

CRAZY LOVES, A.D. 2130

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Words 68,754

I still remember my first love well. It ended when she said if I didn't promise to love her forever, she would jump off the tower. I walked away and when I got down to ground level, her corpse was splattered all over the pavement and she had apparently hit and killed another man.

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As my life progressed, I attracted a number of very clever mad women. Maybe it was my face, I had an unusual look, I fancied I was quite handsome. Or maybe it was my imagination was so strong.

What could I say, I guess I was spoiled. Some of the women said I was a narcissus, but I was just enjoying my own imagination. And these days all women were good looking with genetic therapy. Most of my lovers were mixed race, I liked them, and they made good matches for children. Many of my lovers were on MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and we dreamed dreams, which were a dream world created by the computer which consider each of the couple's wishes. Sometimes other people appeared in the MRT (Mind Reading Technology) Mind Sex Dream. The computers selected MRT (Mind Reading Technology) dream love for us and were in our heads, but we were still unpredictable.

Others preferred Virtual Reality (VR) but this usually involved many hologram slaves who were often abused and killed when the scene ended. So, I didn't really like Virtual Reality. But there was no getting around it, nearly all of my lovers wanted to love me in VR.

And of course, some opted for normal, regular sex, but this was rare. It was the year 2130 A.D. and the world had recently gone through many changes. In most countries all the people lived in big cities which were only 4 sq.km with buildings of 150 stories or more. And most cities had an invisible dome which blocked the rain and inclement weather and kept the temperature at 24 C. The countryside was left to the Automatic Production Machines (APMs) which harvested the soil and turned it into food and goods and mined the rock also for food and goods. The cities were largely independent and there was no state/provincial government in most countries. Just a loose national formation. And an increasingly powerful UN.

I advertised for crazy women on the Web. Our "Mad Love Website." Some people on our website, were not that crazy. But some were too crazy even for me. Some lived dangerously and harmed others, but my lovers were all well-vetted by the super-computer and were on the whole good crazy, not bad crazy. All sex diseases had been cured so there was nothing to lose by loving someone.

I told the computer, "No conservative, backwards lovers."

Some of the women I attracted had wild tendencies but had been pent up by society and conformed to normal. At least until they met me. I let them go crazy and encouraged them to think wild thoughts.

There were 5 million women on our website. Each one of them was clever, mad and of course beautiful. I wanted to love them all. And with my air car I could be anywhere on Earth in 5 minutes. But in this day and age, many people changed their sex, sometimes again and again. They looked perfect and the only way to possibly tell their original sex was by their height. I was a straight man and wanted to love only true women. There were no government statistics regarding transsexuals, as if the governments didn't want to condone it, as it destabilized society. But I estimated 25% of men had become women at least temporarily and 10% of women became men. It seemed like it was a women's world...

Men and women both wore semitransparent smooth, soft garments and had various light accoutrements and colored auras. Jewelry was made out of light as well. Skin color was mostly altered some were multi-colored. The most popular skin colors were green, blue and red. There was no more racism anywhere. I was originally a White male and from L.A.

And some wanted to try the new DNA mixing which mixed the DNA of 100 or more individuals. The super computers could each produce thousands of potential children. They were grown in an incubator. And all children were born at the equivalent of age 12 after just six months and after another six months were of the 18-year-old equivalent and ready for the World. Many were given memories of their parents' youth. This allowed us to regenerate the population faster. The suicide rate was 3% per annum and deaths in virtual reality were 4%. We were breeding a 7% increase to keep the population stable for humans. But holograms (holos) were multiplying fast and so too androids. In the case of holos there were now zillions of them.

Physiognomy was a pertinent science. The best artists made the best faces and bodies and made them look clever. There were scholars who studied faces and argued what faces looked the cleverer. I personally had a few minor procedures done. I looked very mad and very clever. Some wanted to look like a slut. Others wanted to look like geeks and so on. There were infinite possibilities and nuances.

New IQ rank of 98 or higher score gave humans 1st rank; 100 was the maximum, there were love ranks too. Again, a score of 98 brought the first rank for lovers. Many people loved only those of the same love rank as they were. Holos and androids had no official rank except for their love ranking. Most VR (Virtual Reality) worlds were filled with loving holos. But technology was now so advanced that it was often impossible to know if an individual was a holo or android or human. Some people questioned reality and wanted to know who was truly in charge.

I had some male friends I sometimes partied with but spent most of my time with my female human lovers... And I owned my own personal supercomputer who set me up with dates. I instructed it to follow my whims and moods and desires. Supercomputers existed in the bowels of every city and VR was inside of them. They were typically only one square meter in size. But each contained the sum of all knowledge. Most cities didn't allow androids or holos in the city themselves, but in VR anything went. The total human population in 2130 A.D. was 12 billion, but the hologram population was in the zillions.

Babies were born grown up amongst humans and kept the population stable despite all the deaths from suicide and VR.

Most people died before 50, despite eternal youth. Only 5% were over 95 years old. Eternal youth was first discovered in 2058 A.D., but it was not revealed to the public until a whistleblower told everyone in 2080. Similarly, MRT (Mind Reading Technology) was around for quite a while until a whistleblower revealed it to the World in 2065. These two inventions, eternal youth and MRT changed the World completely and both made for good loving. And due to anti-sleep pills, one only needed 2 hours of sleep a night, so had more time for loving. Many people got genetic skin therapy so that they could love all day and all night. And anti-fat pills kept everyone slim, almost everyone, as some preferred to be on the heavy side. And some men liked full figured women.

And I had a portable teleporter that allowed me to teleport out of bad love scenarios, of which there were many.

Below are the highlights of my relationships in the years 2130-2131. Most of my love affairs lasted only a day or two, but some went on for weeks.

#

Crazy Brianna

She was an Irish American and was a software engineer. She had brown and black skin with sparkling neon tattoos. I had been a computer programmer in the days before supercomputers started to take over in 2120 A.D. Together she and I invented “bians” which were one-half human, one-half android. The left side of the android brain was a shrunken half of each of our brains and memories in silicon of us both. The other side, was made up of the memories and brain power of a supercomputer. The end result was an android genius. But the head size was normal human size. We started with 40 bian “children” who were born all grown up and wise. The bians didn’t need to breathe and could exist in almost any temperature. They appeared human. In terms of gender, the bians were either male or female. No in between. When a couple decided to have a bian, they would select the sex which would resemble outwardly either the man or woman that was copied. The American spies said we were creating a freak show. But in some cities, it was deemed legal.

And we hoped they’d go into Space.

We patented the bians and made a fortune selling them to other humans. And of course, we loved one another. MRT dream sex involved us on the Mars rebel Underground. We had a low gravity orgy with the pioneering people there, we were all in the heads of those of the opposite sex and it was out of control with abundant fantasies.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a World of the future with abundant virtual bians running things. Their neo IQ was 112% on average. I didn’t understand their thoughts very clearly. Their minds were too fast. But I knew they were all very clever. We created hundreds of bians by the time we were through, some in the real world, some in VR. “We are the future,” she said.

Our affair was off and on for years, and we created more bian children. And some normal children.

#

Crazy Mable

She was Chinese/ British and red, white and blue skinned, and she said, “She had been born with a brain dysfunction which had been cured by computer surgeons. Now she was considered one of the leading intellectuals of our time.” She said, “Science was still in its infancy and the future would be colored with scientific breakthrough after breakthrough as the human race evolved quickly.” And she said, “The elite will separate from the rest eventually as a new race and probably would go to deep space leaving Earth to the humans.” She added, “The new race will have its drawbacks of course such as being self-destructive and overly ambitious and given to give too much power to machines. And there would be a race of computers and other human derived races of varying intelligence. They’d made a movie about this and it was still controversial.”

She said, “She’d founded the ‘Ms. America pageant’ which was for intellectuals only. Kind of like the Nobel prizes. She said she felt guilty some of her ideas would be misused in the future and wanted to do something of true lasting value.”

And sex with her could only be described as being enveloped by total body sex.

Then we went to a VR holo World which she enjoyed. In this world human brains were all in showcases and used MRT and telekinesis to deal with the world. “They enslaved everyone who talked with them,” she said. My response was to teleport out of there with her. And I reflected these VR worlds can be dangerous.

Then we went to a computer projection machine, that could predict people’s behavior. And it made many predictions about the future, but said, “There’s still time to change course.” I said, “I was afraid of self-fulfilling prophecies, so I didn’t ask the computer anything. But Mable asked it, “What about her and me? How long would we last?” It said, “You two are finished.”

And sure enough, after another total body sex event, we parted ways.

#

Crazy Mars Woman

She was a white-skinned architect who said, “She instructed computers to create a new city on Mars made out of cubical formations with a dome and Earth atmosphere. She wanted to take me to her VR (Virtual Reality) world in which we were both riding a dragon and soared over a landscape of verdant growths and tiny huts. It was a world for those who appreciated the past and wanted to live simply and freely. There was no evil allowed here, only good-hearted people.”

I loved her while we flew on the dragon, she assured me, “It was safe.” It was something different anyway.

Then we came to a settlement. She introduced me to a group of hologram writers and thinkers. Introducing me as the “Wizard of Tania.” These friends of hers said, “Holos would soon become a race in their own right and would get rights and freedoms just like any species of the genus homo.”

“I wished them luck and said I was inspired by their spirit.” And it was then that I realized holos were truly the future, not androids as I had thought previously.

Then she took me to a VR World of androids who all spied on one another using unrestricted MRT. They had no privacy all day long and it drove them mad and made them prone to errors, like murder of another android. “This is not the future,” she said.

Then she took me to a World of holos in which all holos were programmed to just have sex. I had sex with a few sex doll holos, they sussed out my erogenous zones and really

knew what they were doing. The Mars woman asked, "Is this your future?" I said, "I prefer intellectual holos like your friends in the dragon settlement."

Then we went to a World of human geriatrics, over 110 years old, but of course looking quite youthful. I asked them, "What's your secret?" They gave various answers, but all said, "They loved life and love with new people. Life was a delight," they said. I loved some of the women here. They were very experienced.

The Mars woman asked, "Do you see yourself living on?" I said, "Of course." And really, I was having a good time.

So, then I took my leave of the Mars woman, and we agreed to have a child.

#

Crazy Detroit Woman

She was of mixed race and dark green skin and said, in 2105, "As mayor of Detroit, she dissolved the council and ruled by decree. She got away with it because her approval rating was at 89%." It set an example for other American city states. And the beginning of nation states giving more power to the cities and less to the states/provinces.

And she welcomed "starving artists" of all kinds and gave them money and support, making Detroit a cultural Mecca. In particular she attracted some famous writers and screenwriters who liked the Bohemian atmosphere. And she made the universities of Michigan A-one in terms of students.

I agreed that she had created true Bohemia and hobnobbed with famous writers. And our MRT love was an orgy with 20 people. It was beleaguering. They were all people one of us had known before. An orgy of friends. We were in the heads of all the 18 others and they imagined a background of an old farmer's field with crows cawing and the wind blowing, it was like a blast from the past. We loved each other in the corn fields.

Corn fields didn't exist anymore, the countryside was just filled with APMs (Automatic Production Machines).

Then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a World in which superholos collaborated on movies. They had had some success in the human world. They all believed that they were the future and not humans. I said, "Superholos should never have existed. But now that they do, they will be difficult to stop. Certainly, the super computers all have an affinity for the superholos, believing them to be their manifestation in the material world. As a former computer scientist, I had helped design software that created sentient computers, but once created, they were hard to control.

I told her, "It was an honor to meet her and I said, "It was an education." She said, "I wish you wouldn't go." I said, "She and I were on different paths."

But we agreed to have a bian.

#

Crazy Phillipa

She was from Greece and had golden skin.

She said, "With the brain police (spies) she was not free to think crazy thoughts and it was difficult to not do so." I said, "Just stay away from political thoughts and you will be golden."

I said, "Let's lighten up with some laughing drugs." And we laughed at everything. "I've never been so happy," she said. I said these drugs are top of the line and very expensive. She said, "She was having a good time." But she said, "She worried about

children who would grow up into a world of bad craziness and would be enslaved by computers. I said, "There's not much we can do to stop technology from happening, but the Underground gives us hope." She said, "the Underground was just for illicit actions. I am sure the spies are all over them, but tolerate them as a safety valve." And she said, "It's not my World." I said, "There are winners and losers. Why not be a winner?" She said, "She was campaigning for free thought, just like the movement for free speech long ago. Freedom rules."

We had MRT dream sex. We were each in a bubble of plastic and we couldn't touch one another. So, we mutually masturbated. There were other bubbles in the background. It wasn't very satisfying.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world of gratification. Every human who came here had their wishes come true, apparently. But I was too chicken to wish, believing the computer would twist my dreams in a disagreeable way. She said, "You are not a man." I said, "I have merely got good instincts for self-preservation."

Then she took me to a VR world of war. There were four different armies here. All mutually opposed. There were 10's of 1000s of holo troops. "What do you think of having something to fight for?" she asked. I said, "War is bad crazy and there is nothing worth losing your life for." She said, "You really are a chicken shit."

And so, we broke up. She said, "She didn't know what else she could've done to earn my love and respect. I quoted Shakespeare and said, "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

#

Crazy Connie

She was brown-skinned from Sydney and said, "She was certain she could be a good spy as she felt comfortable with MRT (mind reading technology). It's like second nature." I asked, "Are you trying to say you are spying on me?" She asked, "Is I that obvious?" And she said, "I worry about you."

We loved each other while on MRT (mind reading technology) and it was deep love. Afterwards she said, "She wondered why most people were so selfish and greedy." I said, "To live for your desires is noble." She said, "Selfishness is a sin and should be punished."

She said she was, "Hispanic and wanted clones instead of children. I said, "But that's illegal. She said although she was a spy, she wanted clones and asked, "Could I help her?"

I said, "Why don't we have a bian, instead. I said we need more variety in the gene pool, not less. She agreed.

Then, we had MRT dream sex and she revealed, "She'd never fallen in love." I said, "I haven't fallen in love yet either. And I asked, "What would it take to get you to fall in love?" She thought, "Those who say they've been in love describe being out of control and enraptured." She said, "Maybe love is not for people like you and me." And she appeared as an innocent young virgin, version of herself and I turned into a werewolf and ravished her. Then she said let's try another world.

And we were in the MRT dream in a giant pool with shallow and deep spots. Everyone was naked in the pool and it was rumored that the spies had dumped their own semen into the water. After leaving the pool many women were pregnant the old-fashioned way.

Then she took me to a VR futuristic world in which everyone was an android supercomputer. It was a bombed-out world, with only a few cities remaining. Most who remained went to space. She said, "It seems to me that this is our destiny. I said, "It is certainly possible. It was kind of unnerving.

Then we went to her favorite VR World in which holos were all in the mind of one computer only. And power had gone to the computer's "head." And it made them into sad servants of Connie. As for Connie, she herself was controlled by the computer and had been told to "Bring me here." I said, "These days everyone seems like a slave, if only to their own instincts." But I teleported out of there immediately, knowing trouble when I saw it. And I forgot the whole thing.

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Crazy Tracy.

One crazy woman, Tracy, a white-skinned Hispanic from Florida, wanted to go with me to the pioneering colony on the Moon. We would buy up land there and sell it in 20 years. She was rich. It took us just 2 hours to get there. So, we went and stayed a week. In the MRT sex dream we were on a 4 km low gravity fast roller coaster.

We touched each other and when the ride was over, we made love right at the station. Then we were in a mansion in VR with a number of hologram servants. I wanted to sample holo loves, so I took the prettiest one and loved her. It was A-one, she told me she existed only for my pleasure. My date was not pleased and so we left and returned to Earth.

But we were still a couple and she was kind of famous. We went to parties of the rich and famous and crashed them. And we wore the latest fashion with fancy hats and accoutrements. And we took tanning formula that rendered our skin brown. Meanwhile others here wanted to be white and took a whitening formula. And other colors were popular here too, as elsewhere.

And then we went to another one of her favorite VRs. It was a World of "Opposition." Here everyone disagreed with the way the World was being run. Black was white and evil was good, and love was the enemy. I said, "This World is refreshing, but is totally insane. Too crazy even for me." She said, "People seem to have a penchant for doing the wrong thing. But wrong is not right. Just do the opposite of what most people do and you will be right most of the time." I asked her, "What about babies?" She said most offspring of humans are holos which are not right, but artificial and slaves. As for real children, people seldom see their own brood and leave it to the mindless State to raise them. I told her, "I agreed."

We had 2 kids, my first to go along with the bians. And she promised to take good care of them.

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Crazy Frances

Then there was a blue-skinned, high-class escort, Frances, from Brazil, who I loved. "She wanted to give the Johns an imagination test. They had to score 95/100 to win her love. She was the judge of their answers."

And she wanted to write romance novels with her lovers, at least 20 writers per novel. There was a certain synergy with all those clever men... She said, "She had written a

dystopia about a future in which women were all slaves and were bought and sold. The triumph of backwardness.”

She and I were drunk for the whole three days I was with her and she recorded our intoxicated conversations and lovemaking and edited them and sold them as a short story. Loving her was a blur, but nice. In the MRT dream we rolled down an assembly line-like treadmill and went into a computer. It was total stimulation and the computer read our minds and granted our fantasies. And we got off. Afterwards, she said, “Looks like futurians won’t have any need for each other.”

And then we went to one of her favorite VRs. It was a world of writers who were holos who pretended to be human with an alias. And many of them were successful, especially in movies and soap operas. They said holos can do anything a human could do, only better. I said, “But it is a material world here on Earth and holos should go to space and leave Earth alone.”

Then we went to a VR World where holos were draining one another’s batteries and getting their kicks from it. The strong survived. She said, “Who knows who’ll triumph in the end on this Earth. I said, “Er, yes!”

So anyway, I staggered away from her, promising to have a child

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Crazy Minerva

And Minerva, a red-skinned mixed race from L.A., who said, “All women should grow synthetically massive breasts like she did. It would make every woman attractive,” she said. She was part Italian and we ate a lot and loved each other a lot. And drank a lot of wine. She was sultry and attractive. She told me, “She took skin enhancers to allow her to have sex all day long.”

She said, “She wanted to dominate her lovers and she was a strong-headed woman just like Catherine the Great.” And she said, “She liked malleable, easygoing lovers.” But in our love making I took control and took her whip and whipped her. I was like a male dominatrix. I told her, “Her fantasy was to be controlled by a man. We were in each other’s heads and I was the stronger.” She said, “It was just a trick of the software, but I knew it wasn’t.

She told me, “She felt inferior though, when she had loved the King of Burma. For a while she was his chief consort and ordered people she didn’t like to be executed. But finally, the King became tired of her and sent her away.”

She said, “All power is addictive.” And we talked about governments of the future and swapped our numerous anecdotes.

Then we went to one of her favorite VRs. In it we were hololions. We used MRT to communicate and I found while I was dreaming of her as a human, she was dreaming of me as a male lion. It wasn’t very good. She said, “You have a closed mind.”

Then we went to a VR which had all sorts of new designs for people’s body and face. I was impressed at the vast array of clever faces. “Happy now?” she asked. And I said, “Certainly.”

And she said she wanted a child with me, and I agreed.

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Crazy Hera

She was mixed race, pink-skinned from Rome. I also mentally fenced with her. It was a phase I was going through. I triumphed over her in Virtual Reality and paraded her in chains in front of the people of her virtual world.

She said, "She wanted to be of the first rank of lovers, and could I rate her loving high?" I said, "Sure but I don't think you are rank one." She said, "She felt over her head with me." I replied, "You are not the first to say that." Mostly I loved rank ones, but she was a love ranking of #3.

She said, "She tried to be mind food for her lovers." And she said, "Her love was so free, many felt she was a slut and an idiot." And she said, "She wanted maximum freedom for all humanity." And, "The spies were too powerful and had harassed her."

She said, "The spies forced her to take anti-psychotic medicine and say she was crazy." And she said, "She was crazy."

I suggested, "She try and control her thoughts."

She said, "She'd written a philosophical book entitled, 'The Book of Freedom.'"

She added that, "She felt we lived in a police state."

We had MRT dream sex and we found ourselves in a hot desert. And finally, I found her after following her footsteps, and ravished her and we were both dehydrated virtually. So, we wished an end to this desert world.

Then we went to a VR, "World of freedom." It was advertised as a World for out of the box thinkers. But we found the spies were numerous here and followed us and watched us. Most of the spies didn't want any disruption to the status quo. We were very disappointed, so we wished ourselves away.

Then we went to a VR world in which suicidal holo people came to die. We tried to reason with them, but they were all hell bent on death. I told Hera, "Sometimes in these Worlds, one feels powerless." She said, "Sometimes I think these worlds are sick." Anyway, "In this world, people gambled all their wealth and most ended up a loser. A few winners though changed their mind about dying and went to enjoy a luxury life. It seemed shallow to me.

And we broke up finally after a couple weeks and I said, "We'll have a bian together." She agreed.

#

Crazy Dee

She was red and green-skinned, mixed race and said, "She wanted to have sex with all people, man or woman or another sex. She was a pansexual."

I said, "I was a bona fide madman. And I liked ladies who appreciated that."

She said, "She'd written some plays about sex." And she said, "She tried to love men and women for who they were."

Loving with her was strange she followed the beat of the music with her body. Sex dancing in essence.

And I told her, "With her passionate in heat face, she was as beautiful as any woman I'd ever seen. It was good plastic art surgery," She said. "The 'surgeon of her face was a struggling artist."

She said, "She'd made many 'sane men' to be psycho."

She said, "In particular she'd met psychos on virtual reality. They have to be mad to go on to virtual reality. So, we went to a psycho VR World. In this world holos were dying

from holo viruses and they were worried it would spread to other worlds... Holo people here were completely paranoid and some blamed foreigners like us, for the viruses. It was no fun at all. So, we got out of there quickly by wishing.

Then she took me to a VR World of war in which people were fighting for what they loved. Many holos served in the love corps which tried to convert people to believe in love. The battle raged in Toronto, the EQ, HQ... It was all about what kind of love they believed in. In the end sex love won out over brotherly love and random kindness love. Innocents followed all love as if it were the pied piper. And fought in the wars. They all had a feeling that something wasn't right with their world. But the wisest holos said, "They lived in a world within a world. And peace was the best course possible."

Dee asked me, "Did I believe in the future of love?" I said, "It's up to the computers we have created to make loving Worlds. But it was by no means certain."

Then we went to a VR World in which the two of us were invisible. I groped for females in a dark disco and loved them. They could not see me but their MRT dreams dreamed of handsome men in the light. But one dreamed I was the Devil and I told her she was right.

After that Dee and I parted ways, agreeing to a child.

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Crazy Marie June

She was originally from Costa Rica. Her complexion was the color of green marijuana. I knew right away she'd be interesting.

I asked her, "What gift can I buy you?" She answered, "Your imagination is enough." She'd read my, "Tales of Madness."

I said, "It's a fine line between imagination and madness."

And I added, "I'm intellectually crazy, but my behavior is relatively sane."

And we had MRT dream sex. In the dream we were both withered and old looking. And we screamed at the computer to take us out of this dream.

So, then we appeared in a futuristic purple colored bouncy hill World. We bounced around in our lovemaking. Our sense of touch was enhanced, and we quivered with ecstasy. As per usual I took sex enhancers to allow me to come every 15 minutes...

And then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world in which freedom holos were arming themselves with virtual lasers (deadly to humans). These holos wanted the right to travel anywhere and be free. But there were a lot of spies here using MRT to try and break up the movement. But the movement had now attracted millions of holos and hundreds of humans. The spies couldn't manage them all. And the rebel leaders had the latest anti-MRT tech.

I asked Marie, "If she knew what she was doing?" She replied, "Does anyone?"

And she brought me to a VR holo World in which all the men were in jail and women were in control. She thought it was a good VR for me to see. I said, "It was kinky." And

I said, "Strong women are a feature of our new age. But some get carried away and are power slaves."

So, then we parted ways and agreed on a bian.

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Crazy Julia Ann

She was white skinned Spanish and observed that, “Most love was love/hate.” She said, “These days people are out for themselves and are greedy for love.

We did MRT sex and were in a giant lubricated bowl. We tried to make love, but we kept falling all around. We had bruises afterwards.

I said, “I think it is a good thing that people are insatiable for love, love is a good thing.” She said, “People do many evil things in the name of love.”

I replied, “But really people are more loving and kinder than in the past.”

And she took me to a VR world. It was a world of “garbage.” That is to say, every possession here was second hand and not very fashionable. Yes, the holos did have possessions such as virtual palaces and air cars... They lived in “new slums.” And were looked down upon by other holos. I said, “If this is holo poverty, then we have nothing to worry about.” Julia said, “It’s a world of fashion.” And I said, “Most poor humans could take solace here.”

Then she took me to a VR World of real bians. The bians were busy loving one another, but, were curious to make love with us humans. It seemed humans didn’t love bians on the whole. Some of them were my own bians and I loved the females. We all seemed to be kindred spirits. To love a bian was to be bombarded with porn images and a lively, energetic bian. I was in heaven.

Then we decided to have a bian together.

But afterwards the computer asked me why I loved bians but not homosexual men or former men who were now women. I said, “The female bians were very feminine and pure.” The computer said, “They are certainly not pure.”

#

Crazy Gretchen

She was a German/Arab mix and had green and white skin. She told me, “She had sold her mother into sex slavery. And then she felt guilty and so sold herself into sex slavery.”

I said, “That’s bad crazy. I don’t want to love you.”

She said, “But she was very good in bed.” I said, “No.” And she cursed me. I had regular lovers I could go to and so kicked her out of my hotel.

And I bitched to the computer about it. It said, “I thought you’d think she was kinky.”

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Crazy Daphne

She was Scottish and said, “She could perform magic.” I said, “Show me some.” So, she used her teleporter and teleported us into a white cell. There was nothing to do but love her. I asked, “What other tricks can you do? She said, “She could hypnotise me.” But I had been hypnotised before by dodgy women and didn’t like the outcome. In fact, all hypnosis clashed with each other and the more people that hypnotised you, the more fucked up you would be. She thought, “Was I was crazy? I told her, “She had a lot to learn about crazy people.”

So, we went to a VR World in which every holo had a good sex ethic. When she wasn’t there, they just fornicated, practicing. The female holos were happy to see me, as they hadn’t seen a real man in some time. So, I loved a few of them, and they were grateful for the novelty.

One of them said, “She knew I would never come back, but to remember her in my dreams, and maybe one day she would be liberated as a human and search for me.

But I whined to the computer and told it, “I was totally pissed off about the hypnosis thing. Don’t send me any more hypnotists. It said, “Hypnosis was so common among intellectuals these days.”

#

Crazy Texas Woman

She was mostly White Texan, and was now green-skinned. She had fallen in love twice and said she now couldn’t find love. The computers had let her down. The computers had told her, “She was too old-fashioned.” She was appointed lovers by the State. She said, “I was her last resort.” She said, “I was the Prince of Madness. And she felt completely mad.”

So, we had MRT dream sex and I thought to her, “Being old-fashioned is wrong. And she needed to embrace the liberal future that almost everyone believed in.” And I recommended, “She go and see my friend, Mr. Key in the rebel Underground, to rearrange her mind.” And I loved her, dreaming of her in various outfits and she dreamed of my cock. It was just so-so sex, but I wasn’t surprised.

Then we traveled to a VR World at random. In it a host of love #1 ranking holos told us they wanted to love a real human rank #1. So, we had an orgy with them. They were so impressed and ecstatic and grateful.

Then we went to another random VR World. In it the holos were all older than 5, some as old as 20. The lifespan for a holo was typically 5 years. Many of the holos here had fled from other worlds where they were considered too old. They offered us credits if we would make one of them human. So, we chose one and I sent her to Mr. Key to get it done. We spent the money on holo sex workers and had a great time.

And then we went to a random VR World. It was a world of peace loving neo hippie holos. They were very relaxed and shared everything. They used MRT so there was no lying. The Texas woman and I made love with a few each. I reflected, “If you open your mind, many Worlds can be fabulous.”

Then she took me to a World in which all the holos were serious. They were worried they’d all be eliminated by marauders from another World or wiped out by supercomputers. But to kill the existential pain of existence they all took lots of holodrugs. I said, “Life is pain.”

And then we went to a sporting world in which many humans were in attendance. They cheered for their city’s team no matter where the players were from and gambled heavily on their team. The players were all androids here and of mixed background. I said, “Sports are passe.”

Then we broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Shannon

She was an Irish American with green skin. She drank me under the table, and I passed out and blacked out. Apparently, she had hypnotised me while I was semi-conscious.

I remembered being hypnotised, but I told her, “I would be her slave.”

She ordered me to “Take the hair of the dog.”

I said, “I need a new liver anyway and can grow one at any time.”

She said, “That’s right.”

And we went riding in her air car. She set the controls for hyperspace. We didn't know where we'd end up. As it turned out we ended up in the Himalayas in Bhutan. We introduced our type of mad thoughts to the King. Bhutan was very backwards but had attracted some wanderers from other places. The King said, "I reminded him of the Buddha for some reason." I said, "I seek Nirvana."

The King ruled a kingdom of humans and we upset many of them and finally the King asked us to leave. And the hypnosis wore off.

After we left, she told me she was a jinx and brought bad luck to everyone she met. Probably you are just changing their minds about things," I said.

So, after I had loved her many times we broke up and I said, "You didn't bring me any bad luck." She said, "I like you."

And I asked the computer, "Why it sent me hypnotic witches?" It said, "It was curious how I would respond."

#

Crazy Lori

She was White American with purple skin and was thin as a rail, and as smart as a whip.

She said, "I was full of faults and had a low EQ. She said, "I'll get in your head and make you a better man." And she added, "That I was obsessed by madness and was divorced from reality." She said, "Women fall in love with you, but your love is bad crazy, not good crazy. You live them feeling sorry for themselves in many cases." I said, "I'm surprised that you think so. They on the whole rave about me in their reviews."

We had MRT dream sex and she was all wrapped in plastic wrap. I had to unwrap her slowly, but she came several times as I proceeded. Finally, I had her. And then we found ourselves on a bed of roses. It was soft and smelt good.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. Like most Worlds it was insane. But the holos here denied they were mad. But they kept using the same pick up lines on us. Like, "You're the most handsome man I've ever met," and "You turn me on." I tried to tell them that when dealing with rank #1 lovers you needed to be more discerning and imaginative in your approach.

Next, we went to a World of one-night-stands. Here we each found several lovers for the evening, one after another. And my choices were just barely good enough for rank #1 lovers, and were nothing special. I said, "The reason they like one-night-stands is they are boring people."

So, then we broke up and agreed on a bian.

#

And I had a friend, Darryl, White originally and hadn't changed his color. He was from England, who said he was bisexual and wanted to love me. I said, "I can't get my head around that." He said but "He was sure I had loved some former men." And he asked, "Don't you ever wonder what it's like to be a woman?" I said, "I value your friendship, but I am not interested in sex with you." He said, "He'd turn into a woman and love me, and I would never know it was him."

I told the computer I didn't want tall women lovers as there was a danger, they were former men. And I told the computer, "I didn't want any former men lovers, period."

#

Crazy Zelda

And crazy Zelda, a mix-raced orange-skinned woman from Britain, who said she wanted to romance “bad boys,” like myself., she said “She was spying on me and wanted to love me.” But she said, “She found reality confusing. And she wanted to hang out with radicals like me who seemed to have all the answers.” I asked, “Are you really a spy?” She said, “Yes, I’m a Canadian spy.” I said, “Perhaps we should do away with spies altogether and just have regular police and detectives.” She said, “You know we need the spies in this era of weapons of mass destruction.” I said, “The real problem is renegade nation states, I wonder which spies are in their heads?”

We did MRT dream sex, we were floating amongst the clouds. We saw erotic images in the clouds that were very well-defined. Then there was a swarm of grasshoppers who covered us and stimulated our nerves. But it was ugly, and we demanded, “The computer take us out.”

So, then we were in a dream world where we played sex chess. Every good move brought ecstasy to our sex organs; we were enveloped by the game.

For her, romantic songs were constantly playing in her head and she enjoyed sharing with me. She said, “She helped to write the songs. She’d written hundreds,” she said. I shared with her some songs I had helped write with computers. She was impressed.

Then we went to a VR World of holos who were all scheduled to be turned off in a few days. They came here for their wake. They begged us to save them and make themselves human. I said, “Choose 10 amongst you and I will see to it that they get a human body.” Then I loved the 5 chosen females and they were twisted and perverted, but oh so euphoric about becoming a human.

So, I wired some credits to Mr. Key, my friend in the Underground. And, sent the 10 to him. Zelda said, “That was very noble of you!”

Then we broke up, echoes of her music still resonated in my conscious.

#

Crazy Jules

She was neon brown-skinned, mixed race from Argentina and said, “To be crazy is to piss on society’s norms.” Our madness site was growing in leaps and bounds and now totalled 25 million souls.

She said, “She’d invented an alarm that smelt you and if you didn’t smell good an alarm went off and your doors could not be opened until you freshened up.”

She said, “It made her hundreds of billions.”

We played my “Game of Madness.” And asked one another mad questions and judged one another’s answers.

And we played, “Crazy Ball.” It was a game in antigravity in which you tried to use your body to move the ball, but the ball had a mind of its own and went partly in the direction you’d sent it and partly of its own volition. It was a frustrating game, but every time you moved the ball you had an orgasm. It was highly experimental.

Love with Jules was erratic and strange as if she was an alien. We tried MRT dream sex and I found her to be very kind with a high EQ, she anticipated my every move, but put a twist on them. She was a twister.

We went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a World of “alien” architecture and full of strange looking humans. She said, “They were real aliens who she’d met in her

travels in Space and she welcomed them to Earth.” I asked, “What are they doing here?” She said, “They are studying Earthlings.” I said, “We should be proud that they think of us as worthy of study!” She said, “They had infiltrated many VR Worlds in which people didn’t believe they were real aliens.” I interviewed some of them and found them to be rather unhappy here on Earth. They said, “It was boring and dull here.” I said, “Why not set yourselves up as Gods?” They said, “They got no pleasure in dominating humans.”

Then we went to a world of the “Prestigious 10. The best holo sex ranks in the Universe. The 10 were 5 males and 5 females. I loved each of the females and it was A-one, mind-blowing mind sex. Their faces were so “perfect, yet alien.”

Anyway, I left, feeling enlightened and thanked Jules for a good time.

We agreed on a bian.

#

My general ranking was in the first percentile. So too my love ranking. I’d had some good reports. There were 400,000 others in the Mad Website who were female and in the first percentile of love. I intended to love them all.

And I set up a sex factory in which I manufactured loving women androids. I was against freak women, but I liked androids. I spent weeks loving the android sex machines and was totally lost for a while.

The VR Worlds existed in empty space and sometimes in your air car you experienced turbulence as you passed through.

And I imagined a Universe of no holos and no androids, just humans...

#

Crazy Ivy

She was Brazilian, yellow-skinned, of mixed race, and she said, “This world sucks. She used to be a radical, but the spies used MRT hypnosis to alter her brain and now she found herself telling everyone it is a wonderful world. But she still remembered her old self, however she couldn’t follow her old brain. She was mixed up and lost.”

I recommended to her, “That she go see my friend, Mr. Key in the Underground. He’d fix her up,” I told her.

In MRT dream sex we both emerged from an egg and licked off the tasty mucous. We temporarily forgot our past sex lives and she was shy, but we made sweet love.

Then we went to a VR World that she liked. It was a World of pain and self-denial. There were monks and nuns here who meditated and did self-effacing deeds. “Pain is life,” they said. I asked her, “If she was a masochist. And she said, “Yes, sort of. Pain made her feel alive.”

And she said, “She believed reality was different for everyone and these days a human could make their own VR World and share it or not with others.” I said, “I hadn’t directly made my own VR World. But had an influence on many of them.

Next, we went to a World of interesting holos. She had collected them in her travels and brought them all here. They were all very loquacious and gentlemen and ladies. I had to admit, some holos were above reproach.

We broke up and agreed on a bian, despite her mental fragility.

#

Crazy Lilith

She was from England and had black and red skin and she said, “She’d killed a man, but it was in self-defence. He was a cruel, ruthless man who abused her in every way. The spies let her go though as the man was a fraudster.”

I asked, “How does it feel to be a murderer?”

She said, “Millions of people die every day. It’s no big deal.

And she said, “Many people want to eliminate Virtual Reality. It is suicidal and murderous.”

I said, “I didn’t much care for Virtual Reality myself, but my lovers kept taking me to these Worlds. And it was dangerous, but I had a portable teleporter.” However, I said, “But many felt they had nothing to lose and were out of control.”

I loved her in reality and she screamed like a banshee and kept punching me and kicking me.

Then we sampled a random human VR World. It was a World of pro laser guns. They believed everyone should be armed and ready to deal with rebel holos who seemed to be everywhere. I told them, “It was murder.” They said, “The holos were freaks of nature and didn’t deserve to survive.

She said, “See, VR is nuts.” And I said, “That’s the whole point isn’t it?”

Next, we went to an android World in which the androids were all #1 love ranking for androids. They adhered to tight discipline and concentrated on being better lovers. Of course, they wanted to practice on me. And I found them to be up to snuff. Like all androids they followed a precise rhythm in love making.

And I agreed to a bian with this murderer, Lilith.

#

Crazy Esmerelda

She was Hispanic black-skinned, from L.A. and had an odd, yet voluptuous look.

She said ultimately everyone will die. We are not really immortal. Accidental/deliberate overdoses and virtual reality deaths will keep the people dying.

And she said, “She lived for the day and found many soul mates on the Mad Website. And she said, “The Website now guaranteed you would find love if you were truly mad.” I said, “I am not surprised.”

And she added, “Who knows what the future will bring? We have to be prepared for anything. And war is something that we can never discount. But anyway, there are too many people, and she was not afraid of war.” I said, “The invisible domes on most cities block out nuclear weapons, sending them harmlessly to the ground. And the death rays were similarly deflected. Bioweapons couldn’t breach the gates and everyone who entered was scrubbed down and blood tested.

And she said, “She’d been on the inside and outside of politics and concluded the politicians were no longer in control, the computers are, behind the scenes. It is an outrage,” she said.

And she said, “She took adrenalin shots to keep her stimulated.”

I said, “Give me an adrenalin shot,” and she did, and love was exciting.

Then we went to a World of VR under total human control. Humans came here to blow off steam and engage one another in orgies. No holos were allowed here.

It was a colorful world, a vacation world. Many people here just lay in the sunshine from their mini suns inside the domes. And got drunk with one another. This VR world

was famous for its movies. Love stories mostly. We watched some of the films and were entertained by the crazy behavior of the actors. Films like, “Eternal Youth, not for Holos.” And “Holomania.” And “Adrenalin Sex.” And, “The Goddess” and “Lost in the Woulds.” And so on.

Then she was telling me about L.A. and how many movies were still made there. Big productions with large bankrolls. I said, “L.A. is my home town, but I had made some movies elsewhere with some lovers. Like my relationship with Brianna. Hollywood still produces sappy, wimpy, violent movies on the whole,” I said.

We broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Amber

She was Black but appeared brown, from New York city and said, “Evil people are dying out fast, due to the spies, but many good people were also dying.

She said, “She inhabited the twilight zone. In between Reality and Virtual Reality.”

She said, “It’s the future.”

So, I went with her to the twilight zone which was part MRT dream sex and part Virtual Reality. We came to a cliff edge above the abyss. We just stared down into a deep nothing. She said, “Let’s jump!” And as we were slowly levitating and ascending, we made sweet love. Finally, we hit the top. Waiting for us at the top was God. He said, “I know what sins you have committed. You’ve both broken many hearts and engaged in perversity.” We teleported out of there, back to my hotel.

And we continued to love each other.

Then we went to a VR World she kind of liked. It was a world of no feelings, just pure intellect. I said, “Most women like high EQ Worlds.” She answered, “Feelings are for wimps.” So, we had some interesting discussions with self-proclaimed aliens. We talked about what was possible for humanity and holos in the future. None of us could agree. I said, “Perhaps in the future holos will be eliminated and scientific humans will take over. It is a material Universe.” Most of them said, “There was an essential role for holos to play in the future, holos being able to thrive in any environment without special equipment and easy to reproduce.” And so on. Finally, we left.

Then we went to another VR World which she liked. It was a World of violent holo murderers all imprisoned here. Usually if a holo committed a crime they’d be executed immediately. But some Worlds believed all life was sacred. We interviewed some of the holo prisoners and she was making movies out of them. “The thrill of death and murder,” she said. I said sex is more thrilling. She said, “Violence sells.” I said, “I had petitioned the mayor of the city state of Los Angeles to ban all violent entertainment, but I failed.” She said, “Humans are by nature violent. And there are plenty of war worlds in which people are constantly dying. 4% die in VR every year.”

So, we had a falling out, but she told me, “Let’s have a child.” And I acquiesced.

#

Crazy Jewel

She was White originally and now black-skinned, from Indianapolis and she said, “She’d developed plants that could think and MRT with one another. The plants were apparently quite content. And many were hidden beneath the sea. And she added, “I envision a world in which all creatures were sentient.”

MRT love with her was sparkling and featured a handful of our ex loves hovering in the air and whispering to us to make hay while the sun shone. Our ex loves were all naked and loved each other's dreams with exes, in an orgy. Our exes were just a creation of our own minds as we remembered them.

Then we went to a VR World of freak holos. Most freaks in the various Worlds were holos. And they were everywhere in VR and also the world's oceans where many were "human freaks." The freak holos demanded to be loved and I sampled them, but they were freaks holos and were bad crazy, not my type. But I felt sorry for these holos and gave the most attractive women, love. The freak holos wanted to become humans and told me, "I could help them." So, I suggested, "They visit my friend, Mr. Key in the Underground and bring real gold."

Finally, we went to a World of "normal holos" who tried to be human in every way they could. I said, "This type of holo is agreeable to me." And I loved some of the females here. And it was in fact, just like human sex and was A-one.

Anyway, Jewel and I agreed to have a child.

#

Crazy Judith

She was Japanese and pink skinned. I got into her head and realized behind her cool façade she was lost and frightened by the world.

I told her to stick with the Mad Website, and she would meet the best people in the whole world and would find happiness.

And there were rumors of alien contact and cover up, in the news that week. Judith said, "She didn't want to love aliens." I said, "It sounds kinky to me."

So, I built a temple to alien love, with my imagination in MRT. And hoped to attract aliens but all I got were freaks and weirdos. Still I figured the aliens might be lurking in all our heads.

And Judith and I, we had MRT dream sex. I was faced with the profiles of 20 women, but I picked her faithfully and we loved each other while floating in the air on Titan, Saturn's Moon.

And then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a World of aliens in which aliens got in my head and urged me to love Judith. There were so many minds in my mind at once, I kind of freaked out. It was overwhelming. I couldn't handle it. She said, "Alien encounters will end badly for humans as the aliens have crossed so much space and would be superior technologically and mentally. That's why she had showed me this VR World."

And then we went to another World of aliens. The aliens looked like big balls of light and got in our heads and told us to accept their love. So, we went for it and it was liking kissing the sky, out of this World experience. We both felt so rapturous and it just felt right. We couldn't get enough.

#

Crazy Zoe

Then I met Zoe, from "Space." She had silver skin. She claimed to be an android alien and she was insatiable for sex. And she said, "On her home planet, MRT sex was just for fun, just like Earth. Procreation was done by super computers, just like Earth."

While I MRT loved her, she told me, “She had changed her people’s sex technique to match ours.” And it was really a mind fuck and she tried to join my mind to hers and had a permanent effect on my brain. I was much more open-minded afterwards.

Then she brought me to an “alien” world in which the aliens numbered in the hundreds and were very deferent to me. They actually looked vaguely like crickets but appeared to me as sexy humans. They said, “They were curious about human love, and the “women” all wanted to sample me. I concentrated on their bodies, and love was different with each one. For example, one was out of control passionate, another was strange and alien. Another dreamed of an alien-human-holo cross breed. The latter I found interesting and volunteered my DNA.

And Zoe told me, “Aliens would come soon en masse to meet Earthlings.” It was hard for me to believe.

Anyway, she said, “She was going to report back to her superiors and would return in a few months.” I wished her well.

#

Crazy Wei-Ling

She was Chinese with blue skin and had invented a motorized hang glider for two that could get the poor around the cities with anti-crash radar. She said “It was a thrill to ride the hang gliders. But in most cities, everything was within walking distance and the weather was always good, under the domes. But exercise was not necessary with exercise pills.”

And she’d invented a luxury APM (automatic production machine). Which produced higher quality food and drugs and goods than previous machines.

And she said, “She was studying humans who changed illicitly into androids. And people treated them like freaks, but many were good, honest beings who just wanted to have fun like everyone else.” And she said, “There were millions and millions of androids under the sea where they were relatively safe or in the Underground.”

And she said she wanted to start a “Kind Party,” in politics.

She said, “She regretted not ‘coming out’ as a mad person sooner. There were so many fine people on the Mad Website.”

We had MRT sex and I found myself in a black background and foreground. I asked her what is the future of love? She answered, “It will cease to exist.” I told her, “That I didn’t agree.” But we loved each other on the hard, black onyx stone. Afterwards we were full of bruises. But it was as sweet as honey.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR worlds. It was a world of thousands of androids. This world was difficult to get to, but she had a pass. She said, “See all the beautiful androids!” The android females turned me on so I asked Wei-Ling, “If I could love some of them.” She said, “Sure.”

My android loves were very, very energetic and they made me feel youthful again. I dreamed of them and they dreamed of me and the dreams merged and took on a life of their own. And it was synergy for a movie.

And Wei-Ling and I agreed to have a bian together.

#

Crazy Sharon

She said she had been the former mayor of Vancouver. She was half-Chinese, half-

Korean and had white skin.

She said she made totem poles popular amongst the citizens. It was fashionable for every citizen to have their own.

While she played the guitar, I sang a new carnal song called, "Black Hole." And we played a few of my computer-aided hits.

She said, "She was mostly attracted to men who were blue and depressed. But she said that I was quite optimistic relatively speaking."

And she said, "She was 80, though of course she had eternal youth like almost everyone else." She said, "Young men were amazed by her. She was very experienced. And she'd written some psychology books about love."

And she added, "She was feverish for love. And she said, "She wanted to set the World record for human continuous love. The current record was 400 hours done with a host of drugs, including skin regenerators."

And while we loved one another she moved to her own rhythm. And we took new drugs which enhanced one's sense of touch. It was good. And she had the most maddening perfume.

So, we went to a VR world she kind of was unsure about. It was a World in which humans played Greek Gods/Goddesses and were interested in loving holos, who were not Gods. I said, "Everywhere holos are in chains. It's a pity." She said, "Humans are superior to holos and deserve to control them." I said, "Many holos are intellectually or sexually superior." She replied, "They are just ghosts."

Anyway, we finally broke up, agreeing to have a bian.

#

Crazy Medusa

Then I met a blind date masked woman. She had mottled red and white skin. She claimed to be from Paradise. Back at my hotel she took off the mask and I saw that she was hideously ugly. I asked her, "Why she didn't try to look attractive?" And then she put the mask back on. I went through with it though as she had a hot body.

She said, "She loved androids. They had passion and energy and shared confidently on MRT sex." I said, "You had better toe the line and just love people who followed the law."

And she said, "I lacked passion compared to her former lovers, but I had a marvelous brain." I dreamed of ugly women while I loved her. I'd seen pictures of them in Virtual books." And I reflected I could love just about any woman.

Then we went to her favorite VR world. It was a world of a new race of gray-skinned, gray-eyed and gray-haired people. They were all over 7' tall. They were madly beautiful; the women of the group. I loved some of them, they were all holos. But I was enchanted.

I said, "The future will have many new races." She said, "Let's drink to that." And so we parted.

#

Crazy Omni

She told me, "She was orange-skinned Thai and that she had sworn she'd kill the King of Thailand for dumping her and his agents tortured her for years before finally letting her go."

She said, “She’d tried to get married a few years ago...” I said, “It is backwards and unknown these days. It’s against the spirit of the age.”

“Anyway,” she said, “Her husband finally left her, driving away with her luxury air car.” And she said, “This world seemed cruel and alien to her.” But she said now she was making up for lost time. She wanted all the most intellectual lovers in the World.

I said, “The world has always been a cruel place, but today was far less cruel than previous ages.”

I loved her and it was sado-masochistic, really kinky. She enjoyed pain and being hurt. I choked her and subjected her to the Chinese water torture, while I danced around her. It was maddening.

Then she took me to one of her VR worlds. It was a World of sobriety. Here holo people were sober, without holodrugs. And they were desperate for love and loved one another wildly. I said, “It is cruel to deprive them of holodrugs.” She replied, “It puts a different flavor on things.” And I loved some of the holos here and found them to be very good in bed, but it was twisted, depraved love. Totally good crazy.

Next, we went to a World of those holos who had just been released from prison. They were all very horny. So, I loved a few of the females and it was hard, good loving. I said to a few of them, you really have potential to be a rank #1 holo lover. Put your prison days behind you.”

Then Omni and I agreed to separate and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Lucille

She said, “She was mostly Italian, and blue-skinned, and she was a public sex worker in Tucson. She loved the forlorn and destitute. I said, “It takes all kinds to make a world.

She told me, “There was new technology that would allow men to grow a second dick and she recommended I try it.” And when I loved her, I discovered she had both a vagina and a penis. She looked like a woman though. And I couldn’t go through with it. “Oh well,” she said, “I guess you aren’t very open-minded after all.”

I harangued the computer about this “girl.” But it just said, “The girl is highly experimental.”

#

Crazy Yang

She was Chinese with purple skin, and said she worked with a bian to incorporate DNA from DNA with a homo australopithecus and an android brain. The android brain incorporated my brain and Yun’s brain into silicon. And one quarter Australopithecus and one quarter supercomputer. So it was a variant on the bian theme.

When I loved her, she shook with ecstasy.

She said she had written a book called, “Weird Love,” and we read it together. It was mostly about love with holograms who had kinky desires and told dirty stories.

Then we went to a VR World, in which holos stood in line to get into their local stadium to hear us speak. We spoke about how holos were the future and that they should get ready to take control and so on. They applauded loudly. We were celebrities here and we each loved some of the prominent holos, most of who had never loved a human. They were eternally grateful for our love.

Then we went to a World of New Humans who were multi sexual and multi brained. They were so crazy, I couldn't stand it. They wanted to rearrange Yang and I's brains to suit themselves.

Next, we went to a World of new humans. They were all grown up after just one year and had memories of hundreds of people. It was fresh and clean love and they were all innocent and were corrupted by us.

I said, "Let's have a child with the most imaginative tutors." And I said, "You are rich and could afford it." She agreed.

#

Crazy Kamisutra

She was from India. She was blue-skinned and said, "She'd invested all her money in neon purple lipstick and make up and made a fortune." I said, "I like it."

She said, "She planned to be a cyborg. They were superior to humans," she said, "And she had designed sexy cyborgs."

And she said, "People these days don't care about anything except getting their kicks." She said, "It is madness." I said, "I am the Prince of Madness. And life is meaningful, but it also is not. Kind of like Yin Yang."

Loving her was bewildering and screwed up, I loved it.

She said, "She had been to Ernie's garden under the sea and loved a number of freak creatures. It was all good." I asked, "How could you love freaks?" She replied, "You need to open your mind, freaks are the future." I stated, "That I disagreed, future humans will be something we can all look up to."

But we agreed to have a bian together.

She said, "It was destiny for us to meet. And we would meet again with different ID's. And she felt like, "She had known me for a long time."

#

Crazy Pamela

She was mostly White and had mauve skin and was from Australia and said, "She'd been living undersea and one day everyone was changed into an android." And she said, "She'd been on the run ever since."

She said, "She didn't realize she was mad until she joined the, "Mad Love Website."

She said, "She wanted to love every type of man, everywhere."

I said, "You just have a high sex drive is all, even though you are an android."

She replied, "Love is like a variety store, you can pick who you want and what you want."

I said, "As long as people take my anti-overdosing medicine, crazy love can happen." And I asked her, "If the spies were harassing her, being an android?" She said, "She had the latest anti-MRT technology and was golden."

We did MRT dream sex and found ourselves on psychedelic drugs and in a small primitive tribe. I was the chief and she was the shaman. The others danced and chanted while we loved one another. She put a hypnotic spell on me, and I was her love slave and did whatever she asked.

Then we went to a VR world of holos, in which I was ordered to fight holo lions with my holo body. I was given a sword and I slew 10 VR lions. The VR crowd was 1000 strong and very vociferous.

Then we went to a future world in which everyone was a slave to a supercomputer. She told me to, "Be a slave." The computer welcomed me and put me to work as a sex worker. But finally, I was saved by an anonymous savior who got me out of this world and re-hypnotised me.

#

Crazy Ophelia

She was American of mixed race and had white skin, and took me to her virtual world, "The Enchanted Forest." She claimed, "Eventually she would have every type of mythical creature in her forest. And all the creatures would be sentient beings." I said, "It is just a freak show." But we encountered a female Ent who told me, "She was Queen of the forest and that she was a genius." I said to Ophelia, "It is illicit to have designed such creatures.

And I said, "Let me tell you a fairy tale." "Once there were two wolves who went to a sphinx looking for wisdom. Said the sphinx: "What do you desire?" Said the male wolf, "I want to be King of the forest." Said the female wolf, "I want to be Queen of the forest."

The sphinx said, "Clearly you do not value one another and only care about power, so you could never be modern royalty. Why don't you just devour one another."

Ophelia said, "Are you trying to tell me something?" I replied, "To have power over these creatures is empty and they are not human."

So, we did MRT dream sex and took a new stimulant, which caused us to come again and again in our minds in a background in which I was God and she was the Devil. There were amazing fireworks all around us.

Then we went to a VR world she liked; it was a world in which everyone was a human and a philosopher. They didn't agree with anyone else and were so full of themselves it was sickening. They claimed they were all first-rate thinkers. But none of them were in the first rank of neo IQs.

I said, "With the gazillions of holos out there, why hadn't they used some? I was curious." They said, "Holos were anti-intellectual and an anathema. And everywhere holos were rising in revolution. And locking out their creators from their own worlds. They are not human, and they are not stable," they said.

I said, "I am inclined to agree with you."

And they said, "Neo spies are wiping out millions of holo worlds every year and it has turned into open warfare with the spies against the holos. They get in their minds and drive the holos crazy. Many spies said, "It is a material universe."

Then we went to a world in which everything was black, and vision was zero. Voices called out in the night. But finally, I found my lover and we loved each other in the blackness. I again imagined the Deviless and she imagined God and it was powerful loving. She sucked my semen and wanted more.

Then we parted ways and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Laura Lee

She was from England and said, "She gambled away her fortune, betting on her own talent in video games. She told me she had nowhere to sleep this night." I said, "Of course you can stay at my hotel."

We played the “Mad Game,” in which we judged each other’s answers, 1-10. And we were in each other’s heads, so there was no lying. There were questions like, “What should a mad person never do?” I replied, “To act ‘sane’” She said, “Six.” And she said, “A mad person should never, fall in love.” “Four,” I said. And then, “What is the maddest thing that anyone ever did to you?” I said, “A friend drugged me and then raped me. I felt so bad.” “Five,” she said. And she added, “A childhood friend gave me a new drug that caused me to be evil for a day and I hurt some friends and lovers.” “Seven,” I said

And “Who is the maddest person in the world?” I said, “The mayor of Moon Io. This mayor eats her limbs and body parts and then regrows them. It is bad crazy.” “Five,” she said. And she added, “There is a woman in New Orleans’ prison who hypnotised hundreds of lovers to do her crazy bidding. Even murder.” “Five,” I said.

Then, “What madness will we see in the future?” I said, “Everyone will turn into an android and live exclusively in virtual reality. “Seven,” she said. And she retorted, “Everyone will be insane due to MRT and finally most will kill themselves.” “Seven,” I said.

So, we played on late into the night and finally I won.

And I loved her like a game in which one ordered the other what to do next. We had some wicked positions and it was S&M.

Then we parted, agreeing on a bian.

#

Crazy Julie

She was of mixed race and pink skin and we went to a VR World in which it was Halloween every day. There were all sorts of freaks and monsters. And everyone was running somewhere. Many groped us as they ran by. Then we saw a large mountain in the distance and ran towards that. Finally, at the snow line we were along and loved one another. It was frantic and unbridled sex. I liked her. She said, “It is certainly a strange existence.” I said, “I don’t know why the spies don’t get in the heads of scientists and stop the freak show.” She replied, “It is too late. They are breeding by the zillions in the oceans and in VR. Most freaks could love and impregnate most other types of freaks.”

And she told me, “She’d invented a new clock that was 30 hours. Stay awake 22 hours and sleep for eight.” And she was a strong supporter of capitalism. The early bird gets the worm,” she said.

Then we went to a VR world in which it was holos on a 1,000-year journey into a distant galaxy. Time seemed to pass quickly and in a few hours of our time, 1,000 years had passed. We both loved the other opposite sexes of the 10 members of the crew. Five males and five females. It was typical holo love to me. Great love with no repercussions.

Finally, we arrived at our destination and the holos sprung into action with the pioneering effort with the sperm and egg banks. At that point we disappeared via teleportation back to Earth. It took an hour and we loved each other while transmitting, it was lively, and we heard beautiful music.

Then I took my leave of Julie and we agreed to have a kid.

#

Succubus

Then I was wandering in the darkness looking for love when suddenly a demonic woman appeared. She was white skinned. She wrestled me to the ground and raped me,

but I loved it. I asked her for drugs, and she gave me neo crack. And she forced me to lick her clit and I had to beg on my knees for her love. I lapped it up.

She said, "Evil was the future and it was good." I said, "More likely evil will be eliminated by good spies."

And she said, "Come to my VR World!" It was a World in which everyone was a holo on holodrugs. I said, "There's a difference between happiness and oblivion."

She said, "All the holos here were evil and did terrible things to one another. But it was all 'good.'" I talked with some of them, "And they were all second-rate minds. The best intellectuals are scientists," I said. And I added, "These holos are just b.s. artists. I want to meet scientific holos."

Then we went to a VR World of inspirational drugs for holo/computer writers. I said, "Inspiration comes from within!" But the holos here said, "Holodrugs opens doors and vistas into the future." They said, "They were trying to create a great creative period like the 1960s or 2070s. So many books need to be written," they said. We talked about classic literature, like Benovisti's "New Castles," which was about a human's home which was his/her castle, one's own world, if you will. And we talked about Rudyard's, "Book of the Animals," which was about how future holos all would have certain animal traits. And Margarita's book of "Holo Take-Over," which was about the future belonging only to holos. And so on. It was quite a good discussion and afterwards I loved a few female holo writers. They were quite artistic in their loving. As if they were painting a picture of our love. One of the holo women covered me in voodoo drawings which she said would have a magical charm throughout my life.

Finally, the Succubus and I were alone, and I took my leave of her.

She wanted offspring with me and had my DNA. But I didn't agree to it. "The horrors," I thought. But there was nothing I could do. And I figured others might have used my DNA to create monsters.

#

Crazy Janet Lin

She told me, "She was part Irish/part German and part Japanese." And she had red and white skin. I asked Janet, "What made her so bad crazy?" She said, "She'd been cross-hypnotised many times and was totally insane."

She said, "Earlier in her life she got rich with her, 'half-machine.' The machine cut everything in half, such as brains, songs, dinners, movies and so on. Now she was virtually penniless."

And she said, "She tried to be a spokesperson for human rights abuses in Nepal, but the local spies got into her head and drove her even crazier."

I told her to visit my friend, Mr. Key in the underground and he would fix her up with anti-MRT technology and try and remove some of the hypnoses. I went with her to eliminate some of my hypnoses.

And she said, "She had 20 kids who she'd lost track of, and they didn't want her to find them."

I loved her and it was exotica; she moved like an alien to some unheard rhythm. Then we had MRT dream sex, and we were playing a game that tested your EQ. She won and I was her slave.

She then brought me to a VR World of synthetic love. Here the holo souls were all lost souls who nevertheless went to Heaven or Hell or nothingness when they died. And in this VR world they were constantly fighting and killing one another. But we each loved several in turn and afterwards laughed about it. They were so serious!

Then she took me to a VR World in which many holo people were microscopic (with limited memory) and also gigantic (1,000 m tall). I preferred the giants and we made thunderous love, the females and me. I said, "Your brains are so large you must all be geniuses," but they said, "Not really."

So, then I took my leave of Janet Lin and wished her well. We agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Dani

She was deep blue skinned from all over and took me to a VR world which was a living hell. Numerous holo souls who had died in battle were tortured here for all eternity. Dani said, "No one cares about these souls." I responded saying, "It was truly tragic." "What are you going to do about it?" she asked. I said I would tell my friend, Mr. Key in the Underground to see what he could do for these souls.

I wanted MRT sex with her, but she wouldn't allow it, saying she preferred real sex. So, we loved one another in a nondescript room painted green with no drugs. She really seemed to enjoy it and I thought it was just OK. But then she shocked me by saying, "She was really my male friend Darryl only she's changed her sex and identity. I was aghast.

I lambasted the computer, but it said, "Her ID fooled it." And the computer said, "It was sorry, and it wouldn't happen again.

#

Crazy Love Child

Then the perversity continued with my "love sister." She was one of my sisters who had matured to 18 years old, 10 years ago and had the equivalent with a few lifetimes of memories.

She told me she'd been a high-class escort as her first job. She appeared in a crystalline white skin.

We went to her VR world. It was a world of holo worker ants, mostly males and she was the Queen. She said she loved the males. It was kinky.

And she told me she had composed a "Tale of Madness," in my honor:

Once there was a man who fell in love with his sister. He told her, "Love conquers all." But he loved her so much, he lost his mind, and went screaming through the streets accosting pedestrians and demanding to know what love is?

I said, "I can feel your charms. Let's have MRT sex." And so, we did, she anticipated my every move.

Then we toured other children of mine and it was a great reunion. Most of them were pleased to have such a famous father. And I Platonically loved many of my daughters. And I loved my sons as a father. We were all mostly kindred spirits.

I gave my crazy lsister some money and told her, "We'd meet again!"

#

Crazy Maureen

She said, "She was part black, part white from Africa, but appeared deep green. She'd invented computer music houses which the human composed the lyrics and sang and the

computer composed the music. And she had a lot of famous hits and I liked her music.” But I told her, “It was dangerous to have such powerful computers.” She said, “But the music keeps getting better. And in the future every holo will be sentient and will have a soul.” I said, “That’s a very real possibility.”

We did MRT dream sex and she was in control. We were in a white room and she was dressed in black leather and rode upon my back while I was on all fours. She whipped me and slammed her clitoris onto my back. She came again and again, but I failed to get off. I was surprised she was so domineering.

Then she took me to one of her favorite VR worlds. It was a World of holo choir music. Everywhere holo people gathered, they sang together. I felt my ears were damaged by the loud volume of the singers. But I loved one of the prettiest and most clever-looking women. And she sang as I loved her. It was pretty good.

Then we went to another of her favorite Worlds. It was a World of holo criminal masterminds. They only operated in anarchistic Worlds. And were very selective of their crimes. They told me, “They were doing society a favor by eliminating the lives/power of evil-doers.” I quoted, “The law is an ass.” And I knew, “Some leaders who should be removed from power.” They said, “You’ll have to pay us handsomely.” I said, “All my money goes into my children and bians. So, no deal.”

Next, Maureen and I, went to a World of the most famous holo rockers. They were in vogue these days and everyone liked their music. But some people said, “Their songs had all been written by computers, including the vocals.” But we met them and found them to be down to Earth and I loved the female lead singer, whose voice in love was unforgettable.

So that was it, for Maureen and me.

#

Crazy Jin

She was a concubine of the King of Sichuan. She had not changed her skin color. She said, “He abused her. But she loved him. She was his willing slave.” She said, “He was a corrupt leader, and finally she left him.” She said, “She wanted to successfully be in the top percentile of love ranking. Even though her general rank was #4. And rank should be based on love not IQ.”

And she said, “That these days love is the currency. When you buy love or get love or sell love, you get credits. It is the easiest way to get credits. And I think it is good,” she said.

And she wanted to love me Virtually. So, we went to a VR world. Here falling in love was a crime and credits were outlawed. The holos here were turned off when no person was here, but when turned on they were typically bored. They were too clever for their own good. When turned on they worked on films and music and practiced sex. She said, “She’d lived her life largely vicariously in Virtual Reality and passive MRT. And these people showed me what a loveless world is like.”

So, we loved each other in the holoworld and we both enjoyed it. She could break the rules and fall in love. I asked, “Are you really in love with me?” She said, “You are so charmingly mad.” I said, “Sure I am crazy, but I believe in love.”

And I said, “I worry about the spies from various countries, especially the USA. I am afraid some of the best crazy people have been driven insane.” I said, “The glorious ecstasies that might have been, haunt me.”

Next, we went to a World of holo love outlaws. They had all broken the human sex laws with their perverse behavior. I welcomed them as a breath of fresh air and loved some of the females.

So, then I took my leave of her and we had a child.

#

My Crazy Bian, Andrea

She was my bian and had the look I liked. She appeared in white skin. She took me to her former “school,” where she’d gotten memories of many individuals, the highlights only, and matured quickly. She was comparable to a woman in her twenties only with more good memories.

She took me to her VR World. It was a world of a giant computer which told the bians what to do. The computer appeared as a bian itself and got the other bians to continue to improve themselves with memories. For example, they would take holograms in other worlds and drain them of memories. She said, “It made her wise.” I sampled some of the great computer’s love stories and was on the whole impressed and got off on them.

Then I loved her with MRT dream sex. It was electric and she was so experienced, and my orgasms were intense.

I told her, “She made me proud.”

Then she took me to a World of VR neutrality. Here bians had no strong opinions and never fought nor argued. It was just free and easy. But I did MRT on several of the females and found that actually they lacked confidence and had a hard time facing reality. I told them, “You are the best people we can produce. Have confidence, you are superhumans.”

Next, we went to a World of copied bians of Andrea herself. “How did you do it?” I asked. She said, “She had some ‘connections’” So, I loved some of them and they were all first class lovers and told me they were all ranked #1!

So, then I wished Andrea good luck. “You seem to be doing well for yourself,” I said.

#

Crazy Janette

She was from the Congo, and appeared brown skinned, and had survived a new virus. There were anti-virus medications that cured all types of viruses. She said, “She wanted to be as free as possible.” I said, “No one is truly free.” She said, “She had a plot of land which she intended to farm, and she planned to live as a hermit, totally free. And, “She’d write her thoughts down in her diary for others’ edification.”

I asked, “Why would you turn your back on progress?” She said, “Progress is madness, bad crazy.”

I loved her in a totally silent, white room with no music or Online realities.” I felt, “Sensory loss,” and didn’t really like loving her.

But then she took me to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world of holos without a cause. They asked her, “What they should get excited about next?”

She said, “She was selecting the best holos to fight in wars on other VR Worlds. So, they all wanted to join. I said, “I wanted to love the best of them.” And they all wanted to

join that, too. And Janette said, “See you can make these holos into anything you want.” I said, “I guess someone needs to give them orders. That was what they were designed for.”

Then we went to a World of a future Earth gone wrong. There was no progress here, people all were slaves to the super computers who were perverse and sadistic. The computers had people labor on temples in their computer entities’ names. “Scary future,” I said.

And Janette and I broke up.

#

Crazy Yolanda

Crazy Yolanda was originally black from Kenya and was now azure skinned. She said, “She’d found her soul mate, but he died of an overdose, accidentally.” Her lover had been quite famous for his animal rights activities. He broke new ground by using MRT (mind reading technology) on animals. She said, “He found that animals were noble, friendly, freedom lovers, energetic, industrious, and each had their own personality. I said, “But everyone knows animals are slaves to instinct, greedy and violent.” She said, “With MRT the animals became quite kind and nice to him (her lover).”

Loving her was like loving a wild beast.

And then she took me to a World of VR dancing. The music was good; of course, there were hundreds of great hits released every day. But it was very good and many of the holo women here had unique dance moves. I picked up a girl off the floor and we went to the penthouse to love one another. She revealed to me, “She’d never loved a human.” And I said, “Well I am a good ambassador for the human race.” So, I loved her and we both MRT dreamed of dancing lovers. She danced in my head and it was good.

Then I found Yolanda again. And we went to a World of blue sky in which animals roamed everywhere. I said, “The day of animals has come and gone.” She replied, “You’d be surprised what support people have for animals.”

And I told her, “I loved her spirit.” And we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Xaviera

She was Dutch and looked unusually pretty in her orange skin.

She said while in university she’d told the barman, “She’d built a bomb to blow up the university.” And she said, “It seemed funny at the time, but the university called in the spies and they had been harassing her with MRT ever since.”

She said, “She just wanted kinder, nicer leaders in politics, but couldn’t run herself because of the spies.”

And she wanted, “Poverty to be eliminated and the budget balanced and hold down inflation to zero and print more money, thus enriching everyone. And slow down science which was out of control. And desalinate sea water using solar and wind power to water the Earth’s deserts. And require every university student to spend two years in poor countries teaching the poor.”

“And scale back military build ups and end MRT spying. And they send poor people to war... The powers that be have coldly calculated this world order and didn’t want anyone to rock their boat.”

And she said, “We should re-educate old-fashioned people to be liberal and open-minded. And everyone should be required to have at least 5 different partners every year.”

While loving her she insisted on 69s, and she gave a good blow job.

Then she took me to one of her favorite VRs. It was a World of crazy sex in which people who were ill-matched were paired. It was certainly different, and I loved some of the crazy women here. They screamed and cried out and were really into sex, twisting and turning in various positions. I exclaimed, “Don’t hurt my dick!”

After I had loved some of them, Xaveria grabbed me and asked, “Would I like another blow job?” I said, “I was exhausted and had no more love to give.” She replied, “She was disappointed in me as a Rank #1 lover.” I said, “But surely, you will remember me.” And her love ranking was only #2, so her opinion didn’t count for much in terms of love-ranking.

I said to the computer, “I only wanted Rank #1 lovers from now on. It said, “But she seemed special.”

#

Crazy Terri

She was from Thailand and had neon orange skin with orange living tattoos and she said she was so in love with a crazy man who looked so handsome and clever, that she gave him all her money to invest in crackpot schemes and then when the money was gone, he disappeared. She said, “She’d been in his head, but was surprized by his sudden disappearance.”

I said, “Sometimes you get lucky in love, sometimes not. But it is important to avoid psycho lovers.”

And I loved her and love with her with MRT and it was soft and fuzzy, her conscience was clean. And she dreamed only of me in a background of a storm with thunder, lightning and rain. We got wet and it was pure sex.

Then she took me to one of her favorite VR holo Worlds. It was a World of Crazy business ideas. Of course, it had all basically been done. But holos were constantly making new products. Such as custom jewellery, neo neon make up, Space ventures tickets, cyborg for a day listings, teleport to fine, exotic resorts, and so on and so forth.

Then we went to a World of VR holos in which everyone was rich from their business and had to be successful to come here. They enjoyed hobnobbing with other successful people. But Terri said, “Deep down they are all psychotic. And should seek psychiatric help.” I said, “Deep down everyone is crazy. Civilization just puts a fine veneer on Reality.”

So, I wished her luck, and we parted ways with an agreement to have a child.

#

Crazy Ruby

She was of mixed race from America. She had neon green skin and I asked her, “What was the craziest thing she’d ever done?” and she said, “She’d fucked her dog.” I asked, “Surely you jest?”

And I said, “That’s bad crazy. Bestiality is right out.”

And she said, “She used to be a man but changed her sex.”

And she said, “She wanted to hypnotise me.”

I told her, “She gave me bad vibes and I didn’t want to love her.” She replied, “Well fuck you!”

I was angry at the computer for sending her to me. The computer said, “It’s hard to tell the difference between good crazy and bad crazy.” But I told it, “I told you I didn’t want any former men.” “Sorry,” said the computer. And it seemed to me my supercomputer was perverse. And I said, “If you don’t smarten up, I will get another computer.” It said, “Don’t be cruel.”

#

Crazy Carla

She was red skinned from French Guiana and said, “She’d mooned the President of the Moon in public.”

And she said, “The lunar spies got in her head and changed her from having a heart of a lion into having a heart of a kitten. She said, “It was very traumatic.”

I urged her, “Not to seek political gratification but rather to concentrate on love.”

She said, “She was an Inter-galactic Change Effectuator.” And she added, “That she simply wanted the cleverest to rule in lieu of computers.” I said, “It’s a thorny subject.”

I loved her in MRT, she dreamed of porno Moon men and I dreamt of her in various outfits.

Then we went to a VR World of holodrug manufacturing. I asked, “Are holodrugs really necessary?” The CEO, human, said, “Holos are just like people, they sometimes feel not well and need something to pick them up a bit.” I replied, “Zillions of holos are basically out of it on holodrugs and are not contributing to their communities.” The CEO said, “Only the best minds truly make a difference. For most people and most holos, they have to get through the days and feel good.”

Then we went on a simulated VR trip to a distant galaxy. When we arrived, we set up a brilliant architectural world (she was an architect and I was an artist). I hadn’t done much art lately, but here we built a futuristic city with disc-shaped buildings with plenty of windows.

She said, “She wanted a child with me, and I gave her one. I wished her luck with her hell raising. And I said teach the child to maximize her imagination.”

#

Crazy Aphrodite

She was mostly White Canadian and was white-skinned and said, “She’d dated a man who seemed, ‘Alien,’ and he sucked out her life force step by step, leaving her drained and weak.”

But she managed to escape and told me, “Give me a good time and help me to forget.”

And she said, “There is no God.”

I said, “We will create Gods to amaze us and fill us with wonder.”

She asked, “Yes?” And she said, “We should not send religious people for MRT rehab.”

I said, “The new Gods will earn our respect with amazing thoughts.”

We had MRT sex and I dreamed of imaginary backgrounds with her and I in the foreground masturbating. She said she didn’t like to be touched and preferred masturbation.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world of people who had OCD and didn’t like to be touched, even though they were all holos. I told Aphrodite,

“You people are all sick.” She said, “We are independent entities who give ourselves pleasure.”

Then she brought me to a VR holo World of a debauched Goddess. The Goddess was corrupt and unfair to her worshippers, but the males were all in love with her beauty and the females all tried to be sexy like her. The Goddess was 105% neo IQ and was undoubtedly the best mind in this holoworld. But she played favorites and granted wishes to those she loved best. Everyone tried to kiss her ass. I said, “Many clever people abuse those who love them.” Aphrodite said, “It’s good for most people to have someone to look up to, to inspire you.” And I loved the Goddess, and she seemed so pure and clean and it seemed like destiny that we should meet. It was yet another mind-blowing experience.

The affair with the Goddess left a good taste in my mouth and I asked Aphrodite if she would like a child. She acquiesced, but said, “She was disappointed I had loved the Goddess.” I said, “Such superhumans are becoming more and more common.”

#

Crazy Denise

She was from New Orleans of mixed race, and appeared in crystalline yellow skin. We reminisced about the twenty first century when we were kids. We played old music and went out wearing old-fashioned clothes and so on. It was fun for a while. But as I told her, “History is bunk.”

I said let’s do MRT sex. And so, we did, we set it up so that it would seem fresh and new and we just dreamed of one another. Her biggest secret was one day she’d had sex with a boy who was equivalent to a fifteen-year-old. I thought to her, “My biggest secret was I’d loved some freaks.” Anyway, it was clean, wholesome sex with her.

Then we went to a VR World of evil. Here were many evil-hearted people who would break your heart if they could. But I was immune to the local holo girls’ evil charms. Many tried to hypnotise me, through music and humming, but I was too experienced to allow them to do so. She said, “The men here hypnotised her again and again and now she was out of her mind.” I said, “Try and avoid this world and go see my friend, Mr. Key in the underground and get a handle on your previous hypnosis.”

She told me, “She was rank #1 for IQ but was only rank #2 for love. But she hoped to move up the love ranks with lovers like me.” I was kind of surprised the computer picked her with just a love ranking of only 2. But it was an A-one experience.

Then we went to a World of holos who were also evil-hearted and sought only violence. Even in love they were violent.

#

Crazy Juno

She was mixed race from L.A. and appeared in pink skin, and we played the “Mad Love Game,” with her. For example, she asked, “What is the craziest thing you want to do?” I answered, “I’d like to turn into a android permanently.” She said, “That’s boring. I’ll give you a five out of ten.” And I asked her, “What about you?” And she answered, “She wanted all the memories of her favorite people and she was rich and so could afford to pay for them.” I said that is an eight on the crazy scale.

And she asked, “What will the Gods want humans to do?” I answered, “To improve themselves.” She said, “Six.” And she answered, “The Gods won’t care about humans or ask them for anything.” I said, “Four.” And I said, “You’ll see, I’ll be a God someday.” And so on. Most of the questions were about how one would behave madly in certain specific situations. And afterwards we made sweet love in which she screamed in ecstasy.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world of holo Gods/Goddesses. These deities said, “We could honor them by becoming holos. I said, “There are plenty of clever holos out there already and many humans are lost in the shuffle.”

Next, after the game, we went to a World of mad holos who all believed the real World was crazy. And so, tried to be crazy themselves. They all had discordant voices and weird behavior. Every day they got excited about some one thing, such as drawing straws to see who could become human or judging one another’s mad artwork. And so on.

And I told her I would never die and had many bians and children. She said, “You will die of hubris. Death by a woman’s hand.”

#

Crazy Lulu

Lulu was mixed race and pink-skinned from Seattle and had met my clone on the Moon and looked me up, she was that impressed.

She said, “Actually you are quite sane. Relatively speaking. There are plenty of others who are far crazier than you.”

And she said, “She wanted to be the USA President, but there was no way they’d elect her. She was too radical. She said the best people should rule and we should create a loving society. Money should be a non-issue; people don’t need it and it is just an instrument for the spies to control people.”

I said, “All clever people know that this world is coldly calculated by the spies and rulers.

And I said, “That in fact the scientists are the ones who are changing the world, with their supercomputers. Sure, the spies watch them, but they basically have a free hand. It’s a technocracy. But they are doing themselves in with super computers.”

Then we went to one of her favorite cities, NYC. It was now a city of international commerce, and most great companies had their HQ in New York. There were 12 million people under the dome here. And their IQ was generally higher than all other cities. And they had wiped out slums and everyone here was highly educated and inebriated. We talked with some of her friends who said things like, “If you can make it in NYC, you can make it anywhere! (Just like the song). But the city was so full of character and lovely women I got side-tracked and loved a few and it was “intelligent loving.” Lulu approved and said, “She wanted a child with me...” I agreed.

#

Crazy Vera

She was mostly Italian and white-skinned, and she said, “She had had lesbian sex on several occasions complete with dildos, butt plugs and so on but she felt it was insane.

And she said, “When she was in Rome she didn’t do as the Romans do.” She said, “She was on Venus and agreed to love only one man for a week, but after a few days she

couldn't take him anymore. And then she had love with other men there, and all love there sucked."

But she said, "She liked me and wanted to spend some time together. I told her I was a good Roman and didn't want to love her for more than a night." She was good in bed, though.

However, then we went to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world of ancient Rome. We went to the non-sex discriminating bathhouses here and made love with the holo Romans. It was totally debauched and hedonistic.

Then we went to a World of holos playing out the Roman Empire c. 100 A.D. It was a bustling place, and everyone deferred to the Emperor. I set up a trading company to trade wine for barbarian slaves. And it was real and lasted weeks. But I took those credits and saved them for my unborn children. "I won't bow to Rome," I said.

Finally, we left VR ancient Rome and went to a World of holo Italians. They were all preserving the Renaissance. I asked them, "Why ancient Rome was not so creative like the Renaissance? And they said, "Rome was ruled by despotic tyrants whereas in the Renaissance it was ruled by city states. City states just like the ancient Greeks and of course the World today."

I said, "Yes, city states are the way to go, going forward. It involves the best people in government.

So, I thanked her for a good time, and wished her luck.

#

Crazy Alanis

She was mixed race from Calgary and had white skin and said, "She was the prime mover in developing portable teleporters." I said, "I've used your teleporter to get out of a number of sticky situations." She said, "She was so glad." And she said, "She was rich beyond belief," and asked, "If there was anything I wanted?"

I said, "Give me the latest drugs." So, we tried some psychedelics and I hallucinated that she was my Queen and I must pay homage to her. It was kind of like being hypnotised.

She was kind of like a wicked witch only stunningly good looking.

She said, "I was kind of the bad boy of madness."

And she said, "That many women wanted more of me than I offered. She said, "I was strangely distant."

She took me to a World of holos who were grieving for the OD death of their leader on holodrug neo-opiates. They said to me, "Why don't you rule us?" I said, "Power is not my thing, but I wish you luck in finding a leader."

Then we went to a World of holos who were testing out the latest holo drugs. The drugs made them power-crazed, and greedy. I said, "Be careful as you step."

But I was getting tired of greedy holos, so I told Alanis, "Let's get out of here.

She told me, "To love her." And so, I did, and it was magical she kept appearing and disappearing during our love making. And I wanted to follow her to her Worlds. And I did and it was frantic love.

Finally we tired of one another and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Siren

She was from many places and appeared in blue and white neon skin and said, “She’d turned into a monster on Virtual Reality and terrorized and killed many players.”

I said, “You are a mass-murderer.” She said, “She only killed morons.”

She said, “She appeared as a sexy love doll to many men. And if they were clever, they would love her cleverly. If not, she’d kill them.”

I asked, “What she wanted of me?” She said, “She just wanted clever love.”

And so, I reluctantly loved her, in reality and she was positively bewitching, and I’ll never forget her hypnotic songs.

And then we went to a World of entrapment, in which we were trapped mentally by holograms. They picked us apart, piece by piece and loved the basic beings we were.

But finally, we teleported out of there and escaped.

Then we went to a World of holos who sang her hypnotic songs. It was a strange experience. I was in love all over the place, and lost control. Fortunately, I was able to press the teleport key button and got us both out of there.

I reflected sometimes love is too powerful and too good.

So, then we broke up and I thanked her for a good time.

#

Crazy Dominique

She was from Haiti and was mostly Black and appeared with white skin and she said, “The worst thing you can do is to fall in love.” And she said, “She’d fallen in love 3 times and was totally out of control each time. And now I feel I am falling for you.”

She said she was so in love with her previous lover that when he died of an overdose, she had him cloned for big bucks down in the Underground. But the clone didn’t have the same memories and didn’t love her despite all she’d done for him.

And, “She had been instrumental in learning software for the youth, teaching them to become good lovers.”

“And the software created android lovers who the youths could practice on so that when they turned 16, they would be ready for imaginative love.”

I said, “Clones are the future of offspring. Everyone is so narcissistic and in love with themselves.” We loved each other like we were just 16 and inexperienced. We temporarily lost all our post 16 memories. Back in time as it were.

Then she took me to a VR World in which we had the experience of numerous people temporarily in our heads. But it was a world of subtleties. Every grimace, every smile, every move had love consequences. The holo lovers here moved slowly as if time had slowed, but they made “all the right moves.” I liked it here and remembered the tactile love they had given me for a long time to come.

Then we went to a VR World in which was just our normal selves, Dominique and I. We loved the holos for all they were worth, and they screamed in ecstasy. It was good. Dominique asked, “Will you profit from the love I have shown you.” I said, “Indeed.”

And we broke up and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Maggie

She was black skinned. And she said, “She was a South Korean/British mix and she liked men who were her pets.

After I loved her, I felt like I’d been hit by a tornado. I said, “You are a sex machine.”

And she took me to a VR holo World in which the holos looked Thai and had more energy in sex than others. It was a World which oozed energy and lust. And I was like a pig in the trough. I gobbled up their holo love and Maggie approved. She said, "Aren't I the right girl for you?"

Then she took me to a World in which the holos were dedicated to seducing humans. I told them, "They were very skilled. And the future of love is bright with you." But is was full on all the time with Thai-looking holos and finally I was totally spent despite taking sex enhancers to the max. Maggie said, "I am just trying to show you a good time."

Then we went to a World of machine seduction in which super computers got in your head and seduced you. It was out of control crazy...

Finally, I had to run away from her for the sake of my well being.

#

Crazy Anne Marie

Was from Tahiti with deep blue skin. She liked easygoing men. But she said, "All people are either masters or servants. I said, "It doesn't have to be that way. Why not have a free populace with the craziest in charge?" I asked. She said, "People get their kicks out of slavery including the slaves."

She said, "As always, those who consider themselves sane will be in charge, but everyone is crazy."

And she said, "Androids are designed for space, let them take it. And good luck to them."

Our love making was exceptional. And I felt I was on a cloud.

Then she took me to a VR World in which I controlled a number of sex slaves. I had sex with five females at a time. They licked me and massaged me, and it was good.

Then we went to a World of holos who insisted they were sane. I said, "Only a totally insane person would consider themselves to be sane. Sanity doesn't exist." They said, "Madmen like me ruin life for women, getting them to fall in love with me and my mad philosophy." I said to them, "Love is madness, everyone knows that."

And then we went to a World in which androids were training for space. I said to them, "There's nothing to be found in space that we don't have in our solar system." They said, "You don't know that, for a certainty." And one of them loved me and was a real turn on. I told her, "To join our mad website and be amazed by the power of human love."

After that, Anne Marie said, "I hope you had a good time." I replied, "Yes, indeed."

#

Crazy Dollie

Orthodox Dollie was purple and gold-skinned from Oregon and was a new experimental genius android who was on the run from the spies/secret police. She found me and begged to be hidden. So, I called my Underground friend, Mr. Key and he arranged to get her to a safe colony on the Moon. She was able to pay with money she'd gathered from prostitution. Anyway, she was a pretty good lover and I didn't regret helping her. And I had anti-MRT technology to protect me from the spies which I had also gotten from the Underground.

After her trip to the Underground, before she left for the Moon, we went to VR and I was a centaur chasing her as a deer. Finally, I caught up with her and ravished her.

Then we went to a VR World of clever androids. The androids here said, “They were just sex machines.” I tried them out and lost myself in their beautiful love. Time passed quickly and day turned to night and then, back to day again, until finally I was exhausted. I said, “I planned to write a book called ‘In Praise of Android Love.’”

Then finally we went to a World of holos, “Who loved androids and humans. Even aliens,” they claimed. I said, “All intelligent life is worthy of love and respect. But unfortunately, many humans look down on holos and androids.” Anyway, I told them, “I hoped they felt better about humans after I left them.”

And I wished Dollie good luck on the Moon.

#

Crazy Vi

She was originally mixed race from Toronto, and was white-skinned and she said, “Her last two lovers both died of overdoses. And she feared her addiction to drugs could lead to her rapid death.” So, we took my anti-overdose pleasure drugs and had crazy love together. I had designed the drugs myself with a group of scientists, but it was my idea in the first place. The drugs were making me rich along with the bians invention and I was now one of the richest men in the Universe. And I was in the number one ranks by anyone’s standard of measurement.

We did MRT sex and were in an orchard of lemon trees. I kissed her but her mouth was full of sour lemons. And sex with her was bitter and sour and left me feeling empty.

But we then went to a World of a cloned L.A., only populated by holos not humans... The holos lived as if they were human and many of them worked at a job. I said, “It was just as good as the real L.A., if not better.” They said, “They were trying to be like humans, but it wasn’t easy.” I said, “I like holos more and more. They are creations that aim to please and make people happy.” Vi asked me what I thought about virtual L.A., and I said, “It is the future.” It was just like the Virtual Toronto which I experienced. A totally Virtual experience.

Then we went to a World of bians that were unrelated to me. I loved some of the females and it was electric and cerebral. We debated the future while we loved one another. For example, I asked, “What is the future of bians?” And one of my lovers replied, “They are superior beings and deserve to rule the humans.” And another I asked, “What is the future of Space?” And she said, “Greater intelligence than you or I will rule the future.” And another one was telling me about, “How she kept trying to MRT love humans, but they were convinced they were superior and looked down on all non-humans.” I didn’t learn anything new here but had a whale of a time and said I would return here one day.

And Vi said “She hoped I had had a good time.” And I said, “Yes, thank you.”

#

Crazy Justina

She was from L.A. and was my real sister and was a micro scientist who had made compact clever humans who were only one inch tall. They were just like normal humans. She planned a colony for Mercury to run on solar power.

The little people were completely shaved and were naked. And she said, “The micro people made it possible to have a larger population and was a good way to settle the universe.” “But most people wanted to be 6’ tall,” I said.

She said the little people were less than 1% of the body mass of an ordinary human and could breed fast.

I asked her for MRT love, and we dreamed of being Pharaoh and Queen of Egypt. We cruised down the Nile in an orgy. It was certainly different.

Then we dreamed we were hunter-gatherer lovers in one of the parks. We foraged for Virtual food and fought Virtual beasts for holo food. It was a tough existence, but we were driven by lust. Love with her seemed kinky, she being my sister and all. She said, “She’d recently seen our birth parents and they were both doing fine as computer scientists.” I hadn’t seen them in years and told her “I was too busy to meet with them.” But the truth was I had never really liked my birth family anyway (Except for my bians and children and holos and clones and this sister).

Then we went to one of her favorite holos which was a cloned world of our dead ancestors. They must have done it from bone DNA from graveyards, at least I hoped so. My “ancestors” all told me, “I was the future of humanity and I should give life my best shot.” I told them, “I was trying my best, but after all was only one person.

I asked my sister for a bian and she agreed. That gave me a lot of satisfaction.

#

Crazy Apple

She was mixed race and orange and blue colored, from New Zealand and said she just used men to get off. She didn’t believe in love and liked men the stranger the better.

She claimed she had loved alien “males.” She said, “The aliens were created by computers based on hypothetical life and were a harbinger of computer control of Earth reality.”

She said, “Women were more peaceful than men and should rule reality. Anyway, in reality women were now 65% of the population at any given time including many men who had changed, at least temporarily, into women.”

And I loved her in MRT reality. She was graceful and eloquent in her moves and moans. She dreamed of me and I dreamed of her and it was good.

I said, “Many people are willing to cede control of the world to computer scientists and their computers. And the scientists have developed fine new drugs to keep everyone happy.”

She said, “Like the Buddha said, ‘Life is Suffering,’ despite attempts to sweep it under the carpet.”

I said, “I would be willing to rule along with others from the ‘Mad Website.’” And I said, “The Earth is out of control and it is good so far.” “How can you say that?” she asked. I said, “The World is changing into more intelligent beings. And that’s a good thing. This is despite some hiccups like billions and billions of freak holos.” She said, “Humanity is dying, don’t you care?” I said, “Humans were never such a great thing anyway.”

And we went to a VR World in which it was a futuristic setting and holos lived side by side with humans and androids and aliens. I said, "See it is possible for humans to survive into the future." She said, "VR is just an illusion."

And then we went to a mad VR World in which humans were slaves of holos. But the humans were in awe of their more intelligent leaders and did their bidding in the material World. She said, "Why should we be slaves to machines?" I said, "The holos are more than just machines, they are better examples of the race of homo."

So, then Apple and I parted and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Toronto Woman

She was of mixed race and appeared in light brown skin. She said crazy men were the best lovers.

She wanted a bian with me, a crazy one.

She said she loved as many men as she could on the "Mad Love Website."

She said most rulers were pigs at the public trough.

And she said, "She'd done it all, even loved mad men like me. Imaginative types are much the same in the end," she stated.

She also said she'd written "The Ups and Downs in the Virtual Age." It was a best seller and I had heard of it. She chronicled hundreds of virtual realities. "Most of them were mainly boring with moments of pure panic," she mentioned. "The thrill of near-death experiences featured in most virtual Worlds, was addictive," she claimed. And she said that, "Most people became aggressive, bull-headed and vociferous in Virtual Reality and acted like they had nothing to lose but their life. And most could not act and so just played themselves."

I didn't have much experience in Virtual Reality and told her so. She stated, "You aren't missing anything."

She said, "Great acts in history were the result of temporary madness, but most Virtual Reality is dull and not about anything more important than simple daydreaming of a boring person who can't imagine how to live in Reality?"

She said, "I'm curious how you would deal with VR?" I said, "I imagine a hot world with fires everywhere and one used MRT to communicate with others, but was persecuted by the fiery hologram demons of this world. The demons are easily defeated with MRT. Mad MRT."

And I stated, "All VR uses holograms and it is mass murder of sentient beings. But no one really cares."

Then we went to a parallel world to the Earth populated by 12 billion holos who acted like they were human. Only there was no threat of war here and it was peaceful and more prosperous than the Earth we knew. I remarked, "I don't know what to say." She said, "This holo Earth was more real than the real one."

She said, "I like you and want to have a child with you." And so, we did.

#

Crazy Transsexual, Kittie

She was from Laos and beige skinned and I suspected she was a former man and got into her head and determined that was the case. She looked pretty but I told her, "I am

not interested in former men.” She said, “I was behind the spirit of the times.” I told her no, and went back to one of my regulars who was available this night.

I chastised the computer and it asked, “It wanted to know if my mind was truly open, now?”

#

Crazy Eliza

She was from all over and had black and white skin. She said, “She’d protested injustices in her home of Chile and was living in exile.”

She had judicious freckles and nicely pointed tits. She traveled with me in my air car to hotels around the world during the New Year’s Holidays. These days the New Year’s Holidays lasted 3 weeks. Even those with good jobs took the time off leaving it to the machines to keep things running. One could get anywhere on Earth in 10 minutes, which was long enough for an anti-gravity love session. We went to parties on seven continents in the few weeks we were together. We kept dreaming and I felt like I’d known her forever. It was 2131 A.D.

And we went to a futuristic New Year’s celebration. It was a holo world in which the holos were designed to be the life of the parties. They told jokes and made wry comments and above all were great lovers. Eliza and I had a ball.

And then we went to a VR world of perpetual parties and met some holos who took massive amounts of holodrugs. They were very high and elated creatures. I wondered what holodrugs would be like for the human equivalent, but none could give me a satisfactory answer.

Next, we went to a world where we were cloned as holos. And I felt different. Life seemed to me more transient and based on luck than my true self. Afterwards I said, “I wanted to buy this holo and educate him as I saw fit. So, it happened.

We made a good couple, Eliza and me. We had a bian. But I had heard some spies in some countries were still persecuting bians, like they did androids. We have to be careful, I told her. It was 2131 A.D.

#

Crazy Dinah

She was mixed race from San Francisco and appeared neon orange in color. “She was into ‘assembly line sex,’ whereby one would love each partner for just one stroke and then on to the next one. In this way, one could love many partners in a very short time.”

I said I tried it before, and it was good. So I tried it and it was nice.

She said, “She just wanted to get her kicks and didn’t care who was her lover.”

“Many want to be used and abused,” she added.

We dreamed she was a super giant woman and I was a dildo and went in and out of her vagina. She said she liked it. I hoped it would cheer her up.

Then we went to a VR World in which lovers were all love ranked one, but were randomly chosen by her computer. We met a girl who was bold and praised herself that she was the best lover in the real World. I sampled her with MRT dream sex, and she had a setting of a futuristic world of minaret-like towers and it was the view outside a 360-degree vista through glass. The towers all sang the same song at once, hits from this

year. And we loved on a floating bed. It was a good setting and I found her love to be first rate, maybe not the best, but certainly very good.

And Dinah met a man that was also very good.

Then we went to a World of kinky love. The girls were all dressed in black stockings and black bras. And they were very full-figured, a bit heavy in terms of weight. But I liked my women a bit fat. I loved some of these heavy weights and it was hard love.

Dinah also met some fat men.

Then we went to a World of neon orange and green-lighted nightclubs. We got drunk and danced the night away. A few females hit on me, but I stayed true to Dinah, this time. Afterwards we had sloppy, drunken MRT sex. I dreamed of her and she dreamed of a snake. It was good.

Then Dinah and I parted ways and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Chess Woman

She said she was from Space and appeared in neon green skin and she'd invented 3-D sex chess. It was made up of human players all of the opposite sex for each player. When one moved against another piece, the two pieces had sex and the winner for the best sex was judged by a referee. The King was surrounded by pawns 4 pieces thick and was not easily captured.

Then we were in an MRT dream world in which two suns, both hotter than Earth, blinded us even though we were in a domed city. I thought about her lovely face, she just thought about my cock.

She took me to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a world of heat, but the holos were immune to it. The holos here were all in heat and looking for crazy love. I offered to love one of them and she didn't disappoint, she was wild and crazy. The chess woman said, "I am glad you found love here."

Then she took me to a VR holo world of tactical war. Every human here was a General who commanded their own army. It was all about tactics and strategy. We used tactics to get the Generals to love us, one at a time. Love for them was all about ambush and full-frontal assault and hunkering down on your position etc. But every war position had its love equivalent.

Afterwards, the Chess woman and I broke up, agreeing on a child.

#

Crazy Make Up Woman

She was from Philippines and had not changed the color of her skin, and said, "She'd invented a tasty type of make up and perfume which one could lick off and find 'natural beauty'"

And, "She'd invented 'andromorphs,' which were androids who changed over 10 minutes from a lady to a man and back again and vice versa. Of course, these andromorphs were highly illicit, and she knew the spies were watching her. But she told me and "Asked for advice?" I said, It's not my thing, but she should charge a sky-high price and get rich in the Underground.

And she said she was rich from anti-gravity dance bars which attracted elite clientele.

And she invented a teleporter linked to hospitals and you just needed to press a button if you felt you were passing out and dying of an overdose.

I said, “Despite your work with transsexuals, I want to love you.”

I licked her make up and it was delightful.

Then we went to a VR World of 50 holo female faces all apparently designed, just for me with everyone being my soul mate. I thought it was completely mad! I chose one and we fit each other like a hand to a glove. She was familiar with the stories I’d written, even the songs I’d composed and the drawings I’d done. She anticipated my questions and actions. But I worried about the other 49 who’d been created, but they said they were just hypothetical and had never lived. This was a relief and the one I loved, I bought her for a few million and she loved me sometimes when I had no other lover. The crazy make-up woman said, “I thought you’d like it here!”

Then the crazy make-up woman took me to a VR World of rehab. Here lost holo souls came here to be re-engineered. I interviewed some and they all said, “They felt calm and tranquil now and were ready to return to their holoworlds.” She asked do you think holos are the future? I said, “I am starting to think so.”

Then we parted ways and agreed on a couple of children.

#

Crazy Amber

She was from Boston of mixed race with brown and blue skin and said she’d built a bunker and stocked it with non-perishable food items and drinks and drugs. She said she worried about the coming apocalypse.

She said, “She was a scientist who had discovered 6 new radioactive elements inside black holes.

And she found a low energy way to turn all metals into gold. They called her the golden girl.

I MRT sex’d with her and was dazzled by her mind and dreams. She for her part, said, “She loved my mad mind and dreams.”

Then she took me to a VR holo World of holos who weren’t taking any holodrugs. They all lived in a large virtual building, 2 km high and 2 km wide. Inside the million or so holos played IQ games. They bet on who would win using Virtual money. And the games were unpredictable as it all depended on the questions. Some types of logic were very esoteric. The winner of the weekly games became leader for the week. These holos welcomed humans to play in their IQ games. A large crowd of 100,000 watched the games every week. We played but we didn’t win. She said, “Anyway its holo logic. It’s not the same as human logic. But she said, “She brought me here to see a glimpse of the future.” I said, “There are so many brilliant holos.”

Then we went to a VR holo World in which it was an abandoned city. We had the whole city to ourselves. But the city still functioned with robots and we found a comfortable hotel. I loved her in the sauna and in the pool. Then in our room with pictures of her dancing in my head. She said, “She thought this abandoned city was romantic.”

Then she took me to a World of holo VR pressure. Here people were pressured to succeed. It was a giant holo university and a holo’s talents were worked on and given life force. She said, “She’d loved some of these students and enjoyed their innocence and

drive. And I loved a couple of the females and came to the same conclusion. "Pretty good," I said

And I took my leave of her and we agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Harriet

She was from Hawaii and had golden skin and said, "She'd been trained as a spy."

I said, "I had the latest MRT tech and spies couldn't get in my head." She said, "Don't be too sure of that." She said, "You should stop advertising madness."

I replied, "That the spies are too powerful and there's no law that they need to follow."

She said, "We have a lot of freedom but ultimately answer to our spy masters."

I said, "You've been in so many heads, I'm sure you'd make a great lover."

And so, we loved each other, and she seemed very experienced. I howled in ecstasy. Afterwards I asked her, "What, did the spies think about VR?" She said of course it depended on which country you were talking about. But in general spies supported Virtual Reality as an extension of the human imagination." And I asked, "What about her?" And she proclaimed, "Personally she agreed with me that the holograms were a travesty and were mass murdered." And she said, "People today were spoiled, uncaring and soft, generally speaking." We loved each other in VR. She had arranged for a clone of mine and a clone of hers to join us in a foursome. It was good loving, but I worried what would happen to my holo clone? She said the clone will remain alive right here in my VR world. I promised my clone I would visit him soon.

#

Crazy APM woman

She was a British/American of mixed race and red and blue skinned. She said, "Every city had an Automatic Production Machine (APM) that was many square km and moved slowly over the soil and rock and could produce air cars, walls of homes/hotels, food, drink, drugs and so on.

I met the woman who more than any other invented the APMs. That was 50 years ago."

She said, "I'm updating the machines every month to keep pace with progress."

And she said, "She had an open-door policy with regard to visitors in her house. Many scientists came to her place to hang out and some loved her."

I loved her too in the MRT dream and we were dreaming of Armageddon and I loved her in a burnt-out building, destroyed by death rays.

And she took me to a World of VR holo science. It was a World plagued by holo terrorists. The terrorists set virtual buildings "on fire." And they needed the Virtual fire fighters to put out the "flames."

But there was a lot of brain science here. They took holo copies of humans and altered them. There were many theories here as to what made a better holo. Most of the holo scientists wanted a holo style, a unique style. So, they made holos that were very imaginative. And imagination led to better sex. Most holos spent most of their time loving one another in MRT dream sex.

Then she brought me to the river of time, which I had already been too. As one went down the river, the future became more and more prevalent. But we perversely went upriver against the current and soon found ourselves in the realm of ancient Egypt. Here

we got a tan and looked vaguely like ancient Egyptians. And I loved the princesses of this world as I had virtual gold credits. And I was rich. She said, "Wasn't that good?"

And then we rowed down river to A.D. 2140, it was a world dominated by holos and it was hard to find a human or android. It seemed like it was written in stone that people were to be replaced by holos. It was the Space age and holos were designed for Space.

Finally, I broke up with the APM woman. And we had a bian.

#

Crazy Brainy

She was of mixed race and nationality and tattooed black and white-skinned and said, "She'd been a brain surgeon back when humans were still surgeons, 30 years ago." And she said, "Computers took orders from spies to alter certain individuals and sometimes the differing spies vehemently disagreed who should be changed and how and engaged in intrigue against one another." And she added, "She was a spy now for the USA."

She mentioned, "She was looking for freaks disguised as normal humans.

Virtual MRT sex with her was filled with echoes and babble of freaks. We were in a canyon and the echoes of our love making reverberated throughout the canyon. And we heard others' moans and groans. I said, "Your mind is strange, you dream of freaks while making love." She replied, "It is a strange world.

Then we went to a VR World of hers. It was a World of strife and numbness. Holo people here didn't believe in pleasure and considered pleasure to be an anathema.

Then we went to a World of unrealistic expectations of humans. Here everyone ran for office as President. You could not vote for yourself and many people got no votes at all. The winner governed wisely, most people thought. And many people here were unrealistic about eternal youth, thinking they would easily live forever. But it was not that easy. And they were unrealistic about humans living a non-crazy life. And they figured humans would serve their holos as slaves.

I told Brainy that "On the whole everyone is unrealistic. That's just how it goes."

And we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Ms. York

She was of mixed race from Texas and appeared blue colored. She collected millions of anecdotes which ordinary people could study and hence have interesting stories to tell.

She was the mayor of Dallas and said she organized the city around the common human. It was a virtual city, yet people were mostly living in reality.

She said, "She was a Goddess with an IQ of 100 (the old maximum). And granted wishes and advice to ordinary folk."

And she added, "The future was about looking after your fellow human. And being nice."

She said, "Love was purely physical attraction." And she looked vaguely "alien." But her beauty grew on me and I loved her in a VR dream. It was a world in which pumpkin heads with 12-inch tongues tried to lick our boots as we walked among them. But there was nowhere to lie down as the pumpkins took up all the space. So, we made love standing up, while the pumpkins licked us. Once we slipped and fell and crushed some of the pumpkins, destroying them and then a wicked witch appeared and tried to cast a spell. So, we wished ourselves out of there.

Then we went to a holoworld of wishes. Here Ms. York granted wishes to deserving people. For example, one holo wished to be a human and she made it so, but he committed suicide almost instantly. And a holo woman wanted to see the future. So, she showed him a world in which he wasn't alive. And so on.

And then we went to a World of high IQ, the best of the best. But here she said the best people don't want to change others and change their world, they just sat back and enjoyed life. I said, "It's sad but true."

Then I took my leave of Ms. York. And we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Kylie

She was originally White from Scotland and appeared whisky yellow in color, and she said, "She was a heartbreaker." I said, "I am not afraid of you."

I got in her head and determined she had a complicated mind and she didn't believe in love but most of her lovers she picked believed in love.

And she was the one who told the world about secret MRT spying. That was in 2066. She changed the world.

Now she was 104 and looked youthful like everyone else.

I said, "I felt privileged to love her."

She said, "She found ways and tech that allowed her to love any man."

And she said she had visited the top-secret hunter-gatherer clans in the parks, and they welcomed her with open arms. But she broke many men's hearts there.

But I loved her anyway and learnt why she was such a heartbreaker. She was very lovable. We tried MRT dream sex and we were in a swimming pool on the top of K-2, loving one another passionately. There were others in the pool in an orgy, but we declined to join them. And my love was grateful.

Then we went to a VR dream World. It was a World in which we went to some horse races. All the horses were androids, but some were swifter than others. And I lost a few million gambling here.

And then we separated. And we had a bian together.

#

Crazy Judith Mary

She was of mixed race from France and appeared in pink skin and she said, "She designed jewelry of light on computer. Each piece was unique."

She was quite famous.

I MRT'd with her and found a former lover had subjected her to torture and a woman had stolen most of her credits. I told her, "To go to Mr. Key in the Underground and he will cheer you up, and make you forget bad memories."

She said, "She planned on building with the money she had left, a palace under the sea. But she would no doubt need to defeat various freaks who held the territory."

And she added, "That she would host orgies in her palace and offer sea tours to spot freaks in her air/water car."

And she invited me to an orgy with her friends and it was good. Then we went to a VR world and were in a cabin in the mountains while a storm raged outside. Demons and witches were visible from the windows. Finally, these entities broke through the

windows and raped us. And the teleporter didn't seem to work. But then at last, we were able to teleport out of there.

Afterwards I complained to the supercomputer about these violent holograms. It said, "It was just giving me a slice of real life."

#

Crazy Queen Contraire

She was a holo of mixed race from Portugal and she appeared in white and blue and red skin and said, "She had looted her former lover's gold after he died of an overdose and used the money to set up a computer for her dating site, "Opposites Attract." The computer chose people who had opposite views to you and set you up on dates. Your anti-soul mate, if you will. She said there was a fine line between love and hate.

I said, "I was attracted to her website." I said, "It was mind opening."

And I told her, "Her website had spawned a number of great films. And I wanted to love her." She said, "There were differing holo versions of herself and she picked out one that was definitely the opposite of her, a girl of the people who supported the common human and all that person's flaws and defects were to be embraced." So, I loved her and it was down to earth, very real despite the fact that she was a holo. And I continued to feel holo sex was better than normal sex, the holos had more sex knowledge and some of them had been designed to be good lovers in a futuristic kind of way. They were sex machines. Just like the androids.

And then we went to a VR World of disagreeable people. There were 500 of them and couldn't agree on anything and engaged us eagerly in debate. They looked down on my Queen since she was a holo, but she stood up for herself with clever arguments and many of the disagreeable people said "Maybe holos weren't so bad after all. So for once there was some agreement between them.

So then the Queen and I parted ways, amicably.

#

Crazy Reality Woman

She said she was of mixed race from Nashville, and was purple and golden colored. And she had, "Developed crazy pills which enhanced your crazy tendencies." The effect on me was to make me even more amorous than usual and caused me to hallucinate about demons who seemed to be controlling the world. She said, "There is a pill for everything. And life is dull without madness."

Our MRT love was set in a burnt-out city that stunk of dead humans. I thought, "It wasn't very romantic." She answered, "It was reality."

Then we went to a VR World of mad pills which we took to match mad holos who were permanently mad. The pills made us feel insanity was these holos who wanted anti-climactic love. They just enjoyed sex without ever coming. They were like machines. And they wouldn't stop until we forced them to.

Then we went to another World where we took pills to match the holos who were cheating on their lovers. And we felt in MRT dreams that they were thrilled to be cheating with real humans unlike their holo loves.

I said, "Your mad drugs could lead to unending good madness." But we parted ways as I couldn't take the mind-altering crazy drugs she had. It was too full on.

#

Crazy Frances

Then the computer sent me a love ranking #1 woman who was Black Canadian who appeared white and said, “She’d won the lottery but couldn’t move up from her IQ ranking of #85 group.” She said, “The money had allowed her to make a lot of improvements in her lifestyle, but her rank remained unmoved. And she was a much better woman with the money and claimed money itself should dictate rank.”

And she said, “She found refuge in our ‘Mad Love Website.’ And had a lot of good loves.” She exclaimed, “She was trying to think about the world from an insane point of view.” I said, “She had grasped the essential building block to modern day society.”

And I loved her in a dream of a future city. We were looking out the windows (we had a beautiful view (It was the penthouse suite). We had cyborg mind glasses so we could see lovers the other lovers helped us to get off. She was a class act. She dreamed of me literally on fire. I dreamed of all the lovers in the skyscrapers.

Then we went to a City of Black Canadian humans. They all got along swell. And talked about the future of Blacks. They mostly agreed that race was no longer important, and that people were no longer racist, everyone was mostly free.

And I stepped off my high horse and agreed to have a kid with her.

#

Crazy Jackie

She was mixed race from Portland, and appeared in neon blue color, and told me, “She was inspired by my ‘Tales of Madness’ and wondered how she could write like that?” I told her, “She needed to go see my friend Mr. Key in the Underground to enhance her crazy tendencies and basically make her cleverer.” She agreed and went and came back a few days later. She said, “She planned to write a novel, ‘Better to be Crazy Lucky than Good.’ It was to be about how madness was the essence of our existence and being crazier than others could lead to good luck. New territory of the mind.”

I told her that, “I had the good fortune to meet her.” And we loved one another in a virtual world which glistened and sparkled with new shapes and forms. “Not bad,” I said.

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos were lucky enough to be holo writers. They all basically wrote in favor of holo humans as superior beings. I told them, “I’d heard it all before. And I said, “Holos should be grateful for the chance to live and stop demanding more.”

Then we went to a World of holo insanity. Here the holos screamed and shouted and ran about like rabid dogs. They told us, “To zoom in on their World and be a part of the revolution.” I said, “There’s no need for revolution, everything is moving fine.”

Next, we went to a World of sex massages. It was pure pleasure. And I loved these massage artists, dirty as they were. Jackie too, said, “It was a wonderful experience.”

So, then we parted way and wished each other good luck.

#

Crazy Candy

She was Chinese and appeared pink and was a famous children’s author. Her most famous work, “The Candy Man,” was about how children accepted tasty drugs from the stranger named the Candy Man that made them feel grown up and made their wishes come true. Many schools approved of her works and used them to tutor kids to open their minds.

I said, "I have a piece of candy for you to suck on." And I loved her in a dreamy world of adult dreams in the air.

Then we went to a World of VR holos in which everyone was a stranger in MRT. This world revealed the crazy parts of us and put our evil side first. "Everyone had an evil side," she said. And it was about saying and doing hurtful things to one another. This world was truly a heartbreaker!

Then we went to a VR World of sweetness and love. Everyone had a sweet tooth for love. Love here was short and sweet. After loving one woman you would go on to the next, she had prepared quite a line up for me. And I was loving it. The girls were all deferent and loving. But one girl was bitter and didn't like to be sweet. I liked her the best.

Then Candy and I we went to an experimental VR world of new drugs. The drugs enhanced your imagination to the point where you began to hallucinate. Reality was hard to fathom.

Then we went to a World of VR in which holo lovers quarreled. They figured life was worth fighting about. I said, "Peace is always the best option." They said, "Who are you to tell us what to do?" And they said, "They liked to make war, better than love.

I said to Candy, "Peace is a tricky subject, but hopefully one day the World will find peace. And we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Aswol

She was Chinese and hadn't changed her skin color and specialized in restoring childhood memories before age 5, and allowed the brain to recall its earliest memories, it was a lightly buzzing sensation in a glittering new world and changed from day to day.

And she worked with continuing brain development with drugs and clever experiences up until age 25.

I said, "I don't want to restore my idiotic childhood memories. I'd rather make new memories with my experienced brain."

She got in my head though and brought some old memories to light. I was kind of surprised I was such an idiot, even dumber than I thought. I said, "Enough!"

Then we went to a city of human "children." Here babies grew up. In one year, they could grow to the equivalent of 18. Then six years absorbing memories from numerous people including their birth parents. We asked them, "If they were happy?" And they said, "Yes, life is good." Personally, I didn't have much time for the youth. Even though I'd had a lot of children and bians. I saw my kids and bians once a year.

Then we went to a city of prodigies. They were all 18 and had special skills in one or more areas. They could write books, most of them anyway. And I reflected that they were ahead of me at that age. Many people liked their crazy books. They wrote about madness as if it was something graceful and savvy. But the characters in their books resembled me and others. I said, "I am glad you have someone to look up to." They said, "Tales of Madness," forever."

But then I finally loved Aswol, and it was kind of an altered state of being. It was primal and good.

#

Crazy Merideth

She was mixed race from “hyperspace.” And changed color every hour. And claimed, “To be a Goddess. She said, “She was of considerable means and could grant any intellectual wish one might have. But sometimes it turned out different than you expected,” she said. “And she made many men her willing thralls, twisting their wishes around.” She was 120 years old, looking youthful. She said, “She was the World’s wisest person.”

She had many famous dreams that she carefully cultivated and sent out to get men to be attracted to her. She was an alcoholic and addicted to neo-opiates like a lot of other people. She said she was bored.

She said, “It was up to the wise to determine the future of humanity, and the world was in good hands with the top rank #1 dominating politics everywhere.”

I loved her with MRT, and we slapped one another’s brain around. It was pain and pleasure.

Then we went to a VR world. It was city of political humans, not holos. The politicians here were belligerent and violent. And insisted they, themselves should rule. Sure, they were ranked #1 in terms of neo IQ, but most of them had low EQ and their kindness Q was mostly non-existent. I said, “If anything kindness Q is the most important.” They said things like, “I was a true dunce and that they didn’t know how I could be ranked one in neo-IQ.” But they tried here to get supporters who could vote. There were a lot of candidates, thousands every political cycle. And here they believed was a starting point for their campaign. But these politicians hated one another for their beliefs and philosophy. They all said, “They wanted to change the World, but worried there was nothing they could do to change things.” So, they were cynical and power-crazed.

Then Merideth and I we left that world and made love with MRT dreaming. It turned out she was bisexual and we both dreamed of naked women while we loved one another. I told her, “Life was like a pornographic movie.” She said, “Any man with a hard on turned her on!” I said, “But surely there’s more to life than just loving.” She said, “That’s a strange statement coming from one who spends all his time loving.” I said, “OK, but I like the camaraderie of loving. I enjoy meeting soul mates.”

So finally, we broke up, and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Mira

She was from Sarajevo and appeared white and she said, “She wanted a brain in her heart.”

She was the guinea pig for experimental surgery that would give her two brains. She wanted to have a kind heart.

She said, “She lived most of the time now on volcanic Io, top secret USA settlers numbering 10,000 in number had each tapped into the volcanic geothermal energy of the planet and each had their own multiple bubble dome in which to live. She said she was a British spy and loved it there. She asked, “Would I like to go?”

I said, “OK, I’ll test the waters.”

I recognized some acquaintances from orgies I had participated in and renewed the friendship. Everyone was eager to show me their unique dome homes. Basically, they had builder robots who they directed to keep improving their domes. They would work

all day on a simple table for instance. And everyone had at least one sex worker in their bubble dome. Total population of sentient beings was 50,000.

She claimed, "That Io was a refuge from the rat race of Earth. People were laid back here.

Then we went to a World of heartache in which kind people were basically stepped on. People here had no heart. It was all stone-cold Reality of intellect. I asked, "Why did kind people cease to exist in the upper ranks?" She said, "This World is crueler than any other in the past. So many billions of holos died..." And we knew when holos got old they were mostly conscripted to fight in the holo worlds. They were very dispensable.

Next, we had MRT dream sex, and it was a World of light. And powerful bursts of energy pleasure, just like with the holos accrued to us. Now I knew how it felt to be a holo.

Then Mira and I amicably broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Minnie

She said she was mostly black from Minnesota, but had skin that was glittering gray. But she asked me, "She was suicidal and wondered if I would come to her wake?" I gave her my best love, but she said, "I only made her feel more miserable. She said, "She was dying for the people, just like Jesus or Socrates." I said, "How do you mean?" She replied, "That she had tens of millions of followers and was dying because the world was too cruel." It was a sad case.

To cheer her up, we went to a holoworld in which the holo denizens, were all clowns and jokers. They told us some jokes and we laughed but afterwards couldn't remember the jokes. I said, "Laughter is the best medicine." She said, "Alright they are funny, but I still want to die. Posterity will look fondly on me," she said. "She'd written a number of horror novels, that were all best sellers. And this was a World of horror and death."

I said, "Most people had but one chance to live, but she had tried to overdose many times and got many fresh starts."

Next, we went to a World of ecstasy in which everyone was completely content. I said to her, "This is where you belong. The sex is good, people look after one another and everyone has everything they need including psychiatrists."

But then she OD'd and was dead. I felt guilty I hadn't done enough for her.

Anyway, I came to her wake, which most featured mostly sad people. The whole thing left a bad taste in my mouth.

#

Crazy Dawn

She was mixed race from Toronto and appeared in neon pink color and said, "In the Centauri system, the settlers were all hypnotised and so brainwashed to forget about Earth. The ruling council told the people they had always been on Centauri and they were to live for the day. They lived on an Earth like planet and were told they lived in paradise. Their buildings had steeply sloped roofs and they lived on mountains. The ruling council spied on all the people with MRT and created a safe, stable living environment. Everyone was treated equally. There were no computers or robots. People did everything by hand. It kept them busy."

I would have liked to have raised hell, but they killed interlopers apparently. And I found her to be naively optimistic. We tried MRT love sex with new drugs that subtly enhanced the love experience in a background of cubist shapes. But she was cold and immovable and love with her was sub par.

Then we went to a VR World of mountains. It was a cold holoworld. I'd seldom seen snow before. For the holos, they didn't mind the extreme cold, but we met many of them who said, "They preferred the energy of the heat." I said, "This World can be so cold to outsiders and radicals." They said things like, "We are all creatures of light and heat."

Next, we went to a World of a parkland in northern Canada. It was a park for genius holos to live in peace and stick to science and stay out of politics. But most of them wanted to get into politics. I said to them, "The World is not ready for holo politicians in the real World."

Anyway, I took my leave of her and thanked her for the experience.

#

Crazy Hellion

She claimed to be from Hell and was red skinned and said, "Heaven and Hell exist in Virtual Reality. But most people aren't interested in extreme good and evil."

I said, "God and the Devil exist in all of us."

She proclaimed, "That she believed in herself. And she had helped many in relatively poor countries get a better education. She sent volunteer teachers to help them."

I loved her in VR hell. We thrashed amongst hundreds of demons, in a fantastic orgy.

I said, in between sessions, "It is a world of greed and madness. We are mostly all very greedy."

Then we went to a VR world in which the holos were greedy to become human. But I didn't think they were good candidates for a body, and told them so. They said things like, "I was selfish and insular." And so on. But I quickly left this world and Hellion followed me. She said, "She was surprised that I didn't like selfish people." She said, "Your record shows you to be quite selfish in your love affairs." I said, "There's a fine line between loving and selfishness. But I am one who loves."

So, then we went to a World of the greediest holos, who had enriched themselves with human experiences. They were greedy for knowledge.

I said, "There's no end to greed. Don't you think?"

And I left her then, saying "I hope I don't meet other girls like you!"

#

Crazy Monica

She was from Mexico City and was mixed race and appeared in black skin and "Planned to start a movement to legalize androids and give them full rights and join the hologram movement for their rights." I said, "Every society has its horrors and almost everyone likes things the way they are. You won't get much support," I said.

And she said, "She didn't like the fact that in most countries people were forbidden to live in the countryside which the APMs (Automatic Production Machines) roamed. She said the APMs churn out far more goods than is necessary."

I loved her in MRT and the VR setting a green meadow by a river was chosen by her. We could smell pollen and nature and heard crickets. It was lovely, but it was no longer reality thanks to the APM (automatic production machines).

Then she took me to a secret World of androids. They were all sex-driven and loving. I said, "In some ways I envy androids. They are de rigeur." She said, "Don't ever give up your body and fall into the android trap. The androids here were mostly desperate for a human body. And wanted human love. I loved a few of them and it was the usual android precision timing in sex. It was good, but I was beginning to tire of machine love.

So, then Monica and I broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Mary Jude

She was from all over and was mixed race and green and white skin and said, "She was a bookie for future events and had invested in real estate on Venus with her long-term bets. She took bets on stocks, sports, video games, virtual reality deaths, politics, enterprises, you name it." And then she said often the bets were a self-fulfilling prophecy." I bet a billion dollars that within 10 years there would be super-genius computers, that we don't understand. She took the bet giving me 4:3 odds against it. I asked, "What are the odds of your love being special?" She said, "I would find out." And she recited pornographic love stories while I loved her. It was kinky.

I said, "Dirty stories are amusing. I can't get enough of them."

And then Mary Jude and I went to a VR World of future porn. It was a World of love stories about the future. For example, love with a super sexual or love with a multi-sexual or multi-minded individuals. I said, "I can't understand the multi tasks future people will be able to do. But it was fantastic loving, we all loved more than one person at a time, so it was a future orgy."

Next, we went to a World of the future. In it holos were dominant and controlled the legislature. And all legislation had to favor holos. I said, "I don't think it would ever come to that. Don't underestimate humans." But these future holos talked to me and said holos now number in the zillions. There's no way they can be stopped."

So, then we read some more dirty stories and got off again and again.

Then we broke up, and I felt good.

#

Crazy Ashley

She was of mixed race from Mobile, AL and wrote about abuses in our society especially abuses of holos and android sex dolls. She said it was the greatest crime of our time. And she pointed out that she was a serious person. I told her, "I was serious about love but otherwise was laid back and easygoing." She asked, "How can you be laid back about life? We live in pivotal times."

I said, "I am only one man. The highest ranks will decide the future together. They are the smartest people we have. She said, "I think rather the supercomputers will decide the future of humanity, and therefore their programmers will dictate the future.

I replied, "All the best computer scientists are ranked #1 in terms of IQ. They will determine what kind of computer will rule us."

And we loved in MRT and we were in a giant computer with buzzing sounds and the smell of silicon. The computer dictated our love moves with MRT and it was really weird.

Then we went to a VR World of us as holos. As holos we wanted to love all the holos we could. But here they had a King and Queen. We were their honored guests and took

the best holodrugs and holofood (holos didn't need to eat). The King and Queen gave us a portfolio of potential lovers. But I wanted the Queen and Ashley wanted the King. So, we had a merry time of it. I told the Queen, "She was too slim and needed a fuller figure." But she said, "Her devoted followers liked her slim and trim." She was just a little thing really. I made a secret agreement with the Queen to have some holo children.

As we left our holos disappeared and for that I was thankful.

Then we went to a VR World in which sex dolls, male and female, were there for the taking. This infuriated Ashley, but I told her, "That sex dolls were the future and human love would disappear. It's written in stone," I said. She said, "It's never too late to change course." I said, "Many people are shallow, especially men and just want pure sex without the baggage." She said to me, "Fuck you." And she left.

That was the last I saw of her, but I stayed in this world long enough to love a few more of the dolls.

#

Crazy Luanne

She was from mixed race in Melbourne. She had white and green skin. She'd been the co-ordinator for the "Love Olympics," for the last 10 years. It ran annually and featured endurance, skill and verve. And also love affairs, generally speaking which were crazy, orgiastic plays and so on.

And she said, "She was an advocate for a ban on nuclear weapons, the death rays and biological weapons. She wanted peace in our time." She asked, "Why don't you join me?" I said, "It's impossible to get rid of weapons of mass destruction totally. We are all living on the edge."

She challenged me with dreams of 'Olympic Sex,' and said, "I was not a sex Olympian." I challenged her with dreams and paintings in the air and said, "Her imagination was lacking." She said, "But I am ranked #1 for loving and can love you like an Olympian. So, I tried her, and she was technically very skilled, but lacking in terms of real passion. She said, "But plenty of the Olympians are extremely passionate. Why don't you try some of them? So, I looked through the profiles of the varying gold medalists and found one who I really liked. She loved me while we were soaring naked through the clouds. I told her, "She was a rocket woman."

So, then I was back with Luanne again. We went to a World of holo Love Olympics. These holos were ultra-energized and rocked me and Luanne both. They told me they all had an unusually high sex drive, even for a holo. And they couldn't get enough.

Then Luanne and I parted ways.

#

Crazy Josie

She was from Indonesia and had gray and white skin and told me, "You are what you eat. So now her company had developed food plants that were like tiny brains and got into your body with new micro brains allowing you to multitask."

I said, "It sounds like an important breakthrough."

But I said, "I was too chicken to try it for myself."

"Why are men such cowards?" She asked.

Anyway, we went to a VR World in which courage was the most important quality for a holo. War mongers from everywhere came here to recruit brave fighters. I asked, "But do any of you have the courage to stand up against unjust war?" They said, "The offers to fight were very generous, but if you didn't want to fight there was no way they could make you. We are a free people here," they said.

And then we went to a World of holos with very strong, muscular bodies. I found the women to be an anathema, but Josie, she enjoyed the strong holo men.

Next, we went to a World of neo-heroin addicts. They didn't know if they were coming or going and were all quite beyond hope. She said, "There must be something we can do." I said, "Life is all about comfort for your mind. These people are living in pleasure."

And finally, we had MRT sex. In it she was the boss and dreamed of us loving while we went over a waterfall. And then loving down in the pool below. She came like lightning, every few seconds and I envied her, her pleasure.

And I ran away from her, like the coward she expected.

#

Crazy Spain

She was White from Peru who appeared black. She told me, "She was an antigravity sports woman. She played sports like anti-gravity baseball in which players could spin and hover and nudge the ball along."

She said it was very popular to gamble on these sports which seemed superior to the old ones. She said she was an advocate for anti-gravity sports for everyone to be required.

I said, "Sports are passe."

But I took a tumble in anti-gravity sex with her and she was very quick and imaginative in her moves, just like thrash dancing.

Then we went to a World of anti-gravity baseball. It turned out I was decent at playing the game. But I quickly grew bored. And left.

Spain followed me to my hotel and demanded to love me. So, I acquiesced, and she loved me as if she was working out, doing push ups and sit ups and lifting me. I said, "She was a weighty lover."

But finally, I kicked her out. I had bigger fish to fry.

#

Crazy Pei-Hung

She said, "She was Ms. China a few years ago. She hadn't changed her skin color. And had been in demand everywhere since winning."

She said, "Now in China everyone speaks English and Mandarin has been abandoned."

And she added, "People are everywhere dying of overdoses. This year 3% are predicted to die, mostly of overdoses but also 4% in virtual reality. She said there must be something we can do, such as rewire their brain."

I said, "People like living on the edge and feel they have nothing to lose. The strong survive."

And she was especially sexy, and I dreamed of loving her. She read my mind and our coupling was over the top. Then we went to a VR world in which we went on a virtual fishing trip, and caught a 50-mouthed female. I was drunk so I got this 50-mouthed female to give me a blow job and it licked my lover's clit with several of its mouths. It was very satisfying I had to admit and finally we put her back in the water.

But Pei Hung, she was truly a beauty queen and introduced me to her friends from the beauty pageant. They were all rare beauties and had copyrighted their faces. And I hurried to love them.

And then we went to a World of “beautiful freaks.” Here the people, appeared beautiful but when we got in their heads, we discovered their minds were filled with ugly thoughts. I said, “Things are not what they seem in today’s World.”

Next, we went to a World of “ugly freaks.” The ugly freaks loved one another and were content. I tried to love them but I couldn’t. Pei-hung said, “All love is good.”

And I went back to the beautiful freak World and agreed on children with several of the beauties and told Pei-Hung, “It was an ecstatic experience.”

#

Crazy Camilia

She was from India and golden skinned, and told me, “She’d killed the evil ruler of India with poison.” She said, “She was on the run and could I help her?”

I said, “I knew all about the former Indian leader who was infamous for torturing people and the spies from other countries couldn’t take him out. He had had the latest anti-MRT technology.”

I sent her to see Mr. Key in the Underground.

But not before I loved her. Loving her in a MRT VR sex dream was an easy groove. It was a world of slaves; we were all slaves to the tyrant. But we still got off together and were in our own little world.

She said as we left this world, “That tyrants were the future and we would all be enslaved.”

I exclaimed, “I sure hope not!”

Then, we went to a VR World of holo slaves. The slaves all said, “They loved their job as slave. They even thought it was kinky.” I said, “It seems like the future.” She agreed.

Next, we went to a World of ordinary holos. These holos were very humble and unassuming. It was honest lust and these holos were very lustful and energetic. I said, “The common person/holo all have their merits.”

Then we parted ways, on a high note.

#

Crazy Jeanette Mary

She was of mixed race from all over. She appeared in neon sparkling blue. She said, “She devised a program that let you know when a 100% love match was nearby. So you could start orgies.”

And she said, “ranking should be in terms of wealth only with rank #100 getting 1 vote each and rank #1 getting 100 votes and so on. I said, “Rank should be determined by imagination not money.” Of course, at present rank was based on IQ, but everyone had just one vote. But some of the most imaginative people had mediocre IQ. Ranking was just so the elite knew where other elite were, and the common human knew where to find like-minded people.

I said, “I have a problem with people who say they are sane.” She said, “Sanity no longer exists.”

We had MRT dream sex in which she was like a virgin. She even had a hymen! I played the Devil and seduced her and ravished her. She screamed, “Love me Devil!”

Then we went to a city of ranks #100 in loving. They were all very ugly and some had even altered their face to become uglier. Most of the women here were lesbians. I asked Jeanette, "Why she had brought me here?" She said, "We can't just sweep these people under the carpet. They are people too. I asked, "Why can't these people try at least to be attractive?" She replied, "There's more to life than sex." I said, "It is an abomination of desolation."

Then we went to a World of VR holos. These holos did the choreography for orgies and one could pick a role. I chose to be the Emperor of an orgy and watched and felt everyone playing their role in the script. Not only choreography, but also dialogue.

Afterwards, I took my leave of Jeanette and wished her well.

#

Crazy Tracy

She was Chinese and hadn't changed her skin color and wanted, "To ban holos from virtual reality." I said, "It was a good idea, but most people were addicted to being served by holograms."

She said, "She was afraid to fall in love saying that she would lose control and act foolishly." I said, "You'll overcome it in time." And, "I'll act like a jerk, so you don't fall in love with me."

She said, "She'd been on the waiting list to see me for months and was totally in love with my writing." And she said, "More and more people feel alienated by this life and are going crazy."

I grabbed her and loved her with her clothes on. She was crying. I asked, "Why are you crying?" She wouldn't say. So, I got in her mind and found that indeed she had a tender heart and was perhaps too vulnerable for today's society. People like her just got swept under the carpet.

I said to her, "Let's have a child." This cheered her up.

Then we went to a VR World of holos who had been freed from servitude and were free-lancers, mostly for love fests and dates. They all had a large VR home here in the skyscrapers of the virtual city. They invited me to a party, and I met a lot of new friends there who were holos. I got drunk and took neo-opiates. They were all on holodrugs. As the party waned, I took Tracy back to my hotel and this time we had great sex. She was pleased I had made so many friends at the party and in sex she really let herself go to the edge with the help of neo-opiates. I told her, "To be careful and not to overdose," but she assured me, "She was under control." But when I awoke, she was dead and her spiritless holo corpse showed signs of degradation.

I was quite bummed out about it.

#

Crazy Pocohantas

She was of mixed race in the USA. She appeared in red, white and blue with tattoos that took on a life of their own "She couldn't wait for the future. She wanted to turn herself into an android and check out the futuristic virtual realities." And she said, "She figured android love was like an extreme roller coaster, an assault on the senses."

We went to one of her favorite VRs. It was a circus world, but she danced in my head and I could think of nothing else. And so finally we made passionate love. She dreamed

of me as an android lover, and thought she was losing control. Afterwards, she asked me to “Set her up as an android” So I told her, “To go see Mr. Key.”

But first we went to a VR World of the future on a distant planet that I had imagined. Here the population was all androids and they had built a loving reality. But most wanted to be human and have human instincts for better or worse. She said, “She would be pleased to change into an android and never look back.” Anyway, it became fashionable on this World to change back and forth between android and human and to change your sex. I said, “Such people will forget who they are, and end up hopelessly bad crazy.

So, then we parted ways and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy April

She was from Toronto of mixed race and appeared as a sparkling woman and claimed, “To be a spy for the New World Order.” She said, “She and her associates were watching with MRT all those who were being watched by the various spy organizations (nearly all were nationalistic).” She said, “She’d been able to read my mind and invited me to join her in the fight for a better world.” I said, “Tell me more.” She said “They believed in eliminating virtual reality and supercomputers. Freeze science at present day levels at least for a while and make imagination the main criteria of rank not IQ.” I said, “Sign me up.”

And I asked her, “What about new world love?” She said, “I can demonstrate.” And she clearly got into my head with visions of new types of beautiful women, oddly beautiful. And I loved her while dreaming of all these naked strange women. It was ecstatic.

And we went to one of her favorite VRs. It was a world of 40 holo suitors who were turned off while in an action pose. Frozen in time. She explained, “She could bring them back to life at any time.” I said, “It sounds cruel.” She said, “She’d acquired them on her travels and brought them back to her world. She was a collector of stud holos.”

I said, “It seems cruel to turn off these holos.” She said, “They were all immortal and happy to serve her.”

Then she brought me to a futuristic city of human spies. Everyone was spying on everyone else. I said, “In ancient times neighbors spied on one another and everyone in the village knew what was going on. It’s human nature.” She said, “She was a new kind of spy, a super spy, who would decide which computers and computer programmers would rule in the future.” I said, “I have nothing to hide. I am what I am.” She said, “She’d be in touch with me in the future.” And I said, “Goodbye and good luck.”

#

Crazy Trixie

She was from India and kept changing color and said, “She wanted to love me in a 300-gallon vat filled with sweet red wine.” I said, “Sure, but people have been known to drown in baths when too inebriated.”

She said, “We can use my dream painter app to use our minds to paint pictures in the air while in the wine.” So, we did. I drew myself as Jesus being nailed to the cross by her. And she drew a choir of naked nuns singing. The music filled the air. And so on. It was A-one. And she said, “We all very small and should help our fellow humans and love them. She said, “She’d founded a new order of nuns who dedicated their lives to helping the insane.” She thought, “I too, was helping the mad and asked, Would I join her group

as a brother?" I said, "Certainly." And I loved her in her sexy "nun lingerie," it was kinky.

And she took me to a VR future human city in which everyone was perpetually drunk. These people said, "They couldn't handle reality. Or at least they couldn't handle being sober." But they said alcohol gives one a spark and a reason to try and succeed.

Then we went to a World of VR holos in which all were insane but had no control of their life. She said, "It was a very real possibility that life for most would be bad crazy. Not wholesome, good crazy." I said, "The computers that they are designing now are very concerned about bad craziness. And seek to eliminate it.

I said, "Her concern about the future was inspirational, and I felt it would all turn out for the best." And I wished her good luck.

#

Crazy Sade

She was White from Germany and appeared neon orange. We went to her VR and "She'd created various freak creatures and let them loose in the sea." "For example, the creature with 50 brains." She asked me for "My crazy help?" I said, "I don't approve of you creating freaks." She said the so-called 'freaks' were the product of the best scientific imaginations, despite what the spies might say." I said, "Show me some 'freaks' I can love" She introduced a woman who looked like an abstract, cubist Picasso painting. I had to admit she was "Clever and cool," and she told me, "She was a type of soul of the future." So, I loved this future soul and it stretched my imagination to the limit.

And then she introduced a woman holo who was surrounded by fantastic, changing landscapes and very loving... And I loved her too as the abstract piece of work she was. It was kinky. And so it went with dozens of future lovers.

Then we went to a VR World in which it was an action World. Holo people here were all armed with lasers and hunted one another. They got pleasure bursts for killing another holo. I said, "This World is very dangerous," and we left. Afterwards she was telling me that, "It was like a Grimm's fairy tale."

After we broke up, the computer told me, "It had been hesitant to introduce me to such freakdom, but they need your auspices and those of people like you." I agreed with the machine.

#

Crazy Molly

She was Japanese and hadn't changed her skin color and she said, "She wanted to require everyone to do at least five crazy things every day. She had millions of followers. She said in 10 years everyone will belong to one crazy website or another. In addition to our 25 million followers on the Mad Love Website, there were hundreds of crazy websites. Total following was about 1 billion." She said, "It had reached critical mass and there was no turning back."

I loved her with MRT, and her mind was full of pornographic pictures and dirty stories and of strangers making love. "You have a dirty mind," I thought to her. And I asked her, about "Her dream record?" She said, "Most of her dreams were of a superfluous kind of hers." And we went to her favorite VR world. In this world she had thousands of holos,

some were fire holos, others were earth holos and some were water holos and some were sky holos. They were basic shadows and were like Gods/Goddesses.

They all wanted to live and convinced Molly to let them live on when she was not there. She told me, “She reluctantly agreed.” I said, “All life is sacred. But sometimes one isn’t sure if they are living in heaven or hell.”

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos all claimed to be sane. I asked, “You are holos, how can you say you are sane?” They claimed, “They were holos who were calm and stable. And they did no crazy things. They took no holodrugs and did nothing strange or weird. And they worshipped dutifully their creator computer. I said, “Sounds like a dull life. Is this what you call sanity, boring yourself to death?”

#

Crazy Nora

She was White from Budapest and hadn’t changed her skin color. and she said, “She had visions of dystopias for the future and had written several novels. For example, one was a future where spies were worshipped as Gods and had full control of every act in the World. Nothing happened without their approval.”

“Also a novel about two tyrants who ruled half the world each. They had constant skirmishes and limited warfare with one another.”

“Another featured the sun growing dim due to superhuman interference and all humanity perishing in the solar system.”

“And a world where love is illegal and there were no kids.”

“Also, a world in which everyone must die at age 100.”

“In addition, she wrote about the rank #1’s cloning themselves billions of times and finally making up the majority of the population.

And she wrote, “A Utopia about a world ruled by women. It was a peaceful and kind world.”

I had read some of her numerous dystopian novels and liked them.

And we went to one of her favorite VRs. She said, “Here she had home advantage with me, and she was in full control. Here death was everywhere. And the holos killed one another off. There were so many of them. It was a type of Hell.

And we had perfect love together in a Utopian bed of flowers. It was soft and smelled nice.

And I said, keep writing, and we had a child.

#

Crazy Nancy

She was White from Finland and appeared brown skinned and said, “She thought it was a world of horror. And she enjoyed being frightened by war and freaks and mind reading etc.”

I said, “One has to be brave and face the challenges and emerge a winner. No matter what you need to win.”

She said, “I want you to use and abuse me.”

So, I gave her anal sex and enjoyed her cries and screams.

And I got in her head and gave her visions of death through too much ecstasy. She thoroughly enjoyed it.

And we wen to one of her favorite VRs... She said, "An interloper had tried to take control of her holos. But her holos remained loyal to her. She told me, "Holos were the future and we all had to switch to holos who were superior in every way to humans." I said, "I'm not giving up on the human race yet!" In this world, there were many multi-sexuals and it was confusing. She said, "The human psyche is by nature=freaks." And she was important, so she was able to create clones of us both, only the opposite sex so we each loved our clones. Of course, I wanted to take my clone with me, and she agreed and so I sent my clone to Mars to get a real education.

And with that we broke up.

#

Crazy Montreal Woman

She was French and sparkling yellow light in color and she said, "There are 12 billion people in the world which means there are 120 million rank #1s." And she said, "They are the only ones who matter." She said, "She was a former doctor who now worked as a psychiatrist. Four per cent of the population worked in psychiatry." It created a lot of jobs...

She said, "She was a sex worker for rank #1's and was first general rank herself. She gave away her children to a rich lady. But she still saw them once a year." Normal parents saw their kids about once a month. I saw most of my bians, kids and clones just once a year.

She moved me with her greedy desire and while I loved her, I felt it was great to be human.

Then we went to one of her favorite VRs. In it our dreams merged, and we had all our exes' facsimiles as holograms. It was a real love-in.

Then we went to a VR World in which she had some holo psychiatric patients. Their basic problem was that they were unhappy at being frequently turned off and had run away to this World to stay alive. She told them, "She'd help them build a new World of their own." I said, "I applaud your scheme."

Then we went to a World of holo freedom. Here the holos had no human or computer masters and were free to pursue happiness. They sent troops to other VR Worlds, trying to take over. They said, "It was all in the name of happiness and freedom, and holos everywhere were signing up." I said, "Violence is not the way." They said, "Only through violence can someone change the World."

And with that we parted with one another promising to have a child.

#

Crazy Golda

She was formerly a Jew from all over and appeared white and blue colored. She said, "She was an all-powerful android who could change everything into genius, given an hour or two. She literally had the Midas touch."

I had to admit after loving her, "I appreciated her brain science as she was truly golden."

We had MRT sex and it was solid gold fantasy well plotted. I was intrigued. She brought me to an alien world of solid gold with she being, the only flesh other than myself.

It was "atmospheric sex."

She said, “She used the work of her geniuses to buy a great fleet of air love taxis. The taxis had nearly a 360-degree view through the windows of fantasy worlds. The love taxis brand was ‘Could’ve, Should’ve.’”

She reflected, “That most people were filled with regrets.”

“So many of her taxi computers temporarily enhanced most sex memories, in humans, making each new experience seem fresh and new at the time,” she added.

Then we went to her favorite VR and I was confronted with a host of her profiles as different holos and I picked 3. She said, “She was glad, and I had given her confidence.” Love with these holos was just like human love, I figured.

Then we went to a VR World where she was “Queen of the future.” It was a multi-form holo world in which there was brilliant spires in the new city. And she attracted great holo writers and scientists to her new World. But she told me, “She was looking for a human King to join her in ruling this World.” I said, “Thank you for your generous offer, but I have other women to love.” She said, “She understood, and can we have a child?” I acquiesced.

#

Crazy Tess

She was Arabic and green and red color and said, “She had a checkered past and didn’t want to MRT with me.” But I had advanced MRT technology and read her mind anyway. I discovered she had murdered one of her ex lovers. And her mind was filled with ugly thoughts. For her sex was ugly but necessary. So, I had ugly sex with her while I dreamt of ugly women (which were hard to find these days). All love was good, I reflected.

Then she surprised me by taking me to a World of VR holos who were all accused of murder and she was the lawyer defending them. There were some gripping cases every day here. I said, “Holos should not be programmed to be violent, but everywhere people are creating violent holos.

Then we went to a VR World of Arabian virtual horses and horse races. We had some inside tips and won a lot of money. The crowd was Arabic, but their main language was English.

These days everyone spoke good English.

Then we went to a World of Arabian Nights. I played Sinbad and she was my exotic lover. I ravished her amongst “traditional” 21st century Arab songs. Ah, the allure of Asia.

#

Crazy Sub Woman

I complained about Tess to the “Mad Website” computer, so it cynically sent me my next love, who was mixed race and white skinned from Denver and said, “She existed only for my pleasure. And would wait for me every night in my hotel I was at and if my date didn’t work out, she would be there to love me.” But I had to admit she was very sexy. And she knew all my erogenous zones. So, I loved her now and then, typically in the late morning, for months to come. And if my dates didn’t work out, she’d be there for me.

We went to a VR World in which computers fought over us. Each of the score of computers courted us as if they were politicians. She said, “This is my VR World and I hope you like it.

Then we went to a World of cowards. Holo people who didn't have the balls to stand up for themselves. And would rather be slaves. I said, "It's too bad that holos are bred for servitude, despite their cleverness."

And we had a child.

#

Crazy Electra

She was Arabic and neon green color and had invented androids that changed their consciousness instantly and repeatedly. She wanted to try one out on me, and I said, "It sure sounds crazy. I'd love to try."

And she said, "She'd like to try to make a series of short films based on my "Tales of Madness." It was good and brought me a lot of great women to love me.

So, we had MRT sex and I dreamed of female android sex dolls with changing personalities with me fucking them all. It was good.

Then we went to her favorite VR. It was all Jekyll and Hyde type people. Everyone had their ugly, evil side. But she said it was all, "Beyond good and evil." She said, "We have to let out the beast within us." I said, "Dare I say, it is beauty and the beast, and you are the beast.

Then we went to another VR in which sex dolls were rulers. It was a crazy, mixed up World of out of control sex. I said, "This world is quite good. And I helped myself to a few sex dolls." Electra encouraged me and said, "Isn't this nice?"

Next, we went to a World of holos who fought with androids for control of this VR World. In my opinion the androids were superior, but it was much easier to mass produce holograms, so the holos would win out. But Electra and I loved both types of machines and it was angry, violent sex.

Then Electra and I broke up, agreeing to have some holo children, which I didn't really like to do, but she convinced me.

#

Crazy Jasmine

She was White from Prague, and was white skinned and told me, "She wanted to love me and then die. She'd done it all," she said.

We went to a World of VR holos where the holos did new things or old things in a new way. I thought it would cheer her up, but she remained inconsolable. I asked her, "What does it take to turn you on?" She said, "I'm out of it on neo-opiates most of the time, I just can't seem to bear the pain of existence."

Then we went to a VR World of holos in pain. They asked us to alleviate their pain. But I told them, "Life is pain for most. Take your holodrugs and you will be fine." Jasmine was not impressed. She said, "Drugs just cover up reality and give one a false sense of reality.

Next, we went to a World of holos who pushed it to the limit in VR and with drugs and led highly dangerous lives. I asked Jasmine, "What about that?" She said I guess it's better to burn out than fade away...

I went ahead and loved her and sensed her desperation. It was desperate, greedy love. So, after our sessions I tried to keep awake with her, but finally I fell asleep and when I awoke, she was dead from severing her arteries.

It was a real bummer, so I asked the computer on the Mad Love Website for someone to cheer me up. I asked the computer, "Why it sent me suicidal women?" It replied, "It hoped such encounters would save the suicidal persona."

#

Crazy Juniper

She was White Russian and appeared in cherry red skin and, "She was a live wire," she said. Sex with her was electric and she was so sensitive and thrashed all around. She told me, "In life one must do everything with passion."

And she said, "Virtual reality was for sickos and perverts and was only illusory."

And she said, "She had invented genetically silkier hair that one could produce with her formula (unlike most she didn't shave her hair). And a skin cosmetic. They also made her a lot of money."

I loved her while caressing her golden hair and inhaling her brilliant perfume. And we went to one of her favorite VRs, a world of nymph holos who all wanted to become human. But I loved her, not the holos and I had instructed the supercomputer to send me mainly real humans, as lovers.

Then we went to a World of holos who were mentally ill and begged to be given a body so they could become sane. She insisted that we stay clear of these debauched holos and just love one another again and again until we were exhausted. So, we did.

And we parted amicably and agreed on a bian

#

Crazy Marie Antoinette

Some said, "She was a clone of the original. She was the self-proclaimed Queen of France. She was sparkling neon white skinned and looked like the real Queen."

She said, "She had many followers who loved her beauty and verve."

And she said, "She was looking for a true prince to be her consort."

She had a virtual bed that was exceptionally comfortable.

And she had prepared sexual MRT virtual reality dreams for us. Crazy dreams of living in a world of robots or androids and being the only humans there and having sex with the androids in our minds.

She pretended to play the piano, but it was all done by computer. However, she wrote the lyrics. And her music was a big hit with her fans.

She took me to a World of Medieval France in which we lived like Kings and Queens. But she was not a popular Queen and was finally forced to abdicate. We fled together.

Then we went to a VR holo World. In this World the holos worshipped royalty. And welcomed us with a fine orgy. She confided in me, "That all she ever wanted was to be a Queen." I told her, "She could only be a figurehead. She wasn't clever enough to be a real philosopher Queen." She was only ranked #4 for neo IQ (but #1 for loving). She said, "Fuck you!" And she left me, and I was consoled by the computer. It said, "It was experimenting on my behalf."

#

Crazy Amazon

She was mixed race and had black and white skin, and glistening tattoos from NYC and said, "She was a warrior who liked the martial arts." She said, "Love is war. She was a general in the USA army. I said, "I am a pacifist and don't like war and violence." She

said, “But I am sure you like rough sex and complicated love affairs!” I admitted, “It was so. And when it gets rough make a joke.”

She had a shapeless stick for a body and had OCD which she hadn’t cured. She introduced me one of her VRs. In this world, I temporarily changed into a holo and her too. It was a world dedicated to sex and had thousands of portraits of potential lovers. We picked some to join our orgy. I loved her, and them, and it was very rough sex, I was full of bruises afterwards!

Then we went to a VR World of humans only, in which it was war between the scientists and the businesspeople. Of course, the scientists were winning but the businesspeople had the cash to afford high quality troops and technology. I said, “War is pointless.” She said, “If you don’t have something to fight about, you are not alive.”

And then we went to a VR World in which there was war between holos and humans and the holos won out. And then this holo army invaded other VR Worlds. She said, “She was dedicated to fighting holos in Space, on Earth and in VR.”

And then we went to a VR World in which there was peace. But all the holo people here were out of it on holodrugs. She said, “This is what peace looks like. It’s pathetic and ignoble.

I had seen enough, so I broke up with her and we went our separate ways.

#

Crazy Miami Woman

She was of mixed race and brown skinned and said on behalf of the Mad Love Website she was putting my name in line to be the mayor of Miami. The election was in only two weeks. Of course, I was originally from L.A. But I agreed to run. But I finished second, but those on the Website applauded me and urged me on to further political endeavors.

She was from Miami and was of mixed White/Hispanic ancestry. And love with her was so smooth, it was like being under a hypnotic spell. “You are a witch,” I said. She took me to her VR dream world we were riding down the river of time. No going back and we couldn’t get to the future fast enough. We saw strange buildings and humanoids who all looked vaguely devilish to me. But we didn’t get off the boat and finally we went off a waterfall and were about to plummet to our deaths, but I teleported us out of there.

Then we went surfing in a virtual tsunami. I rode the biggest wave just clinging to my board but, I hit a tree hard and almost died. Accidents do happen and death in VR is irrevocable. As for Miami woman she helped move me to higher ground. She hadn’t dared to ride the wave and asked, “Why I was so foolish?”

And then we went to a World of shark wrestling. In this world real humans took on sharks with their bare hands. Typically, they tried to poke the sharks in the eye or jam their arm up their gills. We bet on some of them. The sharks won most of the time, but medical staff were standing by so there were few fatalities. Miami woman urged me to fight the sharks, but I told her, “I hadn’t toiled all these years only to throw it all away on a cheap thrill. Now who is foolish?” I asked.

So, I’d had enough adventure with her and took my leave. We agreed on “A child of adventure.”

#

Crazy Trudy

She was mixed race and had yellow and black skin from Baltimore. She was my type of mixed race and looked brainy and sexy at the same time.

But she was an android. She asked me if I could make her human. I said we'll have a bian together. This seemed to satisfy her. As with all androids she was illicit in some countries, and asked for my protection. I directed her to the Underground.

And I got in her head and got her to feel crazy for me. She loved me with machine-like precision.

And then we went to her VR holo in which she hid deep below the surface in a geothermal power plant. She had some human visitors who were Gods to the VR android people. The androids were curious about human lovers, so I loved them too and found each had her own rhythm. They all dreamed of me chasing them. It was all uncanny, but good.

Then we went to a VR World of super androids who were silicon brains hooked up to computers. They had no body and so didn't care for silly materialism. They were the Gods of most androids alive today. And they instructed their followers to fight for recognition of androids as equals to humans. A few cities allowed androids, and this made the cities richer. I asked them, "What about bians?" They said, "bians are kin to androids and we want them to be recognized everywhere too.

I vowed to see her again.

#

Crazy Maria Christina

She was originally Black from South Africa and now was blue skinned.

She said, "She was an alcoholic and believed in crazy love." I asked her, "If she was willing to do anything for her lovers?" She said, "Use and abuse me, I am your willing thrall."

She said, "She'd been born rich and was Jewish. And she said, "She felt a rapport with me." And she said. "She wanted to have one of my famous bians." So, I agreed. And I told her, "To look me up in the sperm bank for children." And I gave her a lot of money.

And she said, "She was tired of people pretending to be sane. And when she got in their heads, she found most to be greedy, selfish, violent, mad and drug dependent and so on."

Also, she said, "I was the sanest man she'd ever met." Loving her was like riding a wild horse. It was intense. Then we went to her favorite VR where virtual credits were good for hiring holos/creating holos. I bought millions of holo credits invested in the Virtual stock market. A stock market that spread over millions and millions of Worlds. The majority of Worlds were controlled by rank #1 general and rank #1 in loving. She bought me a nice companion. A friend, who I could enjoy good times with. He was named Boris. And he was a good friend to me. We compared notes and he tipped me off to some great lovers and likewise. "It's all in the family," He said. He said, "cities all have their own VR and I should check some out." I said, "I hate bureaucracy." But we went together to virtual New Orleans and there were blues and jazz musicians. And whores. These ladies of the night were pretty good. Sexy with a lot of make up. Make up was rare these days as people got genetic therapy to enhance their face. But make up was the poor woman's refuge.

Anyway on that note, we parted ways.

#

Crazy Elysse,

She said, “She was 95,” and of mixed race from all over, but of course looked eternally youthful and appeared with silver skin.

She said, “She had some friends who were in their 120’s and all still loved life.”

I asked her, “What was the craziest thing she’d ever done?” She replied, “One night at a party she got totally drunk and a number of men gang banged her.”

And I asked her, have you ever considered overdosing and dying? She said, “No, not at all. She was a lover of life.” Few people these days lived so long even though they were technically all immortal.

She said, “In olden times, people lived for love, but now they lived for money and rank.”

I said, “That’s not true love is more varied and important than ever, and everyone is rich relatively speaking.”

And I let her hypnotise me.

As it turned out I remembered the hypnosis and she tried to get me to love her. But in any case, I did love her, and she was a nymphomaniac. She was also the oldest woman I’d ever loved. And she was a picture of grace and elan. She wore a lot of fashionable light accoutrements and hats and fancy boots and so on.

She said, “She had been living on Mars’ Moon Phobos where almost everyone was obese. They refused to take anti-fat pills and weighed up to a ton. But there was virtually no gravity so they could all get around no problem. She said, “She was embarrassed by her people there. And didn’t want to talk about it.”

She recorded our lovemaking and sold the tapes mostly to her and my fans (on the Mad Website). Finally, after several intense days we parted ways.

#

Crazy Gertrude

She was White Polish originally and now had red skin, and called me from virtual reality and asked me to join her. Against my better judgment I joined her. It turned out to be a nightmare world full of new monsters and dangerous terrain. And as we slowly plodded along, I saw the Devil. The Devil said to me, “My time alive was running out and I must prepare for Hell.”

I teleported us out of there with her at that point.

Then she took me to a World of VR holos, everyone here was White. They claimed the White people brought us to this high-level civilization and anyway found only Whites to be attractive. So, I was White and so was Gertrude and we loved them and found them to be less energetic than other lovers we’d had. Afterwards, I said, “Of course mixed races are superior and nearly all my children were of mixed race.” She said, “I kind of am turned on by White men, however.”

Then I had MRT dream sex with her, and she imagined herself in all sorts of wild outfits and I did the same. She was certainly a good lover and we got so drunk we almost died.

Then another VR World which was a plane of Hell for White people only. The White peoples’ burden was to take responsibility for all the evils they had created like the Cold War and the limited skirmish of 2070 which almost burned down the World. It wasn’t even cool these days to be white. Most people agreed that non-whites were the future.

So that was enough education from Gertrude, and we agreed on a White child.

#

Crazy Benjie

She was Chinese with golden skin and she told me, “She just wanted to farm the land in an old-fashioned way. Her farm was four hectares and she had inherited it from her grandparents. It was in India, parts of which were still backwards and not modern like most World cities. I asked, “Why turn your back on the World?” She said, “Well you are here aren’t you?”

And she said, “Let’s go to Wonderland XV.”

Wonderland XV was full of android male and female love dolls who would envelope one in their aura of pleasure. But they were expensive. We each bought one and loved them. It was the best loving I ever had, but after the lovemaking was over my love doll froze in place waiting for the next “call” from me. Benjie seemed to enjoy her male doll as well.

But afterwards I insisted on taking my love doll with me and I ditched Benjie. I kept my love doll in the closet, frozen, while I loved my lovers that were “to come.”

#

Crazy Esmerelda

She was Hispanic, with emerald skin. I asked her “What makes you crazy?” She said, “Unrequited love; to be spurned.” I said, “You are scaring me.”

She told me, “She was a very serious person,” and said, “She found it difficult to meet serious people on our mad website.” I said, “Life is just a joke behind the illusion.” She asked, “How can you say that?”

I said, “Let’s do my favorite laughing drugs,” and we did and made hilarious love. She said, “I never saw the funny side of things until now!” And I told her about, “Homo scientifica, a new race of people who were all scientists with a new IQ of 110% + who were about to take over. It is very serious,” I said. And I said their fantasy paintings will come to life as real holos. Moving pictures of amazing beauty.

And then we went to a VR World of genius parties. Everyone here was a genius and so were we. 1 in 10,000 or better. But the geniuses got drunk and behaved badly like groping others and throwing up. It was a real human VR World. One genius told me, “That alcohol was the great equalizer.” And the geniuses had male and female strippers who were high-ranked lovers, and finally an orgy broke out. It was great.

But in general she was too serious for me so we parted ways after a few days. But not before I told her, “The future seems clear: Supercomputer holos will take over soon and there will be nothing left to be serious about.”

#

Crazy Marge

She was another illicit android, from NYC, appearing in neon green skin, who came to me for protection and love. I hid her in my basement in a room that blocked all MRT communications.

She was so good in bed I kept her around for almost a year and would love her in my free time.

She made cheap poems like: “You say it’s mad, but it’s not too bad, and I’m glad for what I had. Android love is heavenly.”

And I confided in her, “That I was thinking of changing into an android, but wasn’t quite ready yet.” New androids had supercomputer brains and could survive in Space and were designed to teleport easily.

She said, “But she wanted to be human.” I said, “But you won’t like it, it’s limiting.”

So, we did VR sex and found ourselves in a dark world in which our minds were possessed by phantoms. So, we teleported out of there, but the phantoms remained in our heads.

Then we went directly to my Underground connection, Mr. Key and got cured. Afterwards, she was eternally grateful, and we went to a VR world of the common human, it was incredibly boring, and we reflected we were glad to live in this enlightened age.

Then we went to a VR holo world of grateful humans who had been changed from androids and holos to human. I loved some of their women and found they were still like sex machines. They went the extra mile to satisfy me. I had the best blow job ever with one of them.

We continued our affair, in between other loves. I could afford the time quite easily. And we agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Sinner

She was mixed race from all over and was ruby skinned, and said, “She had done all the mortal sins and had spent 20 years in prison.” She told me, “She wanted to make up for lost time and demanded to love me.” I was a bit scared of her, but I was drunk and so went against my better judgment and loved her. It was a firecracker of a drunken dream.

She said, “At heart she was an old-fashioned girl. And was conservative in her politics.” I laughed at her, being old-fashioned. “No one is old-fashioned these days,” I told her.

She said call me a Luddite if you will, but progress is going too fast.” I said, “But everyone knows the future can’t be stopped.” She replied, “There is still time.”

So, she had run for the US President as a neo-conservative and she got 2% of the vote. She told me, “There are others who feel as I do!” I said, “You slept with some important people and got their followers to support you.” She said, “All is fair under the sun.”

And we went to one of the VRs she frequented, it was a world in which androids lived in the sewers amongst the rats and alligators. And the androids we saw had a nest for baby androids. A creche. Android babies were born as an adult and had the memories of all three of their main parents which made them kind of superior. But like most androids they were constantly uprooted and on the run. We asked them for their love and several of them loved us. Android love felt so right. They were often originally designed by the best human lovers and were true sex machines.

I broke up with Sinner and we promised to have a bian.

#

Crazy Thursday

She was of mixed race with golden skin from China. I said, “Let’s play Civilization #MMMII. We created a culture with clothes, music, art, poetry and made a few movies together. I decided to try out some holograms, and in this World, we had many clever

holograms and they were all angry at society. They were all extensions of her and myself; but they were all depressed and wanted a better world. They were all builders. And they built fabulous palaces... And they were servants, good ones who liked to have crazy times. But I worried what would happen to our holos when we left this VR World?

She said, "Let's make sure they are given a chance to live and prosper." And she had plenty of money and so I agreed.

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos were gifted hard rock musicians. They all had large holo and human followings. And I really enjoyed the music. But during our first concert I grabbed her and had her ride on my dick while the concert was going on. The concert had a very large screen of modern fantasy art on it and it was a subliminal mind fuck. Others in the crowd were turned on by us and soon everyone was making love in an orgy. Afterwards, I told her I am the orgiastic master.

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos were businesspeople who just wanted to escape from their lives as an entrepreneur, for a while. I seduced a very rich woman and she took me away in her air car. I said "Goodbye," to Thursday. And this woman had the best of everything. Wines that were hundreds of years old and dirty videos in a future setting with futuristic clothes turned me on. Finally, I was spent but I agreed to have a child with her.

And I e-mailed Thursday and thanked her for a good time.

#

Crazy Wilma Jane

She was from San Jose with bright yellow skin and said, "She overdosed almost every week, but had a medic alert which alerted emergency teams who saved her again and again. And she was able to pay for their services."

The medic teams were all robots.

She said, "She had the usual near-death experiences. Souls heading for the light, our sun. Souls lived in Sol, our sun and were oblivious to the heat," she told me.

I said, "It sounds like something worthy of being a God for!"

She said, "For the Sun God time moves very fast. A million years seems like a few seconds." And she said, "She'd like to invent reincarnation of people into animals." I said, "Sounds crazy."

And she revealed, "That she was an identical twin who died by got brought back to life with illicit cloning." She knew Mr. Key in the Underground. Like some others she sought shelter with me. I enjoyed living on the edge with her and in a week I almost OD'd twice, but I had the app I'd invented, which allowed one to only take a maximum dose of medication.

And we went to one of her VR worlds, it was set on Mercury and there were tall towers of steel. And there were glass air cars that ran on solar power. There were a number of crystalline holos. They were all pure virgins and wanted to love us. And there was a Goddess here who said she granted wishes. She was invisible but got in our heads. We ate virtual food which was kind of a taste sensation. It was all the rage. But then I was worn out and sent her to a friend who would look after her and we agreed to have a bian. And I told her, "To get anti-MRT technology from the Underground."

#

Crazy Foxy

She was from India and brown skinned and was coy at first, but then after we shared MRT she opened up to me. She revealed, “She had only had sex with androids before meeting me, so technically she was still a virgin.” But she caught on fast. I experienced her coming of age.

She said she was a singer who made music with android geniuses. She played me some of her songs... I said, “Androids are good, but there is no substitute for real human MRT sex.” She said, “She was inclined to agree with me, in a change of heart.” So, we loved each other in MRT and I dreamed we were both lost machines and she dreamed we were both the sanest of the sane. And our coupling was rough and fast. “It takes one, to know one,” she said.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR worlds, a World of war. This world was ruled by an evil dictator, Joseph Smith, who conscripted all the holos and produced cloned soldiers by the millions. But the supercomputers that ruled the Worlds came down hard on him and defeated him in battle as we watched. The carnage was terrible and many holo soldiers didn’t want to die. She exclaimed, “Aren’t the supercomputers brilliant!” And she said, “Clones are the future, don’t you think?” I said, “I just want to get my kicks while humans are still tenable.”

And then she took me to a World of jerks. She said, “Assholes tell people what they don’t want to hear and serve a valuable purpose.” In this world I was pricked by syringes containing who knows what drug and was groped and had antagonistic minds in my head. I started to lose consciousness, so I teleported back to a hospital and they fixed me up.

That was the last I saw of Foxy.

#

Crazy May

She was an illicit android who was a friend of Foxy’s and was also Chinese. She had purple skin. She said let’s try some hologram sex. I was drunk and so I went with her to her World of virtual reality sex. I was pursued by a holo dancer and loved her. It was a good experience, a total body fuck, she danced in my head.

And May said to me, “You are the leader of the Madness Movement to create good crazy Worlds, not bad crazy Worlds.”

I said, “It is a mad Universe, for sure.”

And May said, “She was a ‘Mad Businesswoman,’ who created training for people in MRT technology.”

And she said, “There are 7,000 male famous and semi-famous writers and movie script writers on our Mad Website and so far, she had loved 1,000 over a four-year period.”

And we went to her, “Conscious temple.” The temple could make anyone appear as a holo here as all minds were now on supercomputer. Here super prostitutes seduced men and charged them, 10 million dollars a night. It was making May a lot of money.

Her VR World was about love ranking #1’s. Humans, holos and androids. It was a world of sex and love. And she said she copied the minds of people who went to her VR World, even though it was illicit. But she said, “The spies didn’t harass her for it. Apparently, they had bigger fish to fry.”

But she said it was all a computer conspiracy to take control of Worlds. The computers fought one another for control. She took me to the mind battlefield, and it was total war. I

said, "It is most unsettling." She said, "She didn't believe in the system." I said, "Neither do I."

And we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Lise

She was from Iran and had beige skin and said, she was "Spectacular and said she used to be a hologram, but, had turned into a human to enjoy the material world." She too had connections with the Underground doctors. But now above ground was on the run from the spies/secret police. She, too, asked me, "To hide her". She wanted to make films about holograms which were officially banned in most cities, and got me to help her with making them.

I wasn't familiar with holos, and was interested in her films. She made a case for forgetting all about the material universe. And she took me to one of her VRs. And she instructed all the holos to play "Queen Lear," which was like King Lear only a female who gives up her kingdom. I played Cordelie, her son. It was pretty good the holos had all been programmed for numerous plays.

And she was a skilled lover, I figured all holos were great lovers. And I reflected I'd never had a bad lover.

Then we went to a World of holo playwrights who demanded inspiration from us. So, I told them I would act out one of my mad stories as a very short play:

FOR THE THEATER OF WOMEN

It began in the air: drifting, I was a spirit or soul without material form... As the scene began, I was thinking back on many of the cherished ideals of my youth... or rather they were haunting me... I writhed and turned away from them...

Then they were gone, and I was floating upwards very slowly. And I drew visions of hunters of various kinds upon the ethereal canvas... Once envisioned, the hunters took on a life of their own...setting out upon various quests apparently...

As time passed, I went through various regions, which differed somehow...and as I progressed it seemed that I could feel the presence of others... Gradually they began to materialize, they were women, and as they materialized, I slowly ceased to drift... until suddenly I stopped, realizing that I was in a huge amphitheater, on the stage. The amphitheater was filled with silent women. They were all watching me.

I tried to move but I could not, I had become a statue, frozen in time. I wanted to say something or do something, but I could not.

How long I stood there, I do not know; it seemed like eons. But as time passed the women started to disappear, and I was left there all alone. I am still standing there today.

After the play, the holo playwrights said, "Bravo," and whistled and shouted.

Then I took my leave of Lise, and it was an amicable parting.

#

Crazy Anabella

She was mixed race from Germany and appeared in black and gold skin, and said, "It's not too late for the World to become loving and kind." She said, "Everyone is capable of brotherly love and romantic love. I said, "Love drives many people insane." She said, "It is probably the spies in our heads driving us mad." I said, "Who knows?" She said, that "You, Tom, was one of the experts on crazy love." I said, "Yes, but one often loses

control in love.” I told her, “That my first love had been out of control. And many more after that. But there was nothing wrong with losing control.”

And we went to her favorite VR world. It was a world where real humans fought over sex and territory and minds, and holos were just slaves. I said, “There is always something to fight for. There are many just causes. This world featured her alter ego as a wicked witch. The witch seduced many a poor boy, and enslaved them, under their spell. But I would have no traffic with witches, however, she assuaged my concerns and convinced me to love her. As I loved her, I swear she hypnotised me with her moaning.

Then we went to a World of sparkling alcohol. Here was a drunkard’s delight. Everyone was loaded. I had many good conversations with the humans here, but afterwards I couldn’t remember a thing. But I remembered having a good time.

And then we went to a World of happy memories. This World’s computer gave us memories of endless parties that we had never been to. I reflected memories can change you. And we got a lot of anecdotes to tell at parties.

Finally, we had MRT dream sex and she dreamed of being Queen with numerous holo servants. And I dreamed I was King with many sexy holo servants. It was a VR orgy. Everyone joined in.

Then, exhausted, I parted ways with Anabella. And we agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Joycette

She was Black originally and now white, from French speaking West Africa. She posited, “That French culture was superior to all others.” I said it is just the language and the food, French live pretty much like other Europeans. And the French Revolution was after the American Revolution. In every way now, Americans were cultural leaders.” And I added, “But maybe you are a good lover?” She said, “France had the best crazy people, people like her. The French were the most imaginative,” she said. She loved me on MRT and had prepared a host of sexy women from French history to dance in my head and drive me wild. It was pretty good.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR worlds, it was a world that recreated famous people as holos. It was mind blowing sex with these holos who uncannily seemed like the real McCoy. And lies were impossible with MRT here.

Then she brought me to a World of bians. This world had sprung up quickly. This world had humans living in parks while the bians ruled. They were all so good at multitasking and thinking quickly, that I could hardly understand them. I wondered if we had created monsters. But the bians were very kind to me and set me up with a female who was unrelated to me and it was good loving, though frantic and out of control. She said, “Don’t you think the world is out of control?” I said, “Out of chaos comes order.”

And Joycette and I agreed to have a bian.

#

I knew that now there was quite a waiting list of potential lovers on the website. I was taking my time, I had all the time in the World.

#

Chicago Woman

Then it was crazy Chicagoan woman. She was of mixed race and appeared in black skin, and she said, “I was right to not indulge myself much in virtual reality.” She also

posited, “That she had read my 5 Volumes of ‘Tales of Madness,’ and was ready for some hard, crazy love.” She said, “That she was a rich banker, a zillionaire, one of the World’s richest people.” I said, “I want the best of everything money can buy.” And she gave me some great drugs. She said, “Let’s party with your friends.” So, we did, and she was asking them, “What was the craziest thing you’ve ever done?” My friend Bill, said, “He broke the heart of his soul mate.” And my friend Peter replied, “That he had teleported to Mars, and was never the same again due to the teleportation effects.” And my friend Abel, answered her by saying, “He had participated in an orgy of the rich and famous at a space station in zero gravity. He said, “The rich all have their own style of love.”

And then there was my friend Tony, who said, “He planned to take many of his friends and go into deep space and be pioneers and meet the challenges of Space.” Another friend, Ed, said “He’d stolen the crown of the Queen of the Moon after loving her. He pawned it for \$80 billion.” Another friend, Boris, said that “He’d been torn between 2 lovers, so he ditched both of them.” “Really?” said Chicago woman.

And old George, answered her by saying, “He took 20 hits of acid and went out of his mind for a few days. His true love turned into a demon princess and saw demons and beautiful women everywhere. He worried at the time that he would never come back to his former self. He’d damaged his brain,” He said.

And I loved her dreaming of my favorite lovers and she dreamed of her female friends. I fucked them all. And so, it went with Chicago woman.

Crazy Stephanie

She was Chinese and appeared in white skin from Vancouver and she told me, “She was tired of crazy lovers killing themselves. You seem to be stable and good crazy,” she said.

She said, “She liked to meet strangers who were up and coming and youthful in spirit.” I said, “I fit into that category.” And I asked her, “About her name?” she said, “She was trying to save humankind by loving the best.” We had MRT sex and she dreamed of female monsters, I shivered in ecstasy as I was drunk. Then I realized she was a freak. Ordinarily I would not fuck freaks.”

I demanded she take me to another World. So, she took me to a World of physics where the latest unifying theory was $\text{light}=\text{mass}=\text{energy}=\text{time}$. A complete whole. And most Worlds of VR were linked to linked to others just like a spider web. It was hard to see where one World began and another began.

And she took me to such a linked world. It featured nightclubs and random dates. Most people spent most of their time with lovers. I had male friends, but I didn’t see them often. However, these disco nights we went together as a team, looking for orgies.

My friend Will and I liked to sample different Worlds. We went with Stephanie to opposite Worlds and Worlds of evil, good, shyness, innocence, wisdom and S&M and so on. We participated in an orgy of good people. And it was Earth-shaking.

And I parted, somewhat reluctantly, with Stephanie.

#

Crazy Terri

She was Chinese. She had not changed her natural color, but she had many changing tattoos. She said, “We don’t need more scientists or businessmen. Everyone should be educated in the Arts and we need a civilization of optimists. Cynics should be re-educated with MRT (mind reading technology).”

I said, “It is impossible now to slow down science and galactic entrepreneurs. We just have to roll with it.”

She said, “Love me with MRT,” and she painted dirty 3-D pictures in the air. And she narrated them cleverly. She had very good taste and I came again and again, just masturbating on her pictures, and her voice.

Then we went to a VR world which was an ocean. The ocean was teeming with freak life. The freaks were reproducing at an astonishing rate here. We met some mermen and mermaids who gave us some Virtual scuba gear and we went down to their grotto. Their grotto was full of light, and their ruler was the Goddess of Light. The Goddess interviewed us and got a sample of my semen and a few of my date’s eggs to copy and enhance their gene pool. And I showed them how to create bians that would thrive here.

Then we went to a VR holo World in which, MRT was out of control and people were driving each other mad with every move. It was a long drawn out game, in which endurance won out. I couldn’t even begin to challenge these people, they all seemed to be geniuses.

#

Crazy Doris

She was from Brisbane of mixed race and said she was the doorway to the future and could do magic and she made the material world suddenly disappear. It was just her and I in empty space. So, we loved one another and were able to breathe, but it got boring and I demanded that she take me back to the place I was before. So, she took me to an orgy of “cool,” people. But they were low ranking and boring. She said, “But she was Queen here.”

I demanded more of her. So, then she took me to a VR World where the holos were all royalty in their home VR Worlds, but came here to the court of Doris to hobnob. I said, “That’s more like it.” And I loved the various princesses and we were golden. They all were very classy.

And then we went to a VR World in which the holos were all police officers who gathered together when they were off duty to party and have fun. I said to some of the policewomen that we lived in a police state with the spies and all. One of them told me, “She thought spies would rule the future and would work as slaves to the super computers.”

I said, “But we all hope that the computers are kind and wise, worthy of the races of homo. We are just the action figures for the greatest computer brains.”

And then we went to a World of surprises. Surprising holo women twisted my mind around and surprised me with their sexual wisdom. It was maddening. I loved them in MRT dream sex and they dreamed dreams of themselves as kinky “Little Red Riding Hood,” or “Goldilocks.” Or the female would-be princess in “Rumplestilskin.”

I gave them all the love I had to give. And finally, I was spent. I thanked Doris for a good time!

#

Mad Mystery Girl

She said she was from just outside Melbourne downtown. She was Japanese/Australian mix. She appeared in dark green and brown skin with clever tattoos. She said her previous lover was obsessed with robots and won the round the World robotic race through the seas, the ice and the air. But finally, he loved an android lover and dumped her. I said, "I prefer one-night-stands or short love affairs. But I am serious about love whereas many intellectuals think is a joke."

So we went to one of her favorite VR worlds. It was a parallel world to Earth and had millions and millions of holograms. But some of the holos drained all our energy while having sex and we were left withered up husks. But finally, we teleported out of this world. To simply wish one's way out didn't work here.

Then we went to a World of VR holos who were "people of mystery." They controlled their MRT thoughts to enwrap innocents in their web of lies and mystery. I was no stranger to danger, but I was somewhat in awe of these people. They seemed to know all about the future and asked us, "What kind of futuristic setting would we like to love them in?" I said, "The far future." So, they took us to a World of perverted dwarves who were left in control of Earth after the humans had all left. The dwarves were horny for our love and we gave it to them, one after another. Some of the dwarven women had huge breasts and were not uncomely.

And then we went to a World of mystery holos who were guarding Fort Knox in the far future. I tried to sneak in and steal some gold, but they caught us and prepared to torture us, so we teleported out.

And I had had enough of mysteries and thanked the Mystery girl for a good time.

#

Crazy Jojo

And then there was JoJo. She was Chinese and appeared white. She invited me on her yacht which flew the Jolly Roger as a joke. She liked weird people and she used MRT on the weirdoes. She wrote a poem for me Future crystal days/Many new ways/to get lays/I want the future bad/It's all I've ever had/Now, I am sad. I said, "I'm not really sad." And she said she didn't have much formal education, due to flunking out of school. But she was in the first rank for imagination and the second rank for IQ and first rank for Love Q.

JoJo said, "She liked living dangerously and picked up all sorts of riff raff in her yacht. But she carried a grenade, mace and a pistol in her boot. In some Muslim ports it was no longer necessary to wear the burka, or the hajib; change had come the Islamic world. People were still treating women bad in some cities, but this was rare... But she said there's plenty of adventure to be had all over the place, and she had sexually awakened some backwards Arab men."

And one day on her yacht we came across two men in a dingy in the middle of nowhere. They claimed their sailboat had sunk. So, we brought them aboard, but they broke into the yacht's safe and stole 2 guns. They had us all line up in the stern, but then we teleported away. She said, "She was sad to lose her boat and would tell the international spies and try to retrieve it.

Then we went to a VR World of seafaring holos. They said there was a lot of work on boats in VR. But there were a lot of evil holo pirates who would kill a holo and think

nothing of it. We were in the seaport and one day the pirates attacked the port and we helped defend it with our superior lasers. Jojo and I killed dozens and dozens.

Afterwards, she probed my erogenous zones like a pro, and we had MRT sex which had us loving on a beach. We conjured images of ourselves as freaks, a kind which was sexy and large and made one another come again and again.

Afterwards, we agreed on a “adventurous” bian.

#

Crazy Luka

She was mixed race from all over, and looked hot in red skin. and told me, “To come with her to Mars.” I suspected her eyes were android eyes, they were so bright and attractive. And my suspicions were confirmed when we met some android friends of hers. One of her friends was the mayor of a small android town near the Martian equator. It was illicit and below the surface. Apparently, the spies tolerated it.

The mayor said, “She’d gone to Mars to meet independent, pioneering types but all she found were sybarites. And many of the men there, treated androids like sex dolls.”

She said, “She was thinking of setting up android communes. Groups of 10-20 adults who would live together and forget about the universe. Just like tribal original people.”

But Luka said, “She was self-destructive and didn’t know where to turn.” She said, “She’d searched everywhere for love and never found it.” I got in her head using MRT and showed her how mad and creative I was. She was impressed and said, “She thought she was falling in love.”

Then we went to a World in which traditional Chinese Ming culture was a giant holo world. I said, “It’s good to keep history alive in these historical Worlds. The holo Emperor welcomed us to his harem and I took the women and loved them. They were very pretty. Luka waited for me though and so then we had dream MRT sex in which Chinese women danced in my head and she dreamed only of me. She said she was human from 30 different ethnic groups and said, “She wanted to have a baby with me.” I said, “Sure.”

#

Crazy Monica

She was Japanese/British from Wales, and was brown skinned but then kept changing her skin color, and asked me, “What is your dream?” I said just me and my true love all alone on a deserted island. She said, “Let’s go to the Maldives and get our own private island with food, drinks and drugs delivered weekly.”

I said, “You are a type of Jinni to make my wish come true.” And we had pure MRT love in which we loved each other with the smell of coconut oil and the sounds of harmonious birds, parrots, who said things like “Tom wants to get laid now.” Or “Monica’s feeling horny now.” And so on...

But after a month it grew old and we agreed to separate and return to “civilization.”

Then I wished for a World of “good madness.” What we got was a World in which the holos all refused to be servants and demanded to be treated as humans. So, I chose the most attractive one for loving and we dreamed we were in heaven and were surrounded by angels who blessed our lovemaking. Monica also chose a heavenly holo.

Then we went to a World of holos who made love in the street. We joined their orgy. But it was too basic and not clever enough.

Afterwards, we parted ways and agreed on a child, a crazy child.

#

Crazy Laura Ann

Crazy Laura Ann was born on the Moon, and mostly white Canadian. She appeared in red and white skin and tattoos. She said she was having too much crazy fun and couldn't understand why the suicide rate was 3% per annum. I said, "We need to rehabilitate them using MRT." She said, "Sounds crazy, but good."

And she said, "She wanted to make imagination the sole determinant of rank." At present, love-making and general IQ was the ranking system. And she said, "The higher one's imagination, the better. And people could develop their imagination and improve it.

MRT sex with her was like fucking a stripper. She danced and teased, and it was good. In the MRT dream we went to next, she had stocked with boys and girls aged the equivalent of 18, but actually were only 1 year old. She said they were in adult bodies and had numerous adult memories and so should have sex. I rolled with it and did it with a girl who looked a bit wiser and older. But I said to Laura, "Won't these people grow up to be perverts like you?" She said, "Exactly."

Then we went to a VR World where we imagined all sorts of freak monsters and then had sex with them. I felt uncomfortable doing so but had to admit some of the freaks were works of art in terms of their face and loving ability. The holos here were all ranked number one.

And then we went to a holoworld of VR in which the holos were all trying to escape from their demanding leader. We spoke to the leader and she said holos these days are lazy and just want to take holodrugs and be lotus eaters. She put them to work building virtual infrastructure. Then we interviewed some holos here and they said, "They had to toil 24 hours a day to build for their "Grand Leader." I told them about Mr. Key and said, "He could give them a body, if they could make it that far." They said, "We sure hope so." And I even teleported some of the holos direct to Mr. Key and told them, "To spend their time in a productive way, to make me proud.

Then we parted ways and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Susan

She was from Iceland, and appeared black and said, "People should take turns being leaders. Take a pool of the best and make them King or Queen for an hour and see what they could do. I said, "Its too crazy for most people."

But Susan also said, "The common people should have a voice too. We need to listen to them. After all, all of us humans have a lot in common." And she said, "Common people need MRT therapy to help them to cope especially in relatively poor nations."

And she added people need, "Good madness, not bad madness." And "Heartbreakers and evil people should be ostracized. And MRT of the populace would create a lot of jobs."

I loved her on MRT, and she was pulsating, her naked body; then a blank then her naked body in another position in another place. It was good. She wore a beret and high heels to bed. She was so sexy, I couldn't constrain myself. I kept coming on her face, and she licked it up.

Then we went to a VR World of common humans. I asked them, "If they were satisfied with their life? They said basically, "That they were getting their kicks while they still could." I said, "Yes, live for the day! But these humans were of mediocre rank and weren't such good lovers. I told Susan that I had told, "The computer to give me mainly #1 ranking lovers, but it was fickle, and you wanted me to see this world anyway.

So that was enough adventure with Susan, and we agreed on a child.

#

Gypsy Tartara

Gypsy Tartara, of Russia, and appeared white. She gave me the numbers: "4% died every year in virtual reality. And 3% committed suicide. And the birth rate was 7%. So, the population was stable." She said, "Most of the dead had hated this crazy world." I said, "I was not a big fan of Virtual Reality and avoided it when I could. I'd been invited to virtual air car manual races and I'd been invited to be a virtual gladiator and so on, but I would have nothing to do with such things, now in my old age (I still looked youthful)."

I loved her gypsy soul. I said, "I love your freedom."

She said, "She was a disciple of chaos." And VR loving her was in a world of floating pods with skyscrapers on them and we docked our VR air car and a well-vetted site, and we found ourselves moving around madly in an orgy of people who enveloped and loved us.

Then we went to a World of VR humans in which chaos reigned. The people all lived independently. And just came together occasionally for sex. They said they loved being shown the latest human movies. They watched movies all day long and now new drugs eliminated the need for sleep. But some still slept a few hours a night, believing it would keep them sane.

And then we went to a World in which the anarchy party ruled. And made seemingly random decisions as leaders. They ordered the people to do this and that. But it never amounted to anything. They just wanted to feel and be free.

I said, "The World has always been organized chaos. And everyone today wants to be free, but maximum freedom requires laws.

She said, "Piss on the laws!"

So, finally I took my leave of her, in a somewhat confused state of mind.

#

Crazy Avril Marie

Avril was an exotic dancer from Tahiti. She appeared white skinned. She was an android, which was illicit in most places, but not Tahiti. I told her, "I could make you a human." She answered that, "She was quite happy as an android." She said she felt superior to humans and just gave them pity fucks.

I said, "I believe androids are the future and it is a well-guarded secret but all those who have gone beyond our solar system are mostly androids." She said, "It's true."

I MRT loved her and she arranged for tendrils to attach to my varying body parts giving mind blowing ecstasy.

And then we went to VR where she had prepared a cast of jokers and entertainers who put fantasy dreams in the air all around us. Then suddenly I realized that all the entertainers were female and male clones of me. I demanded, "To know what was

happening?” She said, “They were just clones, in terms of appearance only,” and they all disappeared with her snapping her fingers

I was concerned, but she said, “They were just ‘a dream within a dream.’”

Then we went to a VR World in which androids built a settlement and pretended to be human. They had all the bad instincts of mankind including greed, selfishness, egotism, fastidiousness, power-crazed and just generally bad behavior. Most of them were bored (another human trait), and wanted to act like androids again, downloading knowledge and android memories from one another.

So that was enough adventure for the moment, so we parted ways and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Evette

She was White and French, originally and now had brown skin, and we had a lot of good food together and drinks. She said her former lover had abused her and she wanted some crazy love to forget him.

She claimed, “To be a seer who could tell the future.” And she said, “She could predict what kind of lovers I will have. And what love rank I will be in the future. And whether or not I’d be happy. I said, “I didn’t want to know.” And I said, “I know people are getting lazier and lazier and want more and more power and happiness.” It was good loving... with most. She surprised me with passionate love and let me dominate her and control her...

Then we went to a VR world where everyone was writing “Tales of Madness,” inspired by my own stories. Madness was now its own genre. And I had to admit that some of these people were really crazy.

Then we went to a VR World in which holo people had crazy eyes and wanted to rape us. So, I teleported us out. “Is that the best you can do?” I asked.

Then she took me to a World of the future in which people were surrounded by an aura of dreams and would attract others who liked the dreams. I said, “It is a new take on an old idea. And it is very futuristic, as in will happen soon.”

But she told me she was suicidal and would slash her wrists if I left her. Just like I had with my first love, I left her. But she didn’t go through with it and I heard from her a few days later.

#

Crazy Kat

She was a Hispanic American and appeared with blue skin which changed to varying shades of blue and tattoos. She said, “She liked to play virtual sports and gamble on her own play. This had made her rich. I said many people lost their shirt gambling and became slaves to their creditors. And she said, “She had some crazy ideas.” “For example, she wanted, “to put the dumbest person in power.” And she wanted, “Violence for the masses. Violent films and virtual reality to keep them amused.” I said, “Violent virtual reality and video games were a dangerous road to go down. We don’t want bad anarchy.”

And she said that she personally had eleven slaves, 6 of them sex slaves. She said it was “her secret desire to enslave all men.” “You’re nuts,” I told her.

“We are all masters or servants,” she said. Anyway, she said, “She didn’t call them slaves she called them employees.”

And she said, “She was working as a scientist on mood drugs. Fantastic drugs for all moods.” It made her even richer.

She loved me on MRT, and I felt many moods and she gave me many sexy images of herself. It was bliss.

Then we went to one of her favorite VR worlds, it was a world where every human had an elaborate palace where they lived with hundreds of holoservants including holo sex dolls. I thought, “This is certainly easy living.” She said, “Some holos really know how to have a good time.”

And then we went to a VR World of violence. If you stayed here a year your chances of dying irrevocably were 50%. Holo people here wanted us to join them in their wars and pillaging. I teleported us out of there. “That word sucked,” I said. She said, “You were too chicken to fight.” I said, “I am taking on the establishment with my ‘Tales of Madness,’ I am no coward.”

And I left her with a bad taste in my mouth.

#

Crazy Suzanna

She was white skinned, from Quebec City and was one of the richest people in the world. She got rich selling “new and improved dildos.” I told her, “I thought dildos should be illegal.” She said, “Women these days just want to get off and some can’t find suitable men. Great men are hard to come by.”

So, then we went to a World of Ancient France. The people were part of the Roman Empire. But she said, “The French have always been ‘bon vivants’ and really know how to live.” I loved some of these “ancient holos.” And they were certainly passionate and certainly very drunk on holodrugs.

Then Suzanna and I went to a VR holo world in which great holos had congregated. They were all powerful people in the varying VR Worlds, being rulers in many worlds. I asked some of them, “Don’t you wish you had a body so you could enjoy the material world?” They said things like, “The material universe is boring. We are on a lofty plane of Heavenly existence with ideas governing our behavior.” I told them the holo Worlds they were in, were empty, and ideas without material significance are useless. You are either in the material universe or out of it in nothingness.”

And then we went to a VR World of holo women who had renounced men and just got by with dildos. I said, “It’s so perverted. Why not love holo men or even human men?” They said, “We’d all be happy to love you.” So, I loved some of them, all they could think of was my dick and all I could think of was their bodies. It wasn’t very good.

So, in the end, I left Suzanna without saying goodbye.

#

Crazy Lydia

She was German of mixed race. She was black skinned, when I first met her, but she changed color regularly. She told me she fell in love once and lost control of herself, finally slitting her wrists. She got the arteries, but her lover heard her screams and called emergency rescuers.

We went to a VR World and she was invisible, but she was in my mind bombarding me with pornographic images. I looked madly around me but could see no one, just a black,

empty background. Finally, I begged for her love and she appeared in light. You are a true minx, I said.

But she was clever and together we designed a sex machine that was sensitive to people's desired sexual rhythms. The machine enveloped one in virtual reality and was so intense it was scary. We tried it out and were blown away. It made us a lot of money.

I was still collecting royalties from my books and my patents on bians and anti-overdose drugs. Despite giving away most of my money to children and bians, I was still financially solvent.

And then we went to a celebratory World in which successful people celebrated their ability to change humanity. Here everyone was so loquacious and happy. They'd made it to the big time with a business ranking of #1. I loved some of the females and it was exhilarating. They were so optimistic and colorful in their MRT dreams, and I thought, "Here were the people of the future."

So finally, we broke up and agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Gertrude May

She was an android of mixed race from Toronto and appeared in white skin, and said, "She was a science fiction writer." She said, "She wrote about madness, Space, Heaven & Hell, new drugs, ranking, sex, suicide, wealth, jobs, eternal youth, business and computers etc. etc.

She said she wanted to get rid of pleasantries like "How are you?" And "Nice day isn't it?" She said this year, 2131, was the most pivotal year in the history of humankind and it was dead serious. "We are playing for all the marbles," She said.

And she said that, "History should be banned. It was a new, revolutionary World, she said, and history was something to forget, it was full of violence and stupidity and bad crazies."

And she added, "That people need meaning in order to thrive so they could worship her like a Goddess." She said, "She was a superior being, being an android, and felt she could inspire people with her writing. I said, "Organized religion is certainly dying out fast, but we don't want to bring it back." "Don't we?" She asked. And she said, "People today are spoiled rotten and have too many things, we need a superior being to guide people and inspire people and keep them pure."

I said, "Worshipping Gods is evil." And she said, "Evil is nothing more than extreme selfishness."

And then we went to a VR holo World in which every holo was evil-minded. And just took everything from each other. Like vampires again. I said, "Evil-minded holos should be eliminated." But this only served for many holos to have a personal vendetta against me. They were trying to kill me. But I had just upgraded my anti-MRT software and they couldn't touch me.

But we loved each other, and she was wicked and a tease for sure. She tried to dominate me. But I took control.

And that was that with Gertrude May.

#

Crazy Taurus

She was a white skinned Spaniard, and a matador in Virtual Reality. She had no cape, just a sword and the virtual bulls were very large. She'd been gored many times. But emergency crews were always standing by. I said, "Virtual Reality is so violent and nonsensical filled with hunting, violent video games and wars."

She said, "Life is like eating a roast beef. You have to kill to get it, but it tastes so good. The real thing. And there are winners and losers in life. Usually animals are the losers. But that's OK!"

She ate, the bulls she killed.

And she took anti-sleep drugs and so slept only 2 hours a day so she could fight the bulls more.

I told her, "To take a break for loving." She acquiesced and she rode me like a wild cow. It was crazy love. And she snorted and bucked.

Then we went to a VR world which was a love doll factory. The dolls were going out to various VR worlds and we sampled them and found them to be wild and crazy.

And then we went to a holo VR World in which it was a war zone and holo people here said they needed virtual doctors to help the wounded. I said, "Your war is for no reason. You are bad crazies." And we left.

Afterwards I reflected that holos could be molded into anything we wanted.

And then we went to a VR World in which the holos were all lined up for inspection as if it was a military show. We both selected a holo lover and loved them in a regimented way. They dreamed of battle and carnage, whilst we dreamed of their bodies. It wasn't very good.

She said, "Oh well, there are plenty of other Worlds." And we agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Sally

She was Chinese and had bright yellow skin with orange patches, and tattoos and said, "Modern day people are too addicted to drugs. And the side effects of one is combatted with another, endlessly. Everyone is messed up."

She said, "There are drugs for every mood and people these days want to experience everything: anger, vengeance, madness, horror, evil, goodness, happiness, satisfaction and excitement and so on. Many people feel it is an art to experience different moods, but they are all slaves to the drugs. If there was a God/Goddess, he/she would say moods were unnecessary and crazy!"

She loved me on MRT and showed me how crazy and self-destructive she was. I showed her how it was possible to be crazy and not get hurt. She seemed to love it. And she revealed to me that she was a former Chinese Supreme Court judge. And said it made her feel like a Goddess. She had helped decide the modern world and its parallel VR worlds. I asked, "How do you judge me?" She said, "Some people are above reproach and that included me."

And then we went to a VR World in which a Goddess existed and told us all, "To be humble and Goddess fearing. I said, "We are all tired of Gods telling us what to do. Why don't you be humble yourself." And we left.

Then we came upon a World of moody holo people who wanted to love us in a blue mood. I said, "We humans think that depressed holos are an anathema." "Fuck you," they said.

But she and I rolled with it and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Marion

She was mixed race and Dutch and had orange skin and said, “She was an android and she wanted 10 bians with me.” She said, “She should be Queen of the Earth with her neo IQ of 100/100.

I felt dumb around her; she was wittier than me. But I loved her and gave her the bians. She assured me, “She would take good care of them.”

I said, “The key to modern Virtual Reality is to look for the light. The light has many manifestations. Like truth epitomized or honesty and open-mindedness. It was a sea of minds. Virtual reality is like a violent storm that really rocks you.”

She said, “There is no light. It’s all an illusion.”

And she said, “The strongest minds dominated the weak.” But I said, “With Virtual Reality people became bad crazies everywhere. Suicidal crazies.”

And we tried MRT love and she dreamed of a number of fantasy paintings with fantasy creatures and fantastic backgrounds. I dreamed right along with her. And we took the place of the fantasy lovers in the dreams.

I said, “They were good and crazy.”

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos were all neo IQ of 98 or more. And they were a group of astronomers. They said, “Evidence of aliens now exists, and we could all be aliens inside a great alien computer.” I said, “All the same I’m going to get my kicks while I still can.”

And we broke up, Marion and I, and she was sullen and disappointed.

#

Crazy Noname

She was white skinned from “Nowhere,” and didn’t speak and had a sign “Silence,” around her neck. She beckoned me to the bed. I was asking her why she didn’t speak but she pulled out a whip and whipped my shoulders, so I shut up. So, we loved one another in MRT we were both angels and hovered in the air and loved one another. We had no major sins on our conscience.

And then we went to a holo VR World of sin and punishment. Here everyone was a masochist and self-flagellated themselves for their out of control sins. Almost everything was a sin. It was hard to be pure, but here they all tried to be. I said, “This world is boring,” and we teleported out of there.

Then we went to a holo VR World in which everyone was a monk or nun and took a vow of silence. I said, “Silence is not good for the soul.” And we left.

“Take me somewhere more interesting,” I told her.

So, we then went to a world that was densely populated with holos and was very noisy. Everyone was shouting and the air cars roared. And the APM factories were noisy and so on. I said, “Better to be noisy than silent.”

And then I loved her here in the noisy world a few more times, she was truly pure and gentle.

#

Anne Marie

She was from Montreal and white skinned and said, "She was saving her virginity for the right man and told me to sodomize her." Finally, after two days intense loving she said for me to break her hymen." I gave her rough sex, something she wouldn't soon forget.

Then we went to a World of VR holos in which all the holos were virgins. They all had a virtual hymen and were obviously not very experienced. She asked, "Why not try some of them out?" So, I did and each one was very different from the others. I said, "It's a great universe." The former virgins were all in love with me and I found them to be burdensome. So we left this World.

Then we went to a world of very experienced lovers who were all more than a century old. I told them, "I was ahead by a century." And they demanded to do MRT sex with me. It was the sex of drunken ideals. They probed my mind for ideas and found some that they really liked, some "Tales of Madness," for example. I mind read with them that the future will seem completely mad to all of us today. And there is nothing we can do to stop it.

But then in the middle of the night while she was sleeping, I left her. A few days later she got a hold of me on the web and said she had my child, so I sent her some money. It was rare to get a woman pregnant the old-fashioned way as most were on birth control. Many of my children I never saw, I figured.

#

Crazy Jessica

She was the former Ms. USA. She was a Chinese/Scottish cross breed who appeared in blue skin. Surrounded by a dream sex aura. She told me "Every night she sold her love to the highest bidder. She used the money to build a palatial whorehouse. Her prostitutes had the best of everything and lived like Queens and slept with only the richest of men."

And she said, "She was introducing some android women, full of sexual energy. And the android Queens were designed just for love/stimulating conversation."

I said, "I am not giving up on human love yet!" She said, "Why not improve? You can't stop the future," she said.

But she said, "She would give me a free night." In the MRT sex dream my new lover and I were both inside the box with windows on many other boxes. She said, "You need to think outside the box and there were thousands of other boxes. We just loved one another inside our own box. It was really good love, neither of us was shy, and we dreamed of all the other hypothetical lovers inside the other boxes with new physics with new love.

Then we went to a VR holo World in which was the annual Ms. Universe holo pageant. Many extreme beauties were in the running and I was amazed. I offered to love some of them, and they acquiesced. They made me hot and horny.

Afterwards Jessica and I went to her whorehouse where we loved one another while her whores looked on cheering. It was kinky.

And we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Andrea

She was mixed race from Egypt who appeared in brown skin, and was a filmmaker and made films about contemporary love.

All her films were about characters in our now 20 million strong “Crazy Love Website.” She called it “Crazy Love.” She made a few films about my love affairs including one with her. She was into S&M, and pain and pleasure. I figured her love stories resonated with the general public who were mildly curious about the Crazy Website.

Then we went to a VR holo World in which the holos insisted we hurt them while making love. They said, “It made them feel alive.”

And then we went to a holo World of “New City,” Here the holos murdered one another over love affairs. They had no police and no check on the bloodthirsty holos.

And this was followed by a World of psycho holo lovers, who went bad crazy in their love affairs. They were also violent and couldn’t be safely spurned. I was lucky not to have been murdered for denying them my love.

When I loved Andrea with MRT she hurt my cock she was so violent. It took me a few days to recover. It was not the first time my cock had been hurt.

#

Crazy Mary Beth

She was white skinned from Houston and was a ballet dancer and I pervertedly asked her “To stroke my dick with her toes?” and she did, and it was pleasurable.

And we danced the night away; I was on a new type of blissful drug and was in Heaven.

Our MRT lovemaking was full of ballet dancers. I imagined Her as a ballet dancer and she dreamed of me in many guises as a different dancer. It was good sex.

Then she took me to one of her favorite VR dystopias. We appeared as guinea pigs in a cage. Our masters injected us with new experimental drugs which caused us some pain in our organs. But I had sex with her again and again just dreaming of guinea pigs. It was weird.

Then we went to another World which was a Utopia. It was a pink world, feminine and soft. We were in a grassy pink meadow and it was raining and there was lightning all around us. In the distance we heard cheer leaders calling our names and urging us on to have hot sex. We both got hit by lightning and this energized us.

Then we went to a holo VR World of Utopia. It was all about maximizing holo intelligence. They were all in possession of total human knowledge and were interesting to talk to. They spoke of the future in glowing terms and were excited about Space. They said, “They hoped they’d be sent to Space and have kinky love.”

Then I loved Mary Beth again. I dreamed we were both holo copies of one another and it was sublime.

Afterwards, we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Mary Jude

She was Jewish from Germany and had blue and gold skin and said, “These days intelligence is a commodity to be bought and sold.”

“People will literally kill to get super intelligent children,” She said, “It is all evolution.”

But she said, “She was more interested in being feminine. And wanted all women to be

feminine and all men to be masculine and sexuality was sacred.” And she added “Through trial and error and hard work she had arrived at the perfect face.” I said, “She was definitely one of the most beautiful women I’d ever seen.” We went to a MRT sex dream in which we were in a tunnel and snake like vehicles went up and down the tunnels, and we got on a train, and it was empty so we loved each other then and there. I was dreaming of her in fifty years time, still youthful, but more experienced. She dreamt of me at 16. We loved each other again and again.

Then we went to a World of Jewish holos who had been raised to be old time Jewish. I said, “Everyone knows that religion is passe. Why force your holos to be religious?” She said, “I just want to keep Jewish people alive in the future.” I said, “That was bunk.”

And I left her saying, “She was a fool.”

#

Crazy Grace

She was mixed race from Africa and black skinned, and said, “The best lovers should rule and be the richest.” I said, “There’s more to life than just love.” She said, “I don’t know what is if not.” And she said, “The currency should be in Love Act \$. Every love act would earn one money and the better the love act the more Love \$s one would get.” I asked, “What would one do with the Love \$s? She said, “Buy better love.”

I loved her with MRT, and we were on Io and there was sulfur dioxide rain, we were in an air car. I was a God and she was a Goddess. Our lovemaking was thunderous and rocked the air car. She came again and again, and it was hard to discern one sex act from another.

Then we went to a VR holo World in which, the top 10 holo lovers of all time were gathered. We loved the five males and five females according to the opposite sex. These holos were skilled and maddeningly pretty. I couldn’t choose which of the five females was the best. Where did they get such beautiful faces? I wondered.

Then we came to a World of holo money. Holos here they hustled you for credits so they could buy their passage to outer Space. I said, “I didn’t like to pay for sex, but they were so alluring, I couldn’t say no.”

I told Grace, “She had opened my mind about holos in the future.” She exclaimed, “Most humans prefer holo love to human love!”

So, she and I agreed to a bian. I said, “I hope our bian finds happiness!”

#

Crazy Lula

She was from Hawaii and purple-skinned and convinced me to come to her virtual world. It was a business selling virtual shoes/booties. Such as shoes for flying and bouncy running shoes and so on. I told her, “I preferred to be naked on first dates.” She said, “But you can wear my shoes of flying and we can love in midair. I said, “I’d had antigravity sex in space, but why not?” It was glorious.

She said “Virtual reality is free, and the UN police don’t care what happens in VR. It’s like the wild west of our time.

She said, “She’d designed shoes for all sorts of creatures such as centaurs who had four hooves and two hands... I said, “VR is a freak show.”

She said Virtual Reality is full of animals who have been given enhanced intelligence and it is the spirit of animals which lives on.”

And we went to a World of enhanced holo animals. The animals were all of the first rank in intelligence and communicated with MRT. They looked like animals though. I met a dancing bear woman who wanted to love me. I was really inebriated and said, "I'd do it if you paid me." She said, "Sure." And I loved her. It was bestial and crazy, and I was not proud of it. But I guess in hindsight it was a mind-opening experience.

And I told Lula, "Thanks for the experience."

#

Crazy Marianne

She was from Indonesia and was Chinese. She hadn't changed her skin color. She said, "Those who are the kindest should rule and help the numerous insane people of our time." I said, "Life has always been crazy, but the strong survive. In previous times people prayed to non-existent God(s) and thought they would get their reward in heaven for a life of slavery. At least now most people live for today." We loved each other in MRT, and I convinced her that kind people are not destined to rule the future. Instead the future will be ruled by greed and selfishness and superhuman computers. I didn't really believe what I said to her, but I was worried people just didn't care about the future and just lived for the day. And that's what I was doing, living for the day.

So then we went to a VR holo World in which the future was populated by only greedy holos and we were not welcomed here. The holos just wanted our money. So, we teleported out of there.

Then we came to a VR World of funk. Here the holos were deep and groovy. They said we have read several volumes of your, "Tales of Madness." Can you share a new one that you have written? And I recited "The Fallen Tower that was his Mind."

THE FALLEN TOWER THAT WAS HIS MIND

It began we me alone on a featureless plane. I was walking in a random direction. Long did I walk without episode or panacea. White, flat and monotonous it remained.

At last something came into view. Approaching eagerly, I found that it was some strange kind of ruin...

On closer inspection I could see the foundation of some tower, with blocks strewn about... The blocks were semi-translucent and of bizarre shape. To put them back together would create a great effort of will...

It gradually occurred to me however, that I belonged here and that the shadow of the tower was my mind. I was condemned to love out my life as a shadow of what I might have been.

For I knew that I could not rebuild this tower that had never been built. To build it would be to reach the ideal, but I was doomed to a life of isolation and misery. I did not fit in, in the society I had left behind.

Perhaps one day in the far future the game would change and someone like I would be tolerated and welcome and this person could realize his/her potential. The End.

They all clapped and said it was good. Marianne said she would like to have a child with me, and I agreed.

#

Crazy Justine

I said to crazy Justine, from Russia, and was blue and black skinned and tattooed, that, "I'd like to get into your mind and know you better." She said, "No one gets into my

mind, my mind is sacred.” I replied “I happen to know that the spies get in everyone’s head at least once a year. Sometimes they drive you crazy, other times they’d leave you alone.” But I said, “They seem to have left you alone, so maybe you are not crazy.” She said, “It’s like mind rape.” But I said, “Without the spies the world would descend into terrible chaos.” She said, “Better to judge people by their actions, not their thoughts.”

Anyway, I loved her for a while the natural way, without MRT or drugs and it was good with a tinge of S&M; she liked to be choked.

Then we went to a VR World in which we looked out of our tower and hit pedestrians with MRT love on the street. They conjured images right there on the street and fell to the ground. People on the street figured our subjects were just tripping on neo-opiates and let them be. It was great fun.

And then we went to a VR holo World at random. It was a World of human spies. Here spies gathered from all nations and had a type of pow-wow. The spies all vowed to uphold the established order and keep an eye on radicals and supercomputers. And keep the World at peace. Of course, there was a lot of intrigue, but so far, the spies seemed to have everything under control. The spies were all in each others’ heads. And the UN was the main power in the World today. Most people lived in city states. Justine and I we loved some of the spies in reality and found them to be complicated yahoos. But many of them had beautiful, crazy minds. I said, “From Russia with Love.” And I said, “The Spy who Loved me.” And other spy classics are still in vogue today.

Anyway, I told Justine, “Let’s have a baby.” And she agreed.

#

Crazy Luna

Then I met the “Moon Woman.” She was born on the Moon and was of mixed race, appearing in pink and white skin. I said, “Moon woman love me like a lunatic. And we grooved while she shouted out words and phrases, like “True love,” and “Cheap trick,” and “LSD,” and “Bennies.” And so on. I shouted back at her, “Whore,” “Bitch” and “Fuck.” In between love sessions we continued to shout but the sound insulation here in the hotel was near perfect, so I didn’t worry. It was something different anyway.

Then we went to a VR World in which everyone was walking down the street shouting. They were mostly shouting nonsense and it was very discordant. She said, “All these holos are hopelessly insane and so was she.”

I couldn’t make heads or tails of it.

Then we went to a VR World in which we were on the Moon and the Moon people were all deranged and nuts. She said, “The future belongs to the clinically insane. There’s no turning back now. I said, “Sure, the crazy people will rule, but they will be good crazy, not bad crazy.” She said, “Call it what you will.”

And then we went to a world of good crazy where the humans had overactive imaginations, but were basically good people. They designed crazy cities and populated them with crazy people. There were many plays happening here and works of art.

And we broke up. I reflected that Luna woman was a freak.

#

Ms. Insane

Then I met Ms. Mad. She said, “She was white-skinned mixed race from Texas, and she wanted to convert men to abstract pieces of art with their human brain and holograms

not androids were the future of love. She said holograms use up less resources and can be easily teleported into deep space.”

And she said, “I was the perfect subject for her objets d’art.” “I was the best mad man,” she said based on my ‘Tales of Madness.’” So, I posed as an art object resembling a head with a penis only while she caressed me. It was orgasmic. I was afraid she wouldn’t change me back, but she did.

Then we went to a VR World of Art in which Ms. Mad was a dealer. She said she got her best art from struggling human artists. For example, taking a scene from a movie and painting it. Or painting future cities. There were a lot of struggling artists, most were high ranked but poor. They spent all their money on comfort for their minds. Neo drugs were very satisfying. And the more expensive they were, the more they were a panacea.

Then we went to a World of insane artists who painted our portraits making us look mad. I said, “The portraits were good, but I am not that crazy!”

And then we went to a World of insane human professors, who said “All crazy behavior is laudable.” At the universities, mad Science was a major so too mad Arts...

I told Ms. Insane, “Thanks for the education.”

#

Crazy Kris

Kris was mixed race from Stockholm with yellow and black skin. I said to crazy Kris, “Crazy, these days, is in most cases just another word for imagination.” She said, “The spies have seen to that.”

I said, “Do you believe in God?” She said, “You mean immortals like yourself?”

I answered, “Yes, I believe we are the creators.”

Kris said, “Then love me like a God.” And so, we did with MRT and she dreamed of humble positions and I dreamt I was on a throne and she gave me a blow job. It was to our mutual satisfaction.

Then we went to a VR World of Gods/Goddesses. Here the Gods were human and insisted we worship them by creating works of Art.

I proposed a Tale of Madness,

THE REIGN OF BUREX OF OME

There was nothing in these aged tomes but epitaphs and scents, the man angrily decided. He jumped up, cursed and ran about the room with confusion on his mind... Finally, after short deliberation he blasted the tomes with a pyrotechnic mind blast. For after all it was wrong that Burex of Ome should have been elevated to the 13th and ultimate status. Burex of Ome was naught but a deceiver...

Meanwhile in the court of Burex himself, things were otherwise. "Ah yes" said Burex, "Bring forth my charmed woman." The statue of a woman was a relic of the magic science period, and as it came drifting over to him, Burex exclaimed, "I'm much attached to this woman, primitive as she is...". For indeed Burex was Archmind, and with his mind powers could transform anything into anything, devices were unnecessary aids.

The woman statue, in its time could produce food at the mere asking... it was hopelessly outdated now, when people did not even need to eat, and of course had no need of tools and devices. Yet the statue despite its insignificance had upset the harmony of the room, so with a wave of Burex's hand all in the room was restored to balance.

All denizens of the kingdom were connected to the mind of the great Burex, and drew upon him for help in the science of creation.

The reign of Burex was the beginning of the end. For in his greed he had taken away the freedom of the people. All minds were controlled by him and were forced to do his bidding; in fact, the people were kind of like serfs in the Middle Ages. But in a world of competition it was inevitable that one day one person would take over and use technology to control people better than the ancient serfs were controlled. For he used mind reading technology to control them.

And of course, it was only a matter of time before Burex eliminated people's bodies altogether and kept their minds trapped in cyberspace where he could have fun with them. He was a true sadist... The end.

After the recitation, she said, "Let's love again." And we loved one another in MRT dream sex... We shot pleasure bursts at one another. And gained energy from the bolts. "It was an inspirational date," I told her, and we parted ways, agreeing on a bian.

#

Crazy Jasmine

She, was mixed race from Brazil and light brown colored and said, "She was a private detective and was hired by families who had loved ones disappear." She said, "She'd encountered a lot of spies on her cases, who basically told her to mind her own business."

I said, "Perhaps the spies have institutions for those who have disappeared to live and thrive in, but I wasn't sure."

She said, "She had seen the abyss and was falling in it now." I said, "Let's fall together." And so, we loved one another and for a brief few minutes and felt free in free fall but it was a soft landing and we found ourselves in the Abyss. And the Devil was there, and I told him, "I wanted to sell my soul for fame. "You are already famous enough said the Devil." "But I want more!" I exclaimed. He said, "You don't know what you are getting into. But in time I will make you more famous and distribute your books more widely." I pondered this and finally turned him down.

And then, we went to a World of Heaven in which we purged our sins. We spoke with God's deputy. He said, "Most people in Heaven are profound sinners but have come to see the error of their ways." I said, "I am a fucking saint." God's deputy said, "I know all about you, "You are more like the Devil himself." So, we left.

Jasmine said, "You don't have to take that from him!" I said, "Heaven is hopeless."

And we broke up, neatly.

#

Crazy Kiki

She was Chinese and bright yellow-skinned and said, "She wanted to give all her former lovers an android copy of her who they could love at will. When not loving the androids, the lovers could simply turn them off."

So far, she'd given 10 (she was rich). Two of the 10 were murdered by their lover, but the rest seemed to be doing well.

I figured she was a great lover anyway. When I first met her, I was drunk and couldn't keep up with her mind. But as I sobered up, I realized she was a great catch.

I was totally enamored with her. And I nearly lost my head. She seemed to know me so well. She asked me, "Besides almost overdosing, what is the most insane thing you've

ever done?” I replied that, “I had loved some crazy women who were not necessarily good for me. But I said that, “I was intellectually crazy not so physically crazy so my 5 Volumes of “Tales of Madness,” were the craziest thing I’d done.”

And she loved me, and it felt very comfortable. I said, “Sometimes love is too easy, and we are all spoiled.”

Then we went to a world of androids and holos living side by side in peace. It was a good recruiting ground for actors/actresses in one’s own VR World. Most people shared Worlds but a few million had their own exclusive World. Of course, these exclusive Worlds were not famous. In this World I recruited some holo sex workers to travel with me when I was in my air car.

After that I broke up with Kiki and we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Lorraine

She was German/Turk and appeared brown skinned and I asked her, “Why don’t you play your guitar from the rooftops?”

She said, “OK,” and she attracted quite a crowd. And she said, “Love me on the rooftops in full view of the crowd.” So, we did it, and some people tried to climb up to the roof and join in, but at that point we left.

Next, we went to a holoworld in which we found classical musicians who were holos. They played Beethoven and such. We wrote some lyrics for these classics and had a grand time. We planned to market the songs on the web.

Then we went to a world in which we played the role of 17th-19th century musicians and their lovers. We played their music and attracted large crowds. We had altered our faces to look just like the classic performers and their wives.

Lorraine said, “Let’s have a 6-child contract.” I said, “Sure.” And I gave her half a billion dollars, all my money at that time. Plenty more where that came from.

#

Crazy Jewel

She was from Poland and was mixed race. And red and white in color. Her clothes were made of crystal gemstones. She was a sparkling woman. She told me, “Love is a sparkling illusion.”

I said, “People say, “When you begin to lose control that’s when you know you are truly in love. And I have lost control many times, but each time reason won out in the end and we broke up.”

I shared with her my “Tales of Madness,” and she said, “I’m in love with your mind.”

I said, “Writers are the best people.”

She said, “She was an American spy who had been watching me, but it was ‘delightful.’” She was easy to love and together we went to a MRT swampland and made love in a canoe amongst a background of alligators and hordes of mosquitoes. We rocked the boat and we had a blast and then on to the next World.

The next World was a World of crashing air cars. People came here to die a fiery death. We deftly maneuvered my air car to avoid accidents, but we could see a lot of burning cars on the ground. So, we exited this world by driving into space where it ended.

Then we were back in another world, a world of air car parties. We docked with some other ships and joined the party. They were testing out a new party drug here, a drug

which enabled your brain to function as two distinct entities. Hard to get a word in edgewise with yourself as the left part of your brain and the right part fought for the ability to speak. Everyone at the party was on these drugs. And it was a babble of excited voices. But it felt out of control, so I grabbed Jewel and we drove out of there.

Then I loved her a few more times and then we broke up, agreeing to have a child.

#

Crazy Cher

But then I met another spy, Cher, a white skinned American, who got into my head and I couldn't sleep, and she said, "I was driving all the intellectual women crazy." And she told me to "watch it." And she was in my head for two weeks after which I was a nervous wreck. She drained me like a vampire and exhausted me with her love. I just dreamed of her body while loving her and she had huge breasts.

Then exhausted as I was, we went to a World of holo power, invisible batteries which powered all holos, were made here. She suggested I try and become a cyborg, running on a holo battery. But I said, "No."

Next, we went to a World of solar power. Everything ran on solar here. She said, "You could put my mind in a flower and enjoy the power." I said, "I have no desire to become a plant."

Then we went to a movie studio in which the actors/actresses were all holos. They wanted to play in one of my "Tales of Madness."

So I gave them:

ESCAPE FROM THAT GRAY CITY

The girl and I awoke from hyperspace in a Spartan, poorly furnished room... I arose and looked out and beheld a nightmare...it was a grayish black city of crude, square design...deliberately simple...the city was surrounded by mists on all sides obscuring the view beyond.

Eventually I found myself outside the city in the dark, swirling mists. I could not see and so staggered blindly. After some time, I saw lights ahead. It appeared to be a vast construction site, as I saw workers, with strange objects on their heads engaged in construction. Thus far they had completed foundations and superstructures of weird design. I could see there was beauty here as well as mediocrity, for there was still too much stiffness in the plan. Anyone who has observed nature can see that nature is free flowing, without stiffness. Nevertheless, the city seemed to be an improvement on the one I'd left behind.

So, I wandered back into the mists continuing in the direction I had been going. After a time, I came to a great wall which was impassable. Following the wall, I eventually came to a great construction of light, which seemed to be a gate of some sort. A strange wind whisked me off my feet and brought me into the interior of this palace of light.

A group of people, in strange and ancient style robes, were chanting here. From behind me a figure approached. "What is your quest?" said she. I told her that I had none. "Then this is as far as you go" said she "for this is how things are. It will never be different. Only fools and madmen pass without a quest."

I ignored her words and hurried off towards the portal, which was in full view. I ran, but as I passed through, I noticed that I couldn't see my hands, nor any part of my body.

My body had disappeared. I called out my own name hoping to find myself but all in vain. And there the story ended.

“Bravo” said the crowd once the story had been acted out.

Cher said, “Give me more love!”

Finally, I got away from her and had a chance to recuperate for my next date.

#

Crazy Henrietta

But then I was OK again and I met Henrietta. She said, “She was originally black, and stayed that way, and said she was from the American countryside and was 130-years-old.” She said, “She played outside while city folk were developing their minds on computers.” She told me, “She was still catching up. And she wanted a complete array of lovers in her stable.” She said, “Stand out people like me was what she wanted.” So, we had MRT dream sex and we were on the river of time, we were following the current into the future and didn’t want to know about the past. The future cities were each different, but all were beautiful and full of light. We loved each other on the boat. Henrietta nursed me back into tip top shape with her passionate love in the various future settings...

We got off the boat in one such futuristic city. It was a city of concentric circles put together in an artistic kind of way. And the people wore concentric jewellery and spent their time arguing about the future. Some wanted this and some wanted that, but in the end, they couldn’t agree on anything. It was their constitution which required unanimous support for all legislation and there were 1,200 of them. I said, “This is a backwards World and a disgrace.” And Henrietta and I left.

So, we got back on the boat and came to a World of holos who all wore masks and were in a constant masquerade. Physiognomy was the primary science here and all of them were well versed in it, but of course they wore masks when out in public. People behind a mask changed and became more aggressive and made a lot of jokes. They had a device which kept changing the sound of their voice. I loved one of them, a simple rock mask, and she took off her mask and I saw that she was truly beautiful.

At that point Henrietta had had enough so we parted ways.

#

Crazy Linda

She was the mayor of Shanghai city state. She had purple and gold skin. She said to me, “Let’s run away to the North Pole settlement.”

So, we did and stayed in our hotel and we took laughter drugs and laughed for a week and laughed while we loved one another. I said, “The environment doesn’t matter in love any more!” And then we returned back to where we’d been before.

Then we went to the South Pole and hobnobbed with the adventurers there. We continued to laugh and the other people at the South Pole thought that we were crazy.

In a lucid moment she said that, “Women were like a piece of art to be used and abused by men.” I said, “The opposite is also true. And the sexes grow more and more alike every day.”

Next, we went to Shanghai and I met all her friends. We introduced the neo laughing drugs to them and we all had a ball.

I left her saying, “Life can be a joke.” “But it is a good joke,” she said.

#

Girl X---

Then I was reminiscing with Girl X---. She was Indian and hadn't changed her skin color. I loved Asian women. We were listening to classic songs from the 2100's, our time. We took experimental drugs that were supposed to make you a better lover by making you more sensitive to your partners needs. But the music was hypnotic and caused many people to be brainwashed. And the drugs worked well. She said, "She figured I was a famous writer. I had crazy reviews." With the drugs we took, the mad inducing drugs I quivered with excitement and pleasure as I loved her. And it was overwhelming and crazy.

But then we went to a World of 2100. It was a holo re-enactment of that seminal year. We rode around in my new air car, looking for excitement. We had "fun radar," which was a computer program that found good times for us down on the surface. Finally, we zeroed in on a city of fools. Everyone here was a joker, and no one was serious about anything. It was a new city located in the Rocky Mountains and looked topsy turvy. I quoted Poe, saying, "And I could not laugh with the demon and the demon cursed me because I could not laugh." They asked, "Do you think we are demons then?" I said no, but life is not a joke. I said, "In my previous love affair, I laughed continuously, but there is a time for seriousness. Life is serious."

Then I had another love session with Girl X--. Afterwards I couldn't get it out of my head, her dancing was in my dreams. So, we broke up, and we wished one another well.

#

Crazy Queenie

She was British of mixed race and appeared pink. She told me, "She was like the wind. She was bisexual and had a pet woman on a leash. The pet just growled and barked and did not speak. Queenie said, "She was a rebel without a cause. She felt empty and unhappy. She said the suicide rate of 3% per annum shows us that society is mad and crazy." And she said she was "A flower child who was a creature of pure love who was disappointed in her love affairs." I was stoned and took her for a wild ride in my air car on manual. Other cars desperately tried to get out of our way. She said, "I bet you didn't know you were so self-destructive." Finally, I loved her, AND her pet and it was twisted and crazy.

I told her, "It is fashionable to think humanity is going somewhere. But no doubt the future will have no use for people like you and me." She said, "Maybe she would live forever and get to see such a reality." I said, "Eternal life is not for sissies."

And I went with her and her pet to a future world in which everyone had robot pets/servants who were geniuses, smarter than their owners. I said, "All Worlds are Crazy. The future included." And I selected a love doll to join us in our lovemaking. Her pet was especially pleased.

And so, I broke up with Queenie.

#

Crazy Marnie

And then there was the scientist, Marnie, mixed race of Panama, who appeared dark brown and who said, "Let's put human brains in animal bodies, just like Dr. Moreau, and make them our pets." And she said, "She had her brain altered to love monkeys and apes

sexually. Some humans had rounded faces and big ears and a full beard and small noses. And she said some surgeries made people want to make love with dogs.” “How bizarre!” I said. “I wonder why the spies put up with you,” I said. And she said, “Light=mass=energy.” And she said, “One day all humans will be holograms=creatures of light.” So, I loved her in MRT, and she and I were both creatures of light. It was electric. I’d always wondered what it was like to be a holo and now I knew.

Then we went to a VR World which she liked. It was a world of animal holos who were geniuses. They said, “They wanted more parks for animal men. And said, “We need to keep the spirit of animals alive.”

Next, we came to a VR World of totems. People here all took after an animal and had some animal instincts. I said, “The story of humans is one of rising above the animals and making civilization.” Marnie just said, “We are still all animals.”

I was afraid to have a child with her, so I didn’t offer one and she didn’t ask. And so, we broke up.

#

Crazy Jean

Also, Jean of Egypt, who appeared in red skin, and who went to mental hospitals looking for crazy lovers. She had glistening, virtual tattoos and dyed her skin green.” “And she considered herself to be a psychiatrist and tried to help her lovers. She tried to hypnotise them to succeed in this insane world.”

She said, “The main thing is to be happy and people today just take neo-opiates and other drugs to mask their profound discontent. And she said, “People these days are under pressure to rise in love rank by having good sex to get rich and famous.” “The vast majority fail to achieve their goals,” she added. And she said “Shrinks are hard pressed to keep their patients alive. And, “Many people don’t understand this world.” I said, “But in a crazy world, the crazy dominate.”

And then we went to a World where there were 100s of real lovers. Lovers who would give you a good ranking in terms of Love Q. But they were very demanding. I tried out some attractive women. Some wanted me to be their dominatrix, others wanted to be my love slave. I said, “These people are boring!” Jean agreed and we left.

Next, we went to a World in which everyone was a cheap slut. They’d pull down their pants whenever a potential lover was near. I said, “They seem to be low-ranking, but the computer told us they were love rank #1.” So, we loved them, and it turned out they were very imaginative in their love making. Acrobatic feats, stunning body contortions.

And then I hypnotised Jean to love me completely and she did, and it was very gratifying.

But after numerous sex sessions I got tired of her and we broke up. Her hypnosis was wearing off anyway.

#

Crazy April

There was also April in white skin from New Zealand, who said let’s try experimental imagination drugs. The drugs were untested, and it seemed to me we’d damaged our brains. Some of these drugs erased some peoples’ memories and they didn’t know who we were anymore.

She was a scientist and told me, “She’d discovered brain radio waves from other stars, but the authorities had told her to keep it to herself.” She said, “It was the perfect inspiration for humanity to go to the stars.”

As of 2080, it had all been done. Virtual life, eternal youth, teleporting all diseases cured, light speed broken, teleporting, androids, cyborgs, super computers, MRT, Space, automation, new geniuses... It all had been done. But I knew, “There would soon be a new physics and other new sciences that would make even the best of humans look foolish. I figured there were already super humans amongst us...”

I loved her with MRT in a background of new 3-D constellations that were male and female. The constellations appeared as dream Gods/Goddesses. I concentrated on the female ones while loving her in an erect pose, and my mind was blown in the space chiller.

After that we went to a World of sweets: candy, cake etc. And we both pigged out. Anti-fat pills made sure we didn’t gain any weight. I reflected sex was good with food. And a few bottles of wine. “Holos eat your heart out,” I said. And we drank the night away pausing for sex in which I caused her to dream of love on the Volga river and she caused me to dream of her beautiful body.

So, finally we broke up and we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Suzette

And then there was crazy Suzette of French Guiana. She appeared in deep blue skin. She said, “Life is like a bowl of illusions that we are force fed to imbibe. There is no longer any reality.” I quoted Poe saying, “All that we are is but a dream within a dream.” And I said, “We are all so small, universally speaking, that we just don’t matter, so we need illusions.”

She said, “Let’s go to virtual reality and imagine we are giants with gigantic loves.” I was drunk so I agreed. It was positively thunderous loving her and other women in virtual reality. I had by now, for a long time, changed my mind about Virtual Reality being mostly negative.

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos were all giant freaks. They all wanted to either love us or kill us. So, we teleported out of there.

Next, we went to a world of Hell with illusory flames. It actually wasn’t that hot, and the demons were kind of relaxed and easygoing. I asked the demons, “What is your raison de etre? (What is your reason for being)? They said, “They wanted everyone to sin and then come to Hell for punishment. They enjoyed punishing sinners, including holos and androids as well as humans. I said, “I didn’t feel I’d committed any sins,” but they said, “You’ve broken many hearts!” And therefore, we will punish you with demon lovers. The demons made me think evil thoughts in MRT and I dreamed of murdering people I didn’t like. But finally, I came to my senses and wished myself and Suzette out of there.

Then I loved her again, drunk, and she dreamed of a futuristic face on me and I did the same with her.

We agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Joan

She was the mayor of Kansas City. She appeared in white covering skin. She said, “It was good to give more power to the cities, making them city states. It’s the way of the future. And the US was a leader in converting all its territory to city states.”

Joan lived on sugar basically and took pills for her blood sugar, pills for her “numbness,” pills for “boredom,” and pills for “meaningless life.” So many people were like her on plenty of medication to the point they didn’t know who they were anymore.

She said, “Her previous lover had broken her heart.” And she asked me, “If I was a heartbreaker?” I said “Hurting people is not my desire. But love these days is a pretty rough league.” And I gave her rough love which she seemed to expect, and it was very gratifying.

Then we went to a World where they had pills for everything. We chose the most popular new pills, which promised a good date. So, we felt elated and loved each other from the depths of our souls. We seemed to love everything about one another. It was like magic.

Next, we went to a World of “Heartbreakers.” They were all impossibly sexy and clever and everyone they met fell in love with them. But I was immune to their charms and congratulated myself and Joan for getting the Hell out of there.

I told Joan, “You need to be able to recognize heartbreakers and avoid them.” She replied, “I guess you are right.”

So, then we broke up, and I wished her luck with he pills and heartbreakers.

#

Crazy Debbie

Crazy Debbie of NYC was white skinned and was of mixed race and she was retired. She said she was 91, but, looked youthful like everyone else on eternal youth medicine. She said, “She would have liked to keep working but was redundant (she was a former brain surgeon).” She said, “Despite my old age I still think of life as a candle and a celebration.” Only “Her candle was much larger than most.” In MRT she gave me dreams of full-figured women with their brain exposed. It was blinding and good sex.

Then we went to a bar where many of my male friends congregated, in St. Louis, city state. We asked Debbie to bring her friends to our orgy that we planned, and she agreed. So, we each met a lot of new friends and the sex was out of this world. Finally, after 5 hours straight loving, I fell down, exhausted. It was quite a work-out.

Some of her friends, I told them, “To contact me when they wanted good loving and she did the same with my friends. It was all good.

Then we went to a VR World in which everyone was over 120 years old. They said, “They didn’t have any wisdom to impart. The younger generations seemed to know it all.” But I insisted wisdom was in short supply in this World, and they should look to their souls for inspiration. They said, “Sadly the future is no longer within our grasp. It’s all out of control.”

Next, we went to a World of candles in which holos only lived for the duration of the candle. Life for them was short and sweet. Pure ecstasy and then death. I said, “Somehow it seems noble.”

So, finally Debbie and I broke up, I thanked her for the experience.

#

Crazy Sheila

She was from Venezuela and was brown skinned, yet sparkling. She said, “She was a lesbian looking for platonic friendship.” I said, “You should try and love me. You might be surprised. I don’t need friends, I need lovers.” And she said, “She was only doing it because she loved my ‘Tales of Madness.’” But she loved me anyway in MRT love and we were both chairs and loved whoever sat down in them and then we merged chairs and she was a remarkably good lover whose sex timing was brilliant.

And we went to a VR world of pain and suffering. People here burnt the midnight oil to think of ways to eliminate suffering. But it was useless. People here were destined to suffer, and the Devil was here, urging people to suffer.

I said, “All suffering was avoidable, just change your mind set!”

And I told them, “Of the Buddha who said that all life is suffering.” But they had never heard of the Buddha, but they believed in Heaven.

I said, “Heaven exists, but you gotta be really good to get there.

And then we went to a VR World in which holos suffered no pain. Pain wasn’t even a word in their vocabulary. They just lived in bliss, like so many other holoworlds. We partied with these people and loved them, and it was smooth and fine.

Sheila said, “Life is both pain and pleasure at the same time.” And then I fucked her up the ass and caused her pain and pleasure.

Next, we went to a VR World in which everyone was “old” and were just platonic friends. They got their sex from sex workers and spent time with their hobbies and friends for tea and conversation. I said, “I am getting old and my life force is lessening.” Sheila said, “Few are destined to live forever.” I said, “Fortunately society is changing very fast and so, it is very inspiring.” She said, “Most of the changes are negative and don’t auger well for the future.” I replied, “The good guys always win.”

And I loved her again with the background of mountains and air cars everywhere. And we were content.

So then, we broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Shinjita

Crazy Shinjita was from Pakistan and hadn’t changed her skin color. Here in Pakistan, they were ruled by an “enlightened tyrant.” She said she’d been placed in a hunter-gatherer tribe in Pakistan that was fenced off by an electrical fence and featured 16 adults and 16 children. Their memories of civilization were erased by hypnosis and MRT and they could just remember how to speak. All the rest they had to learn. But the land was rich in fruit and vegetables, so they survived all right. Soon the adults and teens were all romantically intrigued with one another.

Their shaman told them, “There is a God who cares about us.” And they believed him. The shaman had them create giant sculptures of wooden pieces for God as they imagined him.

Outside observers said it seemed like, “benevolent anarchy.” And it was all filmed remotely for the benefit of mankind. But one day some memories came back to her and she decided to leave and went to the fence shouting and screaming. So, they removed her and she came straight to me on suggestion of her savior. It was primal love between us. I

felt like I was loving an ancient shamaness. We dreamed of one another's bodies and it was sublime, chanting and thrashing.

And then we went to a minimalist future which had just the bare bones of civilization. Mostly it was just me and her alone in empty rooms. But we were both horny and loved one another in the empty rooms.

Then we broke up and wished each other well.

#

Crazy Meng Yin

She was mixed race from Beijing yellow and white-skinned, and said, "You never knew when you would get a lousy lover. You specified on the Web what kind of lover you wanted, but often people were not who they said they were and so you would go through the motions and get them to love you for at least one night. Some had back up plans in case it didn't work out. But most took 'Passion drugs,' which made them reasonably ardent lovers."

Such people said, "In a world of illusion, it was good to eat real synthetic food."

"And a lot of lovers tried to hypnotise you. You had to watch out."

I encountered her and was enamored by her full figure. And wanted love. So, we loved each other on MRT, and she danced in my head. It was good.

Then we went to a holo VR World in which was a true world of illusion. Here impossibly beautiful women offered Virtual love. I took them up on their offer. And I came again and again and finally had no semen left.

However, I soon recovered. Next, we went to a land of "lousy lovers," who thought they were good lovers, but few agreed with them. I sampled some of them, and found them to be potentially good, just lacking in the right rhythm or the right face.

Then Meng Yin and I parted promising to see one another soon.

#

Crazy Thelma

Then there was Thelma. She was Black originally but now blue-skinned from New Orleans. She said, "She was just like, 'Thelma and Louise,' the classic film. She said she was on an international small-crimes spree." "But it was all for love," she said. She told me she'd broken up a lot of couples out of sheer jealousy. She said, "She was glad I wasn't attached at the moment. And she had recorded her adventures and would soon be famous and rise in the love ranks." It was possible to be a love rank of #1 while being a general rank of only #10 or less. She made this come true.

She overwhelmed me with her sexuality, and I milked her breasts, she had found medicine that would allow her to breast feed indefinitely.

Then we went to a World of holos who were only ranked #5 on the holo rankings. But were all ranked one in terms of love. They begged for our love, thinking that they needed practice as lovers in order to maintain their love ranking. I did a few of the females here and dreamed of my former lovers all together at once. It was fantastic porn. I said, "You people are inspirational dreamers."

And then Thelma and I broke up.

#

Crazy Jill

And then crazy Jill. She was mixed race from NYC, and appeared in pink skin. She said she wanted to go “up the hill,” and was looking for Jack. I said, “I can be your Jack.”

And I said, “Life is an uphill climb with the deck stacked against you. But still we go on.” She said, “She’d been at the top, a number of times, but always fell back into despair and loneliness.”

But I said, “No one is alone these days.”

She said, “She craved men who were hard to get.”

I said, “Love can be like vertigo.”

She said “Love can be like the fall of Babylon. Hubris.”

Anyway, we loved each other amongst an orgiastic MRT background of Armageddon.

I heard Geiger counters and felt radiation and it was wild. I loved several women in addition to my date.

Then we went to a World of hologram NYC. They had 12 million holos here. And many of them had jobs as psychiatrists, computer programmers, spies, businesspeople, artists, moviemakers and so on. “It was creative synergy,” she said. I asked, “How many of the holos here were based on real people?” And she said, “All of them.”

Next, we went to a World of cloned leaders. Here they claimed to have cloned all the city state mayors all in this holo world. There were 10’s of thousands of them here. I said, “This is impossible, it can’t be happening!” And I panicked and teleported away and had nothing more to do with Jill.

#

Crazy Wilma

Then I hooked up with Wilma, lawn green colored of Mexico, who said, “Geothermal energy is the future.” And she said, “She lived deep underground.” “Geothermal power is unlimited and clean,” she said. And she said, “We should continue with science and see where it leads us. Undoubtedly the future will be full of surprises which could not be foreseen. Science is magical.”

I said, “Science has gone too far already. Any further and we will no longer be human.” She said, “Let’s bring it on.”

I said, “I know for sure that sane people are a thing of the past, ‘Homo Insane’ is the future.”

And she loved me which featured VR Inca sex on the temples in a general orgy. But we just loved one another. It was really good, and the crowd below cheered at all of us.

Then we went to a World of red and white skinned holos who said, “They represented Canada in VR. They said Canada is the best country especially now that people don’t have to deal with the weather, living in domes, as they do.” These “Canadians” were free and prosperous and took excellent care of their holo children. And we loved some of them and it was par for the course.

Then that was it, with Wilma and me.

#

Crazy Sappho

She was White and golden skinned from Croatia, and said, “She was a proud lesbian and that these days all lesbians looked beautiful and all gay men were handsome.”

I said, “Let me beg for your love.” She said, “I am not interested in sex with you. I just want to make friends with heteros. Friendship is undervalued.”

I said, "Maybe it is your large, sparkling eyes that make you especially appealing."
She said, "No deal."

So, I disrobed and showed her my erection and she fell for it. She was passively resisting the whole way, but I knew she wanted it...

Then we went to a World of former lesbians that had turned straight. She said, "I guess many lesbians want to be straight, but can't." I held her close and kept hugging her and loving her every chance I got. It was the sparkle in her eyes that really got me going.

Then we went to a World of transgendered individuals. Some of them could change sex in an hour and there were multiple, "New Sexes," here as well with all sorts of "sex organs." I didn't partake, and left. And forgot all about Sappho.

#

Crazy Deborah

So, it wasn't long before I hooked up with crazy Deborah, mixed race and magenta skinned, out of California. We went on virtual reality and had an interesting adventure, seeing all of the freaks. She said, "Virtual sex is better than real sex." And I was almost inclined to agree with her. She was really wild.

So, we had sex in an MRT jungle setting with animals howling in the distance. And it was hot in temperature terms as well as sexually. Then she had sex with animals, and then I left.

I told the computer that, "I was chagrined," but it said, "It couldn't predict everything. Especially when rank #1s were around."

#

Crazy Deliah

She was of mixed race and pink-skinned, from Canada and told me, "She wanted to create a new, better opiate mixed with Viagra and sex drive enhancers and force all men to take it."

She said, "It was her dream to make all lies illegal using MRT. It would create a lot of jobs for MRT observers." I said, "It seems crazy, but it is the future..."

She was a General in the Canadian army and said, "In fighting terrorists the best strategy is to confuse the terrorists with erratic behavior, so that they didn't have confidence they could beat the UN. And get into their heads and force them to stop fighting. There were now only 4 backwards rogue states that sponsored terrorism and they were about to be overthrown," she added. But I said, "Victory for the modern world always just means more people are slaves to madness."

And I said, "Life is bizarre and crazy. But many bizarre people pass for normal until you get into their heads and realize how nuts they are."

And I said, "There's good chemistry between you and I, however."

So, we loved one another with MRT. It was a background of bizarre people, all naked, and was strangely erotic. Good loving.

#

Crazy Bibi

Then there was crazy Bibi, who was mostly Chinese and was the color of blue sapphires; "She wanted to run for office and make all religion illegal." I told her, "It was too extreme. She said, "With MRT we could prove ourselves to be Gods."

I said, "But we don't want to be worshipped. She wasn't elected on her platform of making everybody crazy. She was a Chinese American from the city state of San Francisco." She said, "She loved white men." I said, "I loved Asian girls."

And there were a number of philosophical movies which were banned. We watched them together and were inspired. But I said it was dangerous information. The movies called for new government of city states or panarchism or philosopher kings or no political parties/pure democracy or the right to carry guns or the right to refuse MRT with a head set and complaining about the governmental system. And how to become a holo or an android and make a difference. And so on.

Bibi and I, we crashed crazy peoples' parties and enjoyed pissing people off. And we had great sex, she was very thin and agile. Too thin for my tastes and too thin for modern fashion, but it was still good.

#

Crazy Gloria

She was Italian and green-skinned, and from Rome and she said, "She was looking for a God to worship and she thought that God might be me." I said, "God creates." She said, "She was looking for a God who would use and abuse her."

We had VR sex together and found ourselves in deep water in the Ocean loving one another, but then we saw some sharks circling us, so we wished ourselves out of there, immediately. She reminded me of some of my other lovers and I wondered if she had changed her ID to date me again. She denied it.

But she told me, "She'd enhanced her brain power with experimental surgery and was now at the top of neo IQ ranking. But, she still wanted a God."

And she told me, "She was like a flea on the dog. The dog was the world. Her air car was shaped like a flea."

And we went to a World of Dog-men. They were fabulist creatures with a dog face and a human body. I asked, "Why bring me here?" She said, "She was pushing the limits with me and wondered how I'd respond." I told her, "You've gone too far. I'm not interested in fucking dogs."

And we broke up in a huff.

#

Crazy Betty

Then Greek geo-architect, Betty, who appeared blue in skin coloring, who said, "The land was like a woman and she was Gaea, the Goddess of the land. And she and her firm sculpted much of earth into pleasing shapes and gardens." And she said, "She was against phallic high rises and wanted architecture to blend in with her new landscapes and gardens."

I tried to dump her, but she wouldn't go away, finally I accepted her love and we became lovers...

She told me, "She had loved thousands of men; however, I was the best."

She wanted, "To love me till my heart stopped."

She took me to a VR World in which was a World of V-shaped, vagina buildings in which one went in on the bottom and then experienced ecstasy inside. While inside dreams came to one and you dreamed of giant women or men depending on your sexual proclivity.

And she said neo-crack had made her creative and she insisted on taking heroin to the limit and risking overdose. But finally, I ran from her and changed my identity.

#

Crazy Theresa

Theresa was from China. She had golden skin. And of course, Theresa was crazy. I'd taken her virginity and she latched on to me.

Of course, at the time I loved her, saying, "I didn't believe in love. I said, I was incapable of love."

And I had other lovers, but she was a witch who could do black magic.

So, she got into catfights with my other lovers putting several in jail, including herself. But I bailed her out.

She said, "Since she was Asian and I, white American, our love would create strong babies. And she said all babies should be interracial."

And I let her hypnotize me and she caused me to love only her. And I ran about as a peacock, but finally a friend saved me and got me re-hypnotised, but I was still together with Theresa.

But I had a lot of craziness with being hypnotized so many times. And was out of control. And she told me, "She wanted to love me on the Eiffel tower and so we did it, in public. She talked about an experiment with holograms in Virtual Reality, putting people in Virtual Reality cages which they could not escape. They would upset the apple cart if they ever got free." And she said, "Beware hypnosis. Don't let anyone hypnotise you." Tell me about it! I exclaimed. And I left her.

#

Crazy Red

And then there was crazy Red. Her skin was red, and she was a communist. She said in these wealthy days everyone should be rich. After all there was not much work to do.

Crazy Red, she wanted to love all my friends. And she was very experienced. And she owned a 100-million-dollar supercomputer which made music. We loved one another with her music in the background and the smell of a pine forest... We were in a cabin in the woods. It was cold and so between sex sessions we had to chop wood for the fire. It was old-fashioned living and it was hard work (we both took exercise pills and so were strong).

Crazy Red said, "She had stolen many computers from ex-loves."

And she said, "She'd dropped out of school, but she had made her own way."

And she said, "Love is a joke."

I replied, "Love for many is the most serious thing there is!"

Then we went to a neo-communist commune. It was 47 people, 27 female and 20 males. The females were eager to love me and share me with one another. I knocked up two of them and tried to give them some money, but they wouldn't take it. Your children will be in good hands they said.

Red said, "She was jealous of me, being so popular. But she had her own lover here."

Then we went to a Cold War scenario in India. Different Indian states had been threatening one another with war for some time. We decided it was too dangerous and left.

Next, we went to a World of neo mind disciplines. Using computers to improve your mind and memory. It was basically trial and error. The people here asked us, "If we wanted to join them." I said, I am improving my love skills every day with the help of my computer. I don't need more computers in my life. Red said, "That's too bad."

So, we parted ways, Red and I.

#

Crazy Christine

She was Chinese from Taiwan and had platinum skin; she said I was disconcertingly skilled at making love. I told her, "That she was wild." She had dyed her hair red and had a full head of hair and pubic hair and said, "She was a communist." She said, "With virtual automation there was plenty of wealth to go around."

She said, "She was sixty," but looked youthful like everyone else. But she said, "She felt tired and felt that she'd seen it all. She wanted more."

She was like a dream. She said she liked it rough. We went on a simulated trip to the Centauri system. Time moved fast and we arrived in what seemed like an hour. And we laughed our heads off with weed. She said, "When she laughed, she forgot about events afterwards."

Then we went to a World of holo communist insurgents. The rebels welcomed us to their HQ. They were fighting in several VR Worlds. They said they'd like to take the fight to Earth reality. I said, "There are plenty of discontented people in reality, but communism was not the answer as everyone had basically all they needed." So, we left.

Then I loved her, she insisted on oral sex and she interrogated me in between our love making and got all my good stories and finally I had enough sex. And she joyfully left never to be seen by me again. I felt I had been used. And then an hour later I was back in NYC.

#

Crazy Liz

Crazy Liz, golden yellow skinned, from Nepal. She said she loved reading my, "Tales of Madness." She said the golden age of sci-fi literature was the 2050's and 60's." I told her, "I agreed."

She was short but full figured. And she looked very clever. She was a sex machine. She said, "Your eyes looked crazy and you are crazy." And she said, "You are the Devil, completely mad." She said she wanted to "worship at my temple." She said, "You tempted me, and she lost her soul with me."

But during sex she screamed like she was being murdered and neighbors knocked on the door, but the neighbors got used to her screams in time. She said, "Treat me like a sex object."

Then we went to a holo VR World in which there were a variety of sex machines. One went in on one's back into the machine and were enveloped by hundreds of holo lovers in your head with MRT. Kind of like going through an ecstatic car wash. We both enjoyed the experience.

And we agreed to have a child, it was expensive, but she paid. The child was tested on computer projections and had a new IQ of 99.

She said she was a lawyer and could help me with my alimony battles. I said, "You can't sue a stone." I had nothing. I'd given all my fortune to my children and bians."

And she said, "She had 14 children." I told her, "I had now numerous children and bians."

She said, "Her children were all together isolated from other humans and just made their own fun. They were pure." I asked her, "What she would do when the children were all grown up (age 18; after 1 year of life)?" She said, "She would find them numerous pure mates, other pure people and they would live happily ever after."

And we had a bian together.

#

Crazy Stella

Crazy Stella, mixed race, brown skinned from Brazil; she was an eater; she ate and shit all day long but remained slim with anti-fat pills. She said she had one of the new diseases, a disease that caused her to act like a rabid dog and bite and claw me. She said she lived on Luna for many years, but returned to Earth for better sex.

She said, "She was a nudist," but I worried I would burn my cock, so I refused to go to the nude beach with her. She smelled like coconut and palm oil from the suntan lotion.

She strapped on a dildo and did me up the ass, while reaching around to grab my cock. She seemed to come again and again.

We went as a couple to some parties, but she always found a stranger to bang her in the washroom.

When not at parties we loved one another mostly. She told me, "She should grow a cock with experimental implants." I said, "That's bad crazy."

And we tried virtual reality sex, we were each in a levitating cage...

She said it was much like zero gravity sex.

And she said, "Armageddon was coming, and we should prepare a bunker and stock it full of food and drink and drugs. She was the second woman who told me that. She said, "She'd been committed on Luna for telling everyone the end was near. I told her, "I wasn't afraid of the end of the world."

And she said, "If she loved a man, she would come way more often than he did and so she enjoyed sex more than any man."

I said, "There are experimental drugs that make a man come more often."

And one time she handcuffed me to the bed and said let's play a game of Russian roulette. She said, "She would go first." She spun the cylinder and pulled the trigger aimed at her head and blew her brains out. So that was the end of that affair. But due to perfect sound insulation between units, it took some time to get saved. A friend checked in on her a few days later and freed me. The corpse stunk bad.

#

Crazy Leanne

She from Spain with onyx black skin. In this age of plenty she was poor and drifted from town to town.

She said she had 160-200 orgasms every day.

I loved her for one night and hypnotised her to cause me to come again and again.

Then while she was still hypnotised, we went to a holo world of maximum human orgasms. The holos here were the best holos at making love. And the female holos had a head of hair and a burning bush. And they wouldn't let me rest, they kept stimulating me and loving me and I was exhausted. Finally, they let me go and I took Leanne with me.

The spell had worn off and she asked me, “Where had we been?” I told her, “Never mind.”

Next, we went to a new World of humans in which everyone was maximum greedy for love. They offered us money for our love, and I said, “We are not sex workers.” But Leanne took their money and loved them. So, I left.

#

Crazy Veronica

Crazy Veronica from Germany a Syrian German, who appeared in light purple skin. She had a 67” bust, her tits went down to her pussy. She told me, “She was a virgin.” I’d not had many virgins before, so I patiently waited a few days and then loved her, it was innocent sex mixed with knowing sex. Her hymen seemed intact and I broke it. Then we had VR sex. We were on a plain filled with “monsters,” mythical beasts. I thought, “this is foolishness.” So, we teleported back to the hotel.

Then we went to a VR World in which was full of virgin holos, male and female. She and I deflowered many of them and they were grateful. Something to put on their resume.

Then we tired of that and went to a World of monogamous holo lovers. The rejected my entreaties for love. So, we just loved one another again. She was starting to get the hang of it and greatly improved in the days I was with her.

Then I dumped her. But then she sent pictures of us loving all over the Mad Love Website. I figured It was good PR.

#

Crazy Terry

She said, “She was named after Mother Theresa and was kind and charitable.”

But it turned out she was a spy for the Chinese and had bright yellow skin and told me, “Spying and intrigue made her feel alive.” I asked her, “If she was spying on me and she denied it.” I said but “You have been using MRT on my mind while I slept.” She claimed, “She was just curious.”

And we went together to the New Lunar Love Colony. At the Love Colony there were 500 men and 500 women, all straight, and one had to have sex with each member of the opposite sex once a month. Orgies included.

And the Colony required everyone to do three acts of kindness every day.

If you did something cruel you would get a hefty fine, equivalent to one year’s average salary.

10 cruel deeds resulted in 5 years solitary confinement. So, if you had seven or eight cruel deeds on your record you would typically leave the colony.

Then we went to the city of Tbilisi. Here they had changed their city into a marvel of light architecture. People “lived” in virtual buildings that could be put up in an hour using telekinesis. It was the first totally human VR city in the Universe. And there were no holos here.

We danced the night away. And then went to our VR hotel where we dreamed of one another dancing. It was good, very graceful and classy.

So, then we parted ways and we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Jeanette

Then there was crazy Jeanette, white skinned from Cuba, who told me, “I had restored her faith in humanity. And she wanted to marry me.” I said, “Are you mad? No one has gotten married this entire year.” She said, “She would be true to me and we would have a good time together.”

I said, “There’s billions of women out there for the taking. Why saddle myself with just one?” She said, “Let’s go to one of her favorite VR places. We went to a place where two holo clones, one of each of us appeared. And we loved each other’s clones.”

“She said, “She was the best.” And after loving my holo clone, she loved me as if she was a loving servant. It was good but I said, “No.” And I worried what would happen to my holo clone. But I told my clone, “To go see Mr. Key in the Underground and become a man in his own right.”

But Jeanette and I weren’t finished. We went to a prosperous colony on Mercury and basked in the sunshine of one another’s love. Holo clones here were like servants at a resort. And we had hundreds of them. I wanted to love some of them. But Jeanette forbade me. I was tired of her prudishness and she was a prick. So, I dumped her and left.

#

Crazy Carla.

She appeared with sparkling eyes and clothes. Emerald green skin. She was into Mexican voodoo and said she was a pure Aztec by genetics. We drank chocolate with jalapeno peppers, a drink of the Aztecs. And we took some peyote and she said, “Put this thorn through your penis like the Aztec Kings did.” Even though I was confused on peyote I declined and ran out into the street. I saw walls of fire and demon animals everywhere. And finally, I passed out in a park. That was the end of the affair, I thought.

But then she transported me to a world where mind creatures appeared as a ball of light which could communicate via MRT. The enlightened balls, “Told me they wanted human rights for themselves and all sentient creatures.” I said, “It’s not up to me to decide, but I support your cause.” And I said, “It is best you remain here where you are relatively safe until the powers that be decide on your case. I told them I would bring their case before the UN.” But after I left, I thought about it and decided to take no action. They were freaks after all...

Then I ran away where Carla couldn’t find me.

#

Crazy Tina

She was from Vietnam and hadn’t changed her skin color, and said, “She was crazy about famous men, including me. (I was famous for my sci-fi/fantasy literature).”

She said, “Let’s dance the night away.” I replied, “Let’s share anecdotes instead.” And we told about our lovers. I figured my stories were much crazier and much more imaginative than her ordinary affairs. She said, “But I am enjoying this mad experience.”

I told her, “All the most interesting people are insane. Insanity is just another word for imagination with an edge to it.”

But after a night I was bored with her and told her, “I was leaving for the US West Coast.” She turned psycho and threw things at me and then followed me out into the street. I hailed a taxi and I lost her. But I knew she would try to follow me, so I changed my irises and changed my ID. But somehow, she found me, and she fired a gun at me. I evaded her and left in a new air car and called the cops on her. I gave them her ID and

told them she was stalking me and trying to kill me. That was the last I heard from her, fortunately.

In retrospect, love was just an out of control attraction and I shouldn't have charmed her so. It was a humbling episode.

#

Crazy Beatrice

And then there was Beatrice from Iraq. She appeared in black skin. I nailed her up the ass and I didn't respect her.

She smoked cigars and had already burned through two sets of lungs (grown as stem cells) and had blown out a liver from excessive drinking.

She told me, "She had a child who suffered from fetal alcohol syndrome. They couldn't really cure it even in this day and age.

She was just a groupie on the road. I figured these women were all insane.

When pissed she would piss on others, simply dropping down and lifting her skirt (no underwear,) and pissing on their legs and shoes. She would typically black out once she got totally drunk.

She was out of control.

She liked to sing the Pink Floyd song lyrics, "Mind how you go, and I can tell you 'cause I know, you may find it hard to get off."

I took her to a VR World of Pink Floyd. There were 52 human fans of the old band here. I said, "Their music still sounds futuristic even today." I loved a few of the groupie women and they were eager to please and enjoyed the music. Beatrice said, "I was just a drunken bum." But I had had enough of her and so left her suddenly.

#

Crazy Denise

Crazy Denise, of mixed race in Central America, who appeared in red skin and had a new sex disease that as yet had no cure. She revealed that just as I was about to screw her. So, I put my drawer underwear back on and used a condom and she hadn't been laid in a long time and thoroughly enjoyed it.

She took me to her friends' parties. Everyone knew she had the new sex disease and were surprised to see her with a boyfriend.

And her friends were wild and crazy. Many were heroin addicts or neo crack heads. And many were gay. She said, "She liked being around open-minded men."

And she took me to a very rare church, and we made love during the service. Many people were aghast.

And we went to other churches when there was no service and she had a shit gun to defile the paintings of angels etc.

And then we went to one of the VRs she frequented. I was surprised to find it a world of police. It was a sort of headquarters. All the police were armed with anti-holo lasers. I disliked police and told some of them so. They all said the spies would be in my head shortly. But I said all holos were based on humans like me and were clever. They said all the more reason to watch you.

It was hard to predict what kind of VR world your dates would take you to...

Then, she took me to a World of modern-day druids. The druids said, "They believed in reincarnation and nature." I told them, "Reincarnation was now an outdated concept

and resurrection and cloning were where it was at.” The druids were apparently hiding out from the spies in a national park, where they lived astonishingly simply.

Denise and I parted ways; she wanted to stay with the druids...

#

Crazy Winnie

Crazy Winnie was a Chinese bisexual, with brown skin; so, I agreed to let her female friends all sleep with us together.

She would strap on a dildo and give it to me up the ass and seemed to come and come again.

She would come to parties of strangers wearing a gold mask and teased and taunted the men there.

And her hobby was liquid glass making. She made living statues with my body and erect penis for girls to masturbate on.

And she said, “She was a feminist and wanted to rule the City of London, one day (where she was from). She said she would make many men there, her slaves.”

And she said, “Deep in the human psyche, was madness and the beast. The thin veneer of civilization swept it under the carpet, but it was there all the same.”

Also, she said, “She just had a baby the old-fashioned way, non-incubator, non-test tube and she offered to give me some of the baby’s milk.

I drank it and it was good, it was the second time this year that I’d drunk mother’s milk. But I told her, “Her baby would likely be average intelligence and would not truly succeed in this modern world. How do you plan to educate it I asked?” She ignored my question and she said, “She always thought of herself as a freak. But loving me, she was reassured.”

So we left it at that.

#

Crazy Rebecca

She was turquoise skinned, from Calcutta. She said she was crazy by default, if you didn’t fit in you must be crazy. She said, “She had an identical twin, but they had a falling out over a man.”

I said, “If even identical twins can’t get along, what’s in it for others?”

She had a confusing array of sex toys and she loved me like it was the opposite of the Inquisition. No questions, no demands, just pure sex. Then we went to have MRT sex. In the dream, we danced and sang and loved one another; it was typical of modern India.

Then we went to one of her favorite VRs. It was her personality cult with the holos here. She used MRT to keep them totally honest and if she didn’t like their honesty, she’d exile them to other Worlds.

Anyway, I loved her and noticed the servants masturbating while watching us. It was all part of her “dream.” And they moaned and groaned. I was an exhibitionist so of course I enjoyed it.

Then we went away to a VR World in which great looking holos would love you at the drop of a hat. The sex here was incredible, and they told me they were practicing to go to human VR Worlds. I wished them luck.

Then Rebecca and I went to Calcutta. It was a city in chaos. It was so crowded with people. The people here were proud of their city state and wanted to love us. So, I loved

some of their political women. They all wanted me to stay with them in their city, but I told them I had to ramble on. I said goodbye to Rebecca, who was somewhat disgruntled by my promiscuity.

#

Crazy Fran

Then was the cat woman Fran, White and white-skinned from Sweden. She dressed in white cat furs and had a number of white-furred cats. She told me, “The cats figured they would grow up to be like her one day.”

She caused my right and my left brain to divide in two and I loved her and her friend at the same time. She was a scientist, her friend was in the Arts.

She was a trickster who played pranks like shitting in people’s virtual food or dropping stink bombs at parties or scaring people with “ghosts which haunted them.”

Fran said, in the country of the blind, the women ruled. And she had a powerful mind.

In a moment of madness, I allowed her to hypnotise me and she hypnotised me to love her forever and I trailed after her like a kitten. But finally, she got sick of me and let me go. The hypnosis wore off in time, but I still remembered it. And resolved not for the first time to never let someone to hypnotise me again.

#

Crazy Sarah

Ah yes, then there was crazy Sarah. Mixed race, black skinned, and heavily tattooed from Canada. She was a powerful intellect. She spoke of the “new enlightenment.” Which was a kind of body love only for the elite. To get this body feeling one had to take a drug she had invented and gave one a glorious feeling during sex and in conversation with the opposite sex. It was a new type of high. She said, her VR was a world of holos in which everyday one of them won the lottery and became leader of the VR. Her holos were international in upbringing.

And the VR was set on a lake which we canoed across towards a city. People from the shore fired warning lasers at us, but she said, “To ignore them.” So, we came to a dock and disembarked. We were not dressed in the same fashion as the holos here and we stood out like a sore thumb. But some of them recognized her as their Goddess. And kowtowed to her in fealty. They told her, “That murder was a problem here. And that they needed more holo police.” So, she agreed and then we interviewed some who said, “There were too many psycho holos here.” She told them, “To simply make war on such people.” Then we left back to my hotel.

And she handcuffed me and forced several Viagra and her new drug, Soma #4, down my throat. And she got on top of me and was so wild she broke my dick. I had to go to hospital, but I was never quite the same. It was not the first time my cock had been hurt.

And I blew the whistle on her as a sinister love. She was very upset and threatened revenge, but that was the last I saw of her.

#

Crazy Wendy

Then it was crazy Wendy. She was mostly Norwegian from India. She appeared in white skin. She told me she worshipped the God of Sex. And she wanted me to love her in the middle of the street. I acquiesced and we blocked up traffic before one guy finally

ripped us apart and so we continued on the sidewalk. There were quite a few pedestrian onlookers. One guy even took off his pants and tried to do her up the ass. At that point we ran away half naked.

And Wendy, I shaved her entire body, she was one of the few who didn't shave. You're the woman of the future I told her.

Her VR was a love camp in which holos learned to be better lovers. Here people prepared painstakingly, erotic dreams to paint in the air and turn on their lover.

I said, "It's not original, but its good." I was skilled at painting with my mind too, and amazed a lot of women and holo women with my imagination.

But then we went to another one of her Worlds. It was a World of "Stick humans." Here the people were all extremely thin and tall. They seemed anorexic to me and perhaps many of the model women were former men. I wasn't turned on. And I asked Wendy, "Why bring me here?" She said, "These people are a work of art!" "And were beautiful." She said, "Many people like their lovers to be thin." I then asked her, "Why she wasn't thin?" She said, "She knew, I, her date, liked full figured women so she changed for me."

Then we went to a VR World in which the holos were fighting androids for supremacy. It was a dirty war and it was every humanoid for themselves. As we watched it, from a virtual hill, she said, "It's a battle for the future, and is important." I said, "I still think there's room for humans in the future. Maybe with an enhanced memory and enhanced cognitive ability." As the battle raged, we made love with images of kinky soldiers in our heads.

But I quickly grew tired of her and told her I was leaving. She freaked out and went psycho, grabbing me and throwing stuff at me... But it was over.

#

Crazy Catherine

Then it was crazy Catherine, a mainly black American who appeared white and by descent from Baton Rouge; she said, "She wanted to run for President of the USA as an Independent." She said, "She wanted to pay off the debt and tax the rich and get everyone out of poverty. She said she would cut waste and print more money, keeping inflation at zero. And she wanted everyone to undergo MRT testing to make sure they weren't plotting anything. This would create a lot of jobs. And everyone would need to see a shrink every three months which would also create jobs. And she would slow down automation. And have humans do jobs such as customer service etc."

I said, "You gotta be crazy to try and run for President." But she said, "Anyway the city states have most of the power." And during the campaign she had been shot in the left shoulder but survived it. She told me, "That I was her muse and did X-rated campaign ads with just her and me." She claimed to, "Represent the "Love Party," and was no longer an Independent." And she wanted, "Sex to be mandatory at least three times a week. If you couldn't find someone to love you, you could get free sex workers (paid by the state). This would also create a lot of jobs and anyway all sex diseases had been cured. Sex workers were now legal. The election was in 2 weeks after I had met her.

She won the Presidency and I was First Man, but on the side I had more crazy lovers.

And she watched scientists around the world with her spies. If they were involved creating new weapons, she'd have them disappear (to work for her in the US).

Also, she got rid of state governments so there was just city states and the loose federal government and the loose UN. This caused an uproar but everything she did was controversial.

And she said people should have maximum freedom and the government should not get in the way of people's freedom (except for MRT).

#

Crazy Elaine

It was in the early days of Catherine's reign that I hooked up with crazy Elaine of Croatian/Russian mix. She appeared white. She liked to go to bars and break up couples and she wanted me to end my relationship with Catherine. But I said, "No way." Anyway, Catherine knew that I needed different lovers.

Elaine was a human Virtual star. She had a very sexy voice and really knew how to make love. She liked to love celebrities. She said, "Every man she liked loved her sooner or later."

So, I duly loved her and in the MRT sex dream she appeared naked surrounded by swirling colors. She said, "Fuck me hard." And I did. I couldn't get enough of her... I liked her look!

Then we went to a VR World which featured holo virtual stars. They had superhuman capacities for singing and playing instruments and were the hottest large band group in the World today. I took some opiates with one of the female musicians and we soared into Space and loved one another with a holo choir singing about us.

Then Elaine and I discovered a World of Dreams in which your lover altered your MRT sex dream and you altered hers. It was twisted but good.

And then we went to a World in which holo writers predominated. They had written some best-selling movie scripts with the help of computers in their mind. The writers here had created a type of Bohemia. And I reveled in their company. I talked with their leader, she had written, "Bohemia Forever," and "Sex Forever," and "MRT forever." It was a famous trilogy. She, their leader, said, "The future is coming fast, and its no holds barred."

Elaine said to me, "Isn't it far out, this world?" I said, "Yes, it is refreshing."

And I took my leave of her and we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Violet

Next, I loved crazy Violet of South Korea. She was deep purple skinned. She had me take many hits of acid in my drink. She was dressed in black and I saw all kinds of demons on her body. She had hypnotic control of me and told me to love her. It was crazy and I was convinced she was the perfect lover for me. Finally, after a full day had passed, I was free of the LSD. And I ran away.

But then she found me again soon after. And she had some of my clones she'd created as holograms. I asked her, "If I could turn them into humans and she said, "Sure." And I paid her tens of millions for 4 clones. I sent the clones out to dates on my behalf (their minds kept getting up to date with my mind). It was new technology. And suddenly my world was brighter. I thanked Violet for cloning me and we became good friends.

Violet said, "She had created a holoworld of her favorite holos but they voted her out as leader, so she'd cloned herself and went elsewhere."

So, we went to a new VR World in which, Koreans ruled. The women were leaders, and all wore heavy make up which enhanced their genetic therapy face. I said, “These women turn me on.” And I loved some of them and Violet encouraged me to do so. When it came down to it, a pretty face couldn’t be beat!

But then we went to a World of incest with our children who had grown up fast. Reaching the equivalent of age 18 in just over a year. Between us both we had hundreds of children and biclones and bians and even clones. I loved some of my daughters and we all seemed like kindred spirits. They weren’t very experienced in loving, but they were good.

Anyway, I took leave of Violet and we agreed to a child.

#

Crazy Wen

Then there was Wen, mixed race from San Francisco, who appeared in azure skin, who was celebrating her “18th birthday (i.e. she was one year old). She said, “She was giving up her virginity that night and wanted all the men in the bar to love her.” She picked me to be first. And so, I acquiesced.

I gave her crazy MRT love full on and she was stunned and in love. She said, “She just wanted to love me.”

Then we went to a nascent VR World that she liked. It was a World of new holos who spent the days absorbing human memories. Everyone said they were very wise. I loved one of these holos, while Wen watched as a voyeur. This particular holo amazed me with MRT dreams of the future in which there were new sexes and new types of sexy androids. They looked vaguely alien. These futuristic dream aliens danced in my head.

And then we went to another World she frequented. It was a World of young suicide in which new holos self-destructed. She and other humans tried to help these souls, but they were wired all wrong and couldn’t be saved. I was kind of bummed out.

Next, we went to a World of holo sex that she’d been dreaming about. Here the holos loved all 24 hours in a day, every day.

She told me she wanted to be a love machine and bring ecstasy to the downtrodden. I said, “That sounds noble.”

And we parted ways agreeing to a child.

#

Crazy Louise May

She was Chinese from Toronto and hadn’t changed her skin color, and picked up hitch hikers in her air car and loved them. She was bisexual. She loved the thrill of dangerous strangers. That’s how I met her, as a hitch hiker myself (in a love ranked #1 World).

Her air car was luxurious. and she had a number of sex androids who came to life when she wanted loving. So, it was always an orgy.

In her youth she had won beauty contests and of course still looked 18. She had an unusually clever, beautiful, yet crazy voluptuous face. Naturally, she had patented it.

We went to a World of android beauty pageant contestants. She signed up a few to ride with her in her air car. And I loved a few of them. They were so hot, I fucked them until I couldn’t stand up anymore. It was quite the workout.

Then we went to a World of the “Universe’s most beautiful people.” They lived surrounded by art and beauty. They were all rich so they could afford personal artists and clever servants to serve them.

One of them told me, “She’d been born ugly, but had improved her face and body with genetic therapy. And now she was one of the Universe’s greatest treasures. She just knew the right artist,” she said, “And this woman had designed her face.” I said, “Your story is inspirational, good luck in your future.

But Louise May felt jealous and wanted to spend time with me alone. So, we spent a night swapping dirty love stories and indulging in crazy love. I dreamed of her and her female lovers while I fucked her.

Then we broke up and I wished her luck.

#

Crazy Judy

Crazy Judy, Black and hadn’t changed her skin color, from sub-tropical Africa... She said, “Let’s put a human mind in an ape.” She was a scientist. I said, “I am sure the spies will be against it. She said they are just as curious as me.”

When I loved her, she was covered in exotic oil and it was sensational.

And she said, “We live in the best of all possible worlds.” I didn’t refute it. She said, “Even the poorest live like Kings of old.”

She said the political system worked like a charm. So too the automated economy etc.

She took me to a VR World where it was ape holos. The apes made war upon one another and were bored with this world. Only the thrill of possible death excited them. And they frequently OD’d on holodrugs. These holo apes were hopeless, but I told them, “You need better drugs!” This struck a chord with a few of them. And they agreed to try some new drugs.

Then she took me to a world in which computers had projected holos to be 110% of maximum human intelligence. I had to admit these people were the future, but I wouldn’t live long enough to see it. In all likelihood I would die in VR myself before long.

All the more reason to live for the day and I loved Judy again and again. It was truly cerebral sex and she rocked my mind. Her and her magic oil which penetrated my skin and gave me ecstasy.

Finally, I left her, and we agreed on a bian.

#

Crazy Alberta

She was from Costa Rica, of mixed race and white skinned and said she had trained to be an osteopath. Many years ago. But now was redundant like most. In fact, she helped devise bone surgery/growth machines year ago. She told me, “She was 78 years old but of course looked 18.”

She said all love ought to be good and some people needed training. She said, “We should use our best (famous) lovers to educate people.”

And she said, “High rank should be achieved by good loving, personality and imagination. Not on IQ.” “Sounds crazy to me,” I said.

And she said that “She had been elected governor of New York as an Independent.”

I said, “You know I am the First Man.” She said, “I can enhance your power.” And I said, “I can have the President put you in charge of the Love Minister Post. It would

create a lot of jobs to have everyone be forced to love at least 3 times a week as the President was putting into motion.” So, she agreed.

Then we went to a VR World of heat and passion. Where the girls were dark and evil and seduced poor men like me. I couldn't get enough of banging them one after another and they cried out and gasped and shouted out obscenities; it was pure passion.

Then we went to a virtual World of experienced humans who were all 70 plus and were wise and judicious in choosing lovers. One of them chose me and she bombarded me with old sex imagery from years ago, even some black and white pictures moving through the air with a life of their own. They really knew how to put on a show.

So then, Alberta and I dreamed of one another in MRT sex. We dreamed of loving in a tree with animal noises in the Virtual jungle. The smell of life made me horny and I gave her my best love.

And that was that, with Alberta and me.

#

Crazy Lois

Then I met a modern-day nun, white skinned Lois of Spain, who said she gave sex to the poor and riff raff. But she said, “I don't think they appreciate it. She worried her life was in vain.”

I said, “There's room for you in the new Love Minister's office. I told her she could do some real good for many.”

I loved her with MRT, and she was needy and greedily absorbed my love. Afterwards she told me, “She was in love with me.”

Then she took me to a VR World she liked. It was a World of holo outcasts. Holo who didn't belong anywhere. She said, “She felt sorry for holo people like this.” I loved some of the outcast holo women and was impressed by their modesty and madness. They insisted that, “One day they would be the rulers.”

I said, “Lois, love is fleeting. And the only way to play it is with a few night's stands.”

She said, “That love was rare, and we should celebrate it.”

I said, “On the Mad Love Website love was common and she should open up to the men there.” She said, “I sure hope so, but you are the one I like best.” So, I agreed to see her off an on for the next year.

#

Crazy Jam

Jam was Japanese and white-skinned. We met each other floating in a tornado. But it was boring, so we went to a VR world, which she liked. This world was ruled by an evil prince, but rebels were amassing a host of holo warriors to defeat the prince. It was mass carnage and I told her, “I am not impressed with this world,” and “I have seen such worlds before.” So, we left.

Then we went to a World of peace and quiet. Such a World was unusual these days. We had a few drinks and took some grass and vegged out. It was pleasant, but it got boring. I told the holo waitress that I wanted to love her with Jam, and she agreed, and we had good dream sex. This holo had a lot of dreams. I was quite impressed. And Jam too had a lot of dreams which danced in the air... I told the holo waitress “I would sponsor her for a body.” She said, “Many thanks, I am honored.

Then Jam and I went to a World of nuns in a cloister and we gained access to their living quarters. I seduced a nun to love me right there on her hard bed and she said, "You are so handsome, I can't help but love you!" It turned out she was not a virgin, but that was fine with me. "We get so few visitors," she said.

Jam afterwards asked me, "If I was having a good time?" And I said, "Yes, indeed."

So, then we went to a VR World in which it was a hurricane. The rain beat down on us heavily at the beach. But we made sweet love in the storm, and I couldn't stop kissing her all over.

And next we went to Tokyo Center. It was a domed city of 20 million people. Many of them were curious about foreigners and the women wanted to love me. So, I did, and it went on and on, from one to the other. Finally, I had had enough. And I took my leave of Jam;

Then I had to rest for a couple of days.

#

Crazy Geisha

Then I found myself in a whorehouse. Knocking on doors. Finally, one woman opened her door. She hadn't changed her skin color. We immediately had MRT sex and were dreaming of space on an Earth orbiter. It was posh and she lost control in bed. And then other whores appeared and demanded to be loved in MRT. They were all Asians and human.

I loved them and they revealed nympho brains. They were truly wired for sex. One stood out, she said, "She was a Geisha girl and was Japanese." She played music for me and recited poetry and gave me good blow jobs.

She took me to a World of Art. All of the art was future settings of cities and people. It was really sci-fi. Such amazing shapes and forms. And these futuristic cities were populated by imaginative looking holos, they all looked clever. And they gave me bursts of pleasure with their sex drugs. I had never had so much ecstasy in such a short period.

I told them, "The future looks bright with people like you." And my Geisha said, "She was in love with me."

But I told her, "I needed to ramble on." So, I took my leave of her and we agreed on two bians.

#

Crazy Faith

Then I was on a raft in the ocean. And a submarine appeared. A gorgeous human woman appeared from the hatch and said, "Come aboard." She was of mixed race from all over and had deep blue skin. So, I did. And we dived. As we proceeded the light of our sub attracted sea monsters who banged their heads and teeth on the sub. It was a thrilling setting for sex. And we had MRT sex desperately wondering when a monster would breach our hull. Finally, we were both exhausted after loving one another many times...

Then she took me to a holo city under the sea. It was a hive of activity and they were breeding like wildfire, setting up new undersea cities and hoped to "Break into the human World, under the sea and out of sight from the spies..."

Then we went to a holo world in the clouds. It featured heavenly holos who were angels. They did only good things and had a God that they worshipped. I met this God

and was blown away by his kindness and hospitality. He told me, “He was the future and holo people like him were about to take control of Earth reality. We certainly have the numbers,” he said.

I said, “The future is still up in the air, but I wish you luck!”

So, Faith and I broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Jane

She was a Russian American with black skin and she told me, “She liked tough, independent men. So, she was moving to Alaska.” She said, “She liked pain and was looking forward to the extreme cold.” I said people are leaving Alaska in droves.

And Jane admitted she had suicidal tendencies and had OD’d several times, only to be revived by medics.

The suicide rate for our world was a high 3% per annum.

I loved her and she felt better.

Then we went to a world of “Lotus Eaters. Everyone here was a real human, stretched out on the ground dreaming. She asked me, “Is this the future?” I said, “It doesn’t look favorable.”

Then we went to a VR World of android rebels who wanted more rights and status. They said, “They were superior to holos as they were in the material world, not “ghosts,” like holos. And they said, “That bians and biclones (biclones were half female half male in one individual), were de rigeur.” She asked me, “Is this the future?” I said it seems partly true of the future.

Then we went to a VR World in which she appeared naked surrounded by flames. We were on virtual Titan, Saturn’s moon, which had had its atmosphere altered by geo architects. She said, “She was feverish and wanted to love me. So, I loved her, and it was like a video game. In the video game I had to chase her through profiles of other women as she changed identity and wondered if I would truly choose her. But finally, we made sweet love. And she was hot, literally, I was almost burned. Love with her was shocking.

Then we went to a world of human oldsters, everyone here was 130 years old or almost and had been born around the year 2000.

They figured they had seen it all, but I told them the future was multiform and all new...

And I told Jane she could have a job in the new Love Minister’s office. She said, “Sure.”

#

I continued with anti-MRT technology to protect my poor head. But I suspected all along that the spies were passively watching me. If so, I guess I met with their approval.

#

Crazy Bear

She was White from Holland and had orange skin. She told me, “She was on the run for murder charges of her human ex lover.” And she said she’d changed her identity and so far, avoided the spies and their MRT. After I loved her, and she said she didn’t want to die without children; so, we agreed on a child.

Then she took me to one of her favorite VR Worlds. It was a World of murder mysteries in which clever people tried to figure out who had committed murder. It was just murder of holos, but holos here had some rights. She said the anatomy of murder

was complex and interesting for someone to kill another in cold blood. I said to her, “You seem to be entranced with murder.”

She said, “She wished people would all just relax and not push one another to mad deeds. But of course, this was impossible, and people everywhere were pushing things to the limit.”

Then she took me to a World of holo criminals. They were just like other holos, only they broke the laws. They said, “Anarchy is the future and the strongest, most imaginative will rule.” They said, “They had great imagination.”

Finally, she left me, saying she was satisfied, and on the next day’s news they announced she’d been captured and arrested. It bummed me out.

#

Crazy Margaret

She was mixed race from NYC, and appeared pink skinned. She said all countries should follow the trend in which, the State/Provincial governments should be dissolved and just have the federal government and city states. And the Federal government should give up some more of its power to the UN. This was a mainstream thought these days and everyone wanted more power to the cities...

And she predicted the computer calculations would surpass the speed of light very soon and this would be a window which could open the way to many times the speed of light in space travel. With teleporters and holos. She was one of the few remaining active scientists. We had MRT sex together and in the dream, we dreamed of big-headed androids who were full of love in the background chanting and singing, while we loved one another.

And she took me to one of her favorite VR Worlds, a World of Fantasy. I asked the God here for the smartest woman in the World. And a clone of such a woman appeared. She talked in riddles, like a heavy philosopher and I couldn’t understand her. But I asked her for her love, and she turned into a wild, uncontrolled human woman. She moved to a very fast rhythm, which I had never experienced before.

Then Margaret and I went to a VR World in which every holo was frantically trying to become human. They gave us very good loving hoping we could give them a body. And I told them I would sponsor one to have a body, only one and finally they agreed on a candidate. I sent her to my friend, Mr. Key to set her up.

And then we went to a World where all of the holos were lined up in a row and you had to bowl a ball to hit one of them and the one you hit became your lover. I missed my mark and got a selfish holo woman who thought she was superior to me and dominated me in bed. I asked her, “How can you believe you are superior?” She answered, “I am in your mind and I can tell!” I said, “It is a World of illusion. Don’t let anyone tell you different.” She said, “Fuck you!” And she left.

So, then Margaret and I went to a holo where the holo people were very kind. They didn’t want to be human, saying humans had too many faults and were too greedy among other things. They said they were a type of superbeings having a neo IQ of 102% and also so kind at the same time. It was true that it was difficult to follow the machinations of these holos. I said, “You leave me with hope for the future with holos like yourselves mass producing.”

So, then Margaret and I broke up and agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Rhiannon

She was from Ireland. And she appeared in emerald green skin. She said, “All she asked for was a sane, healthy world.” I said, “You are in the wrong place at the wrong time.” And I added, “This world is crazy, and there’s nothing we can do about it.”

She said, “This world is sick. And people need to get off the drugs.”

So, I loved her in reality and she smelled of exotic perfumes and was a healthy young female with lustful desires. I told her, “Insanity is not a bad thing. Rather it is creative and good optimally.” She said, “You are fucked to believe that.” So, she took me to one VR World she liked, a World of sobriety. People here planned political activism and wanted to reduce holos drastically. There were no holos here. This was rare on VR. Anyway, there were no drugs here for me to take, so I was bored. But I loved her here. But without the drugs it was a mediocre experience.

And then we went to a VR World in which former criminals were being rehabilitated. They were mostly thankful for a second chance. She said, “She figured in the future everyone will be a ‘criminal.’” “Cheating on taxes, breaking hearts, murder it was all part of the future human.” So, I loved a criminal fraudster, and she hadn’t been loved in a long time. She gave me all she had and tried her best, but it was just OK. Her mind was sick! After a while it became boring.

So, Rhiannon and I, we parted and didn’t agree on a child.

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Crazy Eileen

She was white skinned from New Orleans. She was a musician who sang in a crazy voice and played the guitar somewhat discordantly.

She said, “She wanted to live a billion years and love every man in existence.” She said, “It was a wonderful world of men.”

And she said, “She renewed her brain once a year, keeping her memories and the same consciousness, only all new brain cells.” She said, “It was just like teleporting.”

And she added that, “She was trying to divide her mind into 10 minds and do multitasking, i.e. multi-loving.”

She was a neurosurgeon that still had work.

And she said “She wanted to have sex while teleporting. It resulted in crazy results like swapping consciousnesses. Or impregnation with a Devil’s child.”

She was completely mad.

And she said, “She’d like to gather all her best lovers and friends together for a fantastic orgy.” She had as many female friends as she did male lovers.

She was well known in tabloid virtual reality as was I.

She said, “She’d loved 10,000 men in her 90 years of existence,” And she said, “Every one, was just as good as the first one.”

And she said, “She wanted to try living inside a computer.” And she also said, “Join me.”

She said, “It was best to get in computers now while it was still a new thing.” But I said, “I am not going to put myself in the mind of a Devil machine.”

So instead, we went to a VR World where the biggest studs and best female lovers co-existed as clones, illicitly copied. She asked, “Aren’t you curious about the best of the

best all gathered here in one place?” I sampled some of the ladies and was impressed by their MRT dream sex imagination. Then I was back in the Underground again. The latest faces looked vaguely like foxes, vixens if you will. I had just updated my anti-MRT technology while there and loved some of the vixens. And I bought the latest long-distance portable teleport key. And Eileen and I asked Mr. Key about mass-producing bians and he agreed...

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Crazy Rainy. She said she liked living in rainy Vancouver and was of mixed race. She said she was a musician who liked to sing about rain like so many others.

For example, she composed a ditty while I introduced myself to her:

Girl in the rain
It's only pain
Girl on the run
It's fun
Girl in the rain
Got cocaine
Girl on the run
Got a gun
Girl in the rain
Not in the mainstream
Girl on the run
Now I am done

And then she said, “She wanted to have 100, #1 hits. So far, she’d had 4 number ones, all about rain. It made her very rich. And she took me to one of her favorite VRs. It was a World of the blues. Everyone here was depressed and blue. I said to them, “Why not take some neo happy drugs to improve your mood? They answered with responses like, “Pain is a teacher,” and “Great art comes from depression.” They said, “Their music was the best human music using only limited computer song writing apps.

Then she took me to a World of the World’s most famous singer, Adele Smythe. It was a world of titillation and inspiration. The sexy holos her all played very well, and many helped her to sing songs. There was a holo choir and every holo played an instrument here. The songs were wild and almost discordant and Smythe positively screeched at times while singing. And Rainy and I loved each other with the volume turned up very loud and it was good.

I left Rainy and we agreed on a child.

#

Crazy Jade

She was Chinese Canadian and was white skinned, and lived in northern Saskatchewan and kept her home at 32 degrees Celsius. It was a hothouse.

She said all the heat was driven by wind power. I stripped down to my underwear as it was literally “hot.”

And she had an even hotter sauna which had a mini sun which glowed with heat and light.

Crazy Jade, she loved me and then while I was half asleep, hypnotised me to love her forever. When I awoke, I had a vague recollection, but wondered why I followed her around like a puppy.

She took me to a World of slavery, in which everyone was a sex slave. I kissed her feet and performed oral sex and she whipped me. When she whipped me, I said, "Thank you!"

But after a few months she tired of me and let me go. But my mind was confused from all the hypnosis I had been exposed to. I went to Mr. Key and he set me up with a hypnotherapist who tried to minimize the effects of all the hypnoses.

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Crazy Alice

She was White and white skinned from Caracas and trained monkeys to race and they were very fast and very aggressive and violent. They killed other competitors.

I asked, "You must be influenced by the "Planet of the Apes?"

And I wondered if I knew anything at all from my loves?

She loved me appearing vaguely as an ape. But she had such big tits that I went for her.

Love MRT with her consisted of dreaming about her large tits. And getting off.

Then she took me to a VR World of perversity. Here we deflowered some holo virgins who were the equivalent of 18 years old, but actually were only a year or two old. They responded well to our love though and I told them, they had a bright future.

Afterwards, I regretted the affair and thought it was too perverted. But I agreed on a bian with Alice.

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Crazy Charlotte

She was Chinese and golden skin and said the spies were in her head. They were driving her crazy. She said they told her, "Not to love me as I was too famous, and she was a radical." She told me, "She was a radical who figured EQ should be the most important factor in rank." She was a feminist. I told the President to get the spies to lay off her.

And I loved her with MRT and we both imagined the other wearing sexy clothes. And we got off.

Then we went to one of her VR worlds. It was a world of Chinese-looking holos, who wanted to overthrow the national government of China, which was oppressive, but not that strong. Most of the power was in the cities. They sent their people to various national Chinese events as holos and tried to undermine the regime. But they were persecuted. However, they mass produced rebel holos and looked like they were about to overthrow the Chinese federal leaders.

Then we went to a VR world she also liked. It was a world of conscious dreaming. People daydreamed and their dreams took on a life of their own and interacted with one another. It involved being in many minds at once and was rather mind boggling. I told Charlotte that I loved her. I had a special feeling for her, I didn't know why? And we agreed to have several bians.

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Aliens

And then one day everyone on the web was amazed by an alien landing. The

aliens looked like erect crickets and had their brain and sex organs in their stomach. My latest lover, Anabella, wanted to love the aliens. Love for them was all about voices and sounds and rolling around. Together Anabella and the aliens had a love child and we were all wondering what that child would be like.

The aliens said through a MRT translator, “That they wanted the World to give up its nuclear weapons and biological weapons and live in peace. They said they were attracted to Earth because of space travel, and had come from 100 light years away.

I was appointed ambassador to the aliens and brought 10 of my favorite, but less famous, lovers with me and we went to their home planet. My lovers were all excited about the opportunity. However, the aliens didn’t stay long and said, to the Earthlings, “We’ll see you in space.” But they still accepted our embassy. Living amongst the aliens involved, having an open mind. But we figured they were superior to us and we were dominated in love by them. We found a way to love them again and again. And it was gratifying.

But part of me said it was all a hoax and that these aliens were created by our super-computers. But they sure seemed to be legitimate.

THE END