

Mouse

A Dog Star Tail

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

PROTO PORN

Sort of...

Kind of...

Heck, maybe I just like writing warnings...

So...

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

I have no concept of what is decent, indecent, obscene, pornographic, artistic, sophomoric, stupid, or simply inane.

Bottom line, the opening chapter is about a girl getting raped, so, what can I say, I have an active imagination. And, I know the circumstances surrounding the story, the inspiration, where it's going. And maybe you don't feel like reading something like at the moment.

Anyway, if you are under 18, not looking for porn, believe that anything can be obscene, or reside in a jurisdiction that has laws regarding same, please close this document, and do not read.

But truthfully, if you are looking for porn, you most certainly will be disappointed. Still, I've read so many warnings in my life, I feel the need to post one of my own. Make of it what you will.

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This is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
Series

I never did finish this story.
And I'm never going to.
Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.
Like what you see?
Want to finish it?
Or transform it into something else?
Let's work out a deal.
Continuation Rights are available.

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Mouse

Howl at the moon, my friends. Howl at the moon.
Listen to my tail so that you may follow.

That's how it starts you know. That's how it always starts.
So... just so we're all clear I get immunity?
I get to go free?
And I get to keep the body?
Just so we're all clear.

Bowser, you'd call him Rick, I call him Bowser. I don't know if love is the word. I don't know if it's appropriate...

Oh, right. You're not looking for art. You're not looking to follow. You just want to know.

Bowser was raping the girl. I suppose you could get hung up on words, and definitions, and whether or not she had given consent, or whether she was, in fact, still giving consent, but anybody that watched would know that he was raping the girl.

I watched. I knew what he was doing. She had prepared herself for him, her love, her hearts desire, and rather than accepting what she offered, he was destroying it, ripping it away from her, tearing her apart.

There is a cabin, a place in the woods...

Fine. I'll tell show you exactly where, but later. You want to know the story, the tail. That's what this is all about. With your pretentious vampire detectives and hypocritical werewolf...

Right. Focused.

Bowser was raping the girl, only technically he wasn't. by the banks of the river, he took all that she would give, which for Bowser was everything. It can be hard for an outsider to understand, but the vampire's know...

You know.

He knows.

The vampires know. You look at them, get that thrall under that spell, and you can do whatever you want. Just rip their throat out, and they're like, "Yes. Yes! Oh, god yes! Take me! Kill me now."

Is that how you faggot vampires like it?

That's how Bowser liked it... only you know he couldn't do it. My seat wasn't the best in the house, but even from where I was I could see Jane, the girl, Jane Evans, the previous owner of the body I inhabit, I could see that she wasn't enjoying herself. You could see the tears running down her face. Her plaintive cries. No matter what words she used. It wasn't where she wanted to be, and then when he was done... abusing her, using her.

He flips her over with the toe of his boot. "Lick it," he says just to see if she will, and then after she has, willingly, eagerly, to show that she still loves him, he kicks her like hard.

[Jane pauses to rotate her jaw.]

He broke teeth, cracked bones. We heal fast, but the blood was there. The pain was there and this is when Jane knows.

He kneels down and spits in her face just to be sure. Holds her by her hair and calls her a "Stupid Fucking Bitch!" and slaps her around until all the love leaves her, until there is nothing, absolutely nothing left.

Then, he throws a knife down. The knife, the one that has been used countless times before, the one Jeff used... he throws it down in the mud next to her.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" he says and what can she do but cry. There is no point in agreeing or disagreeing, moving or anything. So he kicks her again, low in the gut, hitting bone.

"End it," he suggests. "Just fucking end it."

And so she does. She takes the knife, slices her wrists, and he walks away. It probably doesn't make any difference to you that he was already gone before she made the first cut.

It was the car, the sound of the ignition, that stirred her to action. She looked around, the sun had gone down behind the hills, the birds were singing, the insects were chirping, and next to her a lovely mountain stream bubbled merrily away, but all she heard was the wheels of her true love spinning on gravel and the man she called Bowser disappearing forever.

She didn't cry over her loss of life. She cried over him, the loss of love, a vampire would understand.

Don't fucking look away.

["This is your story not mine."]

Hypocritical piece of shit.

["And then."]

And then she slices her wrists. Up and down, back and forth. Fuck. A thousand times...

[Jane takes off her left armband and slowly traces the scars on her arm.]

Twenty nine fucking times. I still can't use it right.

[Jane demonstrates the impact of the assault and her lack of mobility in the effected hand]

Up and down, back and forth: she cut till she got dizzy, till she started to fade. When she went for the other hand, she dropped the knife. Her hand was too weak. The knife was too bloody.

She looked up one final time. I know she could see me standing there. "It's yours," she said, and then she went away.

["You're claiming she voluntarily ceded the body to you."]

["My client is not on trial!"]

["And you have no guilt, no remorse."]

["I said, my client is not on trial. We will take a break now."]

It's OK.

["No it's not. I said, 'We'll take a break,' and that means we will take a break."]

["She doesn't look upset or troubled. I'm sure she can continue."]

["Don't say anything Mouse. Not one word.]

(And those of the Dog Star are nothing if not obedient.)

*I have no notes and absolutely no conception of where the story goes from here. None.
Nada. Zip.*