**Thoughts**

this fucking guy will not stop snoring goddamn his woman though what i would do to part her legs back to the ceiling and eat that

The torrent of thoughts jerks me awake and I try to push them out again but now they are pouring down like the smooth blubber off a spit-roasted pig. The first time I have been able to sleep in nearly a week and I am interrupted by my involuntary roommate. I clear my throat and it is misinterpreted as an invitation.

now he is about to have a coughing fit and get us all sick probably does not even have the good sense to cover his mouth with his hand when he coughs wait elbow is supposed to be better yes that is right i remember now but that is beyond the point he is not doing either is either or neither either neither not neither right because that is two negatives so i think that is correct but either neither no obviously either either way if i fall ill i swear i will sue this goddamn holiday inn who the hell does such a poor job of anticipating how many people it can lodge

I’m not exactly pleased myself, but this ass can only dwell on himself. No, everyone else must be having a dandy time being forced to now share the room with another couple, it’s only him whose private space is being trespassed upon.

I burrow myself into the bed and feel Layla shift her ass across my crotch in the reflex of her sleep. I am so so tired yet still my dick springs to attention like a dutiful soldier. I clench my teeth and imagine falling into darkness, crowding out everything around me so all I can see is black black black…until the monologue interrupts me again.

but wow she is sexy how did that prat snag her i wonder if she wakes up and annie stays asleep and maybe she will have to use the privy and i will follow her there and creep up behind her and slide my big fat meaty cock right next to her and she will be surprised of course but once she gets over the surprise

I want to sleep so bad. So bad. So very bad. The mattress is too soft and I am just falling and drowning in this idiot’s mental thoughts, rarely do I meet anyone who thinks so loudly and errantly, the true signs of a mental midget. His vestiges of thoughts claw over me with vindictive pleasure.

she will be delighted and gasp and say oh now here is a true man a true man who can please me and give me pleasure and make me scream and not snore

“I’m not even fucking snoring!”

If I had not been so tired, my mask would never have slipped but sleep deprivation turns a man into a shell of himself and suddenly I can barely breathe past the tension in the room. He has jerked to a sitting position and both our spouses are suddenly stirring.

“What did you say?”

how did this freak know i was just thinking about his snoring this is crazy this is crazy this is batshit crazy no he is crazy he is the crazy one was he even talking to me

I am so tired. I am not sure if I am dreaming or not and in this very instance I do not care.

“I said I’m not fucking snoring! And keep your mind off my wife!”

“Honey, what are you saying?”

“What the fuck are you talking about? What do you mean, keep my mind off…”

this guy is a freak how does he know what i was thinking

this is so embarrassing why is he shouting at this couple this is why i am always embarrassed to take him out in public

who is this guy and why is he accusing my husband of looking at his wife i am way more attractive than that skank look her left tit is hanging out right now and she is doing nothing to hide it probably trying to seduce my man like the attention seeking slut she is

My head is splitting under crashing waves. I stumble to my feet, tapping into aggression as the only energy possible of keeping me alive.

if he takes one more step towards me

what is he doing

i am scared

one more step just one more pussy let us see you take one more step

The colors fade in and out around me, I am relaxing my usual walls and letting all wash over me and I finally feel alive like I have never left alive and my heart is beating with power and knowledge and hate. I am tired of not sleeping. I am tired of pretending to be ordinary. I am tired of not taking advantage of my powers. My hand reaches out and smacks him across the face, catching him by surprise and sending him tumbling to the ground.

“How’s that for one more step!”

that is it he is asking for it

She reaches out and grabs me across the waist but I turn my hips and use her momentum against her and she goes sliding off into the nether regions of the dark corners of the hotel room. He is reaching for something in his own luggage and I realize I’ve made a big mistake a second before I see it.

no honey no no

if i have to use it so help me god i will use it

oh my god

The gun shakes in his hand as he presses it into my forehead but his eyes are steely. I take a deep breath and try to clear my mind.

if he moves i swear to god i am pulling the trigger i swear i swear i swear only an inch and i will pull the trigger and blow his head off

I do not move an inch.

i swear i swear

I try not to move an inch. But I am betrayed.

what is touching me

My cock has grown fat and full and rests for the merest second against his leg. It is enough.

fuck you

My head and cock explode at the same time.