

# Circle Jerk

by

Brett Paufler's Computer

###

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**WARNING**  
**SWEARING, ADULT SITUATIONS, AND**  
**OTHER NASTINESS ABOUNDS**

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Let's start with a rape scene!  
Shall we start with a rape scene?  
You know you want to.  
You know I want to.

Her screams fill the night... too bad they are screams of ecstasy.  
She is really enjoying herself. And when I say screams, I mean  
screams.

'Yes! Yes! Don't stop! Oh, Gra'gl! Yes!'

So, like, screams... at the top of her lungs.

Which is to say, I can understand your confusion if you thought she was getting raped. Well, that and the fact that I said so.

Let's pull back.

It's a suburban night a few years before the World Began... your World Began, maybe... my World Began, most likely... this Story Began, bloody unlikely.

'Fuck! Yes!'

'Shut up!'

It is not the boy, young man, maybe bit of a twerp fucking her... but, no, that last, that part where I called him a bit of a twerp is really a bit of misdirection, as he's a fine specimen of a strapping young man... for a human, that is.

She's an Elf.

Best to capitalize that fucker!

She is an Elf!

And he (the person talking, is he a person) is a Half Breed (really, no need to capitalize): an Elf, human, half breed mix, an aberration before both God and Gra'gl... even if God doesn't play much of a role in this here story, but based on the inclusion of a rape scene right at the beginning, you can bet Gra'gl does.

Anyhow, the Half-Breed (smile, when you say that) is ugly, butt ugly, about as ugly as they come.

You've heard about *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*, well, two out of three ain't bad... which would mean good is the odd man out... so, the guy is bad... to the point of being evil (and hence, why Gra'gl might have a starring role in this here production). And much like Dorian Gray he (as in, the half breed, not Gra'gl, as we really haven't gotten to Gra'gl) wears it (his evilness) on his sleeve. The

mother fucker (have we gotten to that part of the story, yet) is bad. And the mother fucker (actually, I don't know if we ever get to that part of the story) is ugly. And some wonder if that's why the mother fucker (so, maybe, the fucking of mothers should be part of this story, I probably could switch it around so that it is) is evil.

That's probably why the mother fucker (has a nice ring to it, don't you think) is holding a knife.

His name is Brian (the mother fucker, it is). And call me a renegade storyteller, but I think characters should have names. And as troublesome as Brian is (he is no brain, this Brian), I've run the name through the compiler a couple of times now and that's what keeps coming out.

Brian!

It's a sort of English slaughterization of Bane, which is basically what Brian's Elvin name means, but one typically doesn't go around saying that sort of thing, 'Hello. My name's Bane, bane of your fucking existence, you piece of crap, good for nothing, shit-licking mother fucker,' (see, there's always room for another 'mother fucker' and/or a fucking of mother's at the end of any sentence) unless of course, your name is Brian and you're busy watching your best friend (well, he is) rape (er, I mean fuck) your sister in the back seat of your father's ('he ain't my fucking father') car.

Yeah, this could get hard to read.

Do you want to just pull back for a moment?

I know I do.

I want to just listen to the crickets. It's a nice summer's eve, early summer, late spring, and the insects are about, but they are not meddlesome, not troublesome, just a firefly here, a firefly there, a

moth... well, that fucking moth just got eaten by a bat. But don't worry, there are no vampires in this story. No werewolves either.

We'll get all the vampirism and lycanthropy we need from Brian.

'There's something wrong with that boy.'

'He just ain't right in the head.'

Or, you know, he's a fucking half breed. I mean, seriously, what the fuck, did you expect?

But rather than drifting off into some racist (or should that be specie-ist) fueled nonsense, I recommend you take a moment to take a deep breath and smell the world around you.

Personally (to start the scene), I prefer to come in low over the treetops... just sort of flying in, like a hover craft, like a drone, all silent, third person, removed, and distant.

It's a wonderful night, a beautiful night.

We are in the suburbs... not your suburbs, my suburbs, the suburbs of my youth (I was never your age), the suburbs of my mind (welcome to the promised land), where the residents are rich and acre sized parcels of land with houses the size of small mansion (so, are they houses or small mansions, make up your mind, dude) are the rule, and each one is thing of architectural custom-built wonder (though, imported stonework and brick seems to get more play than it should), while the yards are full of monstrous trees (mainly, I am referring to their size, but now that you mention it, a monster of a tree might be fun), all ancient and old, with a little garden off to the side (or a row of two of field crops: corn mainly) being the general rule; but please, keep your chickens indoors, as they aren't allowed

unless you are going to treat them like pets.

So, money.

We are talking about the *Lifestyles of the Rich and Not So Famous* at the turn of the last century.

But it's really not important.

What is important is the air!

So, let's get back to that, shall we?

The air is cool. There is a nice breeze. And the sky is clear, so the stars are out. And although there are houses all around, they might as well be empty, as the lights are off... or on... or off, as we desire. I mean, do you want to look at the stars? Then the lights are off. But if you want to watch the light reflect off the blade Brian is holding (even if reflect is the wrong word), then they are on. And if you want to lie on your back on the freshly polished leather upholstery of a Brand New Cadillac, then, perhaps, a moonlit night might serve best. After all, your name is Moon Berry... or some such shit like that... and if not you, than that Elvin bitch that is getting the what for in the backseat is named Moon Berry.

Of course (and this really does follow, just as surely as night follows day), she (Moon Berry) goes by the name of Holly, mainly because that's just so much easier than trying to explain anything (to humans, come on, you're probably a human and you know how dense you are) or deal with the perpetual insult of having her Real Name, her Elvin Name, mispronounced, continually and non-stop, throughout the rest of the book.

'Holly!'

'It's Holly!'

'I go by Holly!'

You ignorant human, piece of shit, as if all humans weren't ignorant pieces of shit. I mean, it goes without saying, does it not?

Yes, it does!

Being an Elf, Holly is a looker... or maybe that's just the *Third Law of Light Speculative Fiction*: as in, the female lead shall be breathtakingly beautiful. And being in this book (that is to say, any old book book that I might happen to write), it's High School Daze (even if I'm not sure what that means). And having Brian (the half breed mother fucker, in case you may have forgotten) as an older brother, she is getting the what for (and how) in the back seat of a Cadillac.

You can feel the thrusts if you want... or you can stare off at the stars. It's quite boring, at first. I mean, it is. And then, it is not. After all, it is quite exciting, to have this boy, this boy you know, have known, know so well, plunging deeply into you... actually, that is sort of boring, until it is not.

I mean, there you are, along for the ride, what choice do you have, not that you have a problem with your choice (or lack thereof), but it's not really hitting the spot, not really doing the trick, I mean, the motions are there, but then, not. And it's not until your brother takes out a blade, a wicked blade, an evil blade, a soul sucking blade and brings it to Tommy's throat that you really get your groove on.

'You're going to make my sister come, shit bag, or I'm going to slice your fucking throat.'

You see, he's not even yelling. So, it's hardly a threat, more of a

promise... but not to you. It's a promise to the universe, because, you know, fuck the universe.

You are Tommy. Do you want to be Tommy? Do you want to understand? Do you want to feel the story? Experience the story? Or do you wish to merely look on?

Fucking tourists!

Anyway, if you want to do this right, you'll have to fall into Tommy, and that means stepping into the backseat of the car where Holly waits for you.

Oh, right!

First things first!

The car is one of those New Fangled Cadillac's, top of the line, luxury liners. Of course, we are talking *pre fuel injection*, here, so there is not much chance of a digital harness (a CPU BUS, you ignorant, fuck). But then again, those carburetors were analog chemical wonders a century in the making. And if you think the devil himself (or some monster from the Chaos Dimensions, perhaps by the name of Gra'gl) did not live in the heart of that there beast (er, I mean engine), well then, you, my friend (can I call you my friend... I mean, I feel like we should be friends... or then again, do you prefer the mindless abuse that goes along with being called a stupid ass fuck) have not read enough modern fantasy fiction.

The car is alive!

Mu-ha-ha!

And is as much a character as you or me.

And comes complete with Dragon Horns (real ones, mind you,

seeing as how the dragon they at one time belonged to is no longer in need of them... being dead, OK, the dragon is Dead! Dead! Dead! and in memory of that honor, the honor of killing a dragon, it's horns were) mounted to the front grill of the aforementioned Cadillac, which also just happens to have a metallic green paint job that is out of this world.

And some people (humans, mostly) think Elves are tacky, I mean, as if.

Seriously, 'Flaunt it if you've got it!'  
And Elves (as a general) rule, have got it!

Anyhow, if you are a car (with dragon horns tastefully decorating your front grill and/or if you playing along at home) you should know that there is not much to do when the youngsters take you out for a (post Homecoming Dance) joyride (not that any of those details matter in the least) and proceed to fuck each other senseless (there being upwards of seven permutation and/or combinations involved if we don't count the car; and if we don't count the car, there is not much for you as the car to do anything) except play with the radio dials, as you wonder if all that rocking in the back seat will have any long term effects on the tightness of your suspension.

Um, no.  
No, it will not.

Brian's rocking of the car, on the other hand, might. He's as strong as fuck, and has been standing beside (and/or leaning against) the car since the chapter began. But growing a bit bored (restless that one, he is), he is now pushing down (and lifting up) on the car,



rocking it madly, as he transfers the knife in his hand to his mouth (all Pirate Elf style, the *Bane* -- get it -- *of the High Seas*), an evil grimace on his face, which for the most (that evil grin thing) is par for the course.

'Fuck my sister, you little shit, I should kill you.'

It's an Elvin thing.

It's an Honor thing.

It's a Psycho thing.

It's just a moment in time: Tommy all up in there (and I mean, all up in there), as Holly starts to get into it now, so much so, she doesn't know what to do with her hands, so she reaches up with them, stroking Tommy's face, while Brian is back to lazing against the car door, whittling his fingernails, as he watching that bat (the one that killed that moth, come on, watch the beat) fly around in the sky.

OK.

Sure.

It could be an owl, but no, it's a bat, even if it would be so much better, as in cooler, if it was an owl, 'I'll tell folks it was an owl,' Brian whispers to himself, before feeling suddenly stupid, self-conscious, you know, that feeling you get when you're standing around, watching your best friend, only friend, really, plug away at your kid sister, who it turns out, judging by her moans, screams of ecstasy, at this point, is a bit of, well, more than a bit of, a whore, so he, Brian, decides to stop the proceedings and get right in there, grabbing Tommy by the hair, as he does, pulling on back, holding his head, exposing his neck, as he slides that knife, that cruel Elvin blade, that shines all silver gray, like wisps of shadow in the moonlight, crying it does, that knife, like a sullen howl, so long has it been since it's eaten, and here it is, right next to Tommy's skin, just

licking it, blade on throat, feel the blood coarse, the one tasting the other, hungrily, aching to sink in, 'She better fucking feel it.'

'Brian!' a sister's solitary complaint.

'She better fucking feel it, faggot. That's all I'm saying,' as a knife slides... so close to home.

'Brian!'

The girl trying to get up... but Tommy is on top, holding her down, well, not holding her down, not yet, but Brian is in the way, holding him down, holding Tommy by the head, by the throat, 'I want to hear her. I want the world to hear her.'

And a knife settling in, so close to home.

So, I wouldn't quite call it a rape scene.

But I can see that if you did not know any better you might call it a rape scene.

Do you feel like you know Tommy?

Do you feel like you know Brian?

Well, Tommy feels like knows Brian... has known him for years, spending the last few years, playing together, running through the woods together, climbing trees, skipping stones, hunting this, killing that, cooking the meat, smoking the remains... but then, it gets so much darker and weirder than that sort of simple kids shit stuff, we're talking about digging up corpses and harvesting the remains, Dark Necrophiliac Magic... and that sort of thing.

So, yeah.

It gets much darker and weirder than that, so when this mother fucker, did he fuck his mother, I mean, he could have, who knows, killed her, this you know, the stories, looping around, in your head, in Tommy's head, seen what this Half Breed has done, will do, loves to do, and if he's got it into his head...

There's a shriveling.

'I'll fucking cut it off.'

And there is a desperation, a pumping, a moving, an urgency, a need, that's what it is, a need, so far off, falling further away...

And sensing this (that another might not respond as he would), Brian moves his attention to his sister, caressing her face, holding her dear, and all the time, holding that knife.

'I've always wanted to kill you.'

No threat.

No violence.

A simple statement of fact, before Brian flips around, falls back against the car, and stares off into space, before finally deciding, 'Fuck this!'

As in, fuck killing that bat, I'm going to go find me an owl. And he is off and running into the night.

And it's just Holly and Tommy now, riding it home, mechanically thrusting, getting it done, is it even sexy, now, only a knowing, a needing, a pushing on, a pushing through, until they are right at the edge, almost to the other side, until it is, yes, there it is, and sweat dripping on face, disappearing, her disappearing beneath him, as he falls into the car, the leather seats, inhaling... and her, staring off into the starry sky... while off in the distance, the shriek of an owl is cut short... as the radio turns on, searching through channels for something more pleasant to hear.

Ah, yes.  
So much can go wrong, when you go back in time.  
What is it that they say?  
Oh, right!  
You can never go back again!  
Never!

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'Do you know shit?'

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2019-12-01

*A year later, I'm finally finishing the edit (for, we cannot post complete and utter crap, even though we do all the time) and I will point out that yes, that is exactly where and how it ended... on the chapter break, the first sentence of the next chapter left as a prompt. But rather than carrying one (don't ask me why, I enjoyed the ride), I decided to restart... again... and again.*

*Brett Paufler*