

Justice in Hell

Hot. Why did it always have to be so hot?

Satan himself walked through the longest hallway in literal creation as he moved to his last case of the day. His cloven hooves sent sparks across the floor while little demons scurried to and from him, not wanting to get struck by a spark. They handed him his final case of the day, final two to be exact. His eyes narrowed at the reasons they were here and left out a deep huff. Thick dark smoke fell from his nostrils and filled the air as he moved even quicker to their assigned room.

There were two things that he hated most in the world, bullies, and homophobes. Much to his chagrin – Robert was a bully and John was a homophobe.

“Death by drunk driving,” the devil laughed to himself. He could hear the screams from the other recently deceased as they were introduced to their own personal hell. From the corner of his eyes, he could see the twisted nightmares that were brought to life that they would be living for the rest of eternity. He finished reading the papers before he incinerated them in his hand as he approached the door. He took one deep breath, pushed out the flames and smoke within him, and pushed open the door.

“BWAHAHA!” He laughed in a maniacal manner as he fell in to the traditional devil persona. The two human souls were bound in the center of the courtroom and screamed at the sight of him. The room was park and made of stone. The two men were chained by shadows and fear to the floor, unable to move, unable to escape. He saw their eyes widen as they tried to pull themselves free. Both men were strongly built, their muscles were clear as they tensed in an attempt to pull free. But the darkness was stronger, especially in hell. He glided into the room as flames erupted around them. He had stopped most of the older traditions; eternal torture, pitchfork and devil horns, but he couldn't get rid of the fire and brimstone. There was something about the theatrics that really gave him the entrance and the response that he loved. “Welcome to Hell!” He announced as flames licked the corners of his mouth and his eyes sank into the darkest black. They responded in the traditional way.

“Please no!”

“Why!? Why!?”

“God?! Help me!” The last one was always an annoying one for him. People always prayed to his father when the times were worst, and today was going to be the worst one in their very short lives and long eternal one.

“Eternal damnation for the ones – the ones....,” Satan began to speak but their screams continued to interrupt his usual speech. It had been a long week, and he was tired. So he cut straight to the point. “SILENCE!” He shouted, dropping the charades and walked further into the room without his usual flare. The two men fell silent, save for the whimpers that escaped their closed lips.

“I’m gonna break it down real quick and easy for the two of you. You are in hell, I’m the devil, and you two are about to be in a whole different type of personal hell. Now, which one of you is John?” They looked at each other and then back to Satan. He lifted a thin black eyebrow and waited for an answer.

“Him!” The tan one said as he pointed to his companion.

“So then you must be the spineless Robert. It makes sense that you would throw out your friend just like you showed no care for the guys you tortured and bullied the last few years.” Satan listed at least a dozen of different actions that he forced onto people that were weaker than him, and how it ended in the suicide of one particular boy. He then turned his attention to John.

“Don’t think that you are that much better than him. I know what you did behind closed doors to that boy in your fraternity. How it haunted him to the point where he too took his life. But you were still the popular, hot, rich fraternity boy. So why did it matter if a nobody took their life?” They opened their mouths to possibly plead their cases but Satan held his hand.

“No time for excuses your new afterlife beings now!” Satan said with a wave of his hands which sent demons from the sides of the room. Demons that were once hidden within the shadows jumped towards the souls and dragged them into the ground. They brought with them the darkness of the room and sent them into their own personal hells.

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“Mr. Johansson I hope you are not sleeping in my classroom!” A voice bellowed, awakening Robert from his sleep. He threw back his head from his desk and looked around himself. He wasn’t dead. He wasn’t in hell. He was in science class. He placed his hand on his heart and felt as it rapidly beat against his chest. It was all a dream.

“I’m sorry sir,” Robert spoke, not noticing the lisp or that his voice was softer and higher pitched than his usual deep baritone.

“I would expect not. I can’t have my star pupil sleeping in the class,” the teacher beamed at Robert as he turned back to the board.

Star pupil? Robert was a C average student at best across all his classes. He was never labeled the star pupil.

Robert looked towards one of the muscular students, his friend Rick that sat beside him, and gave him a head nod which said, "What's up." But his reaction was far from normal. The man's brows knitted together in confusion as he stared at Robert as if asking, "Why are you talking to me?" Before Robert could speak to his so-called friend, the bell for the classroom erupted and everyone began to fill out one after another. He was the last to leave and at the sight of his friend as he entered the bathroom he followed him.

"Rick, what's up?" He lisped, and the large student turned around.

"What faggot? You want something?" He asked as he grabbed at the heavy bulge in the front of his pants. "Trying to suck some dick between classes?"

"What? Rick, it's me, Robert," Robert said but as he turned towards the mirror and saw a gangly boy staring back at him. His hands flew to his face and screamed at his new reality. Gone were his muscles, his handsome face, and his tall stature. "AHHHHHHH!" Robert screamed so loud that the high pitch hurt his ears, it wasn't until Rick came up and pushed him into a wall.

Robert looked down at his thin hairy arms and felt his pimply face. His lips were too large and his nose was too wide. His ears pushed out like some sort of primate while his hair looked like it was bathed in a vat of oil. His once straight blonde hair was a curly frizzy mess. He opened his mouth and found his straight perfect teeth were gone and had turned yellow and crooked. What happened to him? He ran towards the mirror and stared at himself, but unknown to him – that gave the opening that Rick would need. It was quick. It was swift. He felt his little body as it was lifted up from the floor and his briefs were wedged between his bony ass.

"ATOMIC WEDGIE!" Rick shouted as he pulled and bounced Robert off the ground like a yo-yo. His fruit of the loom white briefs lifted him from the ground and strained. Robert screamed as Rick laughed as he tortured him. It wasn't until the waistband snapped was Robert free, but the sudden drop made him hit the floor. Robert fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes, and a sharp pain hit his frail body. Robert looked towards his friend as saw his large ass descend towards him. He barely had time to react before Rick grabbed the back of Robert's head and pushed his face into the seat of his jeans. "Fart number 1! Coming right up!"

PPPPPPFFFFFFRRRRRRRT

Robert felt the back of his mouth close up as his body reacted to the noxious fumes that were forced into his mouth. Robert coughed and tried to push him away but his weak body put up very little fight. Rick rubbed his ass all over Robert's face like he was a piece of toilet paper.

“Fart number 2! Here we go!” Rick joked as he pushed out his ass even more and let loose what sounded like an extremely wet one into Robert’s mouth.

PPPPFFWWWRRRRRRRTTTTTT

The smell was far worse than the first one was it slithered its way down his throat. He felt his world begin to spin as he grew nauseous from the fumes. He had never smelled something so horrible and it made his eyes water.

“No! Rick please you have to stop!” Robert pleaded as he was given a moment of reprieve from his but when he looked towards his friend. His normally blue eyes had gone black. Pitch black. He stared at the eyes and knew he recognized them. Hell wasn’t just a dream, he was still there.

“Time for the finishing touches faggot!” Rick said as he dragged Robert across the floor and towards one of the stalls. Even before he was close to the toilet he could smell the acidic piss in the air. Robert’s hands clung to the sides of the stain riddled toilet as Rick’s hand held the back of his head.

“Remember doing to all those guys in school? Remember when you used to laugh at them as they swallowed the piss that was in the toilet? Remember how they used to beg for you to stop. Well, now Robert it’s your turn. I want you to chug this toilet until it was empty.” And without another moment Rick plunged Robert’s head into the pissed filled toilet. He thought he would drown but right at the moment when he felt himself about to die, again, he would be pulled up. So his only option was to drink.

He chugged the piss from the toilet until he felt his stomach swell. He drank it until he felt that his bladder would explode from over inflation. He swallowed every drop that entered his mouth in hopes that it would be over soon. Though every time he was pulled away; whether it was for air, to be farted on, or to be taunted by the demon the toilet did not seem to empty. He lost count how many times he was pulled from the basin or how often he had to piss himself to relieve the pressure but he knew it had been a long time. Time became irrelevant to him as he slurped and guzzled the piss. He drank for long and so much that he felt his body react to it. His once-massive cock, which shrunken down to barely a numb, grew erect as he wrapped himself around the toilet and drank. The way he slurped the piss and hugged the toilet made it seem as if he worshiped it and the piss it provided.

“Yes piss pig. Drink up. It will be here for all of eternity. So I hope you grow to love it as much as I love watching you drink it.” The devil’s words fell on deaf ears as Robert drank the piss from the toilet with a deranged intensity. Even though some part of him begged him to stop; he had become addicted to the never-ending bowl of piss and would drink it until hell froze over.