

STRANGE LOVE

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Silas woke to his alarm assaulting his ears—*Depeche Mode* blasted.

“Alexa, stop!”

“Sorry, I didn’t understand that,” was her reply.

“Alexa, fucking stop!” Silas screamed.

“Christ, it’s too early for this shit,” he muttered. Sliding his legs to the edge of his well worn mattress, he sat, sticky with sweat despite the colder temps. He groaned as he eyed his massive morning erection. *One of these days you little fucker, I promise I’ll get you laid.*

Silas stood, stretched, and took a moment to sniff his pits. The ripe onion odor emitting from the damp hairs indicated that it was, in fact, time to shower. Silas shuffled to the small bathroom in the corner of his studio apartment. He slid the curtain closed, turned on the shower and stood before the mirror. He judged himself as the steam began to form—breathing in and out over the glass. “Yeah, pal,” he said, giving his erection a tug. “We have an uphill battle here.”

Looking closer, he noticed the new formation on his chin.

Fuck.

He shook his head and leaned in closer.

The zit on his chin pulsed. Rhythmic. Red. Glossy. Swollen like it was showing off for him.

“Damn, you’re huge! And you aren’t even ripe yet,” Silas said, watching as the pimple puckered. Not metaphorically. Literally. He watched as the skin folded inward, stretched out, reshaped over and over until it had formed a large, wet, and unmistakable mouth.

Silas...

He nervously looked over his shoulder.
Nothing. No one. Just the spatter of the
water hitting the tile.

Back to the mirror.

Silas watched as the mouth had formed what
was now a menacing smile.

“Nope. Absolutely fucking not! You’re
tired—delusional,” he said, smacking the side
of his jaw.

Please...it begged...I’m ready.

Silas smacked his jaw again, unsure why he
wasn’t screaming or running in the opposite
direction. He was even more perplexed when

his fingers rose on their own, hovering over his chin.

“This is stress,” he said to his reflection.

“This is what happens when you don’t sleep and eat garbage.”

He watched in horror as the mouth opened wider.

Please...please...please - it pleaded.

His fingers instinctively squeezed.

The mouth opened, spewing large amounts of thick white wetness. The release was obscene. Hot. Pressurized. The sound as it hit the mirror made Silas’ stomach flip. The

mouth screamed, not in pain, but in pleasure.

The sensation hit Silas so hard his knees buckled. He clutched the sink, breathing fast. Dizzy with relief and orgasmic satisfaction, he looked down at his engorged cock and watched as it ejaculated, the remnants dripping down his leg.

“What the....” Silas said as a full-body quiver shook his core.

He looked back up—the mouth was gone—just an angry, weeping crater left behind.

“Fucking disgusting, “ he said, watching as a second pimple formed.

They multiplied quickly after that. Faces bloomed across his skin, lips splitting through inflamed pores. He watched as the lips gave way to full on faces. Eyes blinked open and closed over puss swollen cheeks.

Some begged.

Some flirted.

Some just moaned his name like a succubus calling to a lover.

“This isn’t happening,” Silas cried. He wanted to wake up from this nightmare. He’d had enough. But *they* hadn’t.

Silas....Silas... dozens of pustules seducing him at once.

“Okay. Okay,” he said, looking in the mirror. “One at a fucking time.” He felt his fingers touch them. Caress them. Some moaned in delight as others cheered him on. The sound was deafening. The energy erotic. He felt his erection grow again. Harder and harder as each pop brought a rush. He had never felt this kind of pleasure.

That evening, Silas lay on his couch, completely and utterly exhausted from the

day-long supernatural orgy, when he heard another round of voices. Not his face, but his shoulder this time.

You're so good at this... they purred.

Silas shivered.

“I know he moaned,” walking to the mirror again. The evening session began.

Silas stopped going out. He was a prisoner in his own apartment. *They* had begged him for more mirrors, and he obliged. They cheered as delivery after delivery came. He tried to resist *them*. He did. But the ache was too much. Deep. Crawling. Unbearable. His skin reached the point where it throbbed in

unison with his penis. He knew he couldn't keep ignoring them. The voices grew, taunting him as a lover would.

You don't love us anymore?

We repulse you?

Some faces grew impatient. Angry. They began to pop themselves halfway—splitting, leaking, left open screaming, moaning—until he was forced to release.

A week went by. He had no time to eat, clean, or sleep. He had one epic orgasm after another until the day something changed.

Silas felt a shift under his ribs.

He looked. No pimple. No face. Something larger.

The mouths fell silent for the first time. Then he heard them cry in unison - *we weren't enough.*

A sharp stab hit his chest. Raising his hands he put pressure dead center hoping to dull the pain. It didn't. He looked into a mirror and watched in horror as the skin stretched and stretched. He saw something forming.

“Oh, no,” Silas cried. “No, no, no....”

The smile widened.

Open up - it said in a low, gravelly groan.

The apartment filled with screams. His.
Theirs. Ecstatic, endless screams.

Karl approached Silas' apartment. He had been getting complaints of a smell emanating from 213. He knocked. "Silas, Silas, you home?" No response. With a twist of his master key, Karl opened the door. The familiar smell of ejaculate and blood filled his nostrils. With one unlucky step forward, Karl found himself slipping to the floor. He wretched as he was engulfed in the blood-tinged goo, then he heard it...
Welcome Karl.