

THE GERBIL INCIDENT



SHIRLEY PACIONE

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A tale of horror by Shirley Pacione

The common gerbil (lat. Meriones unguiculatus) is a social and friendly creature and Kane was no exception. He played with his toy wheel for hours on end. He rolled his miniature basket ball around with his nose from corner to corner of his little cage. He chewed his sunflower seeds with gusto. He enjoyed burrowing deep into the wood shaving bedding of his habitat. Well, at least he used to. Kane does not burrow that much anymore. Nowadays he... I digress... allow me to start at the beginning. My name is Shirley and this is the story of how my slowpoke of a grandson scarred little Kane for life.

Imagine the following scene. It is a dark and gloomy Tuesday evening. The storm clouds are thundering in the distance and a chilling wind is tearing the leaves from the trees outside. A black cat growled as it crossed the street. It was a setting that not even Rod Serling himself could have created for his television show The Twilight Zone which often had dark and gothic settings. This was such a night and it was not lost on Nickolaus, he is very gothic like that.

Nickolaus had been out to attend "church" again. The church called Morris Truck stop & Auto Repair™ restrooms, to be more precise. He had not had a good evening. After soliciting every last trucker, motorist and casual late night pedestrian coming in for the

purposes of either performing bodily functions or seeking the sweet embrace of another man, he had yet to unload the sticky cargo he was carrying in his loins. Over the years Nicky had perfected the art of fellatio, eagerly taking the cock of highway cowboys into his mouth and furiously rubbing his tongue against the back of the swollen glans penis, clutching their hairy buttocks with his tiny fists, until they unleashed a torrent of man juice down his gullet. The salty white sauce of these gentlemen of the road had become Nikolaus favorite condiment and he never missed an opportunity to indulge. Tonight, however he was feeling unsatisfied. Usually he was allowed to masturbate himself to release after a satisfactory performance, under the watchful eyes of his temporary owner. But tonight Nick had had no such luck. He had gone out in search of homoerotic release but two hours and seven throbbing cocks later he was still as frustrated and jittery as before. One after one they had rejected him, leaving him whimpering on the sticky bathroom floor, begging for a chance to touch himself. He could not achieve climax alone. Nikolaus was dependent on having another male present during the act. He simply could not perform otherwise. This was not his night, no release for Nikolaus.

These are the circumstances which unfortunately led to poor little Kane losing the will to live.

Nick had an idea. This was, as usual, a bad idea. Nick having "an idea" generally resulted in one of two things – a tangled mess of a failure of epic proportions or a visit to either the police station or the emergency room. Having ideas was never Nikolaus forte. He never really got the hang of it. Actually thinking something through was too much for his diminished mental faculties to handle. But we mustn't be quick to judge. It is not fair to poke fun at retards and with his established IQ level in the 80's, Nicky was definitely not the brightest bulb in the Christmas tree. Tonight, however, he would take stupid, marry it off to incompetent and produce the child disaster.

Nick had an idea. His beady little eyes fell upon poor little Kane, merrily frolicking in his happy habitat. Slowpoke neurons firing sluggishly in what little grey matter to be found

inside his skull. Gradually the train of thought reached its destination. Finally Nickolaus had come up with an idea regarding how to end his long night of sexual frustration. Soon he would no longer feel this clump of dissatisfaction weighing his gonads down. Soon he would spew like a racehorse. Soon he would unload. It had eventually dawned on him that the gerbil Kane was a male.

Grinning like a maniac, he removed the top of little Kane's habitat, reached in and grabbed him with his grubby little hand while he was feverishly tugging at his belt. This was it. This was it. Kicking his jeans off into a corner of the room, tearing his underwear from his pale white buttocks, Nickolaus went down on all fours, still gripping little Kane in his right hand. Kane didn't know what to think. He had just been playing with his little ball and suddenly he found himself in the grip of this creature with the funny aroma. "Am I going to be fed now", he thought. Poor Kane. Little did he know what was in store for him.

"Hail Satan, my Lord and Master!", Nickolaus exclaimed as he fell to his knees and parted his legs. Bending forward and resting his weight on his left elbow he reached back and pressed Kane's nose against his brown starfish. Kane struggled wildly, but there was no escape. Nickolaus giggled with delight as Kane's nose ticked his anal sphincter and remembered the rim jobs he had received over the years at the truck stop. With extreme effort he relaxed his ring muscle and started to work Kane inside him. Grunting in pain Nick pushed Kane inside him.

Darkness enveloped Kane. In his small mammalian brain panic signals flared and klaxons sounded. He was in a dark tunnel. It smelled like food stamps and decay. What was little Kane to do? He began to frantically squeeze himself forward, in the hope that there would be a light at the end of the tunnel. His little paws clawing at the slippery walls around him, he made his way forward, inch by inch. He must escape! He must find a way out! He did not want to die inside this tunnel of brown filth! Forward! With the

grim resolve that only a small rodent can muster, Kane continued to scratch and claw himself forward through the darkness.

Meanwhile it was beginning to dawn on Nickolaus that this had been, in retrospect, perhaps not such a good idea after all. Inserting a gerbil into your anus for purposes of homoerotic pleasure had sounded brilliant at the time, but having a small mammal clawing his way up through your bowels was, in fact, proving to be a quite painful affair. And to his dismay there was nothing he could do about it. He squeezed and squeezed but all he produced was a slight brrrrpp sound as his intestinal gasses escaped their foul prison. Kane was too far gone. Nick had Kane deep in his ass now and there was no way of shitting him out again, and the pain was ever growing.

Nickolaus curled up in a fetal position and began moaning. "Nooooooo, please help me, sweet Satan! I beg of you, my Lord", he winced as flashes of pain shot up through his intestines, "Please rid me of this suffering and I'll offer my entire family to you as sacrifice". But Satan did not answer Nicky's prayers, not this time. He had called upon the Dark Lord one too many times in the past and much like "that weird little kid" in the schoolyard that nobody wanted to be around, Satan had also shunned Nickolaus. There would be no relief.

So what did he do? Whom did he turn to, after even Satan himself had rejected his ass, quite literally? There was nobody else, was there. "Graaaaannnyyyyyy! Graaaaannnnnnnyyyy!", the high pitched squeal sounded from the basement. As usual, I had to grab my cane and make my way down those creaking stairs again. I don't enjoy going down there much. The smells are... disturbing. Well, I found Nickolaus lying there, in the middle of his room, clutching his stomach, whimpering prayers to the Dark One. I swear, if it wasn't for the fact that I would be punished in the afterlife for ending him prematurely, I'd have a new bed of vegetables planted in the backyard garden tomorrow. Seeing the empty gerbil cage and the naked pasty body of my grandson was all I needed to put two and two together. Another one of Nickolaus "brilliant" ideas.

Bestiality! That was a new low, even for him. I must admit that I was tempted to turn around, walk back up the stairs and leave him to be eaten from inside out. If nobody knew that I knew about this I could let him be killed. It would be so easy. But at the end of the day, I felt that I could not let that happen. There was a life to be saved here. He must get some help. Quickly!

So I called the ambulance, a couple of EMT:s showed up and off to the hospital we go. But all is well that ends well. You'll be happy to know that he's alright now. No real damage was done. He'll be ok. He'll be quite ok. I'm taking care of him.

He's sitting right here beside me, as a matter of fact, happily snacking on a cookie, relaxing after pushing his little ball around the kitchen floor for an hour.

My little buttmuncher...