

THE MIDNIGHT ITCH OF URANUS



story

GARRY CHARLES

graphics

AXL

AUTHORS NOTE

I'm gonna keep this quick but its always good to touch base with the readers. You all show constant support and it is appreciated more than you will ever know.

Thanks!!

I really want to thank Axl for the work he has done here, taking a short story and making it something just a little special. I hope I can work with him again on other projects.

And, Axl, I apologise for even asking you to draw a man looking at his own rectum in a mirror. I would not have expected you to go that far... not even in the name of art.

Anyway, I won't keep you sat here... I know you want to be moving along.

Garry Charles

Ever since the party a week ago
Justin had been suffering from what he called
the midnight itch of Uranus
and it was driving him mad.

The first night he'd awoken
and his prime thought
had been worms.

The little parasites that
feed off your waste
and venture out
under the cover of night
to lay eggs around
the holiest of holes.



He laid for over an hour,
fidgeting and scratching
at the offending area until,
after much cursing the itch
faded away.



The next morning he arose
and headed
straight for the bathroom,
forgetting his routine of
shave, shit and shower
and going straight
for the shit.



Once done he
crouched over the bowl
to check for signs of
infestation.



"Nothing."
He prodded
the bobbing turd
with an old
toothbrush
handle,



but found nothing
worm like
in the floater.



That night he awoke again
to the infernal itching
around his arsehole.



Jumping out of bed he ran
for the bathroom...

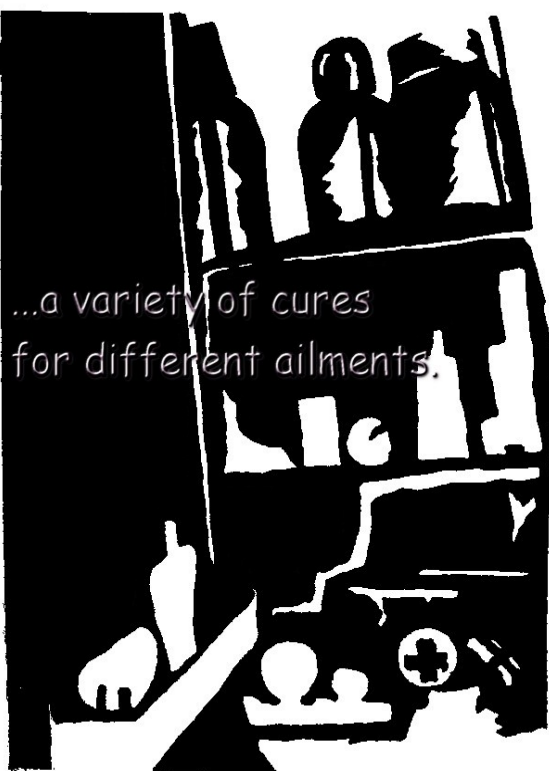


...bathroom and squat over a mirror taken from the window ledge.
The idea was to catch the wrigglers in the act.

"Damn."

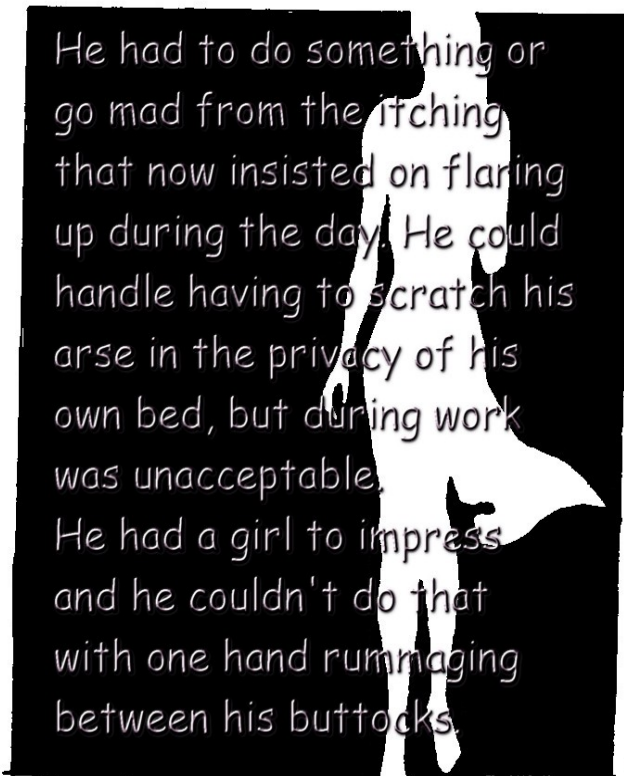
Apart from a severe redness his arse was clear.

Taking no chances he visited the chemists and came away with...



...a variety of cures
for different ailments.

He had to do something or
go mad from the itching
that now insisted on flaring
up during the day. He could
handle having to scratch his
arse in the privacy of his
own bed, but during work
was unacceptable.
He had a girl to impress
and he couldn't do that
with one hand rummaging
between his buttocks.



GILBERT, NO WAY, I'VE BEEN DRAWING A MAN LOOKING INTO A MIRROR AT HIS REAR!

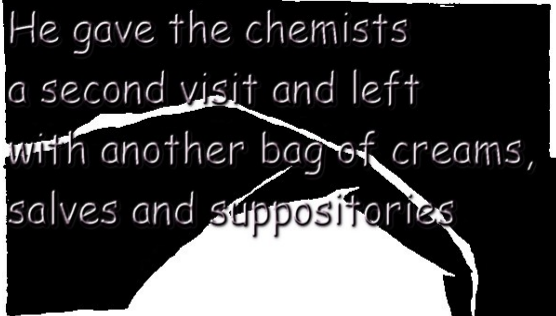
She was the new girl, foreign,
didn't say much, but the party
had shown off her lively side.
After a few drinks
she'd been his
for the night.



"That's it."
The light bulb of an idea
flickered in his mind.
"I bet she gave me something."



He gave the chemists
a second visit and left
with another bag of creams,
salves and suppositories



and that night, after inserting the infection killing bomb,
Justin fell asleep happy that he'd solved the problem.



Only to awake
three hours later
with his
arse on fire.



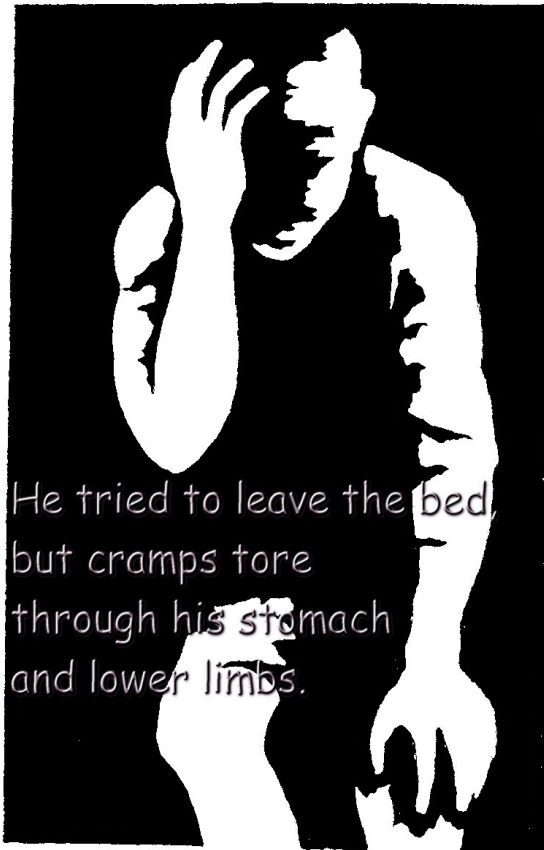
"FUCK ME!!!!"

He pulled down
the sheets
and reached
around to scratch.



"AHHH!!!!"

The flesh around his
nip valve was raw
and his hand
came up bloodied.



He tried to leave the bed, but cramps tore through his stomach and lower limbs.



"What's happening?"

There was no one to answer as his backside ripped open and a hundred foetus shaped creatures spilled out between his legs.



He watched in horror as they uncurled
and looked up at him with their mothers eyes.



Yes, she'd given him something,
but more than he bargained for.

Where she came from
the father carried the young.

"Dad."

As one they recognised him
and instinct took over.



They were hungry
and where they came from
the new born ate
the birth parent.



THE END