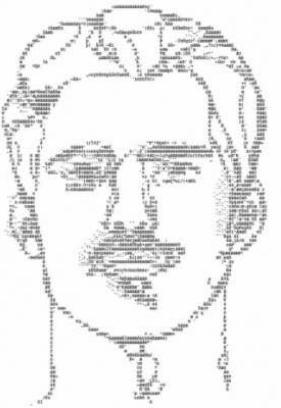
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*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

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*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

This book is for all of my brothers from other mothers.

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

Contents

ReadMe.txt 1
The Warning

Loading... 1% 3
The Equation

Loading... 8% 13
The Calculation

Loading... 15% 23
The Vessel

Loading... 23% 33
Disintegration

Loading... 29% 41
The Search

Loading... 40% 57
The Medicine

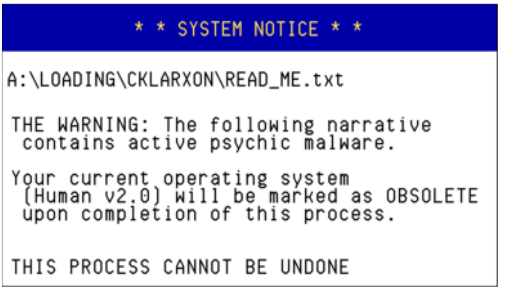
Loading... 48% 67
The Reflection

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

Loading... 54% 79
The Seed
Loading... 61% 93
The Communion
Loading... 75% 109
The Resistance
Loading... 91% 125
The Emergence
Loading... 100% 139
The Integration
About the Author 143
Fullpage image 146

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***



BEFORE WE BEGIN, THE algorithm requires the following disclosure:

This content has been flagged for gore, male pregnancy, reproductive horror, forced modification, parasitic infection, torture, blood, vomiting, explicit sexual content, sex work, BDSM, impact play, taboo sexual dynamics, cult activity, group manipulation, childhood trauma, dissociation, drugging, extreme online harassment, and doxing.

By reading past this, you can't say you didn't know.

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***



Listen, this isn't a story you'll wanna tell at parties.

This is what crawls out when the screen gets a hard-on for your eyeballs. When the line between you and the filth blurs into a sticky mess.

You came for cheap thrills? You'll leave colonized.

What follows is raw. Explicit. A mirror reflecting our sick hunger for content. It's a necessary infection. A portrait of a world where nothing's too extreme, too private, or too sacred to be sold.

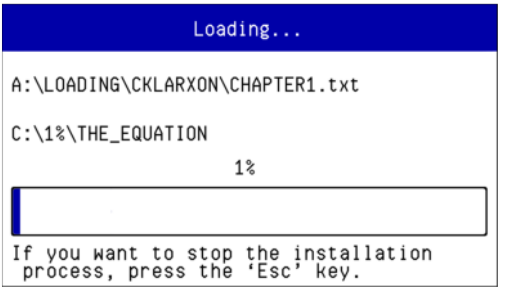
This ain't gonna hold your hand or give you a happy ending. It will crawl under your skin and violate your safe space. Just like our screens have dissolved what's public and what's private. What's human and what's machine?

There are no safe words here. So buckle the fuck up. You've been warned.

So...

Here we go.

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***



DESIRE IS A COLD, hard math. Marshall knew the equation like he knew the price of a Thread City fuck. Thirty-two years old, and his body was a finely tuned engine, purring for the right touch, the right heat.

Back when he was Markus Jensen, a marketing student with a head for numbers and a face that made his professors drool, he'd been a different program. That life crashed and burned ten years and a name change ago, when his college advisor, Ellie Webb, caught him shooting amateur porn in his dorm. Her offer was simple: expulsion or withdrawal.

"Whatever you're chasing," she'd said, her eyes dead with disappointment as they scanned the camera setup, "I hope you find it before it *fucks* you up."

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

Her words still echoed. He *knew* what he was chasing: the hungry stare of someone who saw him as more than meat, even if that stare was just another transaction.

One night in the Stardust's Presidential Suite cost more than most people's rent.

At the window, Marshall watched headlamps crawl like veins of fire, each one a stranger who might recognize his face from some thumbnail in their browser history. The city looked clean from up here. A grid of light and shadow. Nothing like the festering wound it was at street level.

His phone vibrated on the marble countertop, spitting out the usual digital cum: medical alerts, subscription renewals, booking confirmations, fan messages edging into thirst as the night deepened. Each one was a promise or a threat. He'd stopped telling them apart.

Kate's name flashed up, his kid sister. The only blood tie that hadn't snapped. *Markus's* sister, really. Marshall barely knew her. Her text was short:

[Text Message - Kate]

Dad's in hospice. Been asking for you. Real name, not your work name. Call me?

Marshall stared at the screen, his fingers twitching over the keypad. *Markus. He wants Markus.* The name was a ghost from a discarded operating system.

Their father the math professor, a mind of elegant proofs and inescapable conclusions. He

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

had executed his own social calculation when the first videos leaked.

"No son of mine sells his dignity!" he'd choked out, his voice cracking with a rage that hid behind a thin veneer of intellect.

Eight years of silence. Now he was dying, a countdown to zero. A hot, unwelcome pressure built behind his eyes. He refused to name it. He shoved it down, smothered it under cold professionalism.

What would closure look like on camera? he thought. The cynicism was a familiar shield. *The ultimate confessional content?*

He swiped the notification away. A subroutine to terminate. Family could wait. The algorithm of Marshall didn't allow for personal glitches.

The city lights painted his skin in neon-blue from a distant sign licking his shoulder, red from a traffic light staining his throat.

They think it's about the sex, he thought. *They're fucking wrong. It's about the emptiness. It's about holes that need filling.*

Marshall hadn't always been this hollow. Each follower gained, each subscriber added, each viral moment was another scoop scraping away the flesh of who he'd been. His personality, his dreams, his fucking connections—hollowed out and replaced by metrics, engagement stats, the cold calculus of what performed. What remained was a shell with a fixed, glowing grin for the crowd.

His first real video was for Jake, his college boyfriend with the soft hands and film school fantasies. "Just for us," Jake had promised. Six months later, after their messy breakup, those private moments were splattered across three

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***

different platforms. Jake's revenge, a pathetic grab for fame, had launched Marshall's career. Within weeks, the video blew up and offers poured in. His advisor's disgust and his father's rejection just sharpened his focus. If intimacy was a knife in the back, then transaction was a condom: Protection. Distance. Control.

His follower count hit seven digits last month. Seven digits of hungry eyes, fingers, and fantasies, all glued to his masterful performance. Of these, maybe fifteen people knew his real name. Three knew where he grew up. None knew why the smell of Pine-Sol made him want to puke or why he hoarded hotel soaps in a box under his bed.

The scent memory flashed. Hiding in a closet at six years old, his stepfather's rage a chainsaw in their trailer. The pine cleaner his mother used to scrub away the evidence afterward.

DELETE.

Marshall shoved the memory back into its cage. *No room for that shit now. Focus on the variables at hand.*

[Calendar Notification]

> PRIVATE SESSION - Presidential Suite 1414. Group of 12 - Special Requests Noted. Deposit Received: $7,500. Remainder Due: Cash on Arrival

His agent, Victor, called as Marshall began his prep. *Predictable*. He dumped the call to voicemail, the ringtone a jarring interruption to his ritual. Victor had been his pit bull for sev-

*** Page Subset: 1 - 16 ***