

Ravenna

by

Kevin Stillwater

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!
PROTO PORN

There's definitely some of that Ultra Hardcore Violence ahead
PROTO PORN

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 the shit beat out of her from head to toe and everywhere in between in less than graphic detail but graphic enough that I feel compelled to insert this warning, so if you don't feel like reading something like at the moment, don't.

And if you are under 18, not looking for porn or a bit of the ultra-violence, believe that anything can be obscene, or reside in a jurisdiction that has laws regarding same, please close this document, and do not read any further.

But truthfully, if you are looking for blood 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

Kevin never did finish this story.

And neither shall I.

Though, if this is to your liking, you'll probably love Kevin's *Red Eye Blue*.

Feel free to enjoy this for what it is or simply turn the page at your own discretion.

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#

Welcome to Hell
It Starts with an Ass Whooping
#

This story is going to start with an ass whooping: not because anybody deserves an ass whooping; but rather, because it is a requirement of nature.

Our lead (or one of our leads) -- Ravenna -- is a serious sub. She is a submissive. She will let her master (i.e. her current boyfriend) do whatever he wants to her -- whatever, without thinking, without argument. And since this is not the normal state of affairs, this peculiar characteristic of hers might need some explaining.

Hence, the ass kicking.

It's not that I take pleasure in such a thing, I assure you.

#

Ravenna is an Indian -- Dakota Sioux. Mainly because somewhere along the lines I heard/read/discovered that to some the words Dakota and Sioux were interchangeable... and I like the way the word 'Dakota' rolls off my tongue.

Look at her standing in the starlight. A moonlit night might be more poetic and/or romantic, but this scene is anything but romantic and I want to watch the stars. A moon would only get in the way.

Now, personally, I like the stars as much as the next person, but I always can't help but thinking how they could be a little more. They

could move. They could change colors, shimmer, and sparkle. In short, they could be more like cartoons... or the stars in an acid trip. So when I see the night sky, I'm always a little disappointed. Say like when I woke up early to see Haley's Comet the last time it passed. Um, it was a streak of blue light in the sky -- seriously disappointing. Nothing like those science channel graphics I'd seen on TV. Just static blue, a smear.

So, these are the thoughts that might go through my mind while looking at the night sky. Sure, it's cool. But it could be cooler.

Ravenna isn't cursed (or blessed or hampered) by this last. She sees the sky. That's what it is. There is no more. There is no less. She is centered in the here and now. Zen comes to mind. But Zen's been done to death and she's an Indian. So, let me paint a different picture and call her a Philosophical Atheist. I coined this term talking to a girl. (And there will be a lot of 'girls' in this story, I imagine, presented as scientific footnotes and case studies in human nature, justification for plot, motivation, and whatnot). But for obvious reasons (I don't want to get sued), using their real name or providing meaningful specifics simply isn't going to happen and I don't feel like taking on the burden of making up a convincing lie to support factoid from the real. That would sort of undermine its purpose.) Anyhow, this girl, this Philosophical Atheist, would never make up her mind on anything... because all the facts were never in.

Now, you've probably never read Turing's famous proof; and to be honest, neither have I (not really, not with comprehension), but it's a safe bet I got farther along than you, so let me explain what this genius stated. Ahem, ready? The *Stopping Problem* states that one cannot know whether a computer program will end or not before it is run. I suppose a key thing to know there is that stopping in this context means that the program will spit out a finite answer. Some computer programs stop others go into an endless loop. Theoretically, this book could be considered a computer program and if on the last page (or really anywhere in it) I say:

‘Go back to the beginning’

‘Repeat this line’

Or anything of the nature, the book is theoretically without end. Add to this the fact that I could include a footnote (1):

(1) for further information on this, please see Turing (1952)

And then, you'd have to check out Turing's paper. Of course, Turing might not have written his paper in 1952. (And no, I can't be bothered to Google it, or anything else for that matter, I'm comfortable with my ignorance, as I like to think it gives me a unique view.)

Anyhow, the point of that is that if Turing (1952) doesn't exist, then the program crashes: garbage in, garbage out, don't you know.

So, from a literary standpoint, the Turing equivalent is:

One can't know if a book ends until they get to the end of a book.

And more importantly, one can't know if a book is any good until one actually picks it up to read. (But even then, I suppose it's debatable.)

But in the world of math, Turing's hypothesis, which is considered a Law these days, boils down to: one cannot know the solution to a problem until one solves that problem.

Now, I don't have that particular limitation. In the face of the unknown, I guess. Turing (1952)? Who cares? Not me.

My Philosophical Atheist friend cared. She needed to know. In order to put forth an opinion on even the simplest of ideological inquiries, she always needed to know more. Always. Without fail.

"I just don't know."

Now, it's not a shortcoming. It's just a way of being. I dug this chick. I dig Ravenna. But when she's staring at the stars, she's staring at the stars. She's not thinking about life on distant planets, how Turing's Stopping Problem relates to Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle (i.e. a physics program -- call it reality -- that has not stopped and/or run to completion), how it would be cool if the twinkling stars would get up and dance, or really anything.

She's just looking at the stars... maybe enjoying the breeze blowing through her hair.

###

So, Ravenna is staring at the stars. Look at her in silhouette from a dozen odd feet away. She's standing on a rise. Down in the canyon, her people, tribe, friends, whatever, are drinking around a bonfire, dancing, singing, and she's sort of humming along.

She's happy and content.

And she's got a fine-fine body. She's got the type of body that an author who liked to write first person would very much enjoy fucking repeatedly in many and various types of way throughout the rest of the book. Huge tits. Monstrous. Full hips. A nice ass. That long black hair that I personally find so appealing. (Don't have the story fully fermented yet, but there are two other females vying for a place in this tale and both of them have black hair, as well. I dig black hair.) And brown skin, full lips, bright smile, clear blue eyes... maybe green; but really, who cares? Did I mention that ass?

And you're standing and staring at her. Or I am. You don't have to play along. But I'm standing there. I'm her boyfriend, Chief Crazy Fuck. 'Me, Drunk'em Indi'um.' A big bad ass.

And I'm in a foul mood.

Don't know if I mentioned it, but this book is going to start with an ass whooping. And I'm just the Indian to do it. And Ravenna Screech Owl has got the ass I'm going to whoop. And my motivation? Some fucking squaw slut down by the fire just spurned my advances because she wasn't going to fool around with someone who was already spoken for, no matter how fine, smart, or intelligent he might be. "I think your knowledge of Turing's Stopping Problem is so hot," she might have said, "but I don't fool around with other women's men."

I told her I could make her a star, write Ravenna out of the plot, but she wouldn't listen. "You're drunk. Go find Ravenna."

So, I did.

And here we are.

###

Sidle up to Ravenna. Put your arm around her. Pat her on the ass. She'll sort of purr, as she wraps herself around you.

So, give her ass another smack, a good one.

“Ow.”

Grab the bitch by the hair.

“Ouch!”

Tell her to “Shut up!” Slap her across the face for emphasis. Let her know you’re serious.

And she goes into survival mode. “Did I do something wrong?”

“I told you to shut up.” Punch her.

It brings her to her knees, gasping. “I’m sorry.”

“I told you to shut up.”

“What are you doing?”

Grab hold of her hair, hold her head straight, and nail her in the face. ‘Ka-Pow!’ is how the graphics on Batman would have done it.

And she’s down on the ground, so kneel over her, and start punching.

It got to admit. The scene seems off. It’s gratuitous, but that’s part of the point. I don’t know if you’ve noticed it. (Probably not, as I haven’t mentioned it.) But Ravenna has a scar across her face, slicing through her left eye. When she was eight/nine/ten (like I care, I can barely keep reality straight, beside the when doesn’t matter, what matters is that), her brother hit her in the face with a machete. He said it was an accident, probably was. ‘Tell your sister you’re sorry,’ and that’s the last of it. No grounding, no spanking, no nothing really. Lesson learned. She has something you want, push her out of the way, grab it, hit her, beat her, no one will care. So, her brother beat her. Her father beat her. Every boyfriend she’s ever had beat her. They tell me it’s a problem in the Indian community. I suppose I should be careful. They probably have a policy of beating up authors who paint the Indian community badly, so let me just say I know dick-squat about Native Americans. Kind of think they’re cool in that Wind Talker, listen to railroad tracks (‘the Buffulo are coming’) ignorant way that a boy from the suburbs might. Hell, the Sioux, the Apache, they had like a ten, twenty, hundred to one kill ratio in the wild west. Didn’t it take like \$100,000+ (maybe a \$1,000,000, and yeah, I’d look it up on Wikipedia, but believe or not the Internet’s down, some virus or something, and will be for the next

hundred pages, so I'm just going to have to wing it). Anyhow, Indian warriors, awesome.

And then I went hitchhiking and got picked up by a pair of drunken lovers and they were nice and all but a pair of drunk Indians pretty much summed them up. I spent a lot of time hanging out with White Trash. Come to think of it, I probably was White Trash myself. And the stats say (the same stats I could reference if it wasn't that every site on the Internet hadn't crashed due to the Laziness Virus) that life on the Reservation (of what I like to call the Rez) gives the Hood a run for it's money as worst place to live: massive unemployment, substance abuse as a way of life, total disregard for any value that might make escape possible (you know, things like school, and other Evils that the White Man brought with him) and a overall preponderance of violence. Unbelievably high rape statistics. Oh, and I'm going to add to them... you know, off scene. That bitch that wouldn't sleep with me because I already had a woman, well when I'm a free man, she's next.

In the meantime, Ravenna's on the ground, crying, her hands in front of her face, "Please. I'm sorry." Haven't got the slightest idea what I did, but we both know it was my fault and I'm sorry. "I'll do anything you want."

Yeah, you will, because you are a character in a book and you will do whatever I want and what I want out of you right now is for you to suffer.

"Please. No."

"Shut up, bitch."

But I'm really not a violent person. I know, it's hard to believe. But it's true. There are very few times in my life when I actually want to engage in violence.

I live in an urban environment. It's dangerous to ride a bike in the street. I know this. I don't ride a bike anymore. Did for years growing up in the suburbs, but here, in the pseudo city, the urban outskirts, it's just too dangerous, so I can understand bikers not wanting to ride in the street. But I don't want to share the sidewalk with them. And it annoys me. No, what it really does is frightens me. A rider goes whipping by from behind out of nowhere. He/she/it is going so fast that if they had

hit me (and it would have been all on them, because I didn't know they were coming), I'd be in serious pain, a person's back could get broken that way, snapped, paralyzed for life. So, guess what? I don't want to share the sidewalk with them and if they hit me -- to deal with the fear of being hit -- I have this daydream about kneeling over them and gouging their eyes out with my house keys. I'm going blind. It sucks. If someone hits me, so help me god, I'm going to take that fucker with me into that world of blindness. Same thing if some crappy driver (and this place seems to be loaded with them) hits me. Hit, I'm lying on the ground, 'You all right?' he asks, and with my dying breath I puncture his face, eyes, and throat. Go for the jugular!

Oddly, it's very similar to my coping mechanism for dealing with rabid dogs in the country. Lots of folks in rural areas keep dogs for protection -- company, too, but protection is often key. These dogs run free. Being a walker -- and a hitchhiker for many years -- I'd be walking by, on a public street, legally, I had the right to be there, and these dogs would come to the fence -- or through the fucking gate -- and drool and snarl and threaten to chew me to pieces.

I'd cross the road and take my keys out. If they attacked, I was going to sacrifice my left arm and go for their eyes.

So, if a biker or motorist hits me, so help me god, I am going to (dream, if nothing else) about exacting revenge on the spot. Lean over the asshole biker, big ole fist full of keys, nails, two-by-four by the side of the road, and fuck him up.

Only it's not a biker, it's Ravenna.

And I don't really have a good reason, only I'm drunk, and I have hatred, and it's easy to draw up and let it rise to the surface and longterm nobody is going to care. I'm the man. She's the woman. And god gave me the right to exact discipline with a rod no thicker than my thumb -- or for the good old fashioned, my fucking fists.

So, hit her in the face.

Pound the living fuck out of her.

"No, please."

Move those fucking hands out of the way. Hold them down. Kneel on her fingers, crushing them against the rocks. Hit her in the ear.

She goes to speak, clench her mouth shut, grab her lips, upper and lower, with your fingers and squeeze. This isn't politeness. This is revenge. They say rape's a crime of hate. Well, this ain't no rape, because there isn't going to be any sex.

"It's over between you and me." Like you had to tell her.

Pinch her nipples, why not.

"Ouch!"

Throw her head against the rocks. Hit her in the tits.

That didn't work right. Too big and fluffy, just sort of glanced off, so try it again... and fucking again.

Knee her in the cunt.

Fine. It's rape.

But don't tell me it's not about sex. It's always about sex. Would I be pounding the shit out of her if I was sexually satisfied? I think not. And it's her job to satisfy me. So, this is all her fucking fault.

"This is all your fucking fault."

"I know. I know. I'm sorry. I'll try. I can do better. I won't happen again."

"Oh, it won't."

And eventually, the anger wanes.

Or more likely, she simply falls off the edge. There is no more 'Ouch!' 'Please!' 'Stop it!'

There is nothing.

A slight whimpering... but not enough to disturb.

Eyes glazed over with tears.

Snot filled nose, running over.

And blood.

Maybe a broken tooth, maybe a broken nose, maybe a broken arm, finger, or hand.

Bruises on her tits... on her everything.

Give her a kick.

She hardly responds.

Shaking, convulsing.

"That's what you get bitch!"

One final kick and then walk away, leaving her, what's left of her, in a shiny darkness.

There is no rhyme or reason to it.

I want her to be obedient, the perfect sub, to jump at my command.

Oh, I don't have it in me to beat her up in the real, but a story in a book... or better yet, let others do my dirty work -- those structures and ways of society that allow some to be rich and others poor. What a poor girl won't do for a few dollars. I've seen it on the Porn Tubes. A couple hundred bucks, and you can do it all, and record it for posterity. Who gives a fuck if she likes it? She's getting paid -- easy money.

A society that makes money so scarce...

So desperate...

So willing to do anything...

So, no. I would not attack a girl, beat her up.

But endorse a system that seems likely to feed me the type of victims I desire. Yeah. Pretty much. I've made my peace with that.

Ravenna just happens to be the dramatization.

And she's so Zen, so used to it, she won't even ask why.

It's just the way the world is. It shits on you. And nobody cares. The whole tribe watched, a dozen yards away (OK, maybe a few more). But it is a private affair. A father has the right to discipline his wife, his child, his daughter.

Don't want your ass whooped?

Don't fuck up.

The irony being that she didn't. We all know she didn't do anything wrong. The beating was unavoidable; and as such, there is, there was no need to search for its cause.

No reason to ask why.

It's just the way it is.

The way the gods made the world.

Hell, perhaps Ravenna started chanting some Indian tribal mumbo jumbo, a prayer, a curse, a call for protection, or just the name of someone she trusted -- her companion, a happy place.

And she's gone.

"Fuck this. I'm out of here."

And overhead the stars do their timeless dance -- monochromatic,
slow, boring, dull, uneventful... blessedly uneventful.

Blessed nothingness.

The perfect Zen.

The welcoming void.

5-10-14

Brett Paufler

*Beat down done, I guess Kevin got that out of his system. Or maybe not, as I look in the log,
Kevin started working on Red Eye Blue next, so this was likely just a test ride to see how it felt, a
trial run through, a test run to fine tune the beat down....*