

The Mind-Fuck of Dr. Void-Kamp: An Erotic Story of True Crime

By Dr. Bones

Preface

Readers of tabloids, such as the *Post*, the *Daily News*, etc., may have read stories of the so-called “Mad Lab Assistant,” who killed thirty researchers at the Regional National Genetics Research Laboratory. The *Post* headlined the story “Heads-Up,” because when the police finally smashed their way into the lab, through the barricades and makeshift traps, they found a single employee, a lab assistant of approximately 34 years of age, surrounded by the heads of his bosses, managers, and Regional National Genetics Research Laboratory corporate shareholders.

What readers of these tabloids don’t know—because this detail was withheld, being deemed too horrific for the general public—was, first, that the heads had been attached to a Blood Circulator Machine; and, second, that orifices—anus, to be exact—had been implanted into the top of each head.

When the police arrived, the lab assistant’s cock was still plunged deeply inside one, and he and the head emitted shrieks of nearly the same pitch. Whether they were shrieks of pleasure or shrieks of pain, we will never know, because a rookie cop lost his nerve and shot the lab assistant in response to the inhuman grotesquery facing him on his first day on the job.

What follows is the true story, never before told, not even in the tabloids, of how that lowly lab assistant managed to finally fuck his boss’s head.

Chapter 1: Just the Tip of the Iceberg

The strange and notable thing about identity, Dr. Trevor Void-Kamp mused while waiting for his favorite Blood Circulator Machine to perform its diagnostics run, is that it only works through a principle of coherence. Perhaps the idea hewed too closely to gestalt theories of psychology or, worse, Lacanianism, but consider the proposition: an individual only achieves self-consciousness through an interaction with another, likely the child's mother or mother-figure. What starts as fleeting interactions with detached, fragmentary body parts—breast, face, hands—eventually form, through a process of repeated exposure, into a coherent, singular body and, through a further dynamic process of comparative interaction, the child internalizes a conception of self. The world, free-floating and open, where anything is possible, soon becomes sharply delimited. Rigid boundaries and strict hierarchies come to frame the very definition and understanding of selfhood.

That, Trevor Void-Kamp decided, was precisely the moment it all went wrong for everybody.

And sex only made it worse.

The sex act, as far as Void-Kamp could tell, was a moment, much like drug and alcohol use, during which the self could be forgotten. One could leave one's body and mind behind through sheer external focus on sensation. The self became a fragmentary collection of sensory-impressions. One was, in a sense, free.

The only problem was that it had to happen with another person. It was like repeating the same horrible cycle of identity formation all over again.

And yet, without an actual person, sex lost its transformative force. There *must* be a way to solve this dilemma.

The Blood Circulator Machine dinged and brought Trevor Void-Kamp out of his reverie. He removed his hand from his cock, bulging a purplish-red shade from the maximum exertions of his self-pleasure, and stood up from the floor of the lab.

He frowned, annoyed at the poor timing.

He'd been about to cum, and there was nothing he enjoyed more than the sight of a hot spurt of greasy jizzom spraying out across the immaculate white floor of the lab, the slow pulsating rhythms of the Blood Circulator Machine matching his own slow, steady motions.

He would work himself into a fever pitch of desperate desire, slick precum trickling from the three holes of his penis tip (he was afflicted with a rare genetic deformity...his cross to bear).

His desire would only grow greater the more sharply it contrasted with the cool, unwavering cycle of the Blood Circulator Machine, its gleaming white plastic exterior reflecting his distorted image and giving the machine the vague appearance of humanity, of personification.

The intensity and throbbing in his cock, the pull on his groin, would rise until he heard the final "ding" of the Blood Circulator Machine. His thighs shuddered and stomach muscles contracted violently, his back arched spasmodically and he could let loose a long beautiful jet of spooze that arced through the air and across the lab,

spattering against the side of the Blood Circulator Machine and dripping down in creamy curdles onto the floor.

That, anyhow, was the way things usually went—but it would have to remain a fantasy, at least for now. Lost in his deep philosophical ruminations, Trevor Void-Kamp had fallen off-rhythm, and now the Blood Circulator Machine cycle had ended, after he'd patiently jerked off for the entirety of its cycle.

The cycle of the Blood Circulator Machine was four hours long.

His cock, still partially stiff, now shone a deep, bright red; a significant layer of the outer dermis had been stripped away, and the entire member felt raw and painful to the touch.

He checked the schedule on the clipboard attached to the machine, hoping that another test had been scheduled for that day.

No such luck. And, worse, he saw motions on the other side of the door to the lab. Silhouettes of shadowy figures moving on the other side of the frosted glass. He heard a distinct cough, a cough that sounded like nothing less than a death rattle. His *own* death rattle, that is.

Dr. Thunderbeak. His boss. Head honcho of the genetics division of the Regional National Genetics Research Laboratory.

Trevor Void-Kamp had just enough time to push his cock into his boxer briefs and pull his pants back up before the door opened and Thunderbeak entered, leading several suit-and-tie wearing visitors. Clearly investors or high-level corporate managers.

“Lab Manager Void-Kamp,” Thunderbeak said in his deep jovial voice. “How are you doing this morning? Everything ship-shape in the lab?”

Thunderbeak’s general cheeriness, as well as his rugged good looks, his whole “silver fox” shtick, annoyed Void-Kamp to no end.

“Dr. Void-Kamp here,” Thunderbeak addressed the visitors, not bothering to properly introduce him, “Keeps our lab running smoothly. Makes sure mundane tests are completed on time. Orders office supplies. Tidies up. That sort of thing. Without his small but crucial contribution, our research division couldn’t achieve the groundbreaking contributions to genetics that we make everyday here; achievements that may one day lead to the development of completely organic, healthy, and ethically-sound donor organs of all shapes, sizes, and varieties. All of those amazing, potentially-prize winning and fame and fortune earning achievements (for the research scientist alone, of course) all begin with a clean and nicely-organized lab managed by a highly-trained Harvard Medical School trained research biologist who needs no recognition, no lasting job satisfaction, and pay that reflects neither the amount of work he does nor his level of education. Isn’t that right, Lab Manager Void-Kamp.”

Trevor Void-Kamp gritted his teeth, smiled, and nodded. He seethed silently.

Thunderbeak started to escort his visitors out, but stopped short at the door.

“By the way, Lab Manager Void-Kamp, one other thing.”

“Yes?”

“Dr. Throbber ran some tests using the Blood Circulator Machine yesterday. Seems like something’s making the on/off switch stick. Some liquid seems to be gumming up the works. Any idea what that could be?”

Trevor pursed his lips, looking thoughtful.

“No clue. But I’ll look into it right away.”

“See that you do. That equipment’s expensive, and if it doesn’t work properly, it’ll back up our whole operation here.”

He nodded curtly and shut the door behind him, leaving Void-Kamp to fume alone in the lab.

“These researchers,” he said angrily to himself, “They act as if I was just a mindless body. A mindless body at their disposal. And as if they were just brains. Brains inside heads without any care in the world. As if they were just heads without bodies.”

He picked out a rag and some cleaner spray from the supply closet.

Heads without bodies he mused as he walked over to the Blood Circulator Machine. *A fascinating idea.*

Looking back, Trevor Void-Kamp would see that this was the beginning of his remarkable idea, the idea that would change the world, or at least *his* world, and a few other people’s.

But the big breakthrough wouldn’t come until later.

For now, he had to clean the Blood Circulator Machine. And since he had to clean it anyway...

He flipped on the switch, unbuckled his belt, swept his lab coat behind him, and dropped to his knees.

Chapter 2: I'm Happy to Fulfill Your Request

Void-Kamp's daytime tasks consisted of the following:

Ordering paper for the copy machine

Cleaning the counters of the lab benches

Polishing the Blood Circulator Machine

Responding to, and filling, laboratory test requests

Scheduling sample deliveries, both ingoing and outgoing

Answering basic reference questions posed by research scientists

Overseeing junior lab assistants

His evening activities, however, often involved shoving his bulging cock deep down the throat of Sampson Beaugard, one of the aforementioned junior lab assistants. A hulking specimen of a 23 year old, Sampson had recently graduated from Columbia, pre-med, and was getting some experience in a lab before applying for medical school.

Trevor Void-Kamp aimed to give his young underling as much experience as possible, and of a wide variety, too. For instance, when they'd finally got around to what they had been building up to during many late nights in the lab, Sampson had tried to top Void-Kamp. Indeed, his strapping physique—more linebacker than lab researcher—might even seem to warrant this position.

But Void-Kamp, ever a man of science, decided to experiment with the young lad.

Which is how, three months later, they'd ended up in their current situation. Kneeling on Sampson's sturdy, muscular shoulders, Void-Kamp gripped the young man's shaggy blond hair, tightly wrapping it around his fingers, and pulled his head violently toward his thrusting pelvis. He felt his cock, engorged near to bursting, plow into the lad's mouth and smash against the back of his throat. Sampson gagged. It didn't matter. Void-Kamp kept thrusting. He felt his pleasure building up to near uncontrollable levels.

Even though Void-Kamp wanted to be clear that he was in complete control, he also knew there can be no pleasure without pain. So, while he made Sampson choke on his cock, he also made sure the boy kept an ever-tightening grip on his testicles.

"Squeeze my fucking balls while I fuck your face," he said through gritted teeth.

Sampson, in no position to respond vocally or even nod, could only oblige by gripping harder, tighter. Trevor felt his balls constrict more, more, MORE in Sampson's vice-like grip. He looked down and saw the prickly hairs of his balls splaying out through Sampson's fingers. Ripples of skin turned a dark purple-red. The sensitive nerve and delicate flesh of his testicles felt like they'd been turned to purée.

The sensation was divine.

Several powerful waves of pleasure swept through Trevor in such a potent surge that he almost passed out. But he recovered his wits and his strength rebounded. He ground his knees harder into Sampson's biceps, pinning him helplessly to the bed while he thrust his cock harder and harder into Sampson's mouth, face fucking the lad with an abandon previously unknown.

While his cock choked Sampson, Trevor reached behind him and grabbed the boy's cock, which jutted straight up and out, fully erect and hard as bone.

"Time to give daddy your blood cummies, you candy coated baby bitch," Trevor snarled into Sampson's face.

Sampson's eyes lit up, wide, and he said some mumbled words, inaudible because of the sizeable cock shoved inside his mouth and blocking his tongue.

Trevor smiled, spit in the lad's face, and squeezed Sampson's bone hard cock several times, heard the lad moan. He then twisted the member, hard, until he heard a satisfying crunch.

It wasn't the first time he'd sprained Sampson's cock, but each time produced as much pleasure as the last. For both of them.

He redoubled his efforts of stuffing his meat down Sampson's throat while the lad, the pain of his broken cock shooting through his body, let loose an uncontrollable stream of jizz mixed with blood.

The dark liquid spurted up into the air and landed all along Trevor's hand, still jerking the broken cock forcefully, and spattered along his arm and back, running down his skin in warm trickles.

The smell of the bloodied cum that rained down on his body finally pushed him over the edge.

“Daddy’s gonna fill your mouth with his fun juice,” he shouted, “Get ready to drown in my sweet slick-seed.”

Sampson’s eyes lit up again, and he nodded profusely. Trevor’s knees buckled and gave a final jerking thrust of his pelvis pushing his cock into the lad’s mouth down to the roots, felt Sampson’s teeth scrape against him, and then let loose a thick and fast blast of cum.

Sampson sucked his cock like a jet engine pulling in a wayward duck. He swallowed his seed with greedy relish, as if it were both his first and his last meal, the only meal he’d ever known or could ever desire.

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Their exertions over for the moment, they lay stretched on Void-Kamp’s bed. Trevor smoked a cigarette luxuriously, while Sampson applied an ice-pack to his groin.

“You sure love to fuck my face,” Sampson said in his Texas drawl, a dopey, post-coital grin plastered on his face.

Void-Kamp merely looked off into space, distracted.

“I sure like it, too,” Sampson said, dreamily.

Sampson was from a stern Bible-thumping family in Laredo, the son of a Chicana mother and a German-descended father who drilled into him a narrow and

harsh version of masculinity that explained, rather too nicely for Void-Kamp's liking, the lad's love of his extreme sub role.

"Yep," he repeated again, "It gets me turned on just remembering it."

"Shut up," Void-Kamp said sharply, "I'm thinking."

The lad, used to Trevor's moods, rolled slightly toward him (protecting his swollen groin at the same time) and put a hand on the lab assistant's chest.

"You're always thinking."

"There are only two things to do in this life. To think. And to fuck."

"Well, we just covered the second," Sampson grinned. "So what are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

"Come on. You can tell me anything."

Trevor took another drag from his cigarette.

"You were right about fucking your face. I do love it."

"Oh, I know."

"But there's one part of it I *don't* like."

"What's that?"

"That your head is still *you*."

"I don't get it."

Trevor thought about going into his theories of identity formation and the formation of (self) consciousness and the tantalizing though unrealized transformative potential of the sexual act. But Sampson wasn't really smart enough to

understand that kind of thing. He was a good fuck, a great sub, and he'd probably make a good enough lab assistant some day, but he wasn't exactly what anyone would call a real brain. He decided to keep it simple.

“When you're my age, Sampson, you'll learn things about yourself that weren't quite clear when you were younger. Things about your desires, your tastes, your likes, your dislikes.”

“So what does this have to do with fucking?”

“I want to fuck a person that isn't a person.”

“Like a sex doll?” Sampson laughed at his own dumb non-joke.

“Hardly. I want a real person—someone with feeling, interiority, responses—but who doesn't have a coherent identity. Someone detached from themselves, if you catch my drift. Do you see what I'm getting at?”

“I...guess so...”

Trevor sighed. Sampson didn't seem to get it at all. But perhaps he would. Someday. And in the meantime, as experience had shown, he would readily comply with each and every request Void-Kamp made. This was certainly good enough for the time being.

“Sampson, my boy,” he said, letting loose a thin jet of cigarette smoke and fondling the lad's ear, “I'd like you to help me with a little project.”

To be continued in Chapter 3: Hunting a Silver Fox, forthcoming from Bone Editions, February, 2018