

## Louis meets the Candyman

He caught a glance of himself in the mirror as he entered the bathroom. He had always been embarrassed about his asymmetrical face and meager frame, but seeing this nightmarish apparition in the reflection, its grotesque, pimply belly skin smeared with stale ejaculate, brought Louis's self esteem even lower. Truly, he was a hideous specimen. The stench emanating from the clogged toilet did nothing to alleviate his self loathing. He had expelled a gargantuan turd from his cavernous rectum earlier that would have to be thoroughly mushed with a toilet brush before it would flush. Louis planned to do so later.

After wiping most of the cum from his torso and throwing the toilet paper on top of the shit tower, he dabbed a pool of gelatinous sperm inside of his navel with a q-tip and was further dismayed when it emerged with a brown streak. He needed to bathe badly, and his abnormally repulsive body was beginning to fester and ooze.

Things hadn't always been so bad. He had been ugly since birth, but it wasn't until he had been expelled from college for plagiarism that he had lost hope and stopped taking care of himself. Now he only left the house to stock up on crisps and milk (which he drank warm), and he hadn't showered in months. Everyone in his life hated him, especially his family, and nobody bothered to check in on him.

Now he spent his days producing youtube videos that nobody ever watched and masturbating over scat porn videos he downloaded online. He would often finger his rancid shitter while masturbating just so he could retract his fingers and stuff them up his crusty nostrils before bringing himself to orgasm. His nails were long, but there was enough hardened fecal waste underneath them to prevent them from peeling away the tender skin inside his nose.

Before his wank, he had finished producing a video about the fictional Candyman character. He had found a blog post on the topic and ripped it off for his video. He read large sections of the blogpost out and presented them as his own research. He had been stung for plagiarism before but old habits die hard, and besides, that was academia, not real life.

Still, he knew that what he had done was wrong, and the guilt that he felt, along with the abhorrence he felt for the freakshow attraction he saw when he looked in the mirror, was bringing him down further.

The Candyman character he had been reading about was supposedly fictional, but there were hints online that the story was based on an urban legend that had its basis in reality. The Candyman was said to appear if a person was to look in a mirror and say his name 5 times. He would then murder whoever had summoned him.

Louis didn't want to die, but he didn't have much to live for. Without thinking he glared at his reflection and said the word, "Candyman".

Nothing happened.

"Candyman.

Still nothing.

"Candyman. Candyman.

He drew a breath, hesitated a moment and finished.

"Candyman"

The light above the sink flickered, but this was a regular occurrence. Louis took one last look at his pitiful reflection in the mirror and turned to leave. As he reached for the doorknob, he saw it turning by itself. The door to his bedroom swung open. The darkness looked almost purple. Louis assumed this was due to his computer monitor and walked through the doorway. Just before he reached the chair on the other side of the room, a large hand gripped his shoulder.

"HELLO LOVELY BOY!", a deep voice boomed.

As the hand rotated his body, Louis came to face an enormous figure, almost indistinguishable from the darkness. Before he could move his lips to say a word a large, rusty hook descended from above the figure's head and lodged itself 4 inches into Louis's shoulder. Louis's body, decrepit and unattractive as it was, heaved back in response to the excruciating pain, but the large hand held him firmly in place. With a jolt, the shadowy figure withdrew the hook, which Louis

now noted took the place of its left hand, and with a deft flick of its tongue spat a thick wad of phlegm into Louis's shrieking mouth. With a succession of rapid movements it pushed Louis to the ground, pinned him down and rolled him over so he was face down in the unvacuumed carpet. It pulled Louis's good arm behind his back and wrapped its hook against Louis's frail neck, its point pressing against his jugular vein.

"Let me feel your muscles boy!", the voice hooted in Louis's ear. Louis was a little shrimp, and he would have been surprised at this demand at any point, but it was particularly confusing considering that both of his measly arms had been rendered inoperable. With a sob he tried to reason with the intruder, "I'd let you, but you've pinned both my arms."

This was greeted with a peal of laughter.

"No, no, no silly boy. I meant your sphincter muscles. I can see from the unflushed log in the toilet that you have the strength to work out some nasty jobbies. How about you try shoving this one out?"

With that, the shadowy figure began to brutally sodomise Louis. "I'm not doing this because I think you're sexy. I'm doing this because you're a piece of shit and you deserve to suffer.", it whispered in his ear.

This violent rape continued for what seemed like hours, each thrust of the Candyman's hips hitting Louis's body so hard that his hideously malformed face continuously smashed itself off the ground, causing him to lose several rotten teeth. Louis was suffering unimaginable agony, but he didn't feel any regret at summoning what he now assumed was some kind of demon. Deep inside he knew that he deserved every second of the brutal treatment he was receiving. Seconds after these thoughts passed through Louis's vapid brain, the Candyman smashed his hook through his temple, killing him instantly.