

The Diary of Mann Frank

by Maddox



My name is Mann Frank. I'm a 51-year-old, full-time badass motherfucker and Nazi hunter. My friends call me "mad ox," or Maddox for short, because when I get angry, I charge like a bull. The extra "d" is for double-d breasts, my favorite snack. Yeah, I know it's hokey, but so are my friends. I can't stand them. Most days I'd rather smoke my own fingers like cigars, but I consider it a form of charity when I hang out with them.

Killing Nazis is good business. I've made a great living for myself scalping fascist fucks, and have been able to fund my #1 hobby: destroying mansions. I buy mansions, live in them for a few weeks, then blow them up along with almost everything I own.

I say "almost" because the other day when I was rigging my beautiful 12-acre Malibu estate with high-powered explosives, I came across a crate in a storage unit that contained a bunch of my old stuff from my teenage years. It was mostly full of ancient weapons, cursed Egyptian gold, lad-mags, and a missing piece of the actual Rosetta stone from antiquity. But one item in the box stood out to me more than the others: my old diary. Its very existence is an anomaly, because remembering things is for idiots. I try to actively forget everything I remember because time spent remembering things that happened is time you could spend on things that are happening instead. I dusted it off and gave it a read so I could have a good laugh at my former self for apparently being a teenage girl. What follows are excerpts from the true story of my life, and the strongest case for remembering anything that I've ever read:

January 1, 1944

My family and I have been hiding for three months now. We took refuge in a house just south of Rotterdam in a remote farming community on my 16th birthday and have been hiding here ever since. My parents said it would only be until Holland was no longer occupied by Nazis. I didn't give a shit though, because I liked it here. Maybe it was the water, but something about this place made my beard grow crazy-thick. It drove all the village girls bonkers, and make them ache with longing for my chunky pud. Especially Helga, the milk girl. She was the daughter of Herr Freud, the owner of the only farm near town. She had pigtails, fair skin, freckles, dark strawberry red hair and brown eyes. Her ass was so fat that it would sweat where it creased. She'd give me armor-piercing boners. Or rather, I gave them to her.

I'd see Helga every Monday when her father would bring his goods to town. She would sneak off and climb up to my room with two jugs of milk. She first saw me through the window one morning while I was lathering my chest with hair wax. She was smitten, so she tried to get my attention by yodeling. It worked, because

I fucking love yodeling. Her visits were mutually beneficial; I got fresh goat milk, and she got nut-butter. Things were great while they lasted, until one day her hair got caught in a grain mill and she got crushed to death. At least, that's the story I tell people. She stopped visiting suddenly, and I made up that story to make myself feel better.

We were hiding specifically from the first ever Frauen Abteilung, or all-female battalion of Nazis. They were notorious as they were beautiful. There were rumors that they'd bang entire cities before executing their prisoners. Sometimes they didn't even use bullets, just their bodies. They'd use men and women alike as sexual puppets in their sick theater; sometimes their victims would be sore that they would never walk again. It was even rumored that they'd interrogate prisoners until they'd break, just so they could have traitor sex.

My parents did their best to shield me from such stories, but there was only so much my old-world parents could do. If they knew I wasn't a virgin, my dad would congratulate me, then box me. I secretly hoped he'd find out, because I looked forward to the day my dad and I could punch each other's lights out.

When my parents were day-drinking, I'd sneak outside to the local school yard and trade flasks of my their moonshine for pulp magazines. That's how I kept abreast of the Frauen Abteilung. I would read about their conquests and masturbate angrily. I would spend days in my room masturbating. My mother, the fool, felt sympathy for me. Moron.

January 3, 1944

I woke up to the sound of gunshots and broken glass outside. The Nazis were hitting our neighborhood. I ran to my window and saw several houses on fire. People were running and screaming everywhere. The Frauen Abteilung had found us. I had to do something. So I took my pants off and ran downstairs. My dad screamed, "Maddox, no, come back!" But it was too late; I had already ignored him.

I knew the woman battalion's weakness was raw dogging some teen-ween. I stood out in the street, intentionally flaccid. I had complete control over my erections, and could sprout a partial boner in fractional units of 1/16th. So for example, if I saw a nipple while passing a window on the street, I could pop a quarter boner at 1/4th strength (4 x 1/16). But then if I realized that nipple belonged to my mom, I could adjust it down to 1/8th or even 1/16th. I was never fully zero, because it was a physical impossibility due to my sheer virility. Perhaps it was the reason my mother always looked at me with a hint of malaise.

One of the cottages down the street exploded, and moments later a very tall Nazi woman walked out of the burning rubble. She was wearing long black boots, carrying a motorcycle helmet and a whip. She walked over to me and said,

"Vat do you sink you are doing? Ver are your papers?!"

I pointed down at my crotch, which was now at half-mast.

"Oh vell vell vell, vat do vee have here? Hmm? Teen-peen?" She took the bait. She pointed to the house across the street and ordered me inside. She marched me over to a worn leather couch and pushed me, but I was so stiff that her push completely repelled back onto her, causing her to fall on the couch instead.

"Vat? Zis is impossible! You are shtrong!"

She leaned over to inspect my pecker, when I suddenly popped a boner at full-mast. It burst so quickly that it poked her in the eye.

"Ooohh! Mein eyyyeeeee!" She moaned like she wanted more.

"Giff it to me, big boy!"

I tore her uniform open, exposing her ta-tas. They were super white. Fucking Hitler, man. I leaned down and motor-boated her. She had an orgasm every time my mouth bounced from her left boob to her right. She must have come 35 times at least.

"Ufff, ya, ya! Zehr gut!" The broad moaned.

By now her tongue was out and she was panting like a dog. I pat her on the head and told her "good boy." She lifted her leg and peed on me, so I smacked the hat off her head, grabbed her tight bun and rubbed her nose in her mess.

"Look at what you did. Look at it!"

She moaned deeply. Then I took a closer look... it wasn't pee, it was blood! She was a squirter and while I was motor-boating her, I was too busy to realize that she was squirting every time she came. She squirt so hard that every last drop of fluid was drained from her body, and all that was left was blood. I looked at my hand still holding her tightly woven bun, and realized that her face was gray and shriveled. Her eyes had sunken in and her mouth was dry and parched. I motor-boated her to death.

January 4, 1944

I woke up in my room, not remembering when I stumbled home. The house seemed eerily quiet; I could sense that something was wrong because my parents weren't belching raucously while drinking downstairs. Then I heard footsteps coming from below me. I looked through the floorboards and saw the Frauen soldiers searching our house.

There were three women; two of them clearly following a woman of larger carriage with curly dark reddish hair. The woman behind her had braided blonde pig tails and looked like a fascist Bette Davis. The other woman was a short brunette who looked like she'd be a boring dinner guest if she weren't wearing an SS uniform.

They were looking for hidden refugees by using a stethoscope to listen to the walls. The leader slowly made her way up the stairs, listening carefully while the

other two rummaged through an old drawer of my boxers near the entryway. They sniffed with delight and seemed intoxicated by the aroma of my crotch. I don't blame them; even fascists have basic needs, and right now their needs were being met by the specter of my balls.

I watched as the leader crept closer to where I was hiding in my room upstairs, until she finally stood right in front of me. She paused momentarily, so I held my breath until she moved on. Just when I thought I was in the clear, she came back to listen to the same spot on the wall. I took my pants off, lifted myself on my tippy-toes, and pressed my crotch against the wall.

"I zink I hear shomethink!"

I wound up my porker by sucking it into my body and with a loud crack I popped an extra-long boner that burst through the wall, throat-punching her through the back of her neck. She held her throat as she slowly bled to death, with a look of pure happiness on her face. The blonde and brunette ran to her aid, but stopped when they saw my boner sticking through the wall, and were overcome with horniness. The blonde turned excitedly to the brunette and said,

"Check out zee kock, I vant to gobble zat feiny viener!"

"Ja me too, let's tag team zee veiner!"

They started to undress each other. I looked down at my boner, and maybe it was just an adrenaline-fueled hallucination, but I could have sworn my pee-hole winked at me.

I leaned back, sticking my wank-module out even further so it looked like I was brandishing my fleshy drumstick like a weapon. The ladies were startled, and leaned up against the wall like it was a stick-up. Only this was a dick-up, and their nipples stood up like hair on a cat's back.

"Vee neet sie kock in our faginas!" The brunette said.

"Sure," I said.

The lesbians looked genuinely confused by my voice, like they had somehow forgotten that this wasn't some detached phantom penis just sticking out of a wall. It was time to put these two knuckleheads down. This called for a secret ejaculation technique I had developed during my years of meditative masturbation: the shotcum blast.

I sucked my junk in like a stubby sea anemone. My balls got huge like a frog's stomach. The girls moved in closer to inspect the glorious hole my penis had made, as my wang continued to shrivel up.

"Vere did it go?" Asked the blonde like an idiot.

"Right here."

My boner sprang forward with a loud blast, completely emptying my nuts in a bright flash that it blew off the heads of both Nazis. Their bodies collapsed down the stairs and landed crotch-to-crotch like they were scissoring. Fucking awesome.

I opened the secret hatch in the ceiling and came downstairs to inspect the mess I made. My parents came out of hiding as well. I looked closely at the leader and

instantly recognized her: it was Helga! I kneeled down beside her, cradling her head in my arms. She looked like she was barely breathing.

"Helga, what the fuck?"

"Maddox... I'm dying... I wanted to tell you...that I'm a British secret agent!"

"That's cool as shit! Too bad you're bleeding out of your throat."

"...waaa'ah!" She made a sarcastic crying noise.

"Wait, I know what to do!"

I looked up and made eye-contact with my father. He gave me a nod of approval. I lifted Helga's head over my crotch and plugged up her throat with my pudgy growler. She smiled heartily.

"Hang in there baby, this'll stop the bleeding until I get you to a hospital."

I carried her awkwardly with her legs on my shoulders and her head hanging upside down with my erection going through her neck. Every few feet I'd stop, regain my grip, and lift her back up so she wouldn't fall and snap my junk off. Helga had gained a few pounds, so there was that.

When we finally arrived at the hospital, the nursing staff rushed her into an emergency room. I waited anxiously for the good news. Finally after what seemed like hours, a doctor came out after the operation.

"Well? Is she okay?"

"No, contracted an epidermal staphylococcus bacteria from your dick. She's dead."

"Hah! Good one."

"No, seriously, you fucking idiot. She's dead, and it's all your dick's fault. "

I blinked hard for a while, staring at the doctor to see if he was really joking after all. After a minute or so, I concluded that he wasn't.

"Okay." I said.

Maybe it was the sadness I was supposed to feel, but I looked down at my pud and for a moment I could have sworn he frowned at me. I had to cheer him up, so that night I rode my bike to a French bistro and treated my clam-stabber to some French Onion soup. I stuck my dick in the bowl and it sprang to life, bigger than the biggest locker-room daddy-boner the world had ever seen, knocking over my bowl of soup and breaking the table. An old lady sitting next to me looked astonished, and she offered her grand daughter's hand in marriage to my blue-veiner. My dick looked at her, then at me, then back at her and said with a perfect French accent, "Non."

The End.

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