

## King Leer

### [Reader Advisory]

King Leer was born Prince Lear but acquired his nickname in his teens. It fit. He slipped into being King Leer as easily as his hand into a fine glove, as he saw women: something soft to fit into. He was not a decent fellow, dominated by male fulfillment and power. He married and had three daughters. His Queen died mysteriously after the third birth (the King found she interfered with his affairs.) As his daughters matured and he aged, the King's lecherous eyes turned to them.

His daughters knew of his proclivities and sought advice and assistance from the royal aides. At the same time, he sought advice and assistance from his royal physician about his increasing inability to either achieve or maintain a woody. The whole family was frustrated and needed help (of different kinds.) The King sought help from his most trusted medical advisors: Dr. Oz, Dr. Phil and Kennedy (who had no medical degree but read a lot online.) They advised vitamins, bleach and no vaccines. The King caught measles and chicken pox and threw up a lot.

His daughters rejected his disgusting advances but were unable to find lovers—no one dared displease the King by showing affection towards them. They needed to control the King's outsized libido if not his personality, needed to keep him away from themselves and other women. After a struggle they won the debate with his advisors, who then showed the King not the social media sites he regularly typed on, under the pseudonym Epstein, but instead introduced him to porn. And cheeseburgers.

And that was the last anyone but servants saw of the King. His new nickname was King Jerkoff. The servants wore gloves.

For the first time, porn was the solution.

And cheeseburgers.