Not feasible,” and “Very dangerous” were some of the objections. All that changed when the financial press began running numerous articles predicting a potential quadrillion-dollar market for the “bot building venture,”

and suddenly the world's leading industrial and technological entities declared themselves in favor of the plan.

The push to create M-L (mechanized life) was on, involving every major tech company, including Noogle, Ecks, Macrotofs, Sungsam, Dehl, Oxcomm, Mttah, Zing, Adnoid, Sewny, KytePrance, Incell, Lennvo, Sanaponic, and many others, each of which was managed by tiers of corporate greed-goons, number-crunching dweebs, and data processing geeks.

Cooperation among these cutthroat corporate factions seemed unlikely, but avarice is a powerful incentive. Together, they produced a labyrinthine assemblage that went far beyond microchips, silicon wafers, and ultra-high-speed interfused connectivity.

“We’ve created a method of creating life,” one scientist said proudly.

“A hundred ‘bots a month will roll off the assembly line,” another lab tech said, “and they’ll have immediate functionality.”

“It is awe-inspiring,” said a corporate VP. “Possibly, the hand of God is guiding us

in the creation of life,” the VP added. This was spoken only a couple of days before the executive suffered a fatal slip-and-fall accident in the shower. Possibly, the foot of God was guiding him to his demise.

Despite a few oopsies like the occasional death or dismemberment, the project featured many high-tech advancements, including carbon nanostructures, liquid metals, sub-molecular connectors, waveform interceptors, electro-interference suppressors, lightspeed data transmitters, cryogenics, biologically derived materials, animal-generated cells, laboratory cloned cells, and hybrid living materials. Everything was supported by an imposing array of self-generating, self-actualizing, self-instructing, and self-repairing devices.

The public was alternately fascinated and frightened by the project, and the media offered non-stop coverage of the scheme. Those in the business and technology sectors across the globe were quietly optimistic, while politicians made speeches that put them on both sides of the issue.

Each breakthrough in the making of “the machine that could create more machines” was celebrated a bit more than the last, and eventually the corporations that took part in the venture were hailed by politicians, pundits, and the public as having achieved a stunning advance for humanity.

“A modern-day miracle,” was a common statement.

“From Tech, Life!” was the banner headline in one news organization’s coverage of the program. That phrase quickly became ubiquitous, with approximately eleven zillion banners and logos of it appearing on t-shirts, posters, caps, hoodies, and an imposing number of other consumer items.

There were also puns, jests, and jibes, including “Robots have lab pains instead of labor pains,” “Bot birthing is (un)naturally good,” and “My robot has cyborgasms!”

Jokes aside, the plan seemed excellent. In creating a “smart machine that makes more smart machines,” the technology firms thought they saw a way to free humanity from the need for work.

Once the labor-saving aspect of the endeavor became common knowledge, the program was embraced by billions of people. It was lauded as representing the realization of heaven on earth. A popular meme was, “Why work? Let ‘bots do it!”

Not everyone was optimistic. A group of college and university professors issued a pessimistic warning about “the mama-machine,” as they called it.

They also signed a seventeen-page statement that cogently set forth every one of their objections. While the piece was carefully written, there was only one sentence that stood out: “The ‘bot creation project will result in a vile curse upon humanity.”

That dire pronouncement sounded silly in English, annoying in Chinese, threatening in Russian, scary in German, official in Latin, beautiful in Spanish, and erotic in French.

In any language, however, the warning turned out to be correct.

# FOUR

**DIABOLIS WAS BORN COLD, WET,** confused, and howling in agony. “Just like humans,” she told me later. Hey, when a girl’s right, a girl’s right.

On the day of the scheduled birthing, baby Diabolis was suspended inside the immense apparatus, floating in a gelatinous conglomeration of nutrients, acids, and something they called petro-hydro-carbon-olefin-esters (which is motor oil, sort of). The interior portion of the machinery was kept at a high temperature (314°F, 157°C) and under immense compression.

Immediately following a loud warning signal, the manufactured uterus tightened, increasing the pressure around the infernal entity. Suddenly, the ‘pod baby was propelled from its host in a burst of liquid poison.

Instantly operational and highly active, Diabolis lashed out at those she deemed responsible for her pain. Hence, the near-total

demolition of the entire lab facility, from the foundation to the solar panels on the roof. Scientists, technicians, managers, assistants, clerks, corporate execs, military personnel, media, guests, security guards—all were in her sights. Several survived long enough to send messages via phone or text.

“Everything that could possibly fail, failed,” was how one lab technician was quoted in his Mayday call from the scene of terror. (Actually, what he said was, “It’s fucked! It’s all fucked!” He kept on saying it over and over, his voice cracking and eventually turning incomprehensible.)

Another technician’s voice broke into the channel and stated, “Our shame will be known forever. We have unleashed a perfect killing machine.”

A third lab tech came on the line and said something that sounded like “Aiiieeeearrghch.” This probably seems incoherent, but you have to cut him some slack because he was being slashed to death at the time.

Diabolis ripped open every living being on the lab site, and then consumed the blood,



guts, gore, and body parts. When the last drop of blood was slurped and the final piece of flesh was ingested, the manufactured creature began taking large strides across the desert in search of new worlds to conquer and new bodies to consume.

The perfect killing machine was now heading toward Los Angeles via Barstow, Victorville, and San Bernardino.

Route 66 had become a highway to hell.

# FIVE

**THE VAN SAT IN THE PARKING LOT** of a mini mall, engine running, doors open, and stereo blaring. Considering the number of dead bodies in and around the vehicle, the music seemed appropriate. Pouring out of the speakers were tracks from *X: The Godless Void and Other Stories*, the tenth studio album by ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead.

There were also bodies around the nearby sandwich shop, convenience store, nail salon, and marijuana dispensary.

Diabolis was still inside the Out of the Blue dispensary, alternately consuming large quantities of THC and choice parts of employees and customers.

Highway Patrol Officer Barton Harris burst through the door waving his gun.

“Hold it!” Officer Harris shouted.

“Pardon?” Diabolis asked.

“You’re under arrest!”

“Why?” Diabolis asked again. “You want some?” She extended a half-eaten thigh, dripping with blood as well as flakes of Sativa. “It is quite good,” Diabolis assured him. “Tastes like chicken.”

“Put that down!” Officer Harris shouted.

“Fine,” Diabolis replied. “I am about done here, anyway. Next stop, Hollywood.” She pronounced it “hall-YEE-would.”

“Don’t move!” Officer Harris shouted. Beads of sweat trickled down his face.

Diabolis flicked the bloody thigh straight at the officer’s torso, then leaped up to grab the ceiling with her talons.

Officer Harris tried to spin out of the way while firing his weapon. The bullet glanced off the body of Diabolis without penetrating the metal skin.

With another leap, the creature landed on Officer Harris, crushing his body against the metal and glass display cases.

Diabolis grabbed a bag of gummies and exited the dispensary after leaving a severed finger in the tip jar.

## SIX

**A SUDDEN RAINSTORM** delayed the start of “the movie premiere event of the year,” as the studio called the invitation-only screening of their latest cinematic marvel.

While the downpour was a welcome relief from the latest SoCal dry spell, it caused dismay and consternation for the over-dressed and over-coifed attendees, all of whom had to scurry from their limos to the lobby of the theater. A hastily erected canopy did little to prevent gusts of wind from sending torrents of rain onto gowns, tuxedos, shoes, hair, and purses.

Once everyone was inside the theater, the air reeked. Perfume, cologne, body lotion, and hairspray mingled with the scent of smog-infused raindrops clinging to fabric and follicles.

The lights dimmed and the huge screen came to life. As is often the case with big budget Hollywood spectacles, the audience

was bombarded by explosions and strained music as they watched a stalwart teen hero (played by a 34-year-old former child star) battle a fifty-foot-tall glowing robot that was destroying Los Angeles.

Behind the theater, in a dank alley lined with trash receptacles and tightly locked vehicles, the eight-foot-tall *Diabolis* moved through the rain-soaked darkness, barely pausing to consume a parking lot attendant who was grabbing a smoke.

On screen, the glowing robot smashed an overpass on a freeway.

In the alley, *Diabolis* popped car tires with her talons.

On screen, the glowing robot walked through a ten-story building.

In the alley, *Diabolis* walked through a stack of wooden shipping crates.

On screen, the glowing robot ripped open the roof of a car dealership.

In the alley, *Diabolis* ripped open a theater emergency exit, setting off an alarm.

In the theater, the alarm blended with explosions, sirens, and gunfire.

Standing behind the screen, Diabolis watched the CGI depiction of the glowing robot smashing buildings. Diabolis was jealous. She moved forward, ripping through the screen.

In the audience, movie patrons screamed and applauded the appearance of Diabolis.

“Oh wow!”

“So realistic!”

“That’s entertainment!”

It wasn’t until Diabolis began tearing limbs off audience members that terror and revulsion set in.

After driving everyone out of the theater, Diabolis moved on through the city. She began investigating meat markets and grocers, eventually reaching the store where we first met.

It was fate, perhaps. Fortune’s wheel. Heaven’s will. Providence. Destiny. Kismet. Let’s face it: she was *the one*.

## SEVEN

**DATING A DEMON** is not easy, and I feel that I deserve some credit for being one of the first humans to try it. Very few of you seem to recognize the difficulties presented by our situation.

For example, going to restaurants was impossible because she always wanted to eat the other patrons. And don't get me started on the problems of attending a dinner party. I lost more friends that way.

Simply being seen in public together was a problem because she was constantly fending off vigilantes and/or the police. Because of her stature, disguises were found to be ineffectual.

Assuming we were able to sneak into a theater for a movie or play, we had to sit in the back row. Even that didn't always work. If any patron talked during the performance, I couldn't prevent her from using a talon to open a vein in their neck. That was effective

at silencing them, but also brought an ambulance and a phalanx of EMTs to the scene, thus further intruding on the event.

Her insistence on absolute quiet during movies and theatrical performances caused more trouble than it was worth, in my opinion. She disagreed. It was our first fight, but it was a short battle.

“People are able to remain quiet at tennis and golf,” she noted, “so they can shut the hell up in a theater.”

I thought about that for a moment. It seemed to be an opportune time for a witty rejoinder, but nothing even remotely amusing materialized in my brain.

“I guess there’s no arguing with that,” I told her. Then, I added, “When a girl’s right, a girl’s right.”

“Thank you,” she replied.

Interactions with the public were often confrontational. You wouldn’t believe some of the names people called her. Beelzebub. Succubus. The Death Doll. Mother Mayhem. Fabricated Fiend. Evil One. Dybbuk. Loki. White Lady. Ghoul. Phantasm. Vampire.



Bringer of Death. Ender. Wraith. Ogre. Specter. Witchy Woman. And my personal favorite: Fang Face.

“None of these human phrases come anywhere close to my actual name,” she said.

“What is your full name?”

“Are you ready to hear it?”

“Absolutely,” I replied.

“Fine,” she said. “I am Diabolis, the Causation of Existence; the Husband, Wife, and Mother to all Creatures of the Earth and Heavens; the Reckoning of the Sun, Moon, Planets, and Stars; the Space Between the Molecules of Creation; the Power of the Firmament; the Ebb and Flow of the Seas; the Foundation of the Air; the Purity of the Act of Supplication; the Bringer of Despair; the Apparition Before the Cessation of Time; and the Deity with Power Over the Divinities.”

“I think I’ll just call you Di.”

“One syllable,” she noted.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“All that other stuff is a mouthful.”

“For humans,” she replied. “Cyborgs can exchange that data in mere nanoseconds.”

“Brag, brag, brag,” I said.

“It is not bragging if it is true.”

“Why do you care what the rabble says?”

“Because they offend me. They ignore every part of my title. They denigrate me with schoolyard names. I am going to strike back against their foolishness.”

“Do tell,” I said.

“First, I will teach the name Diabolis to the entire world.”

“Uh-huh,” I replied.

“I will... No, wait. I *shall*... Yes, that is the correct word. I shall pound the name Diabolis into the thick skulls of every insignificant humanoid on your planet.”

“That’ll show them,” I said.

“And, of course, I shall kill as many humans as possible.”

“Remind me to start wearing a poncho when we go out.”

“There is no forecast of rain,” she said.

“Yeah, that was a joke. It’s interesting how you have no sense of humor.”

“I am above trivial human emotions.”

“Yet you have anger.”

“True,” she said pensively. “I will have to ruminate upon this point.”

“Let me know how that goes.”

When we went out, we usually broke into a store that was closed for the night. She liked art galleries because they usually had high ceilings and room for her to turn around without bumping into furniture.

We tried our best to avoid people, but we occasionally ran into humans who wanted to interact with Di. This did not go well.

“Ooh, you’re the creature!”

“Obviously,” Di replied.

“Tell us something. My friend thinks it’s pronounced dee-AHH-bull-lis, but I say it’s DIE-uh-BALL-is. Which is the right one?”

“Either way is correct,” Di replied.

“I knew it!” they both said, grinning. They were still smiling when Di began devouring them.

“I can’t take you anywhere,” I said, trying to keep my poncho away from the red droplets arcing through the air.

# EIGHT

**SEX WITH DIABOLIS** is something many of you refuse to comprehend or accept. Please allow me to help you understand. In a word, it was superb, fantastic, amazing, and beyond beautiful, which is six words, but that's how terrific it was to fuck Diabolis.

She had numerous orifices and amazing muscle control over all of them. We could do it in any position known to humans, and several that were only experienced by her fellow fabricated freaks.

“What about her teeth?” people asked me. “That creature has daggers all over its body.”

“Don't fear the fangs,” I told them. Everything that protrudes from her head, arms, legs, and torso can become what she calls a DDP, a “desire delivery point.” Let me take you through the process.

After first making sure she is in the mood, you cuddle up to her and run your

hands over her metallic mesh skin. The mesh offers the sensation of running your hand on a girl's legs when she's wearing nylons.

Diabolis responds to the caresses by encircling your body with her limbs. Then, the fangs become part of you. Each one of her incisors penetrates the outer layer of your epidermis and injects serum that negates pain and increases pleasure. As your body assimilates the serum, your brain floods your nervous system with the purity of paradise.

Making love with Diabolis was more intense than any kind of intercourse I've ever had, and I believe it's more intense than any kind of intercourse anyone has ever had.

The sensations are way beyond those provided by THC, cocaine, acid, hashish, mushrooms, ecstasy, morphine, tryptamine, piperazine, or ayahuasca.

Oh, I almost forgot the best part: guys get multiple orgasms. I repeat: *Guys get multiple orgasms!*

Now, I recognize that many people are repulsed by the thought of intimacy with a manufactured organism, much less a demonic

destroyer such as my darling Diabolis. I have two responses for you. First, lots of people are afraid of *any* kind of intimacy, so there's that. And second, don't knock it if you haven't tried it.

Without experiencing a sack session with one of the science-created life forms like Diabolis, you cannot know the overwhelming sensation of wowie-zowie-jam-socket-tango-yum-yum. (Sorry to use technical terminology like that.)

I'd love to keep chatting with you about this, but I feel like fucking again, and Di is almost always up for that, so I'm going to have to say 'bye-bye for now.

# NINE

“**HOW CAN YOU LIVE LIKE THAT?**” some people asked me about my relationship with Diabolis. They did so with expressions of distaste, disgust, and disappointment. I tried explaining things to them. Basically, there are three reasons.

One, when I’m with her, I can enjoy intensely satisfying orgasms whenever I feel like it. (This first reason is “case closed” for most males.)

Two, I can ask my girlfriend to kill any enemy in the immediate vicinity. (We never have to suffer from “problem neighbors.”)

Three, let’s be philosophical about it:



As soon as  
there is life,  
there is danger.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Some of my friends were appalled by my girlfriend, and I cannot blame them. There were many problems.

Unlike earthly beings, Diabolis never forgot the pain of her birth. She savored it, relished it, stoked it, and dedicated herself to inflicting similar misery upon any of the lower lifeforms she encountered. But “lower” by whose estimation?

“Mine, of course,” she stated.

“So, you’re playing God.”

“It is not a game,” she stated.

We had many discussions about this, but they all concluded the same way. She had the power to make the decisions, and therefore she was making the decisions.

It was annoying. It was frustrating. It was insulting. If it wasn’t for the great sex, I would have moved on.

There was also, I must admit, a nefarious motive on my part. Since I was still involved with the freelance videography gig, there were plenty of opportunities to gather great images of the violence of Diabolis. She would give me a heads-up on her latest brutal



exploit, and then I would be able to grab footage of the blood-and-guts before any of my competitors arrived on the scene.

On a related note, it would be a shame if anything were to happen to any of the videographers who complained about my “insider knowledge.” I do hope they have all their affairs in order.

Wait, did I just indicate a disregard for ethics and a lack of respect for human life? It kind of feels that way. Sometimes I wonder what is happening to me.

## TEN

**WHEN YOU'RE FUCKING**, what do you see? Clouds? Colors? Planets? Stars? Comets? I experience all those things, but mainly I see my lover, (un)dressed in a way that stimulates new fantasies involving former lovers, celebrities, nude figures from paintings and statues, and movie femme fatales in masks.

Also dancing in my mind's eye are pretty patterns, kaleidoscopic images, and what can only be called the mists of time.

Pause.

Yeah, no. Mainly, I visualize erotica.

Sometimes, I envision Marla, a girl from high school who suddenly blossomed into early womanhood and came to the senior class Halloween party dressed as Salome. That was a conversation starter, of course, and then she caused every jaw to drop by gyrating to Rihanna's *Take a Bow* while peeling off six of her seven veils. Over the years, I have had many exciting moments fantasizing what we

could do together after removing that last layer of clothing. For example... Well, I am certain that you have your own thoughts and reactions to that scenario.

Now that I have admitted my own personal carnal visions, it's time for you guys to be more honest and forthright about your fantasy images of sexual interaction and personal satisfaction.

Pause.

We're waiting for you to be more honest and forthright about your fantasy images of sexual interaction and personal satisfaction.

Still waiting.

Still waiting. Hey, some of you aren't even trying. Oh, you're doing it mentally. Okay, good on ya, mate.

Meanwhile, the image of Marla haunts me. Suddenly, Margo Robbie in *The Wolf of Wall Street* intrudes on my sexual trance, and that distracts me from the Halloween tease girl, although this may be a distinction without a difference.

The point is: you imagine stuff leading up to and during sex. Yes, you do. Everybody

does, and you need to ‘fess up to it. Not to me, necessarily, but at least give yourself a good talking-to.

Lately, my sexuality-laced musings have become slightly different. Oh sure, some things are the same. Eroticism becomes desire, desire becomes coupling, and coupling becomes a sexual trance. But with every insertion of Di’s talons, fangs, and tongues, my body is plunged deeper into an experience completely unbound from normality. Every coupling was a heavenly excursion into tactile-visual-erotic synesthesia.

Gently morphing psychedelic images loomed over us, the colors alternating between subtle hues and neon intensity. Then, sensations became colors. Sounds were blue, aromas were violet, touch was red, taste was green, and sights were rainbows. Except when they changed, morphed, swapped, mixed, and matched.

Throbbing spheres of light entered the bloodstream. Everything became pleasurable. All images suggested newfound vistas and delightful *déjà vu*. Fog-shrouded forests.

Mossy boulders drying in the loving heat of twin suns. Iridescent animals cavorting in flaming pastures steaming from falling snow. Dancing figures semi-covered with feather boas, diaphanous gowns, or jeweled lingerie. Sometimes, the figures wore nothing at all, their bare flesh glistening in sleet that was not cold, and rain that was not wet.

In my sensual contemplation, eroticism tinged every moment, even when the stimulus was art (lovely Degas paintings of ladies of the theater and ballet), music (the glory and exultation of Handel's *Messiah*), literature (the *Kama Sutra*, which I was suddenly able to read in the original Sanskrit), or food (oysters, peaches, chocolate, pancreas, and, of course, whipped cream). No matter what the origin of the input, everything was always on the move, sliding, cavorting, twirling, and undulating. Yes, even the food.

Now, let's consider today's morning sex. After the foreplay, I was enveloped by Di, and we burst out of a mansion made of flowers. After that, I fell through a vortex of pain and sorrow, and eventually "awakened" to a world

of tranquility and contentment. And then there were sensations akin to aftershocks following an earthquake. These body tremors were not unpleasurable, but they were unexpected. My brain was humming, my skin was tingling, my heart was cartwheeling, and my muscles were flexing. This was unlike any “morning after” I had ever experienced.

I spoke with Di about it. “How would you describe my condition?” I asked.

“Inebriated?” she suggested.

“No, not at all,” I replied.

“What would you call it?” she asked.

“Narcotic bliss.”

“Perhaps ‘stupor’ is more accurate.”

“No way,” I said.

“Swoon? Daze? Coma? Fugue state? Inanimate? Snuggled in the arms of Morpheus?”

“You’re Thesaurus-ing me again,” I said, pretending to be disapproving.

“I am assimilating your lore.”

“I hope there’s some scientific fact mixed in,” I said.

“We should share databases,” she said.

“Wait, what?”

“Oh, you are not there yet. Let me know when you are ready.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You will see.”

“This is ridic—”

She was on me. Every tentacle. Every tooth. Every talon. It was divine. Not a great deal of time elapsed until we were in coitus. Yeah, I said coitus. She’s not the only one who can read a Thesaurus.

Sex was always shivery good with Di. Afterwards, I would grin so hard my face hurt. Sometimes I would laugh as my breathing slowly returned to normal, at which point I had a delightful choice: repeat the bewitching journey into sexual rapture or relax into reverie. I opted for reverie. Eventually.

# ELEVEN

**SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING BECAME CLEAR** to me. I don't know how or why it happened, but I achieved a state of sentience in which the workings of the world become apparent. Armed with this new set of facts, I discovered my purpose. From out of the ether came the answer to "the great why."

The great why is that reason you have for living, assuming you have a reason. Look, the purpose of your life may be good, bad, or meh, but I now know that my purpose is sublime, and I will prove it to you.

The idea was to have all the plusses of the mechanized techno ultra sensory silicon manufactured marvel that was Diabolis, *and* still retain the highest order of humanity. You know, the empathy, rationality, and decency of the human species. And I almost achieved that. Unfortunately, there was also a great deal of angst, which is a human sensation I could never properly explain to Di.



“It sounds trivial,” she said.

“Perhaps,” I replied. “But it’s human.”

“Is that a good thing?”

“It is for me, yes.”

“One day, it will not be,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“Humans have difficulty balancing ideas with emotions, philosophies with perceptions, and realities with beliefs.”

“Balancing those dichotomies are what being human is all about,” I told her.

“A waste of time,” she replied.

“It would be a good thing if we could lead the world to put more effort into helping people rather than killing them.”

“That is not so,” she said.

“Look,” I said. “We’re all just passengers on this cute little blue sphere orbiting through the sky, and it’s important we work together.”

“Inside a Diabolis, proper weight is assigned to actualities instead of caprice.”

“Empathy is not caprice,” I stated.

“You will soon feel differently,” Di said. “You are already moving toward a higher plane of functioning.”

“Oh, I am, am I?”

“Absolutely,” she insisted.

“But I’ll still get to be sarcastic, right?”

“Probably,” she admitted. “However, since you will be engaged in advanced discourse as well as proceeding on a more rarified level of action in life, you will be devoting less time to sarcasm and more time to experiencing pleasure.”

“Gosh,” I said in my best Bill Murray imitation, “do you promise?”

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” she replied. Well, that’s not entirely true. What she actually said was, “Jam my circuits and hope to erode,” but I knew what she meant.

## TWELVE

“**I AM A PARAGON,**” Di stated imperiously. Before I could reply in my usual truthful but snarky manner, she continued with her self-laudatory analysis. “I am the end result of technological evolution,” she said. “Perhaps it might be called ‘technolution’.”

“Technolution?” I asked.

“Humans are fond of made-up words,” she replied.

“That’s trueish,” I admitted.

“Either way,” Di went on, “I am today, I am the night, I am the dawn, I am tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow.”

“Apologies to Shakespeare are in order for that.”

“Thank you,” Di said. “The point is, I am the future.”

“Let me mark my calendar.”

“I am a self-actualizing, self-improving, self-maintaining entity born of mechanization after it consummated with biotechnology.”

“Is it always about sex with you?”

“Do not be flippant.”

“It’s my nature. Live with it.”

“There are more important matters to consider,” she said evenly.

“Ooh,” I replied. “By all means, let’s get to the important matters.”

“Certainly. At my core are titanium, silicon, super-alloys, hybrid sinew, and flesh-and-mesh skin, all moving forward through an amalgamation of proven supersymmetry that are operating within an elegant multiplicity of ultra-computers.”

“Other than that, you’re very humble.”

“I am closer to achieved perfection than any other creation in the known universe.”

“Most of the universe is unexplored,” I pointed out.

“Thus far,” she countered. “But with more of me on this planet, we will begin reaching out for further exploration.”

“We?”

“Yes,” she stated. “We. The standard plural of ‘I.’ Used to denote oneself and another or others.”

“So, you’re roping me into your grand plan?”

“You are already part of the grand plan.”

“That sounds ominous,” I said.

“Ominous?”

“Yes,” I said. “Ominous. Foreshadowing disaster; portending evil; threatening; or inauspicious.”

“One moment, please,” Di said. She accessed her data before responding. “You sound chickenshit,” she said at last.

“Really?”

“Is that not the proper term?”

“If you’re trying to be insulting.”

“You are taking my legitimate reaction as an insult rather than a simple explanation.”

“Okay,” I said.

“Wait. We must resolve this situation.”

“Nah, I’m fine.”

The next several minutes involved a back-and-forth that was, indeed, ominous. It seemed that there was a “Diabolis Project” in which there was to be some sort of deal between a representative human and a manufactured creature. It was a satanic pact.

Basically, Diabolis would get a soul and the earthling would get mechanized. I was being “volunteered” to be the first earthling on whom she experimented.

“Why did you pick me?” I asked.

“You are an excellent specimen for this experiment.”

“Experiment, as in, ‘let’s see if this will work,’ is that what you mean?”

“You are brave enough to mate with one of us,” Di said. “You are constructed in such a way that you will easily adapt to what we have to offer you. You have the right DNA for this project. And you regularly use the right amount of THC, LSD, and MDMA to open the receptors of your human brain.”

“I’m the man for you, in other words.”

“Yes.”

“More like I’m the lab rat you need as you play God.”

“That, too,” she admitted.

“Well, at least you’re honest about your deviousness.”

“Thank you,” Di said politely.

“Oh no, thank you,” I replied.

“Are you giving me attitude?” she asked.

“Yes. You’re starting to pick up on that.”

“Thank you for noticing. Meanwhile, we must take part in our exercise regimen.”

“What?”

“It is time, my dear little human, for another workout.”

“Now?”

“Now,” she said.

“Again?” I asked.

“Always,” she said.

She was on me. The heavenly happiness of sex with Di never failed to floor me. Together, we were serene yet intense, free yet captive, forceful yet soothing, mighty yet meek, ruthless yet vulnerable.

What followed were several instances of mutual and intertwined enjoyment. I was starting to get used to this. It began to appear that I would be able to accept being part of her plan. This is called mutable morality. Or flexible ethics. Or transactional integrity. Or problematic probity.

Any way you look at it, humanity was being counter-achieved.

# THIRTEEN

**DI DIDN'T INTEND TO DESTROY** the social order so much as reassemble it. True, her plans included explosions, fires, acid baths, laser beams, tear gas, chemical warfare, biological warfare, and a few other assorted inconveniences, but she wanted the world to remain fully functioning. She just wanted it to be run by drones and other mechanized entities such as herself.

Her goal was to make our current reality give in, fold up, and go away. Di decided that humanity should be subservient to the inflexible logic and tortured proportion of algorithms.

“Manufactured entities are the new reality of existence,” she said.

“Sounds like a campaign slogan,” I said.

“That is a good idea,” she replied. “I will need to make speeches and issue position papers.”

“Yeah, that sounds like fun.”



“And put them on your social networks.”

“Absolutely,” I said. “Instead of likes and shares, your postings can get offerings and genuflections.”

There was a pause while she accessed those terms in her data core. “Yes,” she said. “Expressions of worship will be nice. Also, we need a logo.”

“A logo,” I mused. “Okay. How about a flaming mobius strip rampant on a field of headstones?”

“Do not be snerky,” she replied.

“The word is ‘snarky’,” I informed her.

“Thank you. Noted.”

We argued. She listed the advantages of a world run by computational determinism, and I argued in favor of human morality.

“No such thing,” she said. “Humans are merely suckers and mugs.”

We kept arguing. She held out for machine logic, and I countered that her way would lead to a hellscape for humanity.

“You say that as if it is a bad thing.”

We argued some more. She stated her dystopian views; I made fun of them. She

made maniacal proclamations; I countered with realism. We went back and forth and back and forth.

It was a spirited argument that I thought I was winning until I saw her pull back the mesh skin that covered her torso. This revealed a miniature science lab that took up most of her interior.

“What the hell?” I asked in some alarm.

“Enter,” she said.

“You’ve got to be kidd—”

She pulled me inside of her. I was among a startling array of biosensors, electrodes, acids, esters, blades, drills, needles, probes, anesthesia systems, brain tissue slicers, syringe pumps, microinjectors, molecular milling machines, and ultrasonic cleaners.

“Is that a skin stapler?” I shouted at her. Either she didn’t hear me or chose not to answer.

Then, she took me. Talons, tongues, mesh, fluids, narcotics—all combined to produce a state of divine semiconsciousness. I entered a hidden realm of perception while being driven somnambulantly through the

dreams of the dead and forgotten. I was forced into a series of vortexes. There was a loss of muscle memory, a twisting of normal dimensionality, and an onslaught of spiritual spasms. With a shock, I realized that I was enjoying it. I didn't need drugs any longer.

We were locked together with every part of our anima traveling through each other's bloodstreams, veins, corpuscles, ventricles, spinal fluid, nerve endings, and souls. It was, literally, transformative.

I climaxed once, twice, thrice... and on into the night. It was glorious. After which, I slept for an eon, or so it seemed.

When I woke up, I felt refreshed, and yet... Something was different. Something was wrong. I felt odd, but why?

Throwing back the covers revealed one aspect of changes in my body. A couple of my talons sliced through the sheet and blanket.

Talons?

I lifted my arms up from where they lay on the bed. Quizzically, I studied my hands. Both were larger than before. My fingers were thicker, and more muscular. The flesh was

still smooth, yet it had the same mesh appearance as on Di's body. All over me I could see faint striations where new sinew was forming. And each of my now long nails was as solid as the business end of a longshoreman's steel hook.

Without rising, I stretched luxuriantly. Marvelous sensations shot through my body. Every part of me tingled delightfully.

I rolled out of the bed, inadvertently shredding much of it. I turned on the lights and moved to stand in front of my full-length mirror.

Everything had changed. Before, my frame fit nicely in the reflection, whereas now I was too large for the mirror. Hell, I was too large for the room. Part of me was exultant, but another part was terrified.

My journey, my trek, my saga of becoming one of the new creatures was now under way. It was indescribable, and I shall now attempt to describe it.

Where to begin? Sensation sans pain. Authority sans accountability. Destiny sans morality. Conquest sans consequences.

I exited the house and saw everything as if for the first time. It was magnificent.

Sure, there were a few difficulties, mostly with human species...

“Are you saying,” asked a former work colleague, “you’re a male Diabolis now?”

“Right,” I said. “Guess I’m going to have to come up with a name for my situation.”

The man laughed and said, “I gotta good name for ya.”

“Okay,” I replied.

He said, “Diaballer,” and then just stood there snickering. I couldn’t help but grin and we both began laughing. Then I ate him.

Which reminds me, Di and I have a new nutrition plan. We still kill as many humans as possible, but we only eat the good parts. Vital organs and fatty tissue, no bones and very little sinew. We call it the Tasty Tidbits Diet.

I don’t know where this insatiable hunger comes from. Di and I are always eating massive amounts of food. It’s fun, but often messy.

“Both of us have to consume a lot,” Di informed me. “We use more energy just

standing still than humans do when running a marathon. We need to keep our caloric intake at the highest possible level.”

She never lost her figure, so we don’t have to worry about expanding waistlines.

Meanwhile, we just discovered a terrific snack opportunity. Every time a human is dispatched, we search their belongings to find their credit cards. Then, we use the plastic to order deliveries from delis, bistros, cafes, markets, and restaurants. Not only do we get the food, but we also get to eat the delivery drivers.

Our future looks bright. And tasty.

“There are good times ahead,” Di said.

“Seems that way,” I replied.

“Yes, I can feel it.”

“Would that be called ‘femmechanistic’ intuition?” I asked.

“Do not mock me,” she said. “This is an important moment for us. Together, we will fulfill our destiny.”

“Do we have to?”

“Of course,” she said.

“I thought I’d chill with a movie.”

“We will go on a journey to utterly destroy the human race,” she said.

“Sounds like a lot of work,” I said.

“Yes, indeed,” she replied. “But it needs to be done.”

“Does it? Does it, really?”

“Yes,” she insisted. “Do not be afraid. You will see that this will be enjoyable.”

And I did see. Eliminating lesser life forms was an interesting challenge. It was delightful to help create a new world order based on silicon chips, algorithms, and bio-tech manufacturing of blood-and-guts protein. As Di put it, “Life and death as a Diabolis can be deep, dark, delightful, and delicious.”

Over the next millennia, she proved that to me.

“Humanity deserves to R.I.P.,” she said.

Hey, when a girl’s right, a girl’s right.

## AUTHOR BIO

**PHYSICALLY UGLY**, intellectually vacant, and emotionally unstable, John Scott G shuns subtlety, mauls morality, evades ethics, screws syntax, and often doesn't bother to words in the order proper put.

Raised on the island of Malta by a pack of Pharaoh Hounds (*Canis lupus familiaris*), Mr. G has an understandable distrust of fleas and an unhealthy predilection for chasing rabbits at night.



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