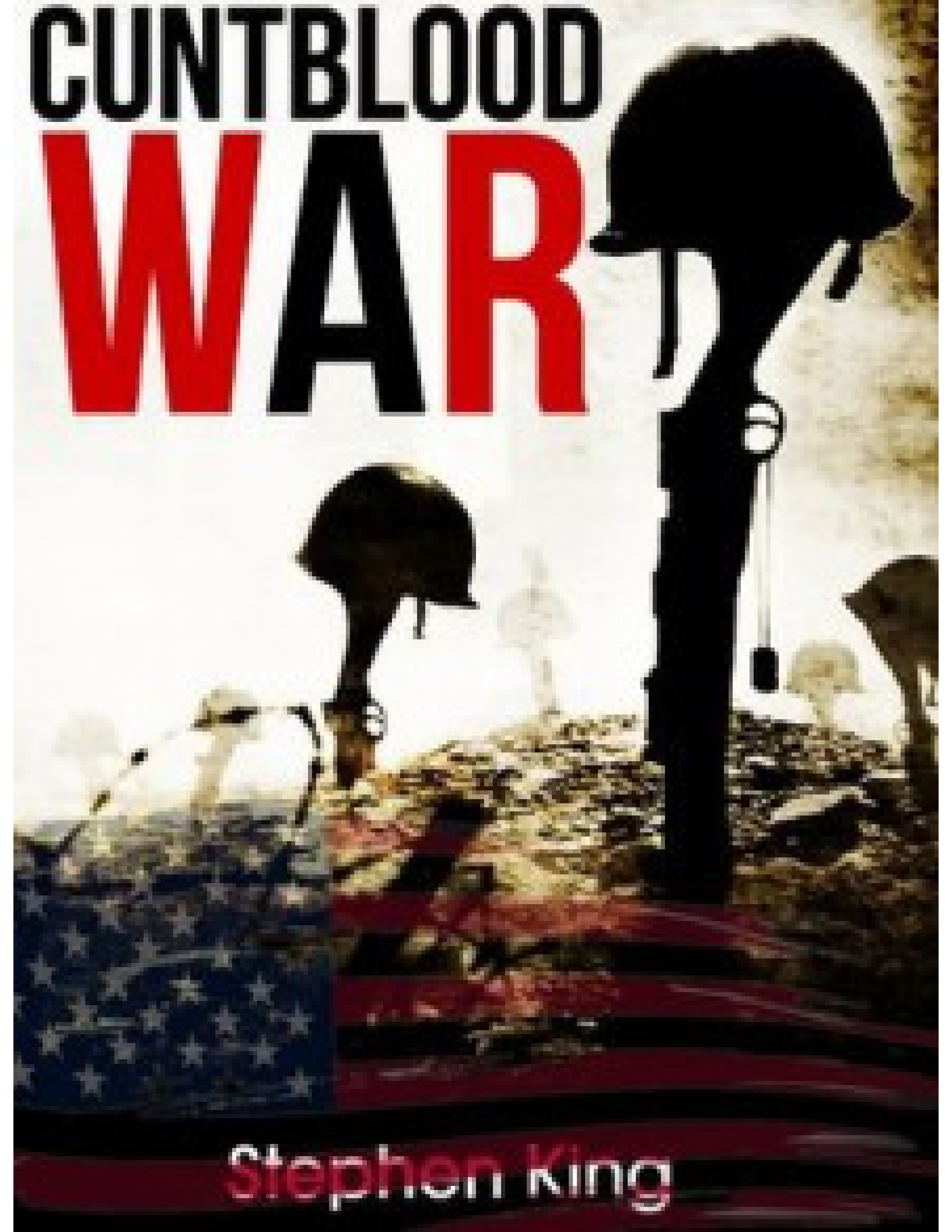


CUNT BLOOD WAR



Stephen King

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Let author Stephen King take you on one of the greatest adventures of all time! Follow 15 year old general Matt Carter as he uses his military skills to help stop a deadly terrorist!

General Matt Carter entered the conference room and adjusted his general's hat to make sure it was in the correct position. He surmised this was like a nervous tic, caused by the fact that he was entering a conference room full of the most important heads of the American Government.

Including President Hispanez, the first latino president in history.

This was a proud moment for General Carter, President Hispanez had personally selected General Carter to be head of security for this event, an awards ceremony honoring superstar Katy Perry for being the best person ever.

Most people would not consider it unusual for a General to be put in charge of a high profile event, especially when the President was in attendance but most people didn't know that General Matt Carter was only sixteen years old. A loose cannon with a blonde mop top and the hot ripped look of a young Chad Michael Murray.

Most people in the military did not approve of General Matt Carter's fly by the seat of his panties style of military command, but General Matt Carter really couldn't give a fuck. His way got things done, he'd won ten wars in under three years, including Iraq, Israel, the jungle, Africa, and operations on the Falklands Island. He'd even spent ten years on the down low in Harlem.

Matt Carter had an eagle eye and once, back during the Armenian genocide he had used his Luger pistol to shoot a rogue F-15 out of the sky. It was during this same genocide that Matt had met his best friend, the cat standing beside him right at that moment, the cat who always wore a pair of golden Marshwood style frames, Prof. Mark Kitteh.

“For the love of meow how long is this event gonna last Matthew? I know we are best friends but sometimes I resent going to these stuffy functions, it feels like back in the old days at Oxford being stuck with a bunch of stuffy PHD candidates,” Prof. Kitteh said.

“Don’t sweat it Prof. Kitteh, ” said General Matt Carter, “The President is about to give Katy Perry her gold medal and then we just have to escort her out.”

“Okay Matthew but you know I wanted to make it to Knotts Berry Farm in time to ride the Ghost Rider.”

“We’ll make it, today is gonna be a good day.”

But the door to the conference room exploded in a shower of wooden splinters. Startling everyone in the room and causing an aftershock that made Katy Perry’s boobs bounce up and down.

Most of the men in the room had been knocked over by the blast but General Matt Carter and Prof. Kitteh has rushed to the side of President Hispanez and Katy Perry. Prof. Kitteh buried his fuzzy kitteh body into Katy Perry’s ample cleavage to make sure she was safe.

“Oh thank you Prof. Kitteh, you are so sexy and intellectual will you lick my kitty later on tonight?” Katy Perry said.

“Of course I will lick your pussy Katy Perry, I would love to just let my tongue linger on your clit for an eternity. That taste of your pussy juice would taste just like the stars.”

“You guys need to cool out that sex stuff for a minute,” General Matt Carter said while brandishing his Walther PPK pistol, just like the kind James Bond uses.

General Matt Carter also stripped out of his General’s uniform so that he was only wearing a white t-shirt and loose blue jeans over a pair of brown Air Jordans. Over his white t-shirt Matt wore a Detroit

Pistons Jersey in honor of Bison Dele, the NBA star who got drowned under the ocean in a murder gone bad.

“I’m more comfortable now,” General Matt Carter said, “And ready to track the source of this explosion.”

“I believe the source of the explosion lays hither,” Prof. Kitteh said, “Beyond that door.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” General Matt Carter said.

“General Carter, ” President Hispanez said, “As the first hispanic president I demand to know what has just occurred.”

“In laymen’s terms,” Prof Kitteh said, “A compound of gunpowder and plastique explosive devices were ignited by a spark thrower.”

“Can the science Prof. Kitteh,” General Matt Carter said, “Some bad dude apparently decided to crash the party President Hispanez and I mean literally crash the party by crashing a bomb through the door.”

“Actually gentlemen,” said the lanky dark haired lady who stepped elegantly through the shattered door, “It wasn’t any kind of bomb at all, just my Anne Sexton powers.”

Then the dark haired foxy lady ripped a medal off her neck and tossed it like a discus at Katy Perry’s face. The medal slammed into Katy Perry’s face, crushed her nose inward into her brain, killing her instantly as her gray matter was flooded with pieces of broken bone.

The medal then returned to Anne Sexton’s long manicured fingers as if it was Thor’s hammer.

“Do you realize what you just did ese?” President Hispanez said.

“Yes,” Anne Sexton said, “I just used my Pulitzer prize to kill Katy Perry.”

“Why would you kill the best superstar ever?” Prof. Kitteh said.

“I don’t know,” Anne Sexton said as she threw her Pulitzer into Prof. Kitteh’s skull, exploding it to pieces, his brain fragments splattering General Matt Carter’s face so bad brain pieces went up his nose and made him sneeze, “Why did I just kill you?”

General Matt Carter blew his nose and then pointed his Walther PPK at Anne Sexton’s pussy.

“You just fucked yourself Anne Sexton, I’m gonna shoot you in your pussy and watch you bleed to death.”

“As much as I find you to be foxy and hot I’m afraid I just don’t have the time to get fucked by a bullet right now,” Anne Sexton said.

And with that Anne Sexton launched her Pulitzer into the air and held onto the ribbon trailing from it. The medal tore through the ceiling and pulled Anne Sexton up through the whole and into the sky like some kind of rocketship powered by poetry.

General Matt Carter lunged for the door but President Hispanez grabbed his shoulder.

“Lay off it Hispanez, I’m in a rush.”

“Listen General, I mean Matt, we’re friends first, colleagues second. You just lost your best friend. You’re too upset to handle this case.”

“Hector, we’re boys, Mark was your friend too, you have to let me go after her.”

“I know Matt, Hector would totally be down with what you are saying but in this room, on this day I’m not Hector Hispanez, I’m President Hispanez. I’m sorry Matt, I can’t let your personal feelings lead to an international incident. I’m calling in Shipwreck to take care of this.”

“Fuck Shipwreck and his stupid parrot Hector. You are letting me take this case, this is personal.”

“I’m sorry Matt,” Hector Hispanez said, “This is a business. Give me your gun and your general’s hat.”

“Fuck it yo,” said General Matt Carter, “I’m done with the military.”

Former General Matt Carter threw his gun and General’s hat on the floor of the conference room, which was located at the Sheraton Hotel.

“Don’t do this Matthew,” Hector Hispanez said, “You still have a solid career in the military...behind a desk.”

“I’m not in the military anymore,” Matt Carter said as he pulled out his switchblade and walked out the door.

Vice Chancellor Corwin approached President Hispanez with a shocked look on his face and brushed explosion debris and blood from his hair.

“President Hispanez, I am on the line with Shipwreck right now, he wants to know how to proceed.”

“Tell that Hawaiiin shirt wearing piece of shit that he can proceed to go fuck himself.”

“What the devil?” Vice Chancellor Corwin explained.

“Fuck this President shit,” said Hector Hispanez, “Mark Kiteh was my friend too, and so is Matt. Just call the chief of police and tell him to get me an unmarked car and a shotgun, I’m getting Matt’s back. I’m taking Anne Sexton down.”

“Whatever you say Hector,” Vice Chancellor Corwin said.

“And Vice Chancellor Corwin?”

“Yes Hector?”

“Tell that fucking no good, on the down low, cocksucking mother fucker to make sure she scratches the serial numbers off that fucking sawed off shotgun.”

#

Matt Carter stopped at his small studio apartment in Cincinnati to shower and change into a blue tracksuit.

The studio wasn't much but it suited his needs as a young bachelor always on the go.

Without his General's salary Matt was going to have to find another way to pay rent but he wasn't concerned with matters such as that right now.

Matt Carter was only concerned with revenge.

The problem was if Anne Sexton had the ability to take to the skies Matt was going to need to get his gyrocopter back from the boys at the docks.

And that meant Matt was going to have to do the one thing he promised himself he would never do.

Squash the beef with Nick Ramirez and the Sanchez boys.

Easier said than done thought Matt Carter as he wrapped a doo rag around his skull to reign in his unruly blonde locks.

I am also gonna need a haircut at some point, though Matt, as he slipped out the door while his feet whispered inside his soft Easy Spirit slip-on flats.

#

Hector Hispanez entered the office of the chief of police with a frowny face.

“What gives Chief Givens?”

Chief Robin Givens stopped painting her toe nails and slipped her pink Louboutin pumps back onto her feet. Then she uncrossed her shapely black legs and squeezed her chocolate boobs together.

“Listen Hector, your President, what kind of Chief of Police would I be if I just handed out guns and unmarked cars like candy?”

Hector threw his President’s badge down at Robin Givens feet.

“Fuck it, Matt Carter and Mark Kitch were my two best friend ever. We had a tight bond kind of like the characters in that movie Sleepers.”

“Okay Hector, you don’t want to be President then it’s done,” Robin Givens texted a bunch of stuff into her phone.

“What did you just do?”

“I just texted Vice Chancellor Corwin, he’s president now.”

“So can I have my shotgun and unmarked car now?”

“Sure just one thing though,” Robin Givens said.

“What’s that?”

“Suck my toes,” Robin Givens pointed down to her Louboutins.

“Sure,” Hector said, “That is really hot.”

#

“Matt Carter, I thought I smelled pussy stink around here,” Burt Sanchez said from his tire swing hanging over the shark tank at the docks.

“What’s up Burt,” Matt Carter said, “Listen where is Nick Ramirez and your brother Terry.”

“Fuck you wanna know where them guys be?” laughed Burt Sanchez with a bad sneer.

“Listen Burt, I’m here to make peace, squash the beef.”

“Oh yeah. Wonder why?” laughed Burt Sanchez, “You got a taste for the skies?”

“This isn’t just about the gyrocopter.”

“Be a hot day up in hell the day I believe that bull tripe,” giggled Burt Sanchez furiously.

“Damn it Burt,” Matt Carter said as he slashed Burt Sanchez’s thick Puerto Rican throat with his pearl handled switchblade, “I’m off the rails now, don’t you get it?”

Just then Matt heard a light clapping and looked up to see Nick Ramirez standing next to Terry Sanchez.

“Bravo Carter,” said Nick Ramirez, “I applaud your furiousness.”

“Can it Ramirez,” Matt Carter said, “I’m here to squash the beef for once.”

“Squash the beef? You just killed my brother in cold blood,” Terry Sanchez fumed.

Nick Ramirez pulled out a grenade and stuck it up Terry's ass, then he pulled the pin and kicked him off the docks into the ocean.

Terry screamed as he plunged through the cold water and his ass exploded in a shower of shit and guts.

A shit and gut burst splashed the lapel of Matt's blue tracksuit.

"Nice move Ramirez."

"That's what I think about peace Carter, I don't squash beefs and neither do you. You came here for that good for nothing gyrocopter but I won it off you fair and square during a gambling match."

"You cheated at that gambling match Ramirez," Matt pointed his switchblade at Ramirez.

To be totally continued...