

The Little Ass-tronaut

An Orbital Erotic Thriller



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Dedicated to Buzz Aldrin for that time he punched Bart Sibrel in the face.

Look it up.

Moon Dance: The Night I Fucked the Moon

Chapter One: Monkeys in Space

Space Diary: Stardate 18374.203

Well, here I am, all alone on this rocket, heading to the moon for science reasons. The lift-off went well; all the girls and boys in Houston were jumping up and down and celebrating for me, since I was finally getting off this planet. I'm excited for this trip too, and my face cracks into a big ol' grin every time I glance up from my space diary and look out my rocket window at the great black yonder.

But space can get real lonely for a man. I already feel myself starting to get the space loneliness that can drive a man crazy. The Soviets used to send monkeys up with their cosmonauts, so that they wouldn't go crazy from loneliness and that they'd have some companionship on those dark and lonely space nights. But thanks to cutbacks, Uncle Sam sends us up on our own.

Gotta keep Joe Taxpayer happy. The public wouldn't support NASA if they knew we were just flying up here to fuck a bunch of monkeys like those dirty Russians do. But maybe those Russians are smarter than we are. Massive Russia won the cold war after all.

Ah jeez, why I am even talking into this Space Diary? I feel like a crazy man. Those NASA quacks told me I had to do it though, since they said that it would help keep me sane since I don't have any monkeys to fuck. So I guess I gotta follow orders. When you're talkin' to a monkey that you're fucking, at least there's someone listening. A fella just feels a little strange talking to himself when he's all alone. And there ain't no man out there lonelier than me at this moment.

So what should I say? My name is Astronaut Bruce Tasking. I was raised up in Lunaphilia, that's a small town in west Montana. Yeah, maybe it's just a small town without too much going on, but it's the real heart of America. Just a bunch of simple good old-fashioned folk not bothering too much about the outside world. Real hospitable-like - the kinda folk that'll offer to have you over for dinner before they even ask your name. Unless you're Ethnic, of course, in which case they will run you out of town faster than you can say 'Speedy Gonzales'.

I was born to be a spaceman, and I definitely got that desire from my daddy. He was a plumber and he died in a plumbing accident when I was real young. My last memory of him was a night he was working late, and he let me tag along with him. We sat outside and ate some sandwiches, and he pointed to the moon and said, "See son, that's the moon. Its attached to the earth by gravity, which is kind of like the love that attaches me to you."

It was then that I realized that he loved me and that I would always be stuck to him. I always loved to look up at the sky with my Pops, especially when we'd stare at the moon. It always seemed like the moon was the sky's asshole, and that it was just begging for a good porking. A good old fashioned Montana meat BBQ, right in the shiny white asshole of the sky. Gosh, I'd just spend hours staring at it. I guess you could say I was a bit of a luna-tic.

And that night Daddy died in that horrific plumbing accident, his final words to me were, "Son, if you don't fuck the moon one day, I'll never be proud of you."

I had no idea what he was talking about, and no idea what I was supposed to do to make him proud. So I became an astronaut, and I figured that one day I would finally understand what he was trying to tell me. Ever since that night, I just knew I had to get to the moon. I guess my daddy passed on to me his desire for space, so that I would get to go places and do things that he always wanted to do.

And when those desk pushers at NASA offered me the first ever solo moon mission, I jumped at the chance like a crawfish jumping for gravy at a hoedown.

So here I am, just a normal red-blooded blue-collared brown-haired clean-dicked boy from Lunaphilia, Iowa out here in space all by my lonesome self. Did I say Montana before? I meant Iowa. But any-hoo, what's a regular fella to do up in space to pass the time?

Chapter Two: Space Loneliness Sets In

Space Diary 47492.392

These first few days alone in space have been tough. I take a bite of my vacuum-sealed space food. It's dry and dull. I think back to the last meal I had before liftoff: the Moon over my Hammy at Denny's. But little did I know how over-my-hammy the moon would truly be.

Everyone knows that there's no gravity in space. What they don't know is that there's no gravity in your dreams, either. You always feel suspended in the air, like when your mommy strings you up to a tree because you spilled gravy on the sheets during Mommy-son-alone-time. I've been having the strangest dreams of my life: just bright white circles floating in emptiness, and a distant voice calling to me in a language I've never heard but intuitively seem to know. Come to me, it seems to call. Come, Bruce... come. I want you to come all over my moon-cock.

No gravity to my thoughts, either. Images of home float aimlessly around my head like hair in a full bathtub. Faces of friends and family fade in and out as I stare out into the abyss. I want to say I miss home, but I don't know if I do. I miss my wife, I know that. And I miss my Daddy.

I listen to the song "Rocket Man" by Elton John almost once an hour. It helps pass the time. That may sound cheesy - a hot astronaut listening to "Rocket Man" while he flies toward the moon - but hey, the

moon is made of cheese. I think my daddy would be proud of me. He loved cheese. Sometimes I like to think that he's up there on the moon, mouth full of the moon man's homemade cheddar, smiling down at me.

I keep thinking about sucking my own dick. It's not that I want to do it, really. But I keep wondering if I could. I think that if I laid back on my shoulders with my legs slung over my head, I might be able to suck it. Or maybe if I just sat my space man chair and bent over, like the way you're supposed to brace yourself if you're in a plane that's going to crash. I'd have to strap myself in, though, cause otherwise the lack of gravity would just make me do a somersault.

Ah, who am I joking? I'll never be able to suck myself off. Mommy always used to say that when she'd catch me tickling my pecker, and would make me put peanut butter on my nuts so the dog could lick it. I'm just a lowlife astronaut who'll never accomplish anything.

I'd be lonely up here, if I weren't so crowded by failure.

I need to focus. Why am I always thinking about sucking my own dick? I just have to get to the moon, do my science experiments, and get back to earth so I can make all the folks back in Riverside proud of me. I already failed at sucking my own cock, what kind of person will I be if I can't even get to the moon?

Did I say the folks back at Riverside? I meant Riverdale. No, Lunaphilia - that's it. Wow, my memory is doing strange things.

Chapter Three: In Space, No One Can Hear You Cream

Star date: 48.23

Most people know that you can't hear in space. The silence is cold and deafening, like when your mommy locks you in the freezer because you talked out of turn. Except that out here, the freezer goes on forever, and there's no frozen peas to snack on.

The thought of landing on the moon sends shivers down my spine. Thinking back, it feels like I've spent my whole life gazing up and watching its cycle: the full moon, the new moon, the half moon, the croissant moon - I loved every shape it made. The croissant moon was maybe my favourite, not just because it was my daddy's favourite baked good, but because I was a bit of a history nut and loved the fertile croissant where civilization first started. From the fertile croissant to the croissant moon: it was amazing how far we'd come as a Pisces .

Daddy always used to say that a nice croissant for breakfast was always extra satisfying, like when you fuck the moon and have a cigarette afterwards. He was French.

I've been masturbating a bit, but not as frequently as I would back at home. It's difficult to climax in zero gravity without making a big mess, and even after just a few sessions the whole cabin seems to be

stained with my cock's Earthly product. The mirrors get all fogged up and the jizm leaves a crusty layer on the monitor when it dries, which makes it hard to calculate the science readings.

But I keep jerking it, because what else is a no-good clean-dicked country boy to do up in space when he's all by his stony lonesome?

Chapter Four: A Strange Space Dream

StarDate: 7

I've got something I need to tell you about, Space Diary. Something strange happened last night. I think I had a strange dream. But was it a dream? I just don't know.

My rocket ship flew straight to the moon, and landed on it with a dull thud. It was pretty anticlimactic, like when you've tried to jerk off too many times in a row, and all that happens when you climax is a single creamy drop coming out of the tip of your space schlong. I took a look around me, and there was nothing here but grey rocks and black sky.

Why did I come here?

After I arrived on the moon, I spent a couple of hours setting up my moon base and getting all of my science experiments ready. I had another snack on one of my vacuum-packed interstellar food meals. Half an hour later, I was setting up one of my most important science experiments; the one designed to test the moon. This was the reason for my space voyage, and if it was successful this experiment would finally give us all of the answers we needed about the moon.

I set up the equipment and I pressed the 'on' button, and it started to scan the moon with its science laser rays. I waited for the results of the experiment. As the readings came in, the dials suddenly started to go crazy. The readings were all over the place! The machines were beeping and booping like an armadillo chasing a Mexican out of his spiderhole! And just then, my vision started to go all funny.

Images of white disks flew through my mind, and the stars seemed to twinkle on and off while the planets spun about me. Galaxies danced a cosmic tango around my head, and I felt as though I was falling.

I fell through Andromeda and beyond Saturn's rings, past Orion and Betelgeuse, and straight into Uranus.

And I felt as though I was caught in two giant and soft arms.

I was confused, I felt a hot breath on the back of my neck, and I felt some hands fumbling at the belt of my space suit. It came off, and I was scared I wouldn't be able to breathe.

I looked around and tried to understand what was going on and who had me in their arms, and I realized it was the moon itself. It was spooning me from behind, breathing into my ear as it started to take off my space-suit and rub my groin. I felt something pressing into my back. It was very large and rock hard, just like a big moon rock.

If only I could describe how the moon looked and felt in that moment. It was still the moon, the same old moon I'd always gazed up at, but it was different. It had milky arms and legs like a freshly shaved boy. And it had a warmth, an incredible warmth that seemed to suck me in. It felt amazing, and I knew that this was something I had wanted for a long time. I gasped as I realized what was holding me.

It was the spirit of the moon, manifest as a moony man.

But suddenly, I remembered that those desk pushers back in Houston would be following me on their monitors. What if I got in trouble from NASA for getting my space bang on?

I tried to fight, and push away the Moon's hands.

He let go, and then I realized I didn't want him to. Fuck what those earth-lubbers at NASA thought about my desires. To hell with them.

I grabbed the moon man's hands and placed them on my thickening space cock. It was even bigger than ever! The gravity of the moon seemed to make it grow even bigger than normal, and I realized I had the biggest boner of my entire life. It was kind of like when someone draws a huge cartoon dick on a little stick man. It was that big.

The moon started to gyrate its hips into my back. I felt the growing presence pushing between my cheeks. I moaned to NASA to tell them to turn off their microphones.

"Shh..." the Moon whispered, holding a finger to my lips. "Just go with it."

He slid his moon cock between my cheeks, the tip rested just outside my asshole, which was clenched with fear, tighter than a black hole. I was scared, but so excited. Because just at that moment, I remembered that black holes can suck in all matter regardless how big or small.

"Don't be afraid..." again the Moon whispered. "It's just mind over matter."

I giggled. I always guessed the moon had a good sense of humor. Sighing, I released my internal and sphinctoral tension. I was safe. The moon was going to take care of me.

I braced myself to take the moon's mighty, voluminous schlong. I closed my eyes and bit my lip, just like I used to do when daddy spanked me. I was ready for that first, punishing thrust. I was ready for the pain. But there was no way that I could have prepared myself for how truly amazing it would feel.

The moon entered and filled me up like an arm stuck up a turkey's ass.

"Extra stuffing, please." I thought to myself, as Neil Young's Harvest Moon played softly in my head. "And all the gravy you've got!"

The moon was deep enough inside me that I could feel it in my gut. If he pumped too hard, I might have moon-dick coming out my belly button! He was a asshole mechanic armdeep in my poop-maker, and I was paying a hefty price for the repair. It hurt like hell. But like hell it hurt; I was fucking the moon!

It was in that moment that I realized I'd spent my whole life trying to be an astronaut. I was tired of trying to be something I was astro-not, instead of just accepting who I astro-was: I was astro-gay for the moon.

The moon man pushed and gyrated his hips, thrusting ever deeper, jamming my tailpipe like a Victorian chimney sweep. Oy, gov'na! He might as well have yelled. He was cleaning me out good and proper. He was thrusting with such pressure and speed that I couldn't believe it! I was worried he was going to jar something permanently loose if he wasn't careful.

But maybe that's why I'd come here in the first place... to let something go. I wasn't just here for science, I was here to break down the final barrier between man and cosmos. And the moon's dick was going to be my battering ram. THUD, THUD, THUD, it cracked against my insides.

I always wondered if there was a man on the moon, but tonight there was a moon in this man. And he was so deep I could feel his moon cock tickling my kidneys, but I knew there was more.

"Full speed ahead," I whispered,

"Ramming speed," came his reply.

"Mmm... make it so."

And with that, he kicked it up into second gear as he thrust faster and deeper to bring his moon-cock to space orgasm.

He started to moan, and I knew he was close to launch. He shivered as he came, and with one final push of his moon cock into my poop shoot, I knew that I had made the moon man happier than any other earth man ever could. He was loving it, and I was starting to wonder if he was Willy Wonka, because he was spending a lot of time in my chocolate factory.

As his space-load shot into me, it roared into my duodenum like a comet into a black hole; a beautiful space asteroid of jizz gone right into my crab nebula. The load was big enough to fill the Sea of Tranquility, and I was proud of myself for being able to carry it all inside my body.

After the moon man came, I suddenly realized that I hadn't been wearing my space suit the whole time. I wasn't wearing any protection! What if the moon man made me ass-pregnant? I might end up giving birth to some hideous alien turd baby. But after worrying for a short time, I realized that nothing as beautiful as the love I shared with Mr Moon could ever lead to anything but beauty and space banging.

And with that, the moon man slid off me and disappeared into the dark, leaving me nothing but an ass-full of comet cream.

I smiled, and faded into blackness.

Chapter Five: Trying to do Science with an Ass-full of Comet Cream

StarDate: 7726629950827634

I woke up suddenly and heard a loud noise. The science machines were going berserk! They were bleeping and blooping all over the place. It was driving my fucking head crazy! It was the craziest thing since Mommy tied me to the back of the truck and dragged me through town because I opened my eyes to see what she was doing to Daddy during bathtub-fun-time.

I looked at the readings and they were all over the spectrum of science. It seems that one hour before there had been a sudden spike in moon activity. The readings were off the charts. These were the highest levels we had ever measured. Finally my experiments were paying off. But where was I during all this? I couldn't remember.

I shifted in my chair uncomfortably. I felt like I was blocked up to the ears, like I hadn't shit in weeks. But I'm sure I took a space dump on the way to the moon. It must have been a combination of the vacu-food and the moon gravity. I felt like I could shit an asteroid. Something was blocking up the pipes in my fudge pocket and I didn't know what it was.

It's strange, though... There's a gap in my memory... I remember landing on the moon and then it all became a blur. I remember the science machines going crazy and then that strange dream. I can't remember exactly what it was about, but it was something to do with getting rammed up the arse with a space drill.

I spent much of the day working on my science experiments, but my mind was preoccupied with trying to sort out both the gap in my memory and the stuffing in my colon. It was almost as if a big old chunk of my brain had been cut out and stuck up my rear. But I had a job to do, and so - empty of mind and full of butt - I worked on through the haze. As you can probably imagine, it hit me like a ton of dicks when I got the final crazy reading from my experiment.

There was something wrong with the moon. My readings suggested that there was some kind of great pressure building up inside of it, a pressure that needed to be released soon, or else... The moon was going to explode.

If there was a camera in the room at that moment, it would have done a dolly-zoom toward me as I looked up from my experiments and let my jaw drop wide-open. If I'd been holding a mug of coffee, I might have done a slow-motion drop of that, too. Either way, this revelation was crazier than a lady in the White House. But that is pretty crazy. I mean think about it, what if someone lets her press the nuclear button when she was on her period? Its total madness.

Pouring over my results, I couldn't decipher exactly when the moon would explode - but you can bet your sweet honeyed-ham ass that it was going to happen sooner than later. But it was tough to work with how strange I felt: my ass was still packed full like a Tuesday night cinema, and my mind was still empty like a Wednesday night cinema. But I didn't have time to think or rest; I had a job to do.

After my umpteenth time looking over my science papers, something popped out at me that I hadn't noticed before. My space computer had picked up a small anomaly on the surface of the moon, and it was nearby. Squinting, I held up my scan of the moon's surface and looked closer. It looked kind of like a pair of lips that had just sucked on a lemon, or maybe one of those extra small bagel holes that you can't quite fit your finger through. Actually no, maybe more like a balloon knot, or kind of like the sandworm from Star Wars. And then I realized; it was an entrance into the moon. Or stranger still, it looked like an *exit* from the moon. But what possible use could the moon have for a puckered-up exit hole?

Immediately, I knew what I had to do. If there was any hope of somehow releasing the building pressure and prevent the moon from exploding, I might be able to find a spot to do it from the inside. I needed to get myself inside of the moon.

Chapter Five: Dank Side of the Moon

StarDate: 4854984869.33333333333333333333333333333333

The world has known a lot of heroes: men who started wars, men who stopped wars, men who climbed Earth's highest peaks, and men who dove to the ocean's deepest depths. What drove these men wasn't just a desire for fame or wealth or sweet poontang, it was also a singular conviction that their life just wouldn't be complete until they did that one thing. That thing had to be done, or their lives would be wasted. Also, sometimes they wanted ass instead of poontang.

As I stood on the brink of the moon's soft entrance - a tight bundle of milky-white folds - I now understood what those great men must have felt. I had a sense of purpose I'd never felt before, an understanding of what I needed to do. This was my great thing. My Everest. My Sgt. Pepper's. My Citizen Kane. My Deepthroat.

Without another moment's hesitation, I dove headfirst into the butthole of the moon.

I felt tremors rip through the Moon's surface as I tried to push my way inside. I knew the tension that my science readings had found had only been building, and I had precious little time. I realized immediately that I needed to be gentle on entry - if I was too rough right away, the moon might reject me, and I'd never be able to get back inside. So I resigned to working myself in slowly, limb by limb. First my left arm, then my right. My head, then my shoulders. *If only the moon was pushing back a bit*, I thought to myself, *It helps with the initial entrance, and then you can just relax.*

It was almost as if the moon were listening to my thoughts, and it seemed to push out a bit, and an ringed opening emerged that looked like an old granny's mouth when she's leaning in for a smooch. I worked myself inside with a calm determination, and before long, there was a loud POP and I fell completely inside. And when I was in, I felt the moon relax.

I was surprised at the heat. The surface of the cave was also different than the outside of the moon. It was grittier, more difficult to walk through. The increasing seismic activity seemed to develop into steady contractions that guided me deeper inside. What exactly I was looking for, I couldn't say, but as I felt my way along the walls, I was sure that I'd find it soon enough.

I pulled out my handheld experiment device and started to scan the walls as I walked. A green kind of laser came out of it, quietly illuminating the wretched tunnel. I looked at the screen. STATE: NUL. I needed to go deeper. I needed to find the right spot if I ever going to make my prognosis.

My hand traced the tunnel wall as I moved deeper inside. I couldn't tell if the tunnel was getting tighter, but it was certainly getting hotter. I thought about taking off my space suit, but then remembered that I was on the moon, so quickly changed my mind. I did another scan. STATE: NUL. I still needed to find the source of the problem if I was ever going to make my prognosis.

Stopping to rest, I leaned against the wall of the cave.

RUMMMBLE!

A sudden tremor knocked me over face first into the tunnel's strange moon dirt. "God damn," I whispered to myself and I wiped off my helmet. My handheld experiment device tumbled into the dirt, casting its laser rays onto where I'd just leaned.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!!!

The machine going absolutely bonkers, like R2D2 when Luke's X-wing gets shot. Fixing my face into a grimace, I crawled over to it and looked at the readings.

STATE:PRO.

I'd found the spot. It was ready to provide a prognosis. In its pro-state, so to speak. I pressed a couple buttons on the machine and waited for instructions.

Here. The machine buzzed out words. *Apply pressure here.*

I got up and walked over to the wall. Pressing against it, another HUGE tremor rocked me back onto my ass. "Huh," I said aloud. "Guess I have to be more gentle." Getting up again, I put my hands on the wall and started to massage it gently.

The tunnel contracted again, but this time it wasn't so violent. It was a longer pulse, almost more of a squeeze than a tremor. I continued rubbing in soft circles and again, I felt the tunnel squeeze. The moon was enjoying it.

I kept rubbing my hands in circles all over the general spot highlighted by my portable experiment machine. The tunnel's squeezes continued growing stronger and longer, and I had to admit, I was enjoying myself a little bit too! It felt good to help the moon release all this pressure - it must have been building up for years and years.

Suddenly, I felt a pang of jealousy. I must not have been the first to do this. Buzz Aldrin... Neil Armstrong... they'd all been here before me. They'd been on top of and inside the moon before me. Of course! That's why the government had spent so much money putting those men on the moon... it wasn't just to beat the Soviets or to stick our flag here... it was to keep earth safe by keeping the moon satisfied. Feeling empty and betrayed, I stopped rubbing.

BEEP BUZZ BEEP BEEP BOOP! My machine started going haywire again! It started to buzz out words again in its familiar robot voice.

You are right... it buzzed. You are not my first... Buzz was here before. And Neil. And they both serviced me. They serviced me well.

"Why didn't you tell me!?" I screamed, my voice echoing down the moon's hot tunnel.

It isn't of your concern. I don't hang in the sky just for you, Bruce. I am here for all men. I am something your whole race looks up to. Something for you to all to look up at and admire. Something for you to aspire to visit. Something for all of you to dream of fucking. Yes, I fucked Neil Armstrong. He was good to me. And so was Buzz. That was my first threesome. But they aren't here now, are they?

"N-no..." I stammered.

But you are, Bruce. You are here inside me right now, and I need you. The whole planet needs you. because if I don't get my rocks off right now, this pressure is just gonna build and build, and someday you'll lose me forever. You understand? You have to do this not just for yourself, but for all of mankind. Fuck me, Bruce. Fuck me for all of humanity.

I paused, mulling the proposal over.

And besides, Bruce. I appeared in your dream last night and gave you the lunar butt-pumping you've always dreamed about. You owe me one.

I couldn't argue with that logic, so I put my hands back on the cave wall and got back to work.

It didn't take long for the contractions to grow quicker and tighter. I knew the moon was close, I just needed a little bit more to get it over the edge.

Do it.

I heard the voice inside my head.

Do it. Take out your weenie and get to work.

It was crazy to take my dick out of my space suit, but I didn't think twice. I was so caught up with fucking the moon - literally, I was completely swallowed up by it. So I pulled out my meaty pipe and started to rub it against the general spot I'd been rubbing.

To my surprise, it felt a lot better than I'd imagined. The texture wasn't like moon dust or dirt or even mud - I can't really explain it, but it was hot and smooth, and a little moist. It was the best thing I had ever rubbed my schlong against! Had I just won the fuck lottery? Cause my dick felt like a million bucks! I was rock hard, harder than I'd ever been in my life.

I rubbed hard, my dick pressing up against the moon's G spot.

"Holy shit, moon, holy shit!" I yelled as I quickly approached orgasm.

Don't cum without me. The moon's words echoed through my head. You have to tell me something first.

"I can't take anymore!" I screamed, my dick feeling like it was in a bowl of warm ramen. "What do I have to tell you? What?"

You know what to say.

"I don't know moon, I don't know!"

Yes you do. You always have.

"I...I... I love you moon!" I screamed, on the brink-

Perfect. Now surrender yourself.

My dick exploded like a tube of Yoplait. I mean it was a big splash, like an elephant stepping on a gallon of milk. You know what I'm saying? It was like someone tossed a palate of yoghurt pots off a tall building. I'm talking a *lot* of salty cream here, folks.

The second my creamy man syrup hit the wall, the moon came in turn. The whole cave rumbled and tightened.... and tightened.... and tightened! Within seconds, I was being crushed like I was wrapped up by a boa constrictor or like I was at the bottom of a dogpile with my best buddies. I would have been afraid, if it didn't feel so God damn good.

The moon's grip tightened, crushing the air out of my lungs. But I didn't fight it. I'd done my duty - to mankind, to the moon, to my Daddy - but most importantly, to myself. I'd fucked the moon. I'd found that rare crossroads between self, society and spacetravel. Those idiot Russians sure had it wrong, spending all those years fucking macaques in their Sputniks. If only they'd kept it in their pants long enough to get to the moon, they would have realized that there a monkey's bright red ass is nowhere near as pleasurable too pound as the hard surface of the moon. I'd found that special place, deep in the moon's asshole. I was cosmo-queer for lunar anal play, and if I died then I'd die without any regrets. Just thinking about it was giving me a hard-on.

I came in my pants, just a little bit though this time since the last time was so huge. It was more like someone poking a little hole in a small creamer. You know what I mean? Like if a mouse spilled his glass of milk.

Chapter Six: The Man on the Moon

StarDate: 4854984869.33333333333333333333333333333333

“What on god’s green earth are you doing, Bruce!”

It was my commander – Tadd Daggart. His voice rang through my headpiece, startling me awake. My head was fuzzy. What the hell was I doing.

“Get up, Bruce! Get up! Shit, we might have lost him.” Commander Daggart yelled.

I was moving... but what was I doing? Where was I? Why was it so cold?

Opening my eyes, I realized I was on the moon’s surface again. I was laying on my belly. What was happening? Looking down, I saw that I had my dick out. I’d been furiously humping the moon’s surface. My dick was cut up, raw and shrivelled from space exposure. Also it was pretty cold on the moon, so it was smaller than normal because of that. Normally it was bigger, I swear.

“BRUCE! ANSWER ME!”

“Yes, commander?” I murmured. Why wasn’t I in the moon anymore? How did I end up out here?

“I thought we’d lost you, man! What the hell are you doing?”

“I... I don’t know, sir. What was I doing?” I fumbled over my words as I tried to piece things together.

“The minute we touched down you went space crazy, dropped onto your belly and just started humping the damn hell out of the moon! We’re getting you out of there. Auto-pilot will take you home, but you need to get back into the lunar lander STAT!”

It couldn’t be... it had all been a dream? I don’t know. It had all felt so real. I felt like just laying there on top of the moon forever. But my training kicked in, and I lifted myself up and started to walk toward the lunar lander.

I wasn’t crazy, was I? I remembered so clearly going inside the moon and fucking it in the ass with my entire body. And I remembered vividly the moon fucking me, too; that damn moon had filled me up like a cheap water balloon at a white trash kid's birthday party. There’s no way I could have just dreamt those things up.

I climbed the ladder to the lunar module, and dazed, I turned to look back. The moonscape was cold and silent. The warmth I'd felt was all gone, and I felt tears welling in my eyes. It was all a dream...

But then, looking down, I saw something that made me smile. There, in the dust, right beside Armstrong's boot treads, by the trackers of the rover, just before the American flag, and next to the photograph of Charle's Duke's family, there it was: my dickprint in the moon.

I did it, Daddy, I did it. I finally fucked the moon.

The End.