

Bikini Bottom was devastated, ever since the Alaskan Bull worm had ripped through it, killing not just the Men but the women and children sea creatures. Patrick and Mr. Krabs were the last two survivors, for Sponge Bob and Sandy had both contracted aids and died, due to their imphatuation with the porn industry. Patrick now at the ripe age of 67 and Mr. Krabs even older at 89 were just two old strumps waiting to die. The Alaskan Bull Worm, however, was still in a terrorizing mood and could smell the two old salty fish men from a mile away. Krabs knew what was coming for him and wanted to put up one last fight. Patrick was just even more mentally stunted and wanted to see his old fuck-buddy the worm. Within a few minutes, the worm had arrived at the feet of Mr. Krabs and Patrick, yet the two old fish had different ideas. One wanted to pleasure the worm while the other wanted to kill it. Neither of the men knew the other's plans so they just went to work. Mr. Krabs violently clawed and strangled the worm with his crab grip while Patrick Star stroked the worm's large, slimy, pink rocket. The worm wasn't sure how to react, so it just sat there, accepting the different emotions that were being thrown in its face. OUCH! The worm belted out as Mr. Krabs ripped the worm's soft flesh. The pain made the worm flop up and down, making ti very hard for Patrick to rub its worm willy. "What are you doing Krab boy!" Patrick yelled in confusion and anger. "Well laddie, I'm trying to kill this god forbidden beast!" replied Krabs. Patrick was saddened at Krab's remark and came at Mr. Krabs with his fists clenched. POW! Patrick decked Mr. Krabs right in the shell, knocking his old fleshy body right out the bottom of the shell. Patrick then preceded to stomp on Krabs flesh, squishing him into the sand. Mr. Krabs was dead, for the lust of Patrick's heart was stronger than the love for his old comrade. The worm laid there patiently for Patrick's return. Patrick began stroking again. The worm was pleased and liked the way Patrick's dirty fingers felt on his throbbing pink pencil tip. Faster and Faster, Patrick rubbed and rubbed until... OUCH! The worm yelled ouch out of pleasure as his worm willy fired out a massive load of build up fluid. A mixture of salt, blood, and extra sick seamen clouded the water, making it hard for Patrick to see or breathe. He fell to the sandy floor and began heaving, as if he had no water to inhale. He fell, laying right next to Mr. Krabs, tears in his eyes and cum in his lungs. There patrick Died, with Krabs by his side. Never lust after a worm.