

© 2007 Copyright Brett Paufler  
Brett@Paufler.net  
All Rights Reserved  
This document was originally downloaded from  
www.paufler.net  
And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be found  
It's fiction, yada-yada, any resemblance is coincidental

## Three Fags Walk into a Bar... Or, Until the Water Flows Under the Bridge by Eddie Takosori

I'm working on my second slice of pizza when the trio of fags walk in. I suppose that sounds bigoted, and if so... Well, I've always believed in calling a spade a spade, so deal with it.

The fags sat down next to me. It wasn't hard to tell their sexual orientation. They were more interested in critiquing the paintings, which hung around the room than stare at the hostess who was escorting them to their seat and who just also happened to be a full blooded succubae and as such was well worth staring at. In fact, I lost all awareness of the queers as she walked, sidled, shimmied, and just sort of floated away on an ample cushion of desire and sexual innuendo.

When I swung my mind back to the three--Uncle Mort, Mr. Pretentious, and the Italian Stud--they had moved on to politics, religion, and what was wrong with the world today. Wouldn't you know it. They knew the answers to it all.

They never once looked my way. At three feet, we might as well have been in two separate worlds. I enjoyed their conversation, though. Don't get me wrong. I found it fun, lively, informative, and interesting, but I let it flow over me and have no impact. You're sunk if you let words, in the air or on a piece of paper, get the best of you. It's wisdom to live by, but I won't belabor the point.

When I was done with my meal, I left the fags, the cock suckers, the butt rangers--the trio of humans struggling with their

own issues, desires, and demons--behind, and headed for the restroom where I met Uncle Mort. He tried to short me... but I didn't let him... and then he tried to tell me my job. I smiled and listened quietly, never once saying a word. You never know when you're going to get some good advice, but he didn't have any. He just wanted to make sure Mr. Pretentious would get his full due... and that I wouldn't stop no matter how much he begged, pleaded... or rolled over and played dead.

When Uncle Mort was done talking I left him without saying a word, and took what he had given me in payment, a bit of his own soul, directly to the Succubae. Souls are a lot like hot potatoes. They're the only thing of value here--or anywhere--but even they have a way of loosing all their worth in the blink of an eye. Anyway, while I was busy letting the Succubae thank me for my offering, the fags departed. They gave us no mind. Like I said, we might as well have been in two different worlds.

Outside, Uncle Mort said farewell, and Mr. Pretentious and the Italian Stud were down the street another block before I caught up with them. Right away, you could see it in Mr. Pretentious' eyes. He had seen this coming. It was his worse nightmare. I admit, my first impulse had been to kick the snot out of him, break a few bones, maybe pull a gun on the Italian Stud and make him join in... but it is seldom the profitable course to act on one's first impulse.

"CIDC," I informed him as I flashed my badge. He didn't need to know that I didn't know what CIDC stood for, or that I had had a jeweler cast the badge for me out of silver, when I had decided to go into business for myself. I didn't see the point in advertising the fact that I'm actually a rogue operator without backup, authority, or any power beyond that which my victims--and/or clients--are willing to give me.

Luckily he respected the badge and squeaked out a meek, "Is there a problem officer?"

"AIDS," I paused letting the word sink in and work its magic. I could see what was going through his mind. He'd gotten sloppy.

His latest love had infected him... or had it been Mort... that love full of so much betrayal from so long ago...

I let his mind reel and then I latched onto the fear that was easiest for him to believe. "Mort gave it to you. Ever since then you've been a walking contagion... spreading it like the wind."

With these words the Italian Stud was gone, fading into the mists. I let him go, but without so much as a flicker the Succubae took on his form... down to the Italian's cold arrogance, flippancy, and carefree, childish way. The succubae watched Mr. Pretentious' mind work, watched him count up the years, remember the tests... and just before he was about to disagree, the succubae dismissed the entire subject offhandedly just like the Italian Stud would have... if he had been infected. "It doesn't matter. I already have AIDs. Doesn't everybody?" and then turning to me, "So you see officer, he can't be in trouble for infecting me, I've had it for years."

That was all I needed from the Succubae at that moment, so he faded away and I let Mr. Pretentious sink to the pavement. I gave his mind free reign and his world went into a tailspin. Suddenly, he was sick. His health was gone, and he was dying. It took only moments for him to progress to a curled up ball of hopeless suffering in a darkened room waiting for death... and then I brought him back to this world, to the gritty sidewalk under the streetlight. He was back down on his knees in no time. We could make a deal. Couldn't we... and then those magic words. He offered me, "Anything."

I took him up on his suggestion, reached into the ether for a gigantic pair of silver garden shears, just so the enormity of the decision would be clear, and then dug deep down into the wells of his soul and pulled out the bulk of his being. Anything is anything after all, and you don't want to sell your services short. Those inexperienced in the harvest leave too much on the vine. If you take enough the first time, there is no need to ever come back.

I let him see what he was giving up and then sliced through it all in one clean motion. I was done with him, so I let him go, and I

knew somewhere he was screaming, bolting wide awake from a terrible dream with sweat pouring down his face, and a resolve to change his hateful ways filling his cold small heart... And, maybe he would. A few did. I'd have to spend his soul fast just to be sure, but first, I had one last bit of business.

I opened the door... so that the window Mort was watching this whole scene through dropped away and he was standing next to me on the pavement. Good ole Uncle Mort was eyeing Mr. Pretentious' soul... or at least certain parts of it. He was a fag after all. I told him he could have it... but I'd have to take some of his soul in return...

He was surprised at how much I took, but I'm a business man. I've got to make a profit. Amateurs, beginners, they'd play the two off of each other going and back and forth... letting Mr. Pretentious see the set up, then letting Uncle Mort see the double sting, and so on, back and forth... with each repetition fanning the flames of their hatred and stacking the cubes of revenge... but there is no point. Humans don't know how little... or how much of a soul they have. It's best to treat the whole exchange as akin to trading glass beads to an Indian for a bit of land. They don't know the value. Just take what you want--all that they have to offer. By the time they figure out they've been had...

Well, if you'll excuse, I've just been paid, and, as they say, I've got a pair of fat ones burning a hole in my pocket. If you must know, I've got business to attend to with a certain cross dressing succubae that I hear tell does a fair impression of an Italian heartthrob and I want to get the show on the road, before either one of my last two clients decides to forgive the other and the burning fire of hatred in my pocket turns to so much worthless ash... no more valuable than the water in the river Styx.

*© 2007 Copyright Brett Paufler  
Brett@Paufler.net  
All Rights Reserved  
This document was originally downloaded from  
www.paufler.net  
And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be found  
It's fiction, yada-yada, any resemblance is coincidental*

