

Destiny

"What is the meaning of life?" The professor asked his class. "Why are we here? What's the purpose behind it all? What *is* life? What *is* purpose? These are the questions which man has been battling with since the beginning. Who am I? Why do I exist? What is the *reason*?"

Stupid. All of it. Meaningless drivel, as all philosophy is. It's asking the wrong questions in the hope of finding 'meaningful' answers. Philosophers are the people who spend their entire lives asking flawed questions and patting themselves on the back and jerking each other off when they think of some bogus 'this sounds deep and intellectual' answer.

What is the meaning of life? A stupid, broken question.

What on Earth makes you think there even *is* a meaning of life?

As far as I'm concerned, and from everything I've seen in my life, there is no meaning. No reason. No grand plan. No huge destiny that we're all woven into. We're just bags of meat and bone and blood wandering around the world with some mild modicum of self-awareness and intelligence.

That's it. Nothing more.

Anyone who disagrees with that is wrong. They *believe* otherwise, but can't back up evidence for that belief.

Amazing how many people in the world delude themselves into believing that they're special or important, that there's a meaning and purpose to their life. Arrogant and self-important and stupid in equal measures.

Me? I'm a realist. I see the world as it is.

And, unlike most people, I have the balls to actually *say* it.

You're not important. You're just meat that isn't rotting yet.

Some people might call me a heartless bitch, and they most certainly do, but that doesn't change the reality of the world. There is no meaning, no destiny, no purpose. None of that. We're just flesh-bags with the ability to think – some more intensely and clearly than others.

Don't shoot the messenger. It's not my fault your life is meaningless.

The simple truth is that you don't matter.

I zoned out the rest of the professor's little speech. I didn't need to hear it. This wasn't a class I'd be taking. I'd just stopped by to listen to the stupidity, to see the sea of people holding to the professor's every word as if he were in any way deserving of it.

Idiots and dipshits, the lot of them.

Idolising anyone was moronic. But choosing to idolise a philosopher? Now *that* was a special kind of stupid if you ask me.

"Did you like the lecture?" Someone said behind me as I was getting up to leave.

I glanced over my shoulder and, sure enough, they were talking to me.

"No," was the only answer I deigned to give. Why waste my time sharing opinions and thoughts that this tool was unlikely to understand?

"Oh? That's too bad," the guy said, stepping up beside me. "I'm Jack, by the way. I haven't seen you around."

"Don't care," I said, not looking at the guy as I began walking away.

Not getting the message, the guy – Jack – kept pace beside me. He was smiling for some reason, a happy-go-lucky grin. The kind of smile you expect to see on the faces of morons and dimwits; it screamed 'I'm too stupid to realise I have no chance'.

"Hey, I know a great place nearby."

"Not interested," I stated loud and clear. Several heads turned in our direction at my words. It's annoying when I have to publicly humiliate guys, but when they refuse to realise

I have no interest in them, I'm left with no other choice.

The guy glanced around, saw the faces staring at him and blushed.

I kept walking, leaving him behind.

Why did guys always think they could bother me like that? What gave them the impression that I was the type of girl who was in any way interested?

When a girl is as attractive as I am, guys should know not to even attempt to hit on them. The only reason someone like me would ever be single is if I *wanted* to be single. Which I was and did. If I was so inclined, I could get a boyfriend at any time. Fuck knows enough dumbasses were lined up hoping for that very chance.

I have no interest in dating. None at all.

Really, what are the benefits of having a boyfriend when you think about it?

Someone to spend time with? I'm fine with being alone. Someone to buy me gifts? I have more than enough money, if I want something I can just buy it for myself. Intimacy? Bleh, no thanks. Sex? I've got a vibrator in my dorm room that'd put most guys to shame.

All a boyfriend would do is waste my time and add unneeded drama to my life.

"Hello again," a guy said, taking a seat next to me.

I turned my head, annoyed, and saw that it was the same guy who'd tried talking to me earlier that same day. Jack. I groaned audibly, didn't even try to hide my dissatisfaction.

"Hey," he said, not seeming to be aware of how much I didn't want to talk to him, "I was wondering, what do you think about?"

"Look," I said firmly, coldly. "I'm not interested. Go bother someone else. Or, better yet, do the world a favour and jump off a bridge."

Harsh, maybe. But it'd get the message across.

"Yeah," the fuckwit grinned. "I kinda gathered that much already. But hear me out! I think you'll really enjoy chatting to me for a bit. I promise, it'll be mind-opening for you and an enjoyable experience for the both of us."

"No," I said, turning my attention away from the jackass.

I couldn't force him to move, or to not talk. Nor could I be fucked to get up and move myself. So I'd just have to ignore whatever nonsense the shitbag decided to spew my way. No problem.

Ignoring dumbasses was a common occurrence in my daily life.

"You ever been mountain climbing, or to the top of a really high skyscraper? Like, above the clouds kind of high?" Jack asked.

I said nothing, simply pretended he hadn't spoken.

"To be so high up, looking down. The sensation of vertigo. Do you know what 'vertigo' really is?"

Annoyingly, despite myself, I couldn't help but imagine it. Remember the stomach-twisting sensation of looking down at a floor that was way too far away. The unsettling feeling of being so dizzyingly, terrifyingly high.

"Vertigo," Jack said, voice soft and distant. "Is a phenomenon in which a person's mind shuts down. It's an instinctual thing. Humans weren't ever supposed to be that high in the sky, you know. Biologically, we're hunter-gatherers. We're meant to be on the ground like most other mammals. The only reason land-based mammals would ever be so high in the sky is if they were caught by a bird of prey."

There was something odd about his voice. It was soft, dreamy. It sounded almost unreal, inhuman.

"So, when a human sees that they're far higher up than they should naturally be, the brain shuts itself off. It's a defence mechanism, to protect them from the pain and fear of imminent death. It only takes a moment for our brains to realise that we're not actually in any danger but, for just that brief heartbeat, our brains stop working properly. And, *in* that

moment, a human becomes open to *other* influences.”

I blinked, felt a shiver run through my body. My heart seized in my chest, the ghost of vertigo filling my senses for just a brief heartbeat.

“Outside influences,” Jack said, voice barely audible. He sounded so far away, I could barely hear him. Yet he hadn’t moved an inch from where he sat next to me. “Like me.”

I moved on invisible strings, guided by unseen forces.

My dorm room opened and I slipped inside, my guest following close behind. He closed it, locked it.

It felt like a dream. Not entirely real. Yet, at the same time, I knew it must be. This wasn’t a dream. I wasn’t asleep. Jack was really inside my dorm room, taking his shirt off as I sat on the edge of my bed waiting.

“Take your pants off,” he said, eyes bright in the otherwise dark dorm room. “The top, too.”

I moved to obey, not quite sure why I was doing so.

Somehow, I knew I should be panicking. I knew I should be freaking out and demanding answers. Yet, I wasn’t. It was like a serene calm had washed over my, driving away all but the most essential thoughts. I knew I should be upset, angry, fearful. But all I could do was smile dreamily and obey.

My shirt dropped to the floor and, a moment later, I tugged down my pants to join it.

My brain, usually so fast and keen, was slow and slugging and lame.

“What’s your favourite position?” Jack asked. He was already naked, large cock standing to attention.

“I don’t...” My mind took a moment to process the question, come up with an answer. “Doggy-style.”

“Then go ahead and bend over for me,” Jack smiled. Such a kind, polite smile. Why did part of me want to punch him right in the face for it? Such a nice, happy smile.

I did as instructed, bent over my bed and waited as my partner came up behind me. He tugged my panties down himself, gentle and slow. Not in the rough, careless way other guys might.

“This,” he said, leaning over me. I felt his cock press to my entrance, felt the pressure of it slowly squeezing me open. “Is for your own good. I know you don’t understand right now, but you will. It’s not healthy to be so stuck up all the time. You just need release and a little perspective. That’s all. I’m just helping you out.”

He pushed forward.

A squeak escaped my lips, high-pitched and feminine. Usually, I’d hate sounding girly or feminine. But not right then.

Slowly at first, Jack began to thrust. His hands on my hips while I held myself up on my elbows. The sound of slapping skin filled my dorm room, soft moans and gentle gasps.

As he thrust forward, I bucked myself backwards.

And, for the next two and a half hours, I forgot all about the rest of the world. Forgot about me, who I was. And I lost myself in the sweet, rhythmic satisfaction.

It felt right. And it felt wrong.

Being filled, fucked, by this stranger. That wasn’t who I was. That wasn’t the type of girl I am. Yet, here I was, doing it. So, I *must* be that type of girl. Right?

Satisfied, erotic moans flowed freely from my lips.

Wanton abandon rocked my body back and forth.

I gave it my all, not stopping for a moment as I bounced on the dick inside me. First, Jack took be from behind. Then he pushed me onto the bed, had me lay on my back as I spread my legs wide for him. I didn’t complain, didn’t protest. Those thoughts and instincts were far too quiet for me to hear over the rapid-beating heart in my ears, the relentless

pounding between my legs.

What is the meaning of life?

I asked myself that question afterwards. Laying on my bed naked, a man's arms wrapped around my body. I couldn't get it out of my head. Tired and exhausted as I was, I couldn't sleep.

What is life's purpose?

Dumb philosophical questions. Questions with no answers. They weren't meant to be answered, but instead pondered ad nauseam.

What is *destiny*?

For as dumb as the questions were, I found myself thinking up answers for them. Pleasure, that was life's purpose. To enjoy as much as possible, while it was possible. That was life's meaning.

What about destiny? Was that real?

Sure, I told myself, bright in the afterglow of several wonderful orgasms. I had a destiny. A meaning. If pleasure was the purpose of life, then my meaning – my destiny – should be to seek out that pleasure.

It was only logical.

What greater destiny could there be for me than the pursuit of happiness?