

Space Funk

Vince rolled his way into his parking space, but was slow to get out of the car. First the alpaca needed to look himself over in his sun visor's retractable mirror, a vain habit that he'd fallen into ever since he first learned how to drive. He'd straighten his hair or wipe the crust from his eyes. Sometimes he'd even apply some lip gloss, because why not? Though if he were more conscious of the things he did and why, when asked about this habitual star gazing Vince would have answered, that if nothing else, it offered him a chance look at himself and question, "Is this me?"

He felt like a sailor: married to his sea legs yet unable to walk straight on land. To which he wondered if the man in the mirror was indeed all that he was, or was there perhaps another part of him that had been lost to the sea of elsewhere and was now adrift in some faraway place. And that true, what was that missing part of him exactly?

"Who are you?" he mouthed, knowing full well that the answer was still far beyond his reach.

Finally stepping out of the car, he stretched out his legs and yawned in full view of the latch-key kids who played games on the sidewalk –and for a brief moment they all quieted down. The kids didn't know Vince by name, but they'd come to recognize him by heft of his hips, the clothes that he wore, and how his queer painted hooves clacked on across the parking lot. But today things were different. Today the twenty-something alpaca had traded in his pastels and rainbows for an outfit of black on black on black. Funeral attire. A dry cleaned suit and tie that Vince intended to strip off and forget just as he would the service he'd just attended.

At the ripe old age of ninety-one Vince's grandfather, Vernon Alvarez, had died in his sleep. Then at the behest of his family, Vince drove some three hundred miles out from his city to pay his respects to a man he'd never met. That morning, his car had pulled down a narrow gravel road, through curves and forest trees, until he saw the little old church sitting by the railroad tracks.

"You with the family?" an usher asked.

"Yes, I'm Vince Alvarez, he was my..."

"Lil' Vince! Why you've gotten so big!"

This was the usual meet-n-greet small talk that he had come to expect, but Vince could tell that 'big' made not in reference to his height. And were it not for him having arrived early that day, he would have then had face the indignity of his *buoyant* rear end taking up everyone's walking space. Alpacas were mountain folk, and when the times called for the fleecy camelids to come down from their peaks, they brought all of their mountain fairing traits with them. Slender log necks, rich elegant fur, and enough booty luggage to keep them sated even when food was sparse. Diet and exercise could be used to cut down on the bloat, but in an era of home delivered pizza, their jiggalicious genetics almost always won out.

For the Alvarez family, “A moment on the lips, forever on the hips,” was their defining mantra, with the woman expressing the widest curves in their jet black church clothes. But then as if to tip the balance, there was Vince bumping about in his fitted suit. The pants were sewn with a balloon seat: two square feet of extra fabric just to house his backside. The tailoring was been done back at a time when Vince was more active, back when he could still slip into a modest pair of hip huggers. But now they squeezed as his bottom like a second skin, leaving nothing to his family’s imagination. It was embarrassing. As Vince made his way down the aisle he knew all eyes were on him. For besides the casket, what else was there to look at?

“Show some respect!” he wanted to shout, but then alpaca remembered himself. These were the core members of the family he’d be yelling at, while he was estranged grandson who never so much as sent his grandfather a get-better-soon card before he passed. He couldn’t cause a scene. It wasn’t his right to. Moreover, now that Vince was the front of the church, there before him laid his grandpa Vernon. Stiff, dried, and painted up pretty.

The morticians had done a good job, Vince thought. By no means did Vernon look good enough to wake up and have a conversation, but whoever had worked on him clearly tried to capture the demeanor of a man that was happy with himself and content to slip on into the ever-elsewhere. This worked well to calm his grandson’s nerves. For even without knowing the man, standing the in the presence of a dead man would always give the surviving alpaca pause.

“Are you me?” Vince asked inside his head. They certainly shared in some of their features. But Vince knew that if he were ever to find that missing part of him, he wouldn’t find it lying with flowers in a casket. And so a quiet bow to his elder, Vince turned away and took his seat.

“And on this day we mourn the passing of...”

After the service, as a number of his relatives gathered in the vestibule, Vince felt a meaty tap his shoulder. He then turned to see the disgruntled face of his cousin, Vaughn, standing over him. “You staying for the burial?” Vaughn coughed, seemingly annoyed by his cleaner looking relative.

“Sorry, no,” Vince padded, “I need to get on the highway so I can beat the traffic.”

The mood in the room then went choppy. Both cousins knew they were being watched and nether knew what to do with their hands. For though the two had played together as boys a few bygone get-togethers -with Vince bringing his video-games and Vaughn bringing his football, the two had drifted apart from each other over the course of the decade. And now with them set beside each other once more, the differences between the two were stark; looking as though the two had been born on entirely separate planets.

As far as Vince knew, Vaughn was always in and out of jail for various burglary and assault related charges. When interviewed by the cops, the big man explained that it made him feel like a pirate. To live by his own rules, to bring home lots of treasure, and to always be one step ahead of the law. Though when the officers joked and asked why he didn't just sail out to sea and become an actual pirate, with no awareness whatsoever, Vaughn told them that it was because he couldn't swim.

Somehow the meathead had found himself a suit but he hadn't found a tailor. The rest of the family didn't appear to mind, but Vince was always keen on such types of things. He saw that with a few simple modifications, the ex-con could have been done up to look more refined and distinguished, yet as Vaughn appeared now, Vince was certain that his battle-ready arms were about to burst from their sleeves at any moment. The wannabe swashbuckler couldn't even button his upper most shirt buttons, which left his deep meat cleavage exposed to the open air. And his doorknocker nipples, pumped and plumped from tweaks and suction cups, tented at whatever bits he used to cover them.

An alpaca beefcake. Though even wasn't immune to the family curse.

"Your ass got fat," he said.

"I was about to say the same to you," Vince pointed back.

Then Vaughn grabbed a nipple and squeezed it, saying, "Follow me out to my truck, Grandpa wanted to give you something."

Two minutes later and Vince's mouth was slid across Vaughn's thick cock, proving that the brute was indeed big all over. They were sat together in the front seat of his six-wheeler, parked far from the church where no one could hear them moan. And Vaughn, taking to Vince as though he was some skank from a bar, he guided his cousin's head down over the length of his meat until his cousin's nose was pressed deep into his wooly pubic bush. He smelled of motor oil and speed stick, and his cum tasted of hard apple cider.

"Why'd you get so hot, cuz?" He huffed. "And you wear panties?"

"Sometimes" Vince answered on a chance lift for air.

"I need to bunk with you sometime when the pressure's off," he clenched, breathing deep as Vince fished out his cousin's balls and slurped them both into his mouth. It was just a little something extra that Vince knew none of the girls Vaughn fooled with would ever dare to do. "Fuck. Don't stop but I think I'm gonna cum!" the criminal heaved and sweat.

"Then let it cum," Vince breathed. "I want all of that nut in my mouth,"

Vaughn threw back his head, "Damn cuz... when'd you become a faggot?"

"When I learned that faggots do it better... tell me I'm wrong," Vince glomped.

Vaughn didn't masturbate, preferring to instead pump his cum into someone else -even if the wait left him pent up and angry, or even if his cum thickened up like melted skim cheese. And Vince, wanting to show off, chose to let every last drop pool in his mouth until his cheeks were full of it, just so that he could down all at once with a single greedy gulp. It looked as if the alpaca was swallowing a soccer ball, and the bulge rolled right down into his otherwise flat stomach. Vaughn roll down his window for some air and then for a minute he sat in the afterglow unable to speak because for the first time in ages he'd been presented with an honest head scratcher. Had Vince just turned him gay? Or rather, could he ever turn to women ever again after discovering how much better men felt?

Vince had his own theory on the matter. For him, the notion that men and women were designed for each other was only true insofar as they needed each other to reproduce. Yet when it actually came to pleasing one's own sex, nothing could beat the knowledge shared between those who owned the same parts. And by that token, Vince didn't view his sexuality as anything to make a big fuss about. He wouldn't be marching in any pride parades, nor would he waste time using made-up words. He would have sex with who he wanted to because he enjoyed it. He would suck off his cousin and eagerly swallow his cum because he liked it. "This is me, right?" he whispered.

Vaughn then lit a cigarette "Want one?" he offered.

"Thanks," Vince accepted. Too much time had passed since his last menthol.

"Y'know Grandpa smoked this right up to the end. The doctor said he'd lose a lung, but then he went and outlived the doctor!"

Vince blinked. "What did Grandpa want to give me again?"

From the back of his truck's tailgate Vaughn presented two cardboard crates worth of vintage vinyl record albums. Some of the sleeves were a little worn and faded, but the carry quality of the records themselves was impeccable. This compelled Vince to ask if they were reproductions, freshly pressed replacements so that Vernon could have kept using his record player, but Vaughn told him no. As far as the family knew, these records had been in their grandfather's possession for almost fifty years.

"He listened to them right up till the end."

"Funk... Pop... Disco... wow. No one ever told me Grandpa was such a party animal," Vince marveled.

"He kept it to himself," Vaughn smoked. "Before his health started to fail him, that is. Now him and I weren't that close either but they say he started to get a little nutty towards the end -talking about aliens and weird stuff like that. The old kook even tried to shank one of his nurses with a pudding spoon because he thought she was there take him to *galactic prison* or something like that."

"So why give'em to me? I never said two words to the guy."

"He left gifts for everyone. His suits, his jewelry... left the house to the aunts, and gave his cars to the uncles. Left me a sweet-ass hookah."

"And I got the music." Vince nodded.

"So don't you want it?"

"I do! I do! It's just... these are just... so cool!" Vince beamed as his ass lit up with excitement. He couldn't recognize any of the bands or album titles, but the album art were breathtaking. Psychedelic splashes of impossible vistas, far flung alien worlds, and mind bending galactic colors. He could see the music, the stars, and the infinite swirling expanse of the cosmos dancing together as willful slaves to the beat. And him, as an infinitesimal mote amongst that Technicolor tapestry of rhythm, wanted to dive right in so that he might sail throughout that infinite sea.

"Vince!" Vaughn then yelled.

"What?" Vince shook, snapping back down to earth.

"I was saying, do you need help getting these to your car?"

Vince blinked. "Oh yeah, sure. Thanks."

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The drive back home was quiet. What had begun as a cloudy day of reverence had since cleared into a rich sunset that Vince couldn't appreciate. At first he assumed the dower mood of the service had gotten to him. The sermon, for as hopeful and circumspect as it was, had failed to stifle any tears from the family. Vince then wondered if it was in fact envy that was pulling him down. For though he had sat amongst them and was able to see the pain of loss up close, his emotional detachment still felt as though he'd viewed it all through a telescope some thousand light years away. Did he wish to cry too? No. But did he now wish to have known Vernon too? Even without the record collection in the boot of his car, the answer was still a yes.

Finally back at his apartment building, Vince lugged his records up the full five flights of stairs. Taking the elevator was always an option, but it was far more courteous to take the long route lest he accidentally pinned someone against the wall. This however resulted in a Catch-22 wherein the more the alpaca worked out his glutes in the stairwell, the larger his ass became. "I bet I could fill the whole thing," he said blushing as he looked back over his shoulder bubble shaped rear. "Maybe I should invite Vaughn over when that happens."

"Why live on the top floor if you have to take the stairs?" someone once asked.

"Because I'm an alpaca," he then answered. "We're from the mountains, we like heights."

"That's just weird." they objected.

"How is it weird?"

"Only birds should like heights. You can't fly."

Then over the threshold, down the hallway, and into the front door of his apartment, Vince set the box of records down onto the carpet and took to stripping every last piece of clothing from his person. No hanging. No folding, just his shirt in the trashcan and his socks on the ceiling fan. He'd hunt for them all later when it came time to do the laundry, but for right now they were the shackles he was happy to do away with. And provided he kept the lights low and his blinds closed, the alpaca was perfectly in his right to strut around his apartment naked, which according to Vince was one the best parts of living alone.

The worst part of living alone was then perhaps losing himself to his own devices, in the quite literal sense. His phone, television, and a low power web book by his bed were his three windows into the outside universe, and it was through them he was subject to the ongoing dopamine drip time wasting bit chutes and degenerate pornography. His user name was Voyager69 and slightly under two million people had seen web-cam footage of himself masturbating for the camera, spliced into gay web advertisements for websites that he'd never uploaded to. It was the consequence of dipping his toe into web fame. But unless you were some whale eating people on stream, the effort hardly felt worth it.

"@Voyager69 u ok?" someone pinged to him on his phone.

Vince thumbed back, "Yea, service was good. I'm going to take a few days off from work."

"Take it easy then. Hope yuo feel better soon man."

And for the next six hours he did just that. It was decompression. Just as he'd gone about stripping off all of his clothes, he needed time to strip the day away; to replace the thoughts caskets and funeral wreaths with things less heavy, like bad movie reviews, cooking shows, or cyka bylat car-crash dash cam compilations. Though even when stumbled down the rabbit hole of gay frog conspiracy videos, there was his grandfather's records sitting out the corner of his eye.

They haunted him. Vince still had every intention of listening to them eventually, but something about this alien visitor in his apartment just didn't sit right. He would look back at his videos only to feel as though a pair of old eyes were silently judging him for dragging his feet. But this wasn't the ghost of his grandfather was it? No. Absolutely not. Ghosts didn't work that way. Not according to the internet at least.

It was then with a sigh, Vince stood up and marched towards the bathroom. "Fine. If we're gonna do this, then we're gonna do it right." he asserted as he fished out his water bong, grinder, and a small tub of pink and purple nuggets from under the sink. He'd been saving them for a special occasion, but Vince had now decided that if there were ever a time to halfway across the galaxy, it would be on a day such as his.

"Here's to you, Gramps," he said as he placed needle atop the first record and took a full hit from his first bowl. And out of all the other records this one was the least assuming; just a simple white label that read, "Vouge."

"Space Funk: take one..."

The groove that filled Vince's apartment wasn't a solo nor could it have been created in a vacuum. It was a collaborative sound, born dance lounges he'd never seen before. With less attention given to the melody or chord progression, a bold and bizarre mix of genres bounced along to the electric downbeat. And with little resistance, something about the music got into the alpaca's nonexistent pants. He felt no shame in moving to the groove, starting first with a simple two-step as he continued to smoke. It was a clumsy party of one as Vince did his best to not trip over the wires crisscrossing the shag carpeted floor. A thick jazz berry haze soon filled the cabin of the ship and Vince did his best to dance. First side to side, then up and down. And before an absolutely greasy cut from the record could warp the fabric of space time any further, Vince's enormous ass was plumped and primed to the beat.

This booty groove almost through the alpaca off balance, but luckily a pair of warm hands were there just in time to catch his ass from falling. Vince turned and said thank you to the giant, bare naked, geriatric, alpaca standing behind him and continued to dance. He then froze and looked behind him again.

The giant smiled, "H-hey why'd you stop?" he laughed.

Vince searched his thoughts. He'd smoked that night's particular strain of cannabis some weeks before, so he knew it hadn't been spiced with anything. But if standing in the presence of twelve foot tall alpaca with wax lips, buckteeth, and a pompadour didn't mark the start of a hallucinogenic freak out, then Vince didn't know what was. "Uh..."

Megalophobia, the fear of big things.

Vince trembled. The intruder's appearance was already disturbing enough with his exaggerated features, but to see him scaled up to such magnitude -with eyes as big as billiards and teeth as wide as piano keys- Vince was gripped by the primal urge to run and hide. For if the giant wanted to he could have swallowed a man of Vince's size with ease, assuming their ass wasn't as big. Though shockingly were the giant to shrink himself down as to stand eye to eye with the smaller alpaca, the former's ass still would have dwarfed the latter's to a ridiculous degree. For his wasn't an ass, but a moon.

"What's the matter son? Don't you want to dance with Grandpa?" the giant ask, licking his comically big lips and flashing the toothiest smile that Vince had ever seen.

"Grandpa?" Vince stammered.

"That's right soul child, the song's still playing so you'd best keep yer hips swaying." he rhymed, "Unless you want y'all's want to stay in this here *subspace entanglement* until morning. Your grandpa will still be here to make love to you either way," he winked.

"Y-you are not my grandfather," Vince shrank as he slid his way closer to the door. "My grandfather... he died so... who are you?" the naked queer inched.

"Really child? Does the pirate king's reputation not precede him? Oh-me, oh-my," the giant snarked. "Ain't you never paid attention in school? What do the teachers on this planet even teach anyway? Because I know that if they'd taught you right then you'd know all about legend himself. Last of the space alpacas and the most fashionable being in all of the galaxy!"

Vince then had a sudden flash of insight. Looking beyond the horizon one the giant's ass cheeks, he remembered the title of the record and said it aloud. "Vouge?"

"Oh so you *do* know who I am!" the giant beamed. "Be still my beating heart, you do have some brain cells! So why don't you groove on over here and give your old man a kiss?"

This was an easy no for Vince who was naked as the day he was born, turned to the door and hastefully and undid the lock. He intended to run away while screaming for help, but as he darted out of his apartment the hallway folded in on itself, transforming into room that he'd just left.

"*Nuh-uh-uh*," Vouge knowingly grinned as he waved a finger. "That ain't gonna work. The fourth and fifth dimensions are all mixed up and we can't leave until either you dance, or until the space time untangles itself, which by my count won't be for... another six earth hours," the alien grinned with the look of imminent rape in his eyes.

Vince turned around and tried the door for a second time, only to return through the bathroom on the opposites of the apartment. He then tried again, emerging next from his bedroom. And then again once more, but this time emerging from seemingly nowhere and into the warm embrace of Vouge's arms, hugging against his chest and sat upon the firm girth the alien's budding erection.

"Just sit on Grandpa's lap and stay a while. It'll be our secret. Your folks don't need to know," Vouge winked. The then willed a heart shape to appear. He then threw Vince on top of it and pinned him down, gearing himself to slide his probe up the earthling's open ass. "Little boys like you always taste so sweet," Vouge said, raising the bass in his voice.

"P-please don't! This... this isn't right!"

"But it *feels* right, doesn't it?"

That was when Vince stopped struggling and allowed himself to lax. Because only then was the earth alpaca able to grasp the full breadth of what the alien invader had been trying to tell him. And when Vince let go of his shame and let go of his fear he could see that the room around them was boiling, billowing, warping, moving and grooving along to the music. And like a kaleidoscope of scenery, the

interior of Vince's apartment folded away, changing fully into Vouge's intergalactic bachelor pad. A musk and smoke drenched space, decorated with all the antiquated kitsch of a funk master's far out fantasy; with shag carpeting, lava lamps, fur print blankets, black lights, bead curtains, and one disco ball.

"Do you love it?" Vouge asked.

Vince took a breath to answer, but the words became caught in his throat. Instead a single tear rolled from the side of his eye as feelings of calm gave way to feelings of nostalgia. Memories of things he couldn't understand came rushing in. Sweat peppered his forehead and the scene of cheap cologne filled his lungs, for now to look into Vouge's face was too look into a mirror, and in that mirror the long awaited answer to a question he'd always asked was at last there to be found.

"I finally get it now... You're me!" Vince gasped with astonishment.

Vouge then could have easily penetrated his prey. Both of their cocks were erect, and Vince's tender hole was clear for entry. But instead the giant space alpaca gave into his own sentimentality and removed his grip. Vouge then sat on the edge of the bed where he lit himself an alien cigarette that materialized from nowhere.

"It's good to have family ain't it?" Vouge sighed with a distant smile. "If need to hear it, *no* I'm not your grandpa. Perhaps you could think of me as your unde... your great great... really great uncle. Because at some point between now and the beginning of the time a brother of mine must've floated down here played with the planet's gene pool. *Left his genetic mark*, you could say. And that's why you remember this ship. That's why you remember this music. It's all because you and I are cut from the same fluff."

Vince leaned himself up and clasped his hands. "My cousin told me that my grandpa kept playing these records up until he died, and he left them to me. That's how I got them, but... but these all belonged to *you* originally, didn't they?"

Vouge frowned, fully aware of what was coming. "That's right. I gathered them up the last time I was here about fifty years ago. And I recorded and pressed this record were now listening to act as my subspace tunnel in case anyone wanted me to come back down to party."

Vince then stood to his feet, with his jaw clenched and his hands balled into angry fists. "You met my grandfather fifty years ago," he pointed with furious indignation. "And even when he was on his deathbed he played them just so that he could see *you*!"

"Sounds about right," Vouge leaned.

"So then why didn't you go to him like you did for me?" Vince stomped with outrage. Vince was then about to shout some more when the look on Vouge's face rendered him silent. For now in open betrayal of his otherwise lewd demeanor, Vouge looked sad. And had he been at that church while the funeral was being held, Vince wouldn't have noticed him because he like the rest would have been mourning all the same.

"Vouge I..."

"No, it's alright," the alien said as the tears started to fall. "I let myself get caught up in too many things, and let too much time slip by. Because I would have gone to him had I known but... the quantum entanglement... the only way to make it work is to dance... and Lil' Vern must have gotten too old to dance."

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Six hours passed and morning finally came. The subspace entanglement finally came undone, and Vouge's ship was cloaked atop the building's roof. Vince awoke to find himself lying on the floor of his apartment; spooned against his second grandfather obscenely large nipples were now poking him in the back. Vince was then able to breathe a sigh of relief because this was confirmation that the precious night hadn't been the product of some dream or drug induced hallucination. And though they were both naked, no sex had taken place. Instead two had expressed their intimacy by holding each other close and talking to one another. Vince asked questions about being a space pirate and exploring the cosmos, while Vouge kept asking about the latest music trends and whether not earthling technology has progressed beyond the 8 track tape.

"They're called Mp3's"

"Can they interface with a warp drive?"

"Not yet."

It was what Grandpa Vernon would have wanted. For though his days were now over, Vernon passed on knowing the loose ends of his life would be tied together after his death. The sexed crazed pirate from beyond the stars, the very one who changed his life, would now do the same with the grandson he never met. And just maybe, by getting to know Vouge, Vince would come to know what type of alpaca his grandfather truly was.

"So you're staying?" Vince asked as he moved from the floor and onto his couch.

"You never finished the dance, remember? And because of that my ship got dragged all the way here from a thousand light years away."

"I'm sorry," Vince blushed.

"Oh, don't worry about it. Let's just say that it's better for me to be here than where I last was. Because when you've lived as long as me you'll find that there's no shortage of people trying to kill your vibe. *Those galaxy police goons have got to be losing their minds right now trying to trace me,*" Vouge

smirked. "Besides, I need a vacation, you've got a lots more to learn, and we still all of these records to listen to!

"Well are you sure that's a good idea? I don't think the land lord will be happy if more aliens start to show up."

Vouge threw his head back and laughed. "There's no need to worry. The rest of these records are harmless. Trust me," he said in that knowing tone that only liars used. "This planet's so far from anywhere I doubt you'll ever run into anyone from off world besides me. But in the highly unlikely chance you do, you wouldn't mind doing one small favor for me?"

"Sure," Vince flinched. "What is it?"

"I need you to tell them that I raped you."

"Wuh?"

"Listen! I've got a reputation to keep!"