

WARNING: Mature Content, such as strong violence and nudity, have been censored for your protection.

However, to contribute to the plot of the story, most of the violence hasn't been censored. Only the one sexual part, has been blacked out.

A person who isn't suitable to read NSFL or NSFW shouldn't take this story very seriously. For example, please don't ever jack eighteen-wheelers, blow snot at policemen, or fart in the face of a liquor seller in real life!

Turn the page (or scroll down) to start reading the most Adult Humorous series of Max Alkali Alfred's adventures!

# MAX ALFRED AND HIS PROCRASTINATIVE ADDICTION TO GRAND THEFT AUTO V!

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Max Alkali “Alcoholley” Alfred turned sixteen years old just a minute ago. Seriously, his birthday is exactly at 6:28 PM. Once he knew the time on the clock, he plotted up a devious evil plan. So guess what? He ran out the door, snatched his bike, and rode onto the highway.

Ha-ha, you can’t ride bikes on the highway, but the police turned a blind eye (in the hobo passage). As he was about to get off the ramp, an eighteen-wheeler crashed into his bike tire, and he was basically flying. As if he was in Grand Theft Auto V, he was violently spinning in the air. In fact, the point of him on the highway is to ride to the game center, and get GTA Five!

“Thug those bus!” Max grumbled as his skull cracked on the ground. Concrete highways aren’t the best thing for riding without your helmet!

Max thought. Oh yeah, why can’t he ride to the car dealership, since he’s sixteen? So Max rode to the Toyota Center. He busted into the center, too fast for the automatic sliding doors to open before him. “YO DUDE!” he shouted. The workers in the center weren’t too pleased with him, so a woman kicked him out. Kicked out. On the butt.

Max wasn’t worried. He rode to the Nissan Center (with a flat bike tire)! “SUP!” Max hollered. Again, a woman kicked him out. On the butt. Although the woman got some smelly brown slime on her shoes, she laughed. It turns out Max’s butt was hit so hard, the poop from his anus exploded everywhere!

Max finally got upset. He raced back into the Nissan Center. “GTA FIVE!” he spit in the cashier’s face. He punched the woman directly in the face, as if it was real-life GTA Five.

A light-bulb blinked in Max's brain. He had a great Idea! In Grand Theft Auto, you can steal cars. Max relentlessly jacked straight into a PeterBuilt® NorthLine® Truck. The truck even had a hauler connected to it!

Max was so happy, he didn't know where he was going. Accidentally, he got a trial by jury scheduled due to running over a "constipated overweighted old lady."

Max always loved beer. Especially the kind with fifty grams of artificial-fat additives in it. He also loved being a morbidly obese gruntling. Every time he goes to a party, he asks, "Is there alcohol in this teenagers' party?" If someone replies, "No," or "You're too young for it," Max just slaps and punches them in the face, GTA style!

Suddenly, something caught his eye. WOW! It's a liquor shop. Max immediately jumps out of his truck. But I typed "immediately." Which means he never shut off the engine, he just jumped off the door. Which also means his (stolen) truck is still going with the door open.

"How old are you?" the liquor guy asked.

Max didn't bother to answer, he just farted loudly and grabbed the beer-bottle.

"Hey, that's rude!" the liquor guy remarked.

"Too bad, you slang-jacked simpleton! Your face is discombobulated!" Max replies angrily.

But the liquor seller couldn't get him back, because the stink of the fart was just too great to ever breathe in. Guess what? The liquor seller died.

Max was about to get on his truck... There's no truck, just a bunch of run-over people in the direction he left the truck running. He wasn't upset,

since you kill people in GTA Five. Instead, he hacked another Mack® DuraSteel® truck.

He stuck the beer bottle in the glovebox. Unfortunatley, he forgot how fast he's going. He went over fifty miles-per-hour above the speed limit, sixty! Which means he went up to a hundred-ten.

"Sir," a policeman asked. "Stop the truck." Max went on. "STOP, YOU IDIOTIC SIRI! You're going over the speed limit by forty-seven MPH!"

Max snatched the beer bottle, and briskly tossed it out the window. It hit the police's face, and glass poked into his nostrils. Boogers drooled everywhere, over the police's brand-new uniform. "HEY! No littering in Texas without a ten-thousand dollar fine!" he shouted back.

Max finally saw a famous M-Rated game shop. GameStop! Again, he opened the truck door, and jumped out without stopping the engine. This time, it drove over a girl, crushed her bikini, and made her get up naked with...

**Censored due to Mature Content!**

"Yo, sup yo git GTA Five?" he asked the GameStop assistant. Except the assistant didn't understand slang.

"What?" she asked.

"Yo, sup yo git GTA Five!" Max repeated.

"Huh?"

"YO SUP YO DUDE WANNA GIT GTA FIVE THUG!"

"I didn't hear that clearly."

“YO SUP WHASSUP DUDE GRAND THEFT AUTO FIVE THUG SLANG  
YO DUDE!”

“I don’t understand.”

WHAM! Max carelessly punched the assistant in the face, GTA Five style!

Here’s what violence Max did in the GameStop store:

“Your pants are too low,” someone said.

SLAP!

“Quit talking slang,” someone else said.

PUNCH!

“Stop punching or I’ll ask you to leave,” a woman said.

WHAM! Her skull shattered into pieces. She must’ve a really weak brain!

The next morning, Max finally arrived back home. His clothes were dirty, and his bike, well let’s just say it broke. Actually it had poop splattered all over it, because Max couldn’t afford to use the public bathroom. Just then, he got a kitchen knife, and sliced the GTA package in half. Then he grabbed the disk, punched his X-Box One until the CD tray opened, and shattered the DVD in there.

The next day, Max never went to school. And this was his daily routine:

- 9:00 AM-12:00 PM: GTA Five
- 12:00 PM-1:00 PM: Lunch
- Rest of the day: GTA Five
- 12:00 AM: Sleep until 9:00 AM

Once in a while, Max would buy some beer, wine, and E-cigarettes to ease his gameplay. And as long as his mom urged him to stop playing, he just dumps a green beer-bottle onto her face. And continues playing GTA Five!

Overtime, Max grows obese-er and less fit. Every day, he slacks off of school and studies, and returns to his five-hour routine of Grand Theft Auto.

**THE END! Be sure to rate the book on Narawa Games!**