

The Deer Hunters
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WARNING: This story has dick-deflating qualities!

I'm standing in this guy's kitchen. I think his name's Kyle. I met him at the gym, and he seems kind of... well, he's real hot. Works out in military camo pants and a tank and lets his tags jangle around even though the rules say "NO JEWELRY MANAGEMENT NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR INJURY OR THEFT" all over the place. Big German Shepherd, has a southern accent. Nice drawl. He's a total fag, too. He came right up to me in the shower, asked me if I could borrow some soap, so I gave it to him. He sprouted one out of his sheath right then and there. So, we talk while we're changing and he invites me to a barbeque. I don't eat meat but hey, why not? He'll grill some veggies.

So I'm in the kitchen and he comes in from putting some stuff on the grill, and he's got this big smile on his face. Real big. Comes up to me, big hands come out and he paws all over me. Oh, he's a fag alright, he's gonna kiss me. It's one of those wet doggy kisses, tongue all over my lips, probing my muzzle apart. His hands slide up to my antlers, feel around them, and I get a little knee-shaking. I get kinda scared of guys touching me there. They always like to pull on them. He even steps forward and grinds his jeans against me, and he's hard. That little thrill of fear just gets me hard, because I know he wants me, he wants to put his tongue into my mouth. He pulls off and I nuzzle at him a little, he chuckles. It's going to be a great night.

Outside on the patio, there's kind of a pop as something explodes in the grill. Maybe it's a stuffed pepper. I look over, and then everything spins. Something hits me in the jaw and I see the window, then the wall, then the cabinet. The pain comes a second later and I wheel around, hands banging on the counter, hard surface rushing up and just missing my nose. I've never been punched before, I don't know how it feels. It looks like it hurts in the movie but I don't even know what's happening. Everything tilts, I'm on the floor, I see the other cabinets, the dog's army boots stomping around. I think I'm hunched into the corner but I can't really move, everything's spinning, everything's spotty.

He comes rushing at me with something, it's like a dish towel and a spray

can. A tiny little spray
can, it's a baby spray can, it's like something you would use... I don't
know. Maybe it's from being
hit, that things look funny. I make some kind of noise, a weird groan, I
can hear it echoing. He
sprays that towel, swearing to himself, real fast. Something sprays on it
and it kind of crackles.
He mashes it against my face and I bat at his hands, but I don't know, it
doesn't work. It just
doesn't work.

I have to breathe, but he's got that towel on my face. It's cold, cold
like ice, cold as hell, it's
so fucking cold, why the hell is it cold? I inhale and the cold goes
inside, kind of like a huge
giant breath mint. I cough out, and start to feel a little hot. Then
numb, numb and hot, heart
pounding, and this sound. It's like those bugs in the summer, cicadas?
This buzz, like ringing ears,
but it starts to vibrate between my ears. I keep trying to hit the dog, I
kick at him, I flail my
arms, I do anything. I can't hit him, it's like a nightmare. I do hit
him, but it doesn't work, that
towel just comes back to my face. Somewhere in me, I feel this weird pang
of lust, my dick's getting
hard, harder, what the hell? I want to be terrified but I can't even
think straight.

He just shakes at that can and sprays the towel again, while it's on my
face. Spray, crackle. Spray,
crackle. Everything smells sweet, kind of like a sweet mint, and soon
that buzzing sound is so loud
it's like I have a hive of bees in my head, and I'm so numb, numb like
I'm plastered on vodka, numb
like I'm at the dentist.

Just like the dentist, I'm awake all of a sudden. I try to move and I
can't, but there's no more
numb. I'm sweating like a pig, and I feel terrible, a slight pounding
headache and this terrible
gut-churning nausea. I look around, and the room swims, and I'm duct-
taped. Duct-taped to a chair,
I'm like a mummy, I'm wrapped in it, then tied to a wood chair, in a
basement, a grimy basement with
water pipes and a furnace and a floor drain and stains on the concrete
and it smells like piss and
buttery sex leftovers. The walls are streaked with stains, a kind of
yellowy splatter. Is it piss?
Is it something else? Who the fuck cares I'm duct taped to a chair and I
gotta hurl! I drool all
over myself, which is easy, because this thing's wedged in my mouth. I
try to spit it out, out out
out out but it keeps in there, it tastes like wood, it's wood, there's a
wood dowel in my fucking
mouth and it's taped into my head fuck shit fuck shit!

Gonna hurl gonna hurl gonna hurl gonna hurl

I can smell food and it's burnt and it's meat and meat and meat and meat and it's coming into the room and it's cold because the aircon is on and it's blowing meat smell at me and I'm going to throw up all over myself

Maybe an hour goes by, and I'm not so sick. I like being tied up. I love being tied up. So I kind of like being in the chair, but I don't know how I got there and I don't know why I was so sick and I don't know what was in that spray can. Am I gonna get fucking cancer?

Upstairs, I can hear the dog moving around, the slow bang of boot heels. Then, the thump of a door, and a loud voice. Two loud voices, laughing, two sets of boots. They walk into a room that has to be right overhead, and I can hear springs. Bedroom. Then more springs. Oh, they're fucking. Grunts, yells. Less springing. Then, this... this sound. I don't know what sound it is. It sounds like a dying dog. Yowls, howls, this gagging sound, and then laughter crackling in between it. It goes on for another half hour, hour? It starts to grate at me, like a dentist drill, grate grate howl howl cackle! howl. The sound crescendos and I hear shrieks, shrieks, then the sound peters down. Minutes later, more boot thumps, still two pairs, then the door shuts.

More boot stomps. God damn this mutt has hardwood floors. Why am I thinking about hardwood floors? I still feel kind of dizzy. I'm not scared. I'm numb, inside, not on the outside. I can't move, so I can't feel. Should have just blindfolded me, mutt. Then I'd-

The door to the basement bursts open. I didn't hear him coming, maybe it was concrete stairs, I don't know. It bursts open and there he is and holy shit. He's got this rubber apron on, like he's been slaughtering something. These two huge rubber gloves, black and smeared with something, and I can smell come and shit and some kind of smoke and sweat. He's got those camo pants on and the front looks like he blew a load in it, and he's not wearing underwear, I can see his dick flopping around. Same army boots, streaked with white stuff. What the fuck did he just make a whole pack of wolves blow off or something? And in his hand, in one of those wet gloved hands, he's got this fucking SAW. It's a fucking power saw, he's dragging a power cord, it's like a little circular saw, like something you see in a hospital.

I make some kind of noise and pee myself, and it just runs down my duct-taped legs inside that mummy case. I chew on the thing in my mouth, chew and chew and grind and chew and grind and chew, but the dog just stands there, huffing to himself, confused, wild-eyed. He's gotta be on something. His eyes are burning red, muzzle sweaty, pupils just big black holes.

"Y'all done wakin' up, buck?" he says, and whirs the saw up, like someone gunning a chainsaw. It sounds awful, high-pitched, like a drill. I pee more. It hurts when I pee. My prostate hurts. What the hell? I feel like I'm gonna shit, but nothing comes out. "Gonna have me some prime venison."

An hour and a half of feelings come back and I panic. The thing in my mouth snaps and I spit it out and I scream and scream and scream and snort and snort. The screams do nothing except make me hoarse; the snorts are so sharp that the sound hits me back and hurts, and the dog's ears flat. "Son of a fuckin' bitch!" he yells, and comes at me.

I heave and wrench and everything tilts back. I whip my head forward and barely miss getting my head cracked open as I hit the floor. I heave and roll and strain and manage to roll over, and over, and over, and over, and then I hit the wall. Heave heave heave, my muscles burn, my antlers get in the fucking way and scrape the floor and I heave and I can hear the chair breaking. The dog comes over and kicks at the wood, bangs that splinter it, then he picks up the pieces and throws them.

"Gonna have to get these boys off your head," he says, one gloved hand slapping at my antlers. "Gonna put my eye out. Ain't gonna fit in the box."

BOX BOX BOX BOX HES GONNA BURY ME

The saw goes on with that ear-biting whine and he grabs. I just say no, over and over, over and over, and I can see all these wet spots land on the floor, tears, I'm crying, I'm sobbing, I'm gonna throw up, I'm gagging and heaving and he hasn't even-

The sound, like when I was knocked out, a whine, it's in my head, it's the only thing there is. My head buzzes, everything buzzes, it's like that time I got electrocuted in the basement when there was a flood and I almost died, the whine drags and lowers and it whirrs my head harder and harder and then the sound ramps up in pitch and then dies off. Then it starts again and my head goes crazy again, except suddenly it HURTS HURTS HURTS and I see a little blood fleck into a line from by my head up the wall oh shit oh shit I'm dyin'.

"Aww, that ain't much, just a lil' cut," he says, and everything tilts. My head jerks, jerks, jerks, and finally I hear his boot heel wham down on the floor. CRrrrrrack. "There. We. Go!" He tosses the antler down onto the concrete next to the other, a hollow bone clatter, my rack's on the floor in front of me and there's blood-

My head hurts, the stump hurts, I'm gonna die and bleed to death and then

it burns. "Jus' alcohol,
gotta bandage you up here," the dog says, tossing a pack of gauze down
for me to see. Burn burn burn
and then he wraps the gauze on me. "Ain't never heard a buck make that
kinda racket before," he
says, patting at my head. "Good boy."

Then he's gone and I'm lying there and I'm sobbing and sobbing and
sobbing, I feel like my heart's
going to come out my mouth. I don't like being tied up any more.

I wake up again and the room's blinding. It's the dog, I think, and some
other guy, both in those
aprons, both wearing gas masks. One of them's holding a hose, and it
explodes in my face. Icewater!
I scream and roll around in my duct-tape mummy wrap.

"He needs the hot water," the other guy says, voice all dark and weird.
He sounds Russian or
something, kind of snide. Who cares if he's snide he's spraying me with a
hose! The cold turns
lukewarm, and then the dog steps over with a huge knife. He saws off the
duct-tape and I'm free!
Then he steps on my arms while the other guy comes at me with this...
this thing, it's like a huge
sack. They both have to stuff me into it, I'm spitting and slobbering and
yelling again.

"Why does he make noise? I think deer are so quiet," the foreign guy
says.

"I dunno what his problem is, boy's a slut, guess he's jus' disoriented,
the dog says, as he helps
wedge me into the sack. It's rubber, heavy rubber, real heavy, like
waders or something. They buckle
around my feet. I remember this, I remember this! I wanted this once, I
saw one in a store, I wanted
it so bad! I wanted to be mummified like that and messed with, but that
was years ago. Years and
years. I stare at it, I stop fighting. I want this, it's a memory, a
memory of something I've never
had, and now two sets of heavy-gloved hands are strapping me into my
fucking dreams.

They lift me up and carry me into another room, and it's all black, black
everything, except for
this thing in the middle. A platform, a strange platform, it's like clear
stuff, with cubbies or
doors on the floor of it. The room has those little track lights that
faggots always put up to light
up their collections of vintage shit and pretty furniture, all aimed on
the pedestal. What the fuck.
The two set me down on it. I'm not gagged, but what would I say? I just
kind of mumble to myself.

The two of them are talking, and it's just meaningless shit, get that,
get this other thing, hold
that. They're moving these big plastic plates around, and I can't tell

what they're for. Each of them has this weird black circle on it, repeated about four times. Then one of the guys, the one with the weird accent - oh he's got a firehose of a tail, he's some kinda cat! - twists the plastic thing and I can see this huge glove hanging off it, a rubber glove. I've seen it before, before, before... college, in my lab, when I was doing biochem work. That panel gets attached to the pedestal next to me. Then another at the end. Then another on the right side. Then one behind my head. Then a fucking TOP.

The box isn't a coffin. It's not a coffin. It's not a coffin. It has little access doors on the sides and those gloves coming in, like twelve long rubber gloves coming in through fucking gaskets.

"Let me out of here let me out I don't wanna be in here, I don't wanna be in here, c'mon dog, dog, dog, Kyle, lemme out. Lemme out?" My voice just echoes back to me. Air comes in from somewhere, but I can't tell where. It just kind of blows a little bit, and the gloves all kind of inflate and stick out from the chamber. The box. I see the two of them out there, standing, talking to each other, masked faces bobbing and shaking, but I can't hear a damn thing. Nothing. Just my own breathing, my own voice. One of them opens a little hatch and pushes this black doctor's bag in, then closes it back up. Then, each takes their place at my left and right shoulder, and four hands slide into gloves, black rubber hands emerging into the box. I stare. I stare like I've never stared before. I stare like everything I ever dreamed of in my head just suddenly materialized in front of me.

The dog's set of hands just reach in, flex and show off in front of my face, then start stroking at my sack-covered chest. The sack opens up there, and he spreads the rubber apart, stroking at my bare wet fur. It's so gentle, so nice, I start to relax a little.

The other guy, the cat guy, starts opening the doctor's bag. Out comes this weird metal thing, that he brings to my face. One hand seizes me and jams a thumb into the corner, and I yell and try to bite. The metal shit clacks against my teeth and I yell and bite and bite, but there are just these weird pad cup things that my teeth hold into. There's a snap and my jaw opens an inch. Another snap and another inch, and I can't open my mouth or bite down or do anything. All four sets of gloved fingers come up and stroke my head, my face, and I keep trying to fight away. Then they're in my mouth, pulling on my tongue, stroking my teeth, my gums, and two go into my throat. I retch and retch but nothing comes up, and then they're gone, spit covered, moving down to rub it into my fur. Down further, and then the gloves pull away. The two gloves on each side

down further fill in with hands, flexing, then kneading at my thighs. They open up the sack there, I guess it has this kind of codpiece thing, fondle my dick and balls. Pull, fondle, stroke, rim around under the foreskin. No way am I getting hard for them, these creeps.

One of them pulls this stuff out of the bag, it's a bottle of brown stuff. They squirt it all over my dick, rub it in, then wipe it off. It burns a little, and it stinks. It stinks like alcohol and something else, this weird chemical smell. Then, black hands take out this cigarette case thing and withdraw a metal rod, it's kind of curved slightly. One set of hands hold my cock and balls, aiming my asshole to the ceiling. The other feeds that metal thing towards the tip. No way, no way, no way, it's going in, it's going in IN IN IN IN! It feels like fire is pouring down into my cock. Fire and fire and fire, I scream and yell and writhe around, and those rubber hands just hold me down, violate my dick like it's someone's asshole.

The pain slowly fades away, leaving an ache, a throb. Deeper, deeper, and then I feel it up in my guts, like when I get in the bath and work my prostate until I come. I'm delirious, I'm sweating, my fucking antler stump starts to hurt.

Then more things, and I'm not looking, I'm staring at the ceiling as those gloved hands squeak and work and touch me, touch me, feel me, prod me. Something around my dick base, something around my balls, and something cold up my ass. Whatever. Whatever, I'm just a toy. I'm dreaming, I'm still in the chair, I'm still fucked up on that chemical shit-

I look down, and there are fucking WIRES EVERYWHERE. My dick is wired up like christmas lights. One hand detaches some of the wires, and then holds an alligator clip. Another hand turns some knob on some box thingy. I don't know what this shit is. It's that electro shit that guys like, I can't do that shit, I can't do that shit after being fried in the basement as a kid and seeing fucking god and my dead mom and all my friends before I somehow came around, I can't put electrical shit on myself. I feel a little something, a kind of vague pulse at my ass. It almost feels nice. Then the alligator clip hits that metal fucking rod down my dick and I'm all over the inside of the box, rolling and screaming.

The hands retreat, and then the hatch opens. This whole thing gets pushed in, like fucking crazy tubes and these rubber.. bag things, and this head harness with a fucking oxygen mask thing on it, like a gas mask, like a fighter jet or something. I shrink into one corner of the box, twitching whenever anything moves. Hands attach the rubber hoses up to some holes

in the plastic box thing,
into the sides of the glove box. Then they pick up the mask and bring it
to me. I'm at the dentist
again, that hissing gas mask coming at me, that funny smell. But there's
no smell except rubber now,
and I'm shaking as the mask slides onto my muzzle, gloved hands strap it
onto my face. I love this.
Oh god I love this. Why do I love this? I'm in hell. I'm in hell and I
love it, does the demon do
that? The devil? Satan? Does he make you love it all? Is that your
punishment, loving being
vivisected on hot coals or some shit?

I see a lighter outside. A lighter, and something kind of brown. It gets
stuck into the hole in the
side, and then the other guy's hands fool around with that breathing
thing. I exhale and those bags
inflate, slowly deflate. I inhale, and smoke. Stinking skunky hardcore
grass. I've never smelled pot
this strong. It's like rotting landscape clippings and dirty socks. I
hack and cough, and suddenly
when I inhale, no smoke. The bags slap themselves flat and I can't
breathe. I exhale and they puff
up, I inhale and smack. Smack. Smack. The hands hold me down until I'm
dizzy, panicking, chest
heaving, yelling, barking, and then air. Wonderful fresh, cold air.
Following on the air, I lose it.
My head starts to swim, and I can feel that heart-pounding again, but
this isn't that weird chemical
shit. This is good old grass, fine medical-grade shit, and everything
changes.

I love this box. I love the thing wedged in my dick, the ache in my
prostate as I get hard and the
thing moves around, that sound thing, is that what it is? A sound? It
feels so good, because it
hurts so, so bad. They fondle me, grasp me, touch me again, and then that
alligator clip comes for
the metal. I scream and thrash again, like someone's shoving a cattle
prod into my guts. The clip
goes to the ring around my balls, and it feels like something's fucking
my ass, over and over, a
weird thrum every few seconds. It feels so good, it hurts so much, and
those fingers slide the sound
out of me. That feels like an orgasm, and I'm coming, except I'm not. I'm
shaking, I'm peeing a
little, I can't come. I cough into the mask and lurch around.

No more smoke, and that's fine with me. My eyes are burning, searing,
ears ringing out of step. The
current comes up again, until I arch my back, but it's so _good_. So
good. So absolutely awesomely
terrifyingly good. But more and more and more and more and more and I'm
not sure if it's still good,
but I'm hard, my dick is jumping like I'm shooting but nothing comes out.
I'm so close, but I can't
go anywhere, I can't work it and those hands just hold me down, rubber
clenching onto me.

I look over to where that air hose goes to the outside world, and there's

that dog guy again, gloves
out of the box, holding something. It's, it's that spray can. No, no no
no no no - cold explodes
down the air hose as I breathe in. I cough and exhale, but he just keeps
spraying it. I eventually
get a lungful, and the cat guy's gloves come and fuck with that air bag
thing. Now I'm breathing
myself, again, and again, and I'm hot. So hot. So fucking hot and that
sound, it's like my antlers
getting sawwed off, like my antlers, going off. The current hits me in
the middle of it and I scream
and heave, and I see this huge arc of white coming for my face,
splattering onto me, again and
again, and that's all I see, come out of my dick, onto me, onto me, and
then I'm somewhere totally
different. Somewhere really, really light. And that's the end. Oh god.
That's it.

Kyle stomped around the room, finishing off the blunt that he'd fed to
the deer. What was his name?
It didn't matter. "Well damn, took long enough to build this thing, but--"

"Kyle,"

"Worked out pretty good," the shepherd grunted, blowing streams of smoke
at the walls. "God damn
this shit. God damn it. Poor bucky boy, all messed up in--"

"Kyle!"

"Back's hurtin' from all that bendin' around, fuckin' with him in--"

"KYLE! THE DEER DOESN'T MOVE!"

The dog swung around, to where Tomasz was staring at the box. Inside, he
was right; the buck was
lying there, eyes rolled back, head to the side. Kyle stepped over and
snuffed the blunt out on the
side of the glove-box. "Well shit, guess we knocked him out."

Tomasz was staring, wide-eyed, tail fluffed out like a bottle brush,
hackles up. "No he doesn't
breathe, he doesn't breathe!" Seeing the red-eyed, dull look from Kyle,
the cougar lurched up and
knocked the dog off his block with a leather-gloved fist to the face.

"Aww son of a--"

"HE IS DEAD OR DYING OR SOMETHING AND YOU JUST SMOKE! YOU ARE ASS!"
Tomasz shrieked. "You fix it! We
fix it! What do we do with dead buck in your house?!"

"I dunno, gotta bury him--"

Tomasz latched onto Kyle's apron. "WE FIX IT! HOW DO YOU FIX IT! DO YOU
KNOW HOW TO DO IT, YOU PUSH
ON HIM, I DON'T KNOW!"

"God damnit, calm th'fuck down," Kyle spat, then pushed the cougar off. "I got some kinda thing. Got some kinda thing. You can use that air thing you love puttin' on guys an' blow some air into him, I gotta go find it." The dog staggered off into the other room.

Tomasz grappled with the exam gloves, reaching in and holding the mask to the deer's face, shutting all the valves for outside air. He squeezed and pumped at the air bags, and the deer's chest lifted, but just sank back with a huff. "Fuck," the cat growled, then tore one of the gloves out of its frame holders. He yanked his own leather glove off and felt at the deer's neck. "FUCK HE IS NOT BEATING IN HERE!"

"What the hell did you say?" Kyle grunted from the next room, producing a loud bang and some profanity.

"HIS HEART IS DEAD!"

Kyle exploded into the room. "Fuckin' hell why didn't you say somethin'!" the dog barked, slobbering onto himself, then bore back into the other part of the basement. He returned with a big box that he set on top of the glove-box, then opened up. Inside lay a portable defibrillator. "Aww hell it ain't got instructions. Shows what I get for--"

"Get it off, get box off him, get it off! So I work! Get it off!" Tomasz raved and clawed at the padlocks that held the heavy plexiglas box together.

"I ain't gettin' that off, keys are out in my car, didn't want him gettin' out. You jus' hold on, we're gonna stick these suckers in that hatch there..." Kyle took the paddles out and fed them through the access hatch. "You go stuff your hands in the other side, put them back in those damn gloves. Don't wanna fry your ass like bacon. Now let's see, I guess this gotta be the fuckin', whoa!" Kyle snapped the on switch and the defibrillator lit up, chirped, then started its camera-flash whine. "Well I dunno, guess I gotta.. oh, its says 'Charging', an' .. oooh, there we go, says 'Ready'. Well I guess we gotta put those things on him an' push them button things." The stoned dog reached his hands in and pried the breathing mask off the deer's face, then took hold of a paddle and mashed it against the deer's right pec. Tomasz did the same and both mashed the buttons. The deer's chest heaved slightly, but the defibrillator kept whining.

"What in hell's that mean, he still dead or somethin'?" Kyle gruffed, and wound the voltage control up.

"What do you do, do you know how to use it?"

"Go an' do it again," the dog barked, and both mashed the paddles into the deer's chest. This time, the buck's body convulsed with a lurch. He coughed and sputtered, then started to shake, lurching up and smashing his forehead against the plexiglas, leaving a red splatter of blood. "Aww hell well he ain't dead any more," Kyle said, grunting and coughing.

Tomasz made himself useless again, wringing his gloved hands together. "This is bad, deer remembers what happens and tells people!"

Kyle chuckled, the sound turning from a grunting cough to a spastic intoxicated giggle, then rummaged in the defibrillator's carry case. He pulled out a tube of something that read "Contact Gel". "You be a dear an' get me some, oh shit, where the hell they at, you get me that fur clipper that's round here somewhere," Kyle grunted, smacking Tomasz with the tube. Then he turned back to the box. Inside, the deer was clearly alive, squirming around aimlessly, still probably intoxicated. "Don't you worry, you're jus' gonna have some bad, bad dreams."

"I find it!" Tomasz hissed, taking to his task by dislodging everything from Kyle's workbench in the other room. The cougar rushed back with a professional fur clipper, coily cord bouncing around. He plugged it in, turned it on, and nearly dropped it as it whirred to life. The cougar even gave it a rough hiss. "I help, we take care of this now," Tomasz hissed again, then pried all of the glove seals out of the box, leaving it looking like clear swiss cheese.

The two fed the defib paddles back into the box, and while he said nothing, the deer instinctively shied away, compacting himself into the far corner. Tomasz reached in with the fur clipper and plowed it along the side of the deer's head, bringing an aimless squeal out of the cervine. He reached around and did the same thing to the other side, while Kyle splattered electrode gel all over the freshly naked patch. The deer squealed again but all his body seemed to want was to retract into itself, forming a big rubber-sleeved worm.

"What if we kill him again? What then, smart dog?" Tomasz hissed, as he took one of the paddles and pressed it up against the deer's head. Kyle passed the other one to him, and he sandwiched the cervine's head between them. The deer started to froth at the mouth, tears running out of his wide, staring eyes.

"Oh this ain't gonna kill him, I tell you that. I ever tell you what happened when my regiment got all, oh, what the hell was I saying," Kyle said, squinting at the defibrillator's controls. He put the voltage down, then switched a waveform knob around. "Oh it's a long

story, but let me tell you,
I'm gonna tell you-

"Say it already!"

"Well shit, I've done this before," Kyle mumbled, then armed the defibrillator. "I guess you can-"
He mashed the fire button by accident and the deer let out a heavy HRRRURHNG! and his back arched.
"You jus' keep holdin' there, kitty-cat," Kyle snorted, and snapped the button two, three, four times. By the end of it, the deer's body was convulsing, gagging sounds coming out of his throat.
"Shit, see that stick? Put it in his mouth," Kyle said, pointing to the wood dowel that they'd used to pry the deer's mouth open earlier. Tomasz stuck it in, and then went back to the paddles. The deer gagged and slobbered again, eyes rolled back to whites as Kyle hit him another four times. "He still goin'?"

Tomasz felt around for a pulse, then waved his hand in front of the deer's mouth. "Yes, is still 'going'."

"Well shit, let's get him gone outta here, an' I mean outta that box."

Tomasz calmed down only until he looked to Kyle's groin and saw the sloppy, glistening wet stain, rimmed with white froth, that showed the dog had blown a load in his pants.

I woke up in my car. I don't know how long I'd been in there. I jerked awake and rolled to the side, then panicked. Trapped, trapped I'm trapped I'm trapped I'm gonna die I'm gonna die. But I wasn't trapped. The door was unlocked and I kicked at it, then bolted out, falling flat on my face, right into a pile of muck. I scrabbled it off my face.

I was outside my Cherokee, in a wooded area, at some turnaround spot on a dirt road. I had no idea where I was. I felt like someone had stuffed my entire body with cotton. No, they stuffed my soul with it. The panic was gone in an instant, replaced by a disturbing calm. I'd never felt that kind of calm before. It was the best sensation in the world, like every bad thought I'd ever had was completely banished.

The problem was that all my fucking good thoughts were banished, too. I felt empty. I felt my head, and found only stumps, one wrapped with a bandage. I didn't have any fur, either, just warm stubble that felt creepy in the cool breeze. I smelled my fingers. Smelled like, like, like sex? No, like lubricant. Like that shitty KY stuff that women use to moisten their

vaginas.

I stretched and grunted. I felt so sore, so impossibly sore. Frothy, dry-mouthed, but not really in pain. Somewhere, my head hurt, my stumps up there hurt. I knew what had happened, that they'd been sawwed off, but it didn't seem to matter.

I got back in the car and went to start it up, except... I didn't know what to do. The keys were in the ignition, but I just stared. What was I supposed to do? Did I have to push something else? The feeling of desolate bliss turned to panic again.

What was I supposed to fucking do, I couldn't drive, I didn't know how to drive! I tried to calm myself to get it together, but I couldn't remember my own name. My own name!

I stared out at the world, trying to find out where I was. A sudden flash came back and I started the car up, then began driving. Seat belt? Who needs one! I didn't know my name!

It took me a few days to get that one back. It took me as long to get back home, even though I only lived a few miles away.

I almost think it was worth it, because I'd always wanted it, but I didn't really know what I got and no matter how hard I tried, I never could fill in the blank after I passed out.