

A Torn Mind Short Story

Moon Jumpin'

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1550 Words

Mornis was a loner. He went to school at Moon 20 High School. He would be in class of 2112, if he graduated.

Mornis [• o Œ u Á v š }((š ì ò ì ì X , o }} | lock, blink, zig itZ } o } P Œ % Z] numbers, and he got out of bed. He showered, dressed in his tight shirt and baggy pants, and zipped up his steel-plate boots, then threw his hair up into a Mohawk with Lexum car grease.

He walked out the house with Skinny Puppy playing through a small chip in his left ear. Another day at Moon 20 with its generic fucks, he thought. Mornis put on his space helmet and walked outside. His trek o } v P š Z u } v [was hooey from the low gravity. He was used to the movement and so he fell into his rhythmic style of falling forward and jumping in forward flip corkscrews.

The black of space was around him at all sides. Light illuminated directly from the sun. & μ l] v [, o o U Z š Z hip fit sale, 6% off) structure t Moon 20. He stepped through the cycling chambers and removed his helmet, able to breathe the oxygen pumped inside.

Kids ran through the halls, yelling and pushing each other. Mornis walked a straight path, walking] v š } %o } %o o] (š Z Ç] v [š u } Å X

He kept his head down, lost deep in thought on his next drawing. Catching sight of female legs, he slowly looked up, seeing Bezy in her miniskirt and tight-fit shirt. Her hair hung perfectly at her shoulders with bangs dropping down an inch above her eyebrows. Pure lust hit him as he watched her remove books from her top-

Mornis started leaning to the right, to get an upskirt shot, and collided with Les.

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Mornis flew against the lockers. Still standing, he was about to charge Les, but Les leaned next to Bezzy.

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Bezzy hummed aloud, rolling her eyes left and right.

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She laughed and tilted her head in Morn]•[•]Œ š}}v X

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Les scrunched his forehead.

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Mornis grunted and slammed his fist into the locker. It cut his knuckles and made a large

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watched at him leave.

^ t] Œ _ she said.

Mornis went to class, sat down, and opened his sketchbook. He skimmed through the filled pages. Everything he drew was a portrayal of Hell. He refused to draw anything that did not come from, or belong in Hell. Z š [• fut Œ , so I embrace it in every way I can imagine [Z [š he Œ few people who asked. Their response was always disinterest.

Z] v Z] u • š < } Œ ì U } v } (> • his sat drawing while the teacher
was explaining how space travel originated. Half of the kids slept. Awaking, they

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Bezy and Litty arrived at the hospital. Mornis stood up and held his sketchbook in front of his pants, hiding his excitement. The girls walked through the doors, Mornis closed the gap between them. The girls talked to the front desk and walked down the hall to the staircase. Mornis followed, picking up the pace. He calmed his quick breaths and stopped his stealth approach. He ran to the top of the stairs, stomping, while pulling on his leather gloves. Bezy and Litty turned around. Mornis held his helmet under his left arm and his sketchbook in his right hand.

Both the girls looked confused. He walked up to them to conversation distance, and stopped.

^ t Z š Œ Ç } μ }] v P Ì Ž Ç Œ • M X , Á š part with Echo, she said, they shined with gloss. They had a sweet plumpness that Z [] š } š } μ Z X

Mornis looked to Litty and put his fist on her chest and pushed, he hooked his left boot behind her ankles. She fell to the floor as Mornis leaned forward onto his right foot, and came down directly on top of her face with his steel-plate boot.

Her face crunched, splattering blood. Bezy shrieked. Mornis gripped her waist tight, sank his space helmet on her head, v (} Œ Z Œ š } Á o | Á] š Z Z] u X , Œ v] v š room with her. She screamed, but the helmet had the volume output muted. He threw her in a bathroom stall. Her nails scratched at his leather jacket, but he } μ o felt. He took out the canister of Moon Dust 90 and shoved the end into the extra oxygen slot on the space helmet. A yellow gas shot inside, she breathed it in.

The drug kicked in immediately. Her eyes rolled back and her limbs fell lifeless. It paralyzed her body and increased her sense perception ten times the average person. Her eyes rolled back to Mornis. Her face was unbelievably cute. Sullen confusion and interest came into her eyes.

Mornis pulled his pants off and held her close like a lover. Her arms locked beneath his arms wrapping around her. He looked down to her legs; her feet fell out of her shoes. His dick hard, felt her body all over, gripping her flesh tight in handfuls. He sat her on the toilet, and took off her panties. She sat dazed. He held her with one hand as he grabbed his sketchbook with the other. He tore out page after page of his depictions of Hell, and laid them face up on the floor. Then he stood her up and leant her over the toilet. Her head hung down, her ass stuck higher than the rest of her body.

He spat on his cock, rubbed it around, and shoved himself inside, searching for her space-girl clit. Grabbing her hair, he twisted her head to face him. She clenched her eyes and bit her lip, biting harder every time he straightened his legs. This was no friendly fuck, but rather Mornis was trying to drive his Hell-clouded mind into hers. Every slam into her was a salute to Satan.

He slowed down his pumps, letting her experience a full six minutes of his persona. He left his seed in her, and took from his back pocket his trusty, sharp knife. He slit his own throat three times across. Bleeding like mad, he turned her over to see her face. He shoved his hand inside her, mixing his blood with his seed around her space-girl clit. Mornis closed his eyes with his first genuine smile, and left reality.