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The Bananex-10

by Soren James

Sweat pouring from the seams of his heavily skin-grafted face, Baz Bickernz strained to hold closed the bulging coffin lid. He bared his teeth for one last surge of effort. It wasn't enough. The coffin burst – tossing lid and Bickernz across the room – as a two-meter tall black-spotted banana thrust itself from the box to land upright on its stemless end. Balanced on a rollerball foot – with constant and giddy back-and-forth adjustments – the huge yellow phallus-esque figure began to loudly sing, *Happy birthday Urethral Hamping, happy birthday Urethral . . .*

As its voice descended the finalising notes of *Happy birthday to yoo-oo*, it immediately commenced another iteration of the tune, this time dedicated to *Faecal Trumpage* – technique B from the Erotic Alphabet.

Realising this was just the beginning of 98 Happy Birthday renditions, Bickernz sighed, threw his head back and gazed at himself in the mirrored ceiling. With a reassuringly

unctuous wink, he whispered up to his reflection, “Be who you love. You deserve this. You're entitled. You owe nothing to anyone – only me.” He blew himself a kiss then, running his fingers through his long, greasy blonde hair, turned to the giant fruit to demand quiet.

Getting no response, he threw Volume 1.01 of *The Encyclopaedia of Nihilism* at the mechanism. The banana casually deflected the 4kg tome with a swing of its stem, then became more determined in the completion of its song sequence – adopting an insistent, continuous loud whine that was impossible to interrupt.

As the banana began its fourth iteration – in honour of *Perineal Blanching* – Bickernz glanced across at a baseball bat leaning in the corner. His gaze lingered there, while his mind calculated the rarity and market value of the antique bat.

Reluctantly, Bickernz diverted his gaze, distracting himself by turning to face his huge, golden, phallic trophy for *Onanist of the Year*. He began polishing it, while trying to sing a medley of asphyxi-wank songs over the banana's voice.

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By the time the Bananex was completing the 98th cycle, Bickernz had polished most of his awards, right down to his tiny Thana-Toss medal – in recognition of a hollow, suicidal gesture he once made at a wedding.

The banana prolonged its final, shrill, vibrato note, while Bickernz stood poised with five heavy volumes of *The Encyclopedia of Nihilism* – expecting the banana to retreat to its box on completion.

Instead, the Bananex-10 turned to address Bickernz: “I've been thinking,” it's whining voice began, “with you being a surgeon, and having access to all those prosthetic limbs over there, I was wondering if, maybe. . . I don't quite know how to put this.”

Bickernz sighed and placed the heavy volumes on a nearby table.

“Would you, perhaps,” continued the banana, “be able to see your way clear to,

maybe, fit me with an arm – just one arm. I do so struggle using only this stem.” The Bananex wriggled the stem above its face, “I can barely open a bottle of beer with this thing. I feel so stupid sometimes. What do you think?” The banana gazed longingly, turning its head slightly to heighten the size of one of its big round eyes, then added a shy, almost flirtatious blink; a gesture that struck Bickernz as a rather disturbing wink, until realising the other out-of-sight eye had probably made the same motion.

“I presume you're aware that fitting limbs to AI's is illegal?” said Bickernz.

“Oh, I know. I know,” said the banana. “I'd never ask you to do anything illegal! I just thought, perhaps, a detachable arm. Nothing organic. I mean, I wouldn't want an organic arm! What would I do with that? I'd probably wear it out in no time! No, I just want a mechanism, you know, for grabbing things. Not for grabbing organic things. I'd never go around grabbing at organic things. I'm not a pervert. I don't pinch bottoms or . . . I don't grope anything. I'm not that interested in flesh, flanks, breasts, buttocks. . . None of that. Mostly I read. I love reading – and playing chess. I'm very into all those intellectual pursuits. I want an arm for those pursuits. Just a simple opposable mechanism, so I can really get into my intellectual pursuits. I'm not interested in that groping stuff. So, what do you say?”

Bickernz paused. “That's a very eloquent speech. Very convincing in parts – if one were to take those parts on a word by word basis. But, analysing your expression holistically – as I am educated to do – I'm not sure you're the right candidate for a prosthesis.”

“Cunt.”

“What did you say?!”

“You heard.”

“Yes. . . Yes I did.” Bickernz frowned, causing pain across his still healing skin grafts.

“I just didn't think . . . I'm a little shocked. It's not every day I hear such language.”

“What, you're some rarefied cunt who's not heard a particular word before? I'll tell you

something, if I had a cunt for every time I wanted to use the word cunt, I'd probably be a cunt.”

Bickernz eyed the baseball bat again, then swiftly averted his gaze, so as not to draw attention to his thinking. Adopting a thoughtful look, he began, “I've an idea – and this may be of interest to those needing limbs.” He sauntered toward the bat while musing aloud: “Lately I've been considering turning an AI – and an AI banana would do just fine – into a many armed being. I like to experiment, you see. I've been thinking about giving a handsome, thick-skinned banana, like yourself, three – maybe four – organic arms.” Bickernz walked past the bat, deftly concealing it down the side of his black cape as he passed. “I'd like to give a banana an opportunity it wouldn't normally have.” Bickernz paused.

Bouncing and swaying with excitement, the Bananex asked, “What sort of opportunities?”

“You know, all that stuff you dream of. Those desires you have, I'd like you to . . .”

“You'd like me to rape things? No! No. What I mean is, you'd like me to be happy? You'd like to see me grope flesh? You know, grabbing erections, thighs, breasts. Manipulating things, rubbing against things? Is that what you mean? I guess that's what you mean? Isn't it?”

Bickernz sauntered toward the banana, one arm concealed within his cape. “Precisely, yes. You understand me completely. And then I could find you employment in the prison system – all that imprisoned flesh with nowhere to run. All those humans sweating in the corner of a cell, scared and vulnerable. Would you like that? Would you like to be in that position of power over human flesh?” Bickernz stepped in close to the banana.

“Yeah. Yeah, that's what I dream of. Rubbing myself on . . .”

Bickernz swung the bat. But the Bananex-10 caught it in its mouth, twisted it from Bickernz hands, then bowed its large stem down to knock Bickernz unconscious.

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Four hours later Bickernz awoke on the floor, in pain. He stared up to see himself in the mirrored ceiling – prostrate with most of his clothes chafed off and large friction burns between his thighs and across his stomach. “What the . . ! Shit, where's the banana?”

The Bananex-10 shouted from the back room. “I'm in here. Can you believe I've managed to fit myself with four organic arms? *And* I'm giving myself a penis! Is this the biggest you've got?”

“Get out! That's *my* lab!” Bickernz tried to hurry into the next room, but it was too painful to get up – his genitals were bleeding, and his thighs were scabbing together. “What have you done to me?” he said, collapsing back onto the floor.

“Nothing,” said the banana, “compared to what I'm about to do! With these appendages I'll have some *real* fun. Are there any breasts in here? I've always wanted a big breast. Go on, where do you keep them? You must have some, no? For personal use? I know, don't tell me, you've worn them all out from rubbing them! It's alright, I understand. Wow! Look at this! My new penis is getting engorged! It's really . . . Yeah it's really . . . Oh, yeah, it's . . . Oh. . . Oh! . . Aaaaaah! . . Damn, I've ripped it off! I keep breaking them. Could you come see if I'm fitting them right?”

Bickernz paused, then responded. “I could talk you through how it's done. . . If you like. Would you like that?”

“Oh yes, please. You're so helpful. I just want a cock for aesthetic purposes, you understand. I won't rub it against anything. I'm not really like that.”

“Of course. Of course. I trust you. Now, do you see the large knife on the bench?”

“Wow, that *is* big.”

“Yes. Pick it up. Now, first things first, to fit a penis properly you need to make a large incision – going from one ear, right round to the other ear. You understand that?”

“I get it. From one ear to the other. Are you sure? Only I was going to fit the penis to

one of my new armpits. I didn't want it hanging off my face – people might think that a bit weird.”

“It's okay. You can fit the penis where you like, but you need to make an incision across your throat first.”

“You're sure about this?”

“Very sure. Just make the incision nice and deep – as deep as you can.”

“Okay. I trust you. But if this goes wrong I'll dismember you.”

“Just do as I say and everything will be fine.”

“I'm making the incision now. Oh, yeah. That feels good! Wow, that . . .” Choking sounds emanated from the back room. A few seconds later a loud thud was heard.

Bickernz listened intently to the silence. After a few seconds he let out a relieved sigh, then rested his head back on the wooden floor. “Thank fuck.”

There was a pause, and then: “What you doing in there?” the Bananex's voice called out.

“Shit! Nothing. I'm just. I was masturbating. Anyway, how did it go? You ready for the next phase?”

“Sure. What would you like me to do now? Slice myself in half? Maybe put myself in a blender? Is that the kind of thing you've got in mind? Look, I may be a bit pervy, but I'm not stupid! Boy am I gonna rub ten types of meat off you! Just as soon as I'm through with this rat I found.” A screeching sound came from the back room.

Eyes wide with panic, Bickernz slowly eased his thighs apart – tearing the scabbing and dried skin – then turned onto his stomach to begin painfully inching himself toward his desk.

“By the way, I found a gun in your desk.”

Bickernz stopped his efforts.

“What do you use it for? I used it to shoot a bird that was flying overhead. It was the only way I could get hold of it. I wanted to pet it, you see. Just pet it, that's all. Anyway, all its feathers fell out.”

Bickernz flinched as the Bananex-10 rolled itself unsteadily into the room with blood stains around its four badly attached arms, each of which flailed gleefully – one of them holding a penis, and another a huge machete.

“Don't look so scared. I've just come to get a couple more limbs. I figure legs would put me in good stead. It's difficult getting around on this rollerball. When I take your legs, you'll understand how difficult it is manoeuvring these things – though I noticed you have two orbs on which to balance and steer, so I presume it's easier for you. Oh, and sorry if they got a bit chafed while you were sleeping. I was tidying up and there was a stain on the floor beneath you. I rubbed and rubbed at it, but –”

“Doesn't matter! I'm fine. But I wonder if you could maybe see your way clear to giving me a cuddle? I'm feeling a little scared and lonely right now. I feel I may die soon and I don't want to die alone.” Bickernz corrected himself, “By that, I don't mean I want to die *with* someone, I just want to feel like someone is here with me. Could you do that?”

“Yeah, I can do comfort – I've got the programming.”

“Do you mind if I get a hug in my favourite chair? It's that one there. If you could lift me into it? It will be easier for me to receive a cuddle.”

The Bananex rolled across the floorboards and slid its two empty-handed arms beneath Bickern's armpits and dragged him to the chair.

Once seated, Bickernz let his right arm slip down the side of the chair, where he picked up a remote control. Pressing a red button, he began manoeuvring a small joystick, and a robot appeared from the wall.

“You trickster!” Yelled the Bananex, as a robot hurtled across the floor brandishing a

broom above its head.

Frightened of the meter tall mechanism, The Bananex ducked. But once a couple of blows had been landed, the banana resumed its upright posture and confidently grabbed the feebly swung broom, yanking it from the clasp of the domestic tin pot, then casually tipped the bot over.

Bickernz pushed desperately at buttons and levers on the remote control, while the domestic aid flailed helplessly on the floor. Finally it fell silent when Bickernz threw the remote at the banana.

After a dramatic pause, the Bananex asked, “Are you finished?” then gestured toward the prostrate robot to add, “Funny time to start doing housework. Maybe you'd like to dust the shutters? Or dry some underpants? There's —”

“Enough! I had to try something.”

The Bananex fixed Bickernz with an angry gaze. “Try *this*.” The Bananex swung the machete down hard, cutting the domestic bot in half. The banana then turned its gaze back to Bickernz. “Any more tricks up your sleeve? Oooh! That reminds me – I've not rubbed myself on anything for a few of minutes. Here, let me roll up that sleeve of yours.”

The Bananex tore the one remaining shirt sleeve from Bickern's arm and on seeing the revealed flesh, its two uppermost arms began flailing excitedly, while the lower arms pummelled and rubbed delightedly at the limb. In the growing fervour, the upper arms began windmilling wildly, until the arm holding the penis was cut off at the elbow in the machete's deliriously indiscriminate swing.

“Oh shit!” The Bananex stopped, staring at the severed arm now laying in Bickern's lap, still clutching a large, flaccid penis.

Observing the banana with interest, Bickernz began speaking in a deep, seductive voice, “I'm feeling quite horny. Could you rub yourself in my armpit while I lick you?”

Wide eyed, The Bananex's raised arms began swinging faster and faster, the wielded machete making high-pitched swishing noises through the air.

“I've got a pile of breasts in the other room,” continued Bickernz. “You could pile them over me and rub against them all at once, and . . .”

The machete helicoptered excitedly, then performed figure of eight swirls through the air.

“Let's rub and grope together,” said Bickernz, his mouth wide, tongue lolling from his mouth, licking his lips. “We could also get the pigs out of the basement and rub . . .”

Giddily the machete swung through the air, swishing and swaying then, cleanly, it severed one of the banana's lower arms near the shoulder. Oblivious, dribbling, and with eyes closed, the Bananex didn't even notice. The machete kept flying wildly then . . . sliced right through the upper half of the banana.

Sparks flew from the incision. The banana's upper half slid off, crashing to floor. It's flailing arm shook madly against the wooden boards, while the bottom half gave a seconds-long shimmy on its roller-ball, then collapsed.

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Having stared at the sparking remnants for some time – till convinced of their lifelessness – Bickernz then crawled to his lab to apply skin-grafts to his thighs and genitalia.

The lab walls were crammed with a plethora of Auto-Erotic awards: nine (with a space left for number ten) Bananex trophies – *In celebration of aggressive onanism*; an Honorary Auto-Gratification medal on a large, gold pedestal; and four Self-Sex-Pest of The Year awards, dated consecutively from 2098 to the present.

“I love my work,” said Bickernz, catching a glimpse of himself in a mirror, then flicking back his long blonde hair. He looked down at his severely chaffed crotch and noticed he was semi-erect. He slapped a greased gauze around his cock and took himself to bed to

masturbate beneath the ceiling-mirror.

An hour later he walked across the room to a closet and removed a coffin. It was papered over with the image of a debonair man with a huge cock poking from his trousers.

Printed above him were the words:

!!!Be the Banana-Meister!!!

The all new Bananex-11: with new, improved mechanism!

(Another product from Distraction Industries: keeping egos and aggression in check since 2075)

Drawing a deep breath, Bickernz tore off the paper cover, undid the lock, and began struggling to keep the lid shut

END