

Yoggs looked at his Mickey Mouse clock by his printer, it was 2AM. He slowly opened the FireFox internet browser on his computer as he scratched the duct tape covering his package. Lifting his hand, he saw the urine covering his thumb, he looked downwards, noticing the urine leaking from a corner of the duct tape. He ignored this, and raised his head to look at the monitor again.

"Oh yes. Oh yes." He thought as Half-Life Fallout loaded. His eyes immediately raced to the recent posts menu. His mouse icon hovering the *Friendly Challenge* thread, he clicked, anxiously waiting for the page to load.

### **Knock.**

"Otacon, what the hell?" He thought once he heard the sound coming from his door. Half-Life Fallout hadn't loaded yet, there was still time to check the progress of his mission, there was still time to answer the door. Yoggs got up from his chair and opened his room's door, allowing the smell of glue and alcohol to invade his entire house. After walking out of his room and going down the stairs, he looked through his door's peephole, but could only see part of a fragile female arm. Thinking it wouldn't be dangerous, he decided to open the door.

"Yes?" He said as he opened the door.

His stare of indifference quickly turned into one of horror.

"Hello, bitch." replied HotGore, holding a female arm.

HotGore threw it at Yoggs' face, causing the iconic man to hit the floor, all while yelping at the atrocious flesh that now laid on his chest.

HotGore entered the house and shut the door behind him, he reached his coat's pocket and pulled out a device shaped like an eye with a clock's arrow on it. He grabbed the arrow and pulled it to another side of the device, making a large portal appear above the device.

"What the fuck is that?" exclaimed Yoggs as he looked at the portal and threw the female arm on the ground beside him.

"Come with me." replied HotGore, grabbing Yoggs from the neck and walking into the portal with him.

Yoggs woke up on a strange place. The ground he was resting on was made of green rocks, to his side there were green mountains. Perhaps the most impressive thing he saw was a long, huge, skinny green neck coming from a mountain, this neck was attached to an enormous purple head that was looking at the passage as if it was accustomed to it. The head had no nose or lips, in their place there were spikes coming from where those facial features should be. Sight-seeing was cut short once Yoggs heard a loud buzzing sound that forced him to cover his ears and close his eyes. When he opened them, he saw a creature with HotGore's head and tentacles sprouting from the neck to the ground.

"What the hell is going on? Is this because of the way I left you all those years ago?" Yoggs let out in anguish.

HotGore looked at him for a second then spoke:

"My name is Xal'thur Nagvria. I am what's before and after. You posted in the *Friendly Challenge* thread on Half-Life Fallout, am I correct?" He said in an inhuman voice.

"Yes."

"Member of the Z species." Xal'thur looked at Yoggs. "The balance of the universe is at hand." He paused for a moment. "Half-Life Fallout was built over a very sexual website many years ago. Bond was counting that the daily masturbation the site members did would keep the bad spirits at bay, however, because of suicide mission's thread many members aren't engaging in any sort of sexual activity anymore. This could result in complications that would doom the human race, the lack of masturbation in Half-Life Fallout would make the elder Gods furious and make way for attacks from other dimensions. Which is why you need to stop."

"Stop? Stop what?"

"Abstinence. As you and society over the years has shown, it only leads to substance abuse and misery. You have not left your house in months, your life is empty and will keep being that way until you live your life the way you want it instead of trying to act like something you are not. Start masturbating again, Yoggs, be humanity's savior. Once the sperm emerges from your cock, many others on Half-Life Fallout will follow your example, and the modern world will be safe once again."

Xal'thur pulled the medallion from inside a batch of tentacles and opened the portal.

"Go back home. I shall not force you to masturbate, but if you wish for survival, you must."  
Yoggs got up and walked close to the portal.

"I'll consider it, but before I go, why do you have HotGore's face?" he asked.

"I have no form, and neither does this place. What you see is what you wanted to see, the same way as what you saw and heard before arriving was what you wanted to experience."  
With nothing else to say, Yoggs walked into the portal.

The next day, Yoggs woke up and checked his computer. Half-Life Fallout had finally finished loading after a brief period of server crashes. He clicked on Reply and posted on the thread:

"I lost."

Yoggs then closed Half-Life Fallout, he knew he was lying to himself. Sex and masturbation? Boring and disgusting. Posting in Half-Life Fallout? Dead and decaying. He had become something less than human, but something more as well.

*"Unleash yourself. Show the world your best smile."*

**The End**