

Thursday, April 28, 2022  
10:52 AM Central Standard Time (U.S.)

Dearest Gail,

I have quite the confession to make. However, to say that I am apologetic or feel any remorse for what I did would be an outright falsehood. I will never apologize for what I just had to do as a man and husband.

It all started when I was in my kitchen with Buddha, sharing conversation over tea. Lately we've been spending a lot of time getting to know each other.

My eyebrows narrowed and my lips pursed, I was lost in thought staring down into my cup. Buddha seemed to notice I hadn't taken a sip in a long time.

"What's on your mind, Brent?" He asked, sensing my unease.

"Well...I've just been concerned with the fact that getting buttfucked by Jesus took away my free will in regards to Gail sleeping with other men. Ever since I got buttfucked at that sex party on Discord Hangout Night, I've had no feelings of possessive attachment to Gail, and have let her have sex freely with other men. Even when I saw that her sexual and romantic inclinations had become focused almost entirely on Jesus, I just didn't feel the way a husband should feel about another guy moving in on his wife. I know that a cuck is a guy who's wife sleeps with other men. Does this really make me a cuck?"

Buddha sipped his tea, calmly listening.

"Hmm," he wisely considered, "this would depend on if this was happening because you mutually decided to have an open relationship with your wife, or if it's because you had no choice but to accept your wife's desires for other men and won't do anything to stop it."

"That's the thing," I replied, "I've asked Jesus to unbuttfuck me, so that I could have my free will back. I want the ability to consent to sexual acts in my marriage, rather than be under this buttfucking spell. But every time I ask to get unbuttfucked, Jesus tells me he's busy."

We both looked over at Jesus, who was currently fast asleep on my couch. He was snoring loudly, his mouth wide open, a tiny trickle of drool forming at the corners of his lips where he still had a joint. The joint fell from his lips and onto the couch.

"I see," Buddha observed, taking another sip of tea, "well, unbuttfucking isn't a difficult process. I can do it myself, if you'd like."

"Oh! Would you?" I breathed a sigh of relief, "I would appreciate that so much."

Buddha rose from his chair, and motioned for me to do so as well, "of course. Turn around. I'll need access to your root chakra."

"My root chakra? Where is that?"

Buddha gave me a long, deadpan look, and without him saying anything I knew exactly what he meant. I turned around and bent it over for Buddha, pulling my gluteal folds apart with my hands to "buss it wide open" as Terrance Jenkins would say.

Buddha cleared his throat, then closed his eyes. He placed both hands over my anus. After a few moments of meditation he spoke.

"I see...yes, yes...your root chakra has been closed by an outside force. This isn't good at all."

"Oh no. What does a closed root chakra mean? Am I going to be okay?"

"A closed root chakra can cause many mental and emotional problems, and can lead to health complications later down the road. However, I can open it by removing the blockage that has been placed there. May I?"

I nodded, clenching my jaw and preparing to be penetrated.

Buddha, rather than buttfuck me like Jesus, simply separated his hands in a spreading motion, as if opening me up. A ball of dark energy appeared around my anus. Buddha grabbed the energy ball and yanked, and as he did so, a burst of red glowing light exploded out of my anus. I immediately felt a rush of emotion.

"Buddha!" I gasped, "thank you! I feel..."

At first, I felt a livening sensation of energy, and fresh vitality. It was like the feeling of being dead and brought back to life. The blood surged through me again, turning back on all of my emotions. I felt love, I felt excitement, I felt satisfaction, and then...I felt clarity. A sudden sensation of deep wrongness. My insides filled with burning heat.

I stood, and stomped my way over to Jesus. Whirling to confront him, I stood between him and the television, my skin hot and steaming, my hands clenched into fists.

Jesus opened his eyes groggily, and looked at me. Within seconds, he seemed to know what had happened, and what I was thinking and feeling. Still groggy from his nap, and certainly from his drinking and pot smoking, Jesus stood up slowly and began to speak.

"Hey Brent. About Gail-"

WHAM.

I cold clocked Jesus across the jaw.

Jesus's head smacked to one side, and he grabbed his cheek in pain. He winced, but didn't react to me.

I fumed.

"KEEP MY WIFE'S NAME, OUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!"

Still buzzing with adrenaline and anger, I then turned, and began to walk away. Jesus lifted the sleeve of his white robe to wipe the blood now dripping from his nose.

"I forgive you, Brent."

The burning sensation overwhelmed me once again, harder and more explosively than ever before. I froze mid-step, my fists clenched, and turned back for Jesus.

Hot blooded and full of masculine fury, I began railing on Jesus's face with my fists. Beating and beating, I left knuckle marks on every square inch of his holy face, until there were no cheeks left to turn. Jesus did nothing to fight back, his body flailing limply under my brutal mauling.

Buddha was back in his seat at the kitchen table, sipping his tea and calmly watching the spectacle without reaction. The shadows of my silhouette mercilessly beating Jesus played across his visage.

I only stopped when my hands were too numb to continue. Jesus's face was so bloody it was almost unrecognizable. Heaving and out of breath, I walked back to the kitchen table.

Buddha finished the rest of his tea. I sat down beside him, my body now a shaking mess of nerves and adrenaline.

He allowed me a long moment to relax before he spoke.

"That was the right thing to do, Brent. You have brought honor to your Texas heritage as a man and faithful husband. You have also fulfilled the spiritual law of compensation, by returning to Jesus what he has given you. This has restored harmony and balance to the universe."

I only understood half of what he said. We both looked over at Jesus, who was now on the living room floor, rolling and groaning in pain. A flicker of curious concern crossed Buddha's stern eyes.

"It is, however, peculiar that you were able to injure him so easily."

"Good. I want him to remember this the next time he or anyone else tries fucking around and interfering with my marriage. If God himself showed up and tried to fuck my wife, I would beat the shit out of him too."

I sit here writing to you now with ice packs on both of my swollen, battered hands. Blood trickles from my open knuckles and sticks in between the keys of my keyboard, making this difficult to write. I'm proud to say that I am a Texas man who would protect my marriage no matter who I had to beat the ever living shit out of. As they say in the south, "fuck around and find out".

Your devoted husband,  
Brent Spiner