His Fantastic Voyage

Sex.

If there was one thing Marty was sure and unsure of, it was sex.

Rarely were he and his partner on the same page, at times not even the same book or even language. It was satisfying and unsatisfying. It ended and never ended. He knew he was too focussed on himself. He felt more unsatisfied than not. Fortuitously, he was a talented engineerbiophysicist, with minors in computer science and miniaturization. Within a week he designed a suit he could wear, miniaturized, inside his body. The suit was programmed to reveal his emotions and thoughts.

He was certain this was a good idea.

He got into the suit, activated it, miniaturized and entered his body. A grinning shape stared at him. “Enter!” It giggled. “We knew you were coming. About coming.” It snickered and floated away.

Marty saw himself having sex. With his wife. With his sister. With his supervisor. With his dog. Did he only think about his own pleasure? His partner was irrelevant? He saw himself tied up, spanked—and saw him tying up others, spanking them. His holes were penetrated, he theirs. Domination seemed important. Images conflicted. All that mattered was some form of intercourse, Marty screwing or being screwed. It was all physical, no emotions, one person came at a time. He saw why the words we have for our greatest pleasures are the same words we use for making horrible mistakes. What triggered his sexual impulses? Apparently, everything.

He saw no love. He saw a hole inside himself.

He ended his fantastic voyage, pressing a button on his suit and leaving his body and its mysteries, controlled by conflicting drives he did not understand or even know about. He felt like a victim. With no idea how to fill the hole. Sex was a hole.

His next fantastic voyage into his body’s mysteries was his bladder.

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