

Celestial Nirvana: Part 1 - The Wise One

By Cinereo

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I wrote this series to spread the knowledge and philosophies I formed, and I hope you learn from it.

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The young woman plunged her fingers in between the juicy swollen lips of her slit for the umpteenth time, biting down on her pillow to muffle her moans of pleasure. She was lying in bed, the sun approaching the eastern horizon as the minutes ticked by on her alarm clock. The hour was early, earlier than the time her parents woke up, but this was how she liked it. The girl liked to pleasure herself each morning, again after she got home, and a final time before falling asleep. You could say that this was the breakfast rub-out, also known as the most important rub-out of the day. With each ticklish prod of her fingers, the adolescent girl could feel waves of vibrating warmth shivering along her insides, making her legs squirm as if she were having her reflexes tested during a physical. Her soft voice cooed in her arousal as the predawn light slowly shined in through her window and illuminated the juices on her hand. Her pussy was so warm and soft, she could keep her fingers in it all day and never grow tired of her own touch and the feeling of her wetness. But contrary to her sexual appetite and her almost obsessive need to pleasure herself each day, there was no specific image in her mind. She was not thinking of anyone, she was not dreaming of some fantasy, and she wasn't even remembering any erotic events in her life. Quite simply, she didn't really have anyone that aroused her, she was too shy and unsure of herself to even imagine a fantasy, and the fact that she had gone this long without having her first kiss or losing her virginity easily explained why she didn't have a cache of sensual memories to draw on for inspiration. Anyone who knew her outside of this bedroom wouldn't even recognize the writhing scarlet-haired beauty, knuckle deep with her index and middle finger between her legs, mouth open and gasping for air like a dog in the shade, face blushing from sexual excitement, and free hand tracing her naked body. Regardless of these hindrances, she was mostly content and didn't really need anything more. She already had her large c-cup breasts, jiggling and bouncing with each movement of her slender body with her nipples erect and at their most sensitive in the cool early morning; she had her virgin slit, softer than the interior of the ripest fruit and dripping with nectar so delicious that she would gluttonously lick her fingers clean after each orgasm; and she had the self-knowledge of how reach that threshold. Struggling to suppress her moan with her face buried in her pillow, the young woman worked her fingers frantically between her legs as euphoria consumed her and waves of vibrating heat coursed through her young

tight body. Trembling from head to toe, she licked her fingers clean as her parent's alarm began ringing down the hall. It was time to get up and start the new day. In his very Spartan bedroom, a young man sitting on the floor opened his eyes. The bedroom couldn't really be called that, as there wasn't really a bed. The only pieces of furniture were a bureau full of clothes, a chair and desk for homework, and a shelf with a stereo and wide collection of CDs. With the sun slowly rising and lighting his room, the teenager stood up and stretched, letting his muscles release the strain from the night of meditation. It was the start of a new day, one of the last. "Liam Harper?" "Here." "Sydney Hess?" "Here." "Lisa Jacobs?" "Present." "Victoria Ellie?" "Here." "Jack Owen?" "He doesn't come to this school anymore." A student answered out of sync, prompting the substitute teacher to raise his glasses and look out over the US History classroom and count the juniors. "Really?" The old man grumbled. "Yeah, he was transferred to another school back in seventh grade, I don't know why he's still on the attendance list." One student shrugged as he leaned back in his chair. "Very well then." The teacher sighed, about to cross out Jack's name. "Actually, I'm here." A friendly voice announced, prompting everyone to turn around and look at the young man standing in the door. Built with a tall lean build, Jack had messy silver hair that almost looked dyed, a pale-tan complexion, bright grey eyes, and a permanent small smile like that of someone walking out of school on a Friday afternoon. His smile was also mixed with strong confidence, as if he could get into a heated debate with someone and crush any argument without even having to hesitate and think, or be challenged to a fist fight and dodge every attack as if his opponent were moving in slow motion.. It had been years since anyone had seen him, and he was exactly as everyone remembered. Staring at him most intently was the girl who had last been called for attendance. Victoria Ellie was a beauty by anyone's standards with sun-kissed skin, eyes like sapphires, and long scarlet hair that was tied into a ponytail that went almost all the way to her waist with two long locks framing her angelic face. As well as beautiful, she had a figure that would drive any man insane: C-cup breasts, a narrow waist with a flat stomach, and an ass taut enough to bounce a quarter across a room at the end of her hourglass figure. Her outfit consisted of a pair of tight jeans, a slim-fitting red sweater, and a pair of boots. She was a very kind and sweet girl, not being afraid to voice her opinions and reach out to others. But regardless of her normally energetic personality, physical beauty, and recently indulged sexual appetite, she was normally timid and quiet with guys, always being too nervous to go out on dates. She was terrified of being judged and rejected and remained relatively quiet around boys, telling herself that she would date when she was ready. Sometimes though, she wondered if the reason why she was so nervous around guys but was always so horny was because she was actually a lesbian and had just not realized it. However, there was one man that she had always adored and who managed to bring out her talkative and confident side when no other guy could, and he was the student she thought she would never see again. The reason for her infatuation was simple; Jack was the friendliest guy in school and was never sad or upset. No matter what happened, he would shake it off, look on the bright side, and keep smiling, and everything he said was kind of enlightening. But it was more than just an overjoyed attitude, an attempt to win the approval of others, or even a overly zealous religious belief. It was like he truly had a reason to be happy, like he had just heard good news and nothing

could ruin his mood. He was also brilliant with an optimistic personal philosophy and approach to life, like the Dalai Lama but much more joyful. In fact, the reason why he hadn't been seen in years was because he had been attending a school for the gifted, having possessed a natural talent for everything he tried. "Alright, take a seat at any of the open desks and we'll begin today's lesson." The teacher mumbled, putting down the attendance clipboard next to the small calendar on the desk, which read December 3rd, 2012. Jack began maneuvering through the cramped classroom as cheerful as ever, bending back and forth as he moved between the cramped desks and the bored students. With their proximity growing each second, Victoria began to shiver with nervousness. Would he sit near her, would they be able to talk? It had been years since they spoken, and they were more acquaintances than friends. Was he the same as before? Was he here to stay? Should she try to make a move during or after class? Would he date her? It was questions like this, a vast torrent of confusion and excitement swirling in her mind, that distracted her so much that she barely even noticed Jack finally coming up to her. "Victoria Ellie, it is nice to see you again. May I sit here?" He asked, motioning to the empty desk next to her. At the sound of her name, Victoria nearly jumped out of her chair. "Oh, of course! Uh, go ahead! And it's really great to see you too; I missed you! I mean-" She yelped, immediately blushing in embarrassment. "Thank you very much." He said kindly, sitting down at the desk. The class went on as it normally would, with the substitute teacher continuing on the lecture from where the normal teacher had left off, occasionally asking questions of the students. Always the first to raise his hand was Jack, though this was no surprise, as he had always been -not so much "eager" or "excited"- but happy to answer them. Throughout the class, Victoria watched him with interest and adoration, comparing him to how she remembered and failing to see even the slightest change. "Jack, would you like me to show you around the school? I'm not sure if you've been told where your classes are, but I would be happy to help you." Victoria offered, running up to Jack as he walked down the hall from the first period of the day. Walking past rows of maroon lockers with scores of students shuffling past them like salmon at spawning season, the two adolescents had to speak with slightly-raced voices to be heard. Victoria didn't know why she had made that offer, normally she would be too hesitant to talk to Jack, but after seeing him again after so many years, she felt like her chances were slim and she had to make the most of them. "Oh, no thank you. I know where to go." He said with a nod. Victoria winced from the rejection, but felt the need to take the initiative to revitalize her. "Well do you mind if I walk with you? It's been ages since we last talked." She asked, knowing that she risked coming off as desperate but willing to take the risk. "I would enjoy that very much. Though unfortunately, I don't know much about you, would you care to enlighten me as to what lies in the past of the pretty red-headed girl beside me?" He asked, a moment before a loud thump echoed through the hall, triggering the scared mutterings and calls of fellow students. Jack looked back to see the unconscious Victoria, laying on the floor after fainting from the compliment with a smile on her blushing face. "Hmm, something tells me that you are an interesting girl." Jack chuckled. The small cot was cold and not very soft, but it was certainly more comfy than the floor she had passed out on. Victoria looked around the dark room, recognizing the nearby sink and cabinets as those of the school nurse, with the posters about colds and human body being the largest clue.

Hearing the sound of humming, Victoria raised her head and looked to the corner, where Jack was sitting with his eyes closed and his usual smile. "Ah, I'm glad you're awake." The young man said, opening his eyes as she stirred. "How long have I been asleep?" She asked tiredly. "About twenty minutes, the nurse was certainly worried when I came into her office with you in my arms." Jack mused, prompting Victoria to blush. "You... carried me?" She asked. "I'm sorry, I hope you don't mind. I had no thoughts other than getting you here if that's what you're worried about." "Oh, no! I'm just grateful, that was a really sweet thing to do." She said with a soft smile. "Wait, twenty minutes? Aren't you late for class?" She then asked. "Oh, I have a study hall right now. But even if it was something else, to me, making sure you're safe is more important than any class." He beamed. Victoria was unsure of what to say next, after all, Jack was even kinder than she remembered, but was he being so nice because maybe he liked her? "That tune you were humming, what was it?" She asked. "Pachelbel's Canon in D-Major, a melody of the ages. I believe music is probably the greatest achievement of mankind, as it is the almost divine manipulation of sound waves and atomic vibrations into a lullaby for the senses, even to animals." He said cheerfully. Victoria smiled, having finally gotten something out of him. "Now please, I would like to continue our conversation in the hall. Tell me about yourself, please. I'd like to know more about you." He asked. Victoria's smile widened into an ecstatic grin; she never believed she would get this far, but it was as if her dreams were coming true before her eyes. The nurse was in the next room in her office, but if they talked quietly, she wouldn't hear them. "Why are you interested in me?" She asked, trying to gauge his perception of her. "I find you interesting. Besides, I love to learn as much as I can about other people, as they are probably the greatest sources of the most intriguing information. Through your words, I can peer into your soul and try to understand what makes you who you are." He explained, causing Victoria's chest to warm up. That philosophical tendency of his, it hadn't changed a bit. "Well I'm sixteen, I grew up here in Maine, my parents are divorced, I'm pretty shy, I love to draw in my free time, and I'm hoping to do a lot of traveling after college. What about you?" "Like you, I was born and raised in this state, my parents are together, and I love everything. For hobbies, I guess you could say that just admiring the world and taking in knowledge is my main form of entertainment. I'm not quite sure what I want to do after I graduate." He modestly recanted. "How can you love everything?" Victoria asked, turning around on the cot so that she was lying on her stomach with her chin resting on her hands. "Half of reality is what happens, the other half is how you perceive it. Depending on how you look at something, you can be lucky enough to see the true beauty in it, or at least look past the bad aspects." "Well do you love me?" Victoria asked coyly. "Yes, in a manner of speaking. I am grateful to be able to talk to you like this, I am glad that I get to look into your past and see who you truly are, I admire your beauty, and I want to get to know you." He said happily. At the first word of his reply, Victoria began to tremble. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined it would be like this, was this really happening? Did she truly have a chance with him? "Jack, do you feel about me differently than you feel about others?" She asked without looking at him. "Only in that I know more about you now than I do most of the students here." He replied. Victoria smiled. 'That's a good start.' She thought to herself. Throughout the day, Victoria carried a smile that stretched from ear to ear as she walked

down the halls. She had already been barraged with questions from her friends about why she had fainted and if she was sick, but she would always answer with a cheerful denial of any problems. Why wouldn't she be happy? She basically had her foot in the door, an edge on any other women with their eyes on Jack. Jack himself was always seen on his own, never walking with friends or talking to anyone. This was not unusual being it his first day back to school, but whether he was alone or not, he was always smiling and humming, as if he knew something good that everyone else was unaware of. "Gentlemen, please, there is no need for violence." Jack calmly said, facing a towering Senior who had his fingers clamped around the collar of a terrified Sophomore who was being held off his feet against a row of lockers. People walked by without a second glance, not wanting to get involved and ignorant as to how they were fueling the Senior's sadistic attitude. As mentioned, the man towered over Jack and was heavily built, fitting his star position on the school football team. "This doesn't concern you fag, piss off." The high school gorilla threatened. "There is no reason for violence, no reason to harm others, so why do you do it? Has this boy done something to trigger your anger, or are you using him as a way to release the strain from the troubles in your life? Tyler Deck, what is your reason to inflict pain?" Jack asked without losing his smile. "It's none of your fucking business!" Tyler growled, dropping his victim and turning to the fearless challenger. "You're harming and intimidating this young man here, is it his business? There is no need to make someone the victim of the problems in your life, so what is the purpose of these harmful acts?" Jack asked without taking a single step back or showing any signs of tension or fear. Tyler pursed his lips, trying to come up with a response. In truth, he had never asked himself why he did the things he did, but now this stranger before him, this smiling punk, was standing up to him in a way he had never before seen. Even more, Jack was saying everything with a cheerful disposition, but there was a certain force to it, like he wasn't going to allow Tyler to weasel his way out of explaining himself. There was nothing personal in this, it was like he was a mirror showing Tyler his true self and turning him on himself. Now, people were starting to stop and watch. "Because I can." The bully responded. "Oh, now that's not really an answer. We are all capable of an almost unlimited number of things, but we don't go through with them. Everyone here is capable of violence just as you are, but what matters is the reason. What is your reason?" Jack countered. Tyler clenched his hands into fists and looked down at Jack almost fearfully. "Do you get enjoyment out of harming others? Does it help you deal with issues in your own life?" Jack insisted. "Yeah, it does." Tyler barked rebelliously. "Then punch me. Punch me as hard and as many times as you want." Jack said without any worry in his voice. All of the spectators gasped and began muttering amongst themselves and all the blood drained from Tyler's face. "Wait... what?" He asked. "If you need someone to act as your punching bag so that you can resolve your issues, then I would be happy to play that role. Feel free to break my nose, it will heal. Knock out some teeth if it will help you, I have plenty. Snap some bones if you want, the hospital isn't a long drive from here. If it means helping someone deal with their problems and heal from traumas in their lives, then any pain that I must endure is an easy price." He said with his unfaltering smile. "Jack, what are you doing?!" Victoria exclaimed, having arrived and now forcing her way through the crowd of spectators. "Ah Victoria. I must ask that you please stand back and no one interfere. Tyler Deck, do

whatever you need to.” Jack established. Trembling very uncharacteristically, Tyler hesitantly threw a punch, striking Jack on the left side of his face and knocking him to the ground. But regardless of how it had looked to everyone watching, the punch had barely been a fraction of its true potential. “Jack!” Victoria cried out, rushing over to him. “Thank you Victoria, I greatly appreciate your care. But please, stay back.” Jack said gratefully before standing up. “Didn’t that hurt?” Tyler asked, surprised that Jack was able to maintain his smile, even with his cheek already turning dark from the forming bruise. “Yes, it did. The key is not minding that it hurt. Now, did that help? Did throwing that punch make you feel better?” Jack asked honestly. “No...” Tyler reluctantly admitted. “Really? If it didn’t work, you can punch me again.” Said Jack without any pity, sarcasm, condescension, or contempt. When Tyler didn’t respond, Jack took a deep breath. “The reason you said “because I can” held a meaning that you didn’t understand. You said it because it meant that you had power over others, that you had freedom. You hurt others because it means it is something you have control over. However, when I offered to serve as your punching bag, there was nothing for you to get out of it. There was nothing for you to take, nothing to seize, nothing for you claim as an expression of control. In truth, you hated punching me, because you finally felt the guilt of inflicting harm on another person. There was no reward for you, only a pure look at what you’ve been doing all this time. I won’t ask you what it was that made your need for control so great, but I will ask that you reflect on this and take a good look at yourself. The reason for your need for violence goes deeper than what I explained. In order to end this meaningless cycle, you must look deep inside and discover the Self.” Jack explained. “The Self?” Tyler asked. “The point from which all personality, actions, and thoughts originate. It is the true form of you, no less and no more than itself. It is the answer to all questions within you, all your confusions, and all your irrationalities. Through discovering the Self, you can understand who you are, what shapes the person known as Tyler Deck, and why he does the things that he does. You must do this so that you will come to terms with why you act violent towards the people around you. There is no reason to cause harm to others. If someone says something mean, the only harm comes from you giving their words value. If someone takes something from you, your pain comes from the needless obsession with that object. If someone hurts you, it will mean nothing as long as you are wise enough to accept the damage you receive, know that your body will heal, and ignore the delusion that it has any affect on your mind. Thank you very much for allowing me to be of help.” Jack said before giving a grateful nod of his head and walking away. “I certainly didn’t expect to arrive at the school nurse’ office twice on my first day back, both times with you.” Jack chuckled. Sitting next to him on the cot, Victoria smiled and gently pressed an ice pack against his cheek, making him twitch slightly. “Well you took care of me after I fainted, the least I can do is take care of you after being a hero.” She said sweetly. “Thank you, but I wasn’t a hero. I was just trying to help remove some violence.” He said with his usual grin infused with modestly. “Well you were a hero by our standards. I swear, you’re just as I remember you; the nicest guy in the world. You’d do anything to make others happy but without expecting anything in return. I’m surprised you haven’t already donated all of your organs.” She teased. “It’s a shame we didn’t know each other better back then, you were always so quiet and yet hiding such a sweet soul.” He said. Victoria’s smile shrank, but only due to the shyness added. Was

this meeting fate? “Actually, I’m not normally this nice. I’m not a bad person I mean, I just don’t really talk to guys. My friends all know me as being really nice and energetic, but I just get really nervous and quiet around boys.” She said softly. “And yet you’re this kind to me? I’m honored.” Said Jack. Victoria looked around for the nurse, but she had left her office next door a few minutes ago and hadn’t returned. They were completely alone. “Well, there’s a reason for that... Jack, what do you think of me? I mean... would you be attracted to me?” She asked. Instead of answering, Jack gave a small laugh. It wasn’t a mocking laugh or a laugh of condescension, but merely a chuckle as if remarking on the amusement of a specific coincidence. “Before I answer that question, I think you should answer it.” He replied. Victoria nearly jumped at the response, having never expected him to be blunt in this way. “What do you mean?” She asked innocently. “You’ve asked me of my opinion of you a few times today, all of which while blushing. Plus, even though we didn’t know each other back before I left, you’ve been taking every opportunity to follow me and talk to me. I hope you’ll pardon me for being so blunt and presumptuous, but I think you’re attracted to me. If I’m wrong, then I’m sincerely sorry if I’ve made you uncomfortable.” He explained with pleasant confidence. “No, you’re wrong!” Victoria embarrassingly exclaimed. As soon as the words were spoken, she bit her lip. Why did she say that? Shouldn’t this have been the moment she confessed her feelings? Wasn’t this the perfect moment to come out and say it? And yet... she was terrified. “Very well, I apologize.” Jack chuckled. Victoria smiled as she felt her feelings grow stronger. “Tell me Jack, how did you know what to say to Tyler? He’s always been an asshole, but it’s like you broke him?” She asked. “Humans are not difficult to understand, you need only find the key to their reasoning to shape who they are. Say the right words and you can completely reshape someone’s personality and thought process. Events create people and identities, so if you can turn your words into an event, you can create a whole new identity for someone. The easiest way to do that is to reveal their true selves, for that is the most affective way to make someone change.” “What do you mean?” “People act the way they do because they don’t understand why they do it. It is human nature for people to expand beyond their horizons, therefor, whenever you give them a limitation, they are compelled to go beyond it. Children wish to see the world outside their home, adolescents wish to see the minds outside their own, adults wish to see what lies ahead of them in all aspects, and the elderly wish to see meaning behind their lives and in their children. People do this in the search of the truth, the truth to everything, and they are always searching for it. However, the truth is not set in stone, it varies from person to person based on their perception. Therefor, since the truth can take any form, it cannot technically exist since it does not have a definition. Regardless, people search for the truth into infinity and are by nature compelled to go beyond their limitations. If you tell someone that the earth is flat, they want to see what lies at the end of it and go off the edge. If you tell someone that the earth is round, then they want to see what lies on other planets. If you tell someone that they are living in a virtual world, they want to see the true reality. If you tell someone that they are figment of someone else’ imagination, they want to prove they are real and raise themselves to the level of their creator. If you summarize someone, you confine them to one perception and path, essentially forming limitations for them. From that point on, they cannot live as themselves without wanting to go beyond what you described them

as. If you tell an alcoholic exactly why he drinks, and you say it with such accuracy that he realizes you are completely right, then he feels trapped by his alcoholism and wants to break free of it. Alcohol had originally been his whole world, but now you've shown him that there are more worlds and he'll instinctively want to explore them. If you can guide someone to find the Self, then they achieve full understanding of who you are and you feel compelled to change. You feel compelled to break free of the restrictions of your definition. If I were to strike one of your nerves and tell you to look for your Self, your entire view of reality would change and so too would your identity. I wouldn't have to be the one to define you, you would do it yourself after I initiated it." He stated with calm confidence. Victoria gained a coy grin. "Ok, try me." She challenged. "Very well, but don't get angry with what I ask." Reaching out, Jack slowly grasped her hand and smelled it, puzzling Victoria. "Tell me, how often do you pleasure yourself?" He asked. In that one moment, Victoria's face became deathly white and she almost screamed in shock. Not only was it the most personal and inappropriate question she had been asked in her life, but even without saying anything... he was right! He had brought up the one thing that she worked to hide more than anything else! "Wh-what are you talking about?" She stammered, pulling her hand from him. "That smell, that sweet tea-leaf aroma that is sunk into your flesh. It's the smell of a girl who pays a lot of attention between her legs, both maintaining it and enjoying it. I caught it when you pressed the ice pack against my face and the pheromones within that scent have been driving my hormones crazy. I picked up the scent of saliva as well, meaning you probably use your mouth to clean your hand afterwards. I also smelled plenty of soap, so that means you wash your hands thoroughly after. I only mention that to commend you for that habit. However, like I said, the scent has sunk into your skin. Now, here is where you start spinning. You have nearly an obsessive hobby of self-pleasure, but you're timid around guys and don't go on dates, so I'm certain that you aren't a sex-addict. But that leaves the question of what lies in your mind while it is taking place. What arouses you? If you are so shy around the opposite sex and so introverted when it comes to guys, then is it possible that you are in fact a lesbian? I don't think so, because regardless of what you say, I'm pretty sure you are attracted to me. You are biologically attracted to men, but your fear of them and your reason for your need to pleasure yourself so frequently are obviously a mental factor. Are you afraid of sex? No, that contradicts your hobby. Are you afraid of intimacy? Well, I think it's a little more complicated than that. Your body is telling you that it is a man who should be satisfying you, but instead of going on dates, you are quite literally taking matters into your own hands, as if trying to suppress your heterosexuality. You are trying to take care of the matter yourself;.. You seek independence, sexual independence, but I believe you seek independence in general. You want to be completely dependent on yourself because you don't believe others can give you what you want. It's why you are so energetic with your friends, but you are so hesitant to put yourself into someone else's hands for a relationship. You have trust issues, not just towards men, but towards everyone. I think that is the secret you have to find: why do you alienate yourself from the idea of a romantic relationship? If you can find your Self, then you will find your answer and you will understand yourself. Thank you for helping me and I hope that what I have said will in turn help you. If you would please excuse me, I'm late for my next class." He said before nodding gratefully. Getting

up and walking out, he left Victoria sitting on the cot with her mind spinning. Snow fell softly from the thick grey clouds, moving as slowly as their shed frozen specks drifting from their folds. Jack was walking home from his first day back, having decided to forgo taking the bus and to instead enjoy the snowfall. By the school was a gas station, serving as a popular hang out and rest stop for students after school or even during. It was surrounded by picnic tables even had an ice cream window, but in this weather, no one would normally be out. Normally. Humming Beethoven's third symphony, Jack's attention was drawn by a woman's voice from beside the gas station. "I haven't seen you around here. Are you new?" He heard, prompting him to turn to the woman standing to the side of the gas station, using the building as shelter for the wind. She was shorter than Jack with blond-auburn hair, a pair of fake-tattered jeans with leather boots that almost went up to her knees, a designer-brand tan coat, and a joint between her fingers. "You could say that. I used to attend this school district before being transferred elsewhere. This is my first day back since leaving. I'm Jack Owen, what is your name?" He asked as he approached. "Kelly, Kelly Ross. Well now, there is nothing better than a little fresh meat, they are the most grateful for the blowjobs. How about it newbie? At a "welcome back" discount, I'll suck you off and empty you of cum." She offered. Jack chuckled. "I take it this is a hobby of yours?" He asked as he watched her take a deep inhale from the marijuana cigarette between her fingers. "You could say that. I think of it as more of a profession. Come on newbie, do you want it or not? If you don't want my mouth, I got plenty of other holes to get you off with." "If you don't mind me asking, did you start doing this before or after you began using drugs? The lining around your eyes, your thinning cheeks, your dulling hair, discolored fingernails, and chafed nose tell me that pot isn't everything you do." He asked. "What's it to you faggot?!: Kelly shouted. "I'm just curious. Did you begin your job as a prostitute before or after you got into drugs?" He asked as politely as possible. "Get the fuck out of here!" Kelly yelled, angry at the intrusive question. Reaching into his pocket, Jack drew his wallet and extracted a 20. "Will this convince you to keep talking to me?" He asked without losing his smile. Kelly's eyes shifted from Jack to the money several times, before she eventually reached out and snatched the bill. Grabbing him by the collar, she pulled him behind the gas station, where they hid from the wind in the small pocket created by the tiny wooden shack around the building's water heater. She then got down on her knees and began unfastening Jack's belt. "Excuse me, I said I only wanted to talk to you. You do not have to perform oral sex if you don't want to." Jack established. "Consider this the obligation of a slut." She said spitefully as she unzipped his pants, moved his boxers out of the way, and wrapped her fingers around his manhood. Even though he had never been touched in this way and Kelly's hands were fairly cold, Jack showed no reaction to her touch and his manhood refused to show any weakness. "Tch, no wonder you're so confident; you haven't shrank at all in this cold." She muttered as she stroked him to a full erection. Lowering her head, she pressed her lips against the head of his cock and took it into her mouth. Jack stirred with his smile twitching from the physical sensation as her head began moving back and forth with a wet squishing sound echoing from her mouth. "So, like I asked before, did you start doing this before or after you began using drugs?" He asked. "Before." She grunted, taking his cock out of her mouth and smearing it across her face. "So you don't sell your body to support your drug use, or at least you

didn't originally. That means that both actions have a common source." Jack began as Kelly stroked his cock while sucking on his balls. Even while out in the cold with a layer of varnish-like saliva coating the shaft and head, Jack remained rock-hard and at full length. "You sure talk a lot for a guy getting sucked off." Kelly remarked, spitting onto the tip of his dick and stroking it furiously. "Well this is my first time, I can't say I know the proper protocol. However, I did say I wanted to talk to you." He chuckled innocently but with unmistakable calm confidence. Kelly stopped and looked up at him. "This is weird, no one acts this way on their first time. Is he lying? No... he's been too upfront and blunt to seem like the kind of guy who would lie about something like this. I've never seen him before, so I doubt he has a crush on me. There is something about him, something off... In these temperatures, he should barely be able to keep it up, I would normally ridicule him for being unable to stay stiff and coerce him into giving me more money. But instead, he's staying at full strength and is completely calm. It's like he doesn't even feel the cold or me, but it's more than that; it's like he hasn't even acknowledged what I'm doing. It's like this means absolutely nothing to him. Who the hell is this guy?' She pondered. She quickly resumed, this time with more enthusiasm and energy. Her head was bobbing back and forth like a woodpecker's, with a gurgling gum-chewing noise being given off along with bubbles of foaming saliva from the corners of her mouth. She repeatedly took his cock out of her mouth and smeared it across her face and neck almost lovingly, ruining her makeup before spitting on it, giving it a quick stroke, and then continuing to deep-throat it. Her mouth was as soft as it was wet and she was using every spot to pleasure Jack, as well as all of her skills. "Your clothes are all high quality, meaning that your family is well off, though they aren't so overdone so as to seem that your parents are buying your love or using money as a substitute to make it seem like they love you. That rules out that you do this for attention, because either they don't know or they accept you. You have parents to supply you with money you need for normal things, but you didn't start selling your body to pay for your drug habit." Jack stated. "Damn it, will you just finish up and cum already? I'm paid to fuck, not spill my life story." Kelly angrily demanded. Jack sighed and momentarily lost his smile. "Very well." He said before a jet of semen sprayed from the head of his cock without so much of a twitch or shiver from Jack. Sending up clouds of steam in the frigid air, the thick white sperm splashed across Kelly's face and filled her mouth, as well as getting caught in her hair. "Jesus, tell me next time!" She yelled, wiping off her face with far more disgust than she usually would. "I'm sorry, I thought you were expecting it. It appears that you don't quite get any satisfaction out of this. Basically you sell yourself for money that you don't need without getting any pleasure out of it, all while snorting, smoking, and injecting anything you can get your hands on. You clearly have too much of an ego to be punishing yourself, so why do you go down this path of destruction? It doesn't seem like you hate yourself, no, it's more like you don't understand yourself." Said Jack. As he spoke, Kelly became dead-still, looking down at the ground. That's why you do drugs, you hope that the altered perception will let you truly see yourself so you know who you are, and in the meantime, you desperately degrade yourself at any opportunity because you would rather focus yourself on someone else than be left alone with nothing to do but look inwards. You don't have to think about yourself as a person when you are busy punishing the back of your throat with the manhood of a total

stranger. You are trying to throw yourself down to rock bottom because you believe that to be the only way you'll ever get any comprehension of who you are." He concluded. Kelly stayed on her knees in the snow, taking slow shallow breaths and refusing to look up at Jack. The words had hit her, almost literally, they had physically "hit" her and knocked the wind out of her. She had never wondered why she did the things she did, and in all honesty, she had no idea if Jack was right or not, but never before had she felt so deeply touched by simple words. She felt like Jack's explanation had just triggered the release of long-lost memories now flooding into her subconscious. She felt a form of fullness that she had never in her life experienced, like she had been holding her breath for years and was now finally able breathe the sweet cold air. But there was more, she knew there was more, more to reveal. "Who the hell are you?" She panted, feeling more vulnerable and exposed than ever in her life. "I think that question would have more use if directed inwards. I enjoyed talking to you." Jack said thankfully before walking off.