

Bottomfeeder: Malediction and Pee Play (Perverts Put Out Mix)

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The Satanic Mass at the College of Creative Arts was back on. Not only was my girlfriend Vash still going to be the nun, calling herself Sister Vashita Inferni, I was recruited to be the Deacon. The priest was a student, an affable Mansonite who went by the self-consciously ironic name of Peaches Pendragon Partridge.

Best of all, it was scheduled for the same night as my company's holiday dinner, thus giving Vash and I the best possible excuse to leave early. "Sorry, we have to go perform in a Satanic Mass. See you Monday!"

The night before the Mass, I had plans to meet up at the Power Exchange with a 19 year-old friend of a friend. Word had been getting around in my various circles that I went to the PE, and when it came up in conversation, people frequently said things along the lines of: "Oh, I've always been curious about that place. I should go with you sometime." I was game, but this kid--who was of legal age but didn't entirely qualify as a grownup--was one of the only people to follow through.

The kid got there a few minutes before another regular by the name of Marc. I introduced them to each other, and being a generous sort, Marc gave the kid a handful of half-off Power Exchange coupons harvested from the local newsweeklies. He also told us to swing by the King Arthur Room for a birthday party.

After I gave the kid a brief tour of The Power Exchange he flitted off on his own, so I went into the King Arthur Room. The long table was covered with party accoutrement

such as generic soda, cake, string cheese, Pop Tarts, Go-Gurt, floggers, Chex Mix and condoms. The guest of honor was a girl who had been a regular before my time, so I didn't recognize her.

A rope across the doorway kept the Tourists out, but there wasn't much to see, a birthday party for a stranger complete with a copyright-violating rendition of "Happy Birthday." It was mundane, a group of humans observing a ritual which has probably been around ever since our ancestors first noticed that the moon and the seasons kept doing the same thing.

I was in the restroom a little while later when one of the Motherlode Girls rushed inside, screaming: "He came in my eye!" Another Motherlode Girl already in there said: "Girl, that is NOT good--your eye is going to fall out." I was sympathetic, having recently experienced eye-burn the first time myself, but I still had to bite back my laughter.

My boss let us leave the office on Friday at two in the afternoon to prepare for the holiday party. For me, it meant getting dressed for the Satanic Mass: black PVC pants, my new Power Exchange Sexy Squad baby tee, pigtails, my shiny black coat, and red makeup in a band from temple to temple, a look somewhere between Daryl Hannah in *Blade Runner* and Marilyn Manson circa *Mechanical Animals*. Vash, who planned to change into her nun's habit at the Mass, looked devastating in a cheongsam. We got to the office party around a quarter past six and left around half past seven. I hated every minute of it.

We arrived in Oakland in plenty of time for the Mass. Neither Vash's other girlfriend Dietrich nor my platonic friend Temple could make it that night, so it was just

Vash and me. Well, Vash and me plus the other participants in the Mass and the dozens of Peaches' curious classmates. The room was packed.

Viewing it as a theater piece, Sister Vashita and I had worked out some stage business our big moment. We didn't bother running it by Peaches, who was just pleased to have such a performative couple involved. The audience couldn't see much in the low candlelight, but I hoped the people in the front row got a good look.

As Sister Vashita lifted her habit and urinated, she writhed and moaned. I stood close, running a hand over her body, reading my lines from my hymnal. Though they weren't my words and it was someone else's party, I gave it my all:

In the name of Mary, She maketh the font resound with the waters of mercy. She giveth the showers of blessing and pourest forth the tears of her shame. She suffereth long, and her humiliation is great, and she doth pour upon the Earth with the joy of her mortification. The waters of her shame become a shower of blessing in the tabernacle of Satan, for that which hath been withheld pourest forth, and with it, her piety. The great Baphomet, who is in the midst of the throne, shall sustain her, for she is a living fountain of water. Her cup runneth over, and her water is sublime. Ave Maria ad micturiendum est.

And runneth over Vash did, having drank two liters of water and eaten a pineapple before the ceremony. She'd been experimenting for the past few weeks with different foods to see what gave her pee the most distinctive, tasty flavor. A few people suggested fenugreek, but she liked pineapple the best.

As I said "Ave Maria ad micturiendum est", Sister Vashita cupped her hand under the seeming endless stream of urine, then spread it over my lips. This was partially for practical reasons, to give me a chance to turn the page so I could read my final lines:

And the Dark Lord shall wipe all tears from her eyes, for He said unto me: It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give freely unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life.

Sister Vashita spread another handful of urine on her lips and kissed me more passionately than she had in months. To her, being the nun in a mostly traditional Satanic Mass was more than just helping out a controversial student's final art project. This was *her* big moment, and she took it seriously. For one of her favorite bodily functions to be treated as holy was a great honor, and I felt equally honored to be a part of it, to feel relevant again after she'd been drifting away from me these past months. As we made out and her pee smeared our makeup and swished around in our mouths and mixed with our saliva, I felt a genuine connection between us, love, and at long last, hope for our relationship.

I took the basin to Peaches. He dipped a dildo into it, performed a blessing, then offered the dildo to the Subdeacon and I to kiss. The dildo was dry, since not a lot of the pee actually went into the basin, and what little did make it onto the dildo had since fallen off. Oh well. It would have been anticlimactic for me.



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