



THE REAL CAGED HEAT

by JAY CREEPY

“Hit me then! You lil' chav baghead pussies, c'mon! I've been messin' with your heads, I've been... *Owww*.... Not bad, to my chin. Boo-hoo, I'm still standin'! Gimmi more you lil' dick! Fuckin' hell..... *Ohhhh*.... You freaks!”

The taunt brings another punch and I fall into a star position. I need so much more. I want to feel pain. A kick from a pair of Converse trainers cracks a rib and my chest heaves against the jagged pain. That's so intense! Biting back the tears, I decide to stand up again. The three lads are walking away, two are shaking their heads. I've been winding them and grinding them for some time before they finally snapped. I have to admit, some lads wouldn't have thought twice about beating down a girl.

“Okay, cunts,” I dripped huge splashes of blood on the pavement. “Tell you what, Mark,” I aimed my venom at the boy with the most volatile temper, “I'll smack the shit outta Loz tomorrow, maybe stab her up!” Raising a finger in their direction.

The trio halted, Mark's face became a shade of vile and sickening crimson. Somewhere deep in my heartbroken mind I realised I had pushed him a bit too far. Didn't matter, the continued beat down felt a whole more violent. The bullshit was punched out of me for around five minutes. “Next time.... *Owww*... I'll ask some bitches to....” A steadily aimed and delivered kick to my spine shut me up, and ended the use of my legs.

The nightmare! I open my eyes, blinking against the lights. Moisture spills out and I blink some more. My ears attempt to hide from the noise. It's like total chaos and panic ripples through me. Forget hiding, forget running away, you're stuck with it 'til you adjust again. Voices, clattering, cars. Wait it out.

I'm just a spaz in a chair eating mushy food from a spoon. Fuck! Fuckin' *fuck!* I hate it! There's two sides of me trapped in this prison. One wants to die right here, right now! Every moment! The

other realises it's my own doing and here I must stay until God or whoever gets bored and lets the fade away.

Feels like there's rivers of tangy bile in my throat. Anyone want to look at me? I'll look right back, I can see you and I can understand you inside here, but try not to look at me too long will you? You never fucking do!!

Think I'd rather retreat and sink away into that nightmare again. I was high as hell then, I was a pure uncut dickhead then. A girl on a suicide mission. My life was sincerely a mess, but at least it wasn't boring or humiliating like now. I am missing so many parts from my memory, I have washed them away, too traumatic probably.

Oh yeah, almost forgot, have a good chit chat with my Mum and glance once in a while to me, knowing I cannot freshen the conversation. Fair do's, Mum attends my needs around the clock. I hear her crying sometimes, I hear her shrieking at the four walls. She's in a prison as well as me. Mum needs friends, needs reality away from the doors. But, whoa, come on and talk to me! If you actually concentrate and translate my garbled words, I think complete whole sentences, I can hold them in my mind, but unfortunately what comes out of my mouth isn't close to what the words are supposed to sound.

Please ignore that, ignore my limp jaw and my slack features. I'm in here, I'm still in here, I'm buried and screaming. It hadn't meant to end like this, it was meant to be different. Everybody's lives are meant to turn out different aren't they? Cannot plan so far ahead.

Does anyone remember Julie? Has Mum sat down and told anyone who never knew me who I was? What my ambitions were? How many hours we used to scroll through the discussions that passed a night away? No. We moved house, started fresh after the accident. The lads were sent down, but it wouldn't be forever. Their families hated us, hated me. The newspapers were like a suit of armour around our home though, they were ready to shame anybody who dared attempt anything against the poor crippled girl. An argument in the street which ended in tragedy.

Nobody remembers Julie around this end. Mum got her baby back. Bathe baby, dry baby, wipe

baby, feed baby, dress, carry, care for.... on and on. Mum didn't smile or laugh, try to make me happy. That was way beyond her. She could shout at me, she could backhand slap me across the face. Once in a while she's forget I had no feelings below and kick me in the thigh or wherever. Those slaps hurt like hell. Not so much the connection but the surprise and shock of receiving one for no reason. Mum could be easing me from the chair to the sofa and then suddenly for no reason she'd lean over me and slap me four or five times yelling names into my ears.

Once she pulled my hair and dragged me from my chair so hard I fell and collided head first into her favourite plant pot in the cramped house. I was bleeding heavily. She told the ambulance people I'd found strength to twist as she lifted me. They didn't question this, their reasoning was to patch me up, see that I was safe, and be on their way to an emergency.

Mum had to be very careful how she beat me after that episode. If I have to be truthful, I kind of like the slaps in a funny way, the pain does bring me from my dull shell.

I am a shell, I'm hollow. I'm shallow. I don't matter. I'm not a person any more. I'm an object who passes by so many real living walking jolly bastards and bitches.

Mum takes me to bingo, to town, to the amusement arcades where some of my care money goes, vanishes into the hungry slot machines who give out fake promises. Ah, Mum knows, she isn't daft, has her head screwed on. She goes to them to see the staff, to have a cuppa and to escape reality. I sit alone in my chair and my eyes move side to side observing the lights, hearing the music. Minutes. Hours.

I do have one friend, believe it or not. He's a friend which can stir the caged heat. Mum has known him and his family since he became a caller at the bingo club. He's a son of a cruel faced fat cow who lives opposite in the street. He visits us quite often. Not really talkative, but young. Nineteen, no spots. He's a goth – well, a hybrid of skater and goth. Of course, up on that stage with its threadbare crimson patterned carpet at his feet, he's neither. He's a smart polite young gentleman. Do you know why I like him so much? He speaks directly to *me*. And the look in his eyes! No pathetic; “Oh I'm so sorry,” looks. He accepts who I am.

I think my biggest pet hate, my burning piss me off thing, is Mum answering for me if rare folks talk to me. Oh yeah, it happens. They will see my genuine blonde hair that Mum brushes tirelessly every morning in a rare bonding session between mother and daughter. They might see my face which could once upon a time smile with my thick lips and my button nose. My wide green eyes pleading for company. So they'll chat to me. Mum undoes that instantly.

First time we met Barry (I know, what a crap name!) it was between bingo sessions. He sat beside us, chatted to Mum, then stared into my eyes. He asked my name. Mum, naturally filled in the blanks. He still gazed at me, as if she hadn't said a word.

“Ju.... Juuuuuuu... uuuu....”

For fuck's sake! Say it! Say it! Now! “...li....li...iiiihhh...eeee...”

Wasn't that hard was it? He smiled. I expected him to turn to Mum and say, “Has she always been this way?” To which she always without fail whispers the answer. I've never known what she said.

“I've not had a chance to talk before,” Wait! What the fuck? Whoa! He's talking to *me*. “You know mothers.”

This was a total shock. I was a human again. Nope, I was a girl again. I sensed the caged heat, teasing me. My stomach lurched. I swallowed deeply. Jesus, let me stand up! I needed my spine to heal! Fuck the crowds in this shitty greasy chips smelling hall, I'd wrap my legs around his skinny little body, kiss his mouth, drop down, quickly undo his pants and suck his dick out of the roots just as a thank-you for showing me a different reaction. When I was Julie and could walk, I was known as a few things. I was known as a well developed sexual piranha who could swallow a cock without a moment's hesitation, and I was a private girl. I had my times when I just wanted to read, be alone.

“I like to bring Julie here to see everyone.” Mum puckered her ruby red lipstick made up mouth his way. Surely not, Mum. He's old enough to be your Great Great Grandson. Ha ha ha. Lose your fat first and second stomach and your bingo wins, you still wouldn't have a chance Mum.

Barry nodded, then returned his eyes to mine. Somewhere inside I could see Gavin, my first and last love. Barry was thinner, but had a bit of muscle. That hair, oh that dark brown long hair to his

shoulders. Okay, okay, chill out, Julie, you're imagining things now. Mind playing tricks on me. Did he just stare at my legs? He's glancing quickly to my firm breasts under the chequered shirt. Bugger off, there's no way he's gonna want to fancy a piece of flaccid meat like me is there?

Since that night, months have passed and he pops around. Always Mum or Cruella the bitch hanging about. We're never alone. Barry will sit with me, talking, patient for my answers. He struggles a lot to understand me, but at least he bloody tries. He's held my weakened hand a couple of times, secretly, whilst the older ones are across the room or in the kitchen. I admit, that caged heat is threatening me so much, it's ready to crash through. I know I am soaked down below even though I cannot feel everything, my stomach flickers and writhes.

As the visits continue, Barry is trusted more and more. In fact, it's Cruella – real name Maddy, who encourages Mum to let me relax more. Turns out, her hubby, Barry's Dad, had an accident on a bike years ago. She gelled to Mum and realised I had to have my girl moments. For the first time since I lost my freedom, I am allowed to wear shorts. Nothing too exposing, but I can imagine the feel of the air on my bare skin. This becomes a skirt from a charity shop. It's dressed in this skirt and a t-shirt, Barry lifts me in his arms – he's topless, all pale and hairless, out into the back yard to sunbathe. Our Momma's had gone to the shops. Barry has a mobile phone to hand in case he needs their help. I can honestly realise how much Mum must be enjoying that hour or so away from me because I'm very happy.

I decided in an instance to take a chance – shit or bust! What's the worst that could happen? I have minimum use of my hands, and my arms can flay around like a retarded fuck at the best of times. My stupid hands struggled to hold an ice lolly. Poor Barry, he's not the greatest nurse maid in the world. He laid beside me. Wonder if he could sense the heat off my body? I was sat upright, so I had a beautiful view of something rising in his pants. I wonder what he was thinking about? So tempting to reach down and grab his shaft, but I did have another plan.

The lolly fell. Frikk'n' hell! This fucking ridiculous torso of mine! Oh my God! Barry leans across to salvage the fallen sweet. How did I feel that then? His dick pressed into my side. I could feel

that! Was it my imagination? Hope? Maybe. Oh well, it was time to either scare him away or live the many fantasies which had lapped at my consciousness recently.

“Oww! Oww!!” I wave my jelly like arms towards my legs. “Waa... Wasssss... *pphhh!*”

“Oh shit, hang on, Julie!” Barry turned his body and hurried to my lower half. Goodness knows how I managed to, but I'd raised my tartan skirt high.

Caught you peeking, you bad boy. Thank God I didn't have to wear pampers any more. Those were bad times as my bladder and bowels suffered the after effects of the traumatic beating over and over again.

Barry explores my legs for a wasp or a sting, he's a naughty boy, what a pervert! I could hear his breathing become heavy, and he didn't realise I could see his hand cup his dick. He was a pure sick pervert. How could he lust after a helpless crippled young girl? My weak left arm circles his head, I catch him by surprise. Push him downwards towards my knickers, my mound.

The moment of truth, Barry had been caught in the act by me, he knew it. I had been caught in the act of revealing my true intentions. Barry looks up at me, a lopsided almost evil grin. “May I?”

The look on my face gave him the reply. He pushes my underwear to one side and buries his tongue as far as he could into my hairy pussy. That gorgeous male ran his tongue in circles.

“Ohhhh, *owuppphhh.... Aaahhh..*” was all I could say. Okay the sensations spiralling and spewing into my body wasn't nearly as on point as the last time a man did this, but.... but.... I could feel his tongue! I feel his rough hands on my legs. No, I think I hoped I could feel those hands. He sits up, removing my knickers. Wow, this was moving very fast.

Barry stands up and drops his trousers. He's not huge, which I figured was a good thing considering I would be so closed up. He's naked and facing me. He kneels on all fours over me, his tongue which tastes of me all in my mouth. My own tongue wraps around his. I'm clumsy, I'm so pathetic.

“You sure?” he enquires. So sweet.

I'm drooling. Stop it, Julie! I can't, it's as if my whole being has lost control. I find his cock and try

to hold it but I can't. His evil lopsided grin appears again and he rears up to my face, the pulsing bell end on my lips. He hasn't washed for a few days, I could smell sweat and excitement. So what? It wasn't every day, I wasn't going to be as picky as I used to be. I'm excited and terrified. Like riding a bike. For all my body is a wreck, I can still work my mouth so long as he thrusts in and out. Barry cries out loud, then bites his hand. Like I said, he didn't taste very nice, I wouldn't recommend it, but ho-hum, Barry went this far and I owe him that much.

I've seen at least three times a sadistic look of glee on his features. I then understood. In his mind he was raping a pretty but helpless girl. I was his property, he was going to have me in so many ways. Barry, you go to town on me, son. I won't fight back. He moves downwards again, teasing his prick end against my pussy. I have to compose myself quick and fast. This was it! How would it feel? Pain? Pleasure? *Nothing*? The last suggestion mortified me.

At first I'm nearly sick, he thrusts inside me so fast. He parted my legs and fucked me in the same second I think. He was living his fantasy of rape. It was a shard of glass! I feel panic! No, just calm down, you wanted this. It'll ease in a moment.

Barry's face softened and he looks down at me as he steadily discovers his rhythm. He lifts my top and plays with my breasts. Oh, wow, this is awesome! Barry had lost that rigid dream of his, now he sees me properly for the first time since I pretended there was a wasp. Barry fancies the hell out of me and I would be happy to role play anything he wanted if possible. I had a couple of limitations, of course.

He bites deep into my breasts. I nibbled my lower lip, drawing blood. What if the neighbours hear? Should he have used a condom? What if our Mum's find us? And? Just *fuck* me! His eyes are closing, I must still feel good. My head starts to hurt. We climax together, he has the sense to pull out and nip the end. No traces. We kiss. He heads off to the toilet to compose himself, then returns to lay with me. Only a few precious minutes left together, make them golden. We both smell like skunks.

“We need a wash.” he decides.

Bloody hell, did he want to be caught? He fills a bowl with warm water and lathers his palms with soap. He washes his privates and under his arms, then rubs his soapy hands over my body. Bad mistake. The sex lasts fifteen minutes, more controlled and loving.

“*Barry!*” his Mum, Maddy, enters the yard in a whirlwind. She leans down and lands two smacks on his bare ass cheeks. For a moment she glares at me, then to him. “Good job I sent her Mum to get me some fags. I flipping knew you two would do this!”

Barry dares not speak, he hurriedly dresses himself. Maddy is furious with both of us. She kneels and parts my legs wide. “You've made her swollen! What if her mum sees? Julie,” she glares again at me, “I know he hasn't had you against your will, I saw the way you both looked at each other. Why do you think I encouraged you in short skirts and stuff? But I never imagined you'd both risk it now until the idea came to my head at the shops,” Maddy dresses me quickly. “I've convinced your Mum to let you come over to our house this weekend. She needs a breather, as you do. What you and my Son gets up to is up to you.”

That moment I regret the times thinking Maddy was a cruel bitch. I love her so much. “Are you dressed?” she snarls at Barry.

“Yes, Mum.”

Her short dyed red hair is almost in flames as she whirls her anger on both of us in turn. “Now listen! Julie is coming to ours at seven o' clock. Julie, your Mum will probably be very drunk on the night and won't want you back 'til lunch time. Barry, she will stay in your room on your bed! If anything goes wrong we will both sort her out, okay? Julie, as far as you are to me, my husband ended up like you, I cared for him a long time. To me, you're my mate, but my patient. Get it?”

I manage to nod my head slightly.

“Good girl. Barry is lonely, he doesn't get on well with women,” Maddy ignores his protests. “He's my Son, he's the love of my life, so I want him happy. Barry has, erm, certain needs, I found in the history of his PC.”

“Oh, fuck,” Barry storms into the house, “Julie is special to me!” We hear the front door open and

my Mum calling.

Days sail by. Mum was apprehensive about me leaving her sight for a night. She fussed, she changed her mind many times. She blamed me, she yelled at Maddy down the phone. Finally, she relented. Maddy takes me across the road in my chair. Their home was still converted to suit the man who used to live with them. He now resided in a special care home. His mind had unfortunately slipped away with early dementia to put icing on the tragic cake.

At eight thirty, Mum pops around, whilst we're eating supper, all dressed up for a slaggy evening on the town. She's already downed a small bottle of Jim Beams and is definitely fighting to straighten her swirling head. "Yeah, Jenny and her gang are meeting me. We're having a few drinks." she laughs like a teenager.

"You be careful," Maddy tells her off, "Use protection."

"Aww, you filthy cow!" she chuckles. "I'm way past all that," she stares at me nervously. "Will she be al-right?"

Maddy nods in earnest. Mum finally strolls off to the bus stop. Barry stops feeding me and wipes my chin. "I love you," he whispers.

Really? It has been hard to sleep, hard to eat since we made love. The forest has been free of animals for a while now. Gavin came to the front of my mind too much. He dumped me! I cannot remember who for now, my memories are fractured in heaps of crisp and burnt remains, but he broke my heart! Piss off, Gavin, I have Barry.

We watch TV. Maddy deals with all of my toilet issues. She's so patient, so careful, even if she does treat me like a slab of meat. Can't have everything. At ten thirty, I'm propped upright on his bed. Typical young lad's room. Dark, full of useless objects (including me now), tons of CDs and magazines. Oh, my, some of those magazines look rather rude. He had purposely left one open by

the bedside in plain view. Three pictures on the folded over page, I can see a girl pinned down by two men. One of the big burly blokes is tearing at her clothes.

This doesn't bother me. Not one bit. I'm his toy, he can do what he likes to me. Barry locks his door and lays down, kissing me for what feels like an eternity. Too long now, I'm growing bored. Just do something! Hurt me, whatever! Your mum knows something dark about you, boy!

His hand trails down my body and he spends some time undressing me. At first he produces a coil of rope from a drawer and then frowns. "You aren't going to fight me are you? I might get a bit savage. I can't help it. I won't bruise you, or cut you, but...."

I'm panting in excitement. I'll push you, little wimp! "You..... yo...uuu... a..... puss...sssss....y."

Barry is taken back a brief second, then grins ear to ear, his eyes alight in knowing he's found a kindred spirit. He ties me up any way to add to his fantasy. He shoves my own knickers into my mouth and ties them in. I didn't mind one little bit.

We stay up very late into the night. He fucks me three times, pulling my hair, swearing at me, calling me every dirty slut in the world. I love it! I'm bitten, I'm grabbed. He unties me and turns me roughly over, my ass on pillows up in the air. His fingers go deep and he sodomises me twice in a row as I cry into the bed through my gag. That really does sting, feels like he's pounding right into my guts. At the same time, let's have had a third go! The gag comes out. I'm still each and every nasty rotten whore in history, according to him, as his shitty penis shoves into my mouth. By this time, I'm so far gone fuck it! I'll suck and suck until you come.

Afterwards we lay naked side by side and he drifts to sleep. I'm awake, my whole being on fire. I still can't get all of the heat out of the cage, it refuses to open all of the way. Another reason for my lack of sleep is simply down to the fact my insides are sore and as if sandpaper has been scrubbing away at the organs. Oh, Barry was a ruthless brutal little shit. I had to wonder what else he had in store for me. This had simply been an introduction into his realms. I had never been buggered, and I didn't particularly enjoy it to be honest. But, all said and done, I have a sex life again, as disturbing

as it was. The contents weren't revealed on the tin.

Morning arrives, I must have drifted off because I wake to Barry tying my ankles up over my head to the bed frame. Fair enough, then. Good morning, love. No cuppa tea? At night I have to wear, shall we say, protection in case of accidents. He must have tossed this aside somewhere or other.

I feel I have to pee but that was something which I had gained back over time, the ability to hold my urine. Let my boyfriend have his fun. Barry spends ten minutes kneeling before my upraised pussy and arsehole, staring, his fingers stretching and entering, his mouth kissing, his nose sniffing. This is deffo getting a bit weird, beyond even my bizarre comfort zone. The fact he hasn't spoken a word yet. Barry finally stands astride me and impales me for around twenty minutes I suppose, time loses its meaning because after all his fooling about, I discover my sensations are absolutely flooding back into my lower regions.

Just before he comes, he hisses. "Fuck! I really love you, Julie! We're meant to be together forever you fucking dirty bitch!"

Damn right we are! I know that. He dresses me a few moments later. "I better check for any marks. I know I was careful, but you never know."

Maybe one day Barry will have the total freedom to put me through whatever else is bubbling inside. Speaking of bubbling, the caged heat really pains me. What the fuck's behind those bars? Surely enough is enough. This lad had poured himself into each and every part of my body and soul.

He tenderly pats my breasts. "All clear. You're amazing, do you realise that?" I cast my memories back to Gavin, our kinky antics and how he used to say various and similar things to me. Look how that turned out, eh? I manage a sort of smile, as close a smile as I can administer to the proceedings. Is this happiness?

Maddy takes me to the toilet, then she bathes me. "He does like you a lot, Julie," she says below the radio which plays in the corner of the bathroom, "He's as good as besotted with you. It's not just because of his... erm... his ways and who you are. It's your face, your hair." she gently washes my

sore vagina and my anus. "I hope he didn't hurt you too much."

"Nooooo..." I assure her.

I am totally taken back by my caring loving mother after lunch. She seems very prim and there's like a spring in her step. Who knows, perhaps she got lucky as well last night. I sit by the front window, watching the Earth move and pass me by. Barry heads to work, then comes home. The times I was seated in view, he didn't even care to glance.

Was it all over? Had he had his fun at my expense? Or had Maddy convinced him his love did not lie with a cripple? Ah well, he'd dusted a couple of cobwebs away at least. This cheered me up. Let's be honest here, it was only meant to be sex anyway. Nothing else. Days sail slowly and blankly by. Vanilla hours. Mum takes me places locally. She chats to Maddy and I'm in a sulk. Spoilt and stomping my feet, in my dreams of course.

"Barry was happy when Julie stayed over. They watched movies upstairs. I kept a watch on them. He mentioned about getting her over again."

My ears prick up. Mum isn't too keen me leaving the house again. "Well, Barry has nothing to do after work. Why don't me and you go out a bit, he'll house sit with Julie. You need your life once in a while."

"Hmm, okay. Maybe."

This evening I'm in bed waiting. I have a headache, I told Mum. Patient and pondering, listening, until I hear his voice. Jesus, I want to play with myself, get my hole all ready for him. I have my night time nappy shit on! Why did Mum do that?

Half an hour later, Barry saunters up to my room. He stands at the door, his pervert eyes are up and down the shape of my body under the sheets. My room is the contrast to his. Barren, almost vacant aside from necessary items, and very light. "Julie, I've been thinking long and hard...."

Shit, this doesn't sound very welcoming does it?

"I'm gonna fuck you over and over until your Mum comes back. In fact, if I decide to, I'll fuck

you up the arse again. I'll make you suck me til your throat is sore. Then, after all that, I'll pick you up, pin you against the wall, and take you deeper than I've ever took you.”

I swear to God I've come hearing each word. My body is out of control, writhing under my skin. My flesh is alive with insects. After my garments are as good as torn off me, I cannot stop him. He bites, he penetrates, he uses his weight against me. I love it! I love *him!* More and more! Fuck me in the ear and nose if you want, Barry! I feel so *alive!*

He takes a breather, his torso glistening with moisture. Opening my window, he sits cross-legged by his jacket and reaches in. I watch, confused. Why have we stopped? Have I done something wrong?

“Baa... Baaa... rryyy?” I plead like a lost sheep.

“It's okay, my love,” he assures me with a relaxing smile. “Figured we'd have a smoke.” He shows me a thick and rather loosely rolled spliff in his fingers.

That's more like it. I hope in this moment we can truly carry on this relationship and go further, get a place together. No restrictions on what we could do. Barry sparks the spliff and inhales a few before coming over.

He helps me to my first share. Fuck me, how strong? My brain crashes and burns right here! Right now!! He patiently waits for my coughs to subside. “Yeah, my bro, Rob, he grows some strong bud.” No shit. I want more. Two more deep ones. Gimmi!

Barry heads back to the window, waving the smoke in that direction. I start to laugh, he hears my gurgling chuckles and he grins like the Joker. Barry is the Joker. Ha ha ha.

Bloody hell, my lungs! Fuck! Barry brushes his soaked hair from his face, still grinning. Still the Joker. The second time he fucked me, he really sank his teeth into my left breast. Oh, I think he may have marked me with a Hickey. How to explain that? That's for another time. For now, enjoy the high which sent tingling fumbled pains into my legs. Ghost pains, naturally. They're powerful. Hold up! I'm white out! No, I figure... gotta, got to go deeper underground.

Lifting my arm before me, it feels as if I have already done this a moment ago. Huh? Can't begin

to describe that. To who? Who am I thinking all of this to? Myself? My memories? Barry sits by the window. Why's he still the fucking Joker? What a *cunt!* Stop grinning you *nob!* Not funny!

The heat.... The caged heat..... oh... it's out! It's come out! Not nice.....

As I lift myself from the bed, the Joker hasn't seen it. He doesn't expect it. Ha ha, I don't think there's anything wrong with my legs, never was. They're weak, like twigs. Careful, Julie. Don't you fall.

I can hear my mother, she's somewhere nearby and she's slapping me. I can see myself in my circulating vision, I can see myself bleeding at my mother's feet.

“Killer! Killer! Jealous, spineless *killer!*” Mum is screaming, a frenzy of noise. “You could have had him as well. I wanted a taste! Fucking killer! I hate you! I want you to die!”

I imagined a step, then two, and three, across the floor, towards the Joker. Did I just do that? All of them? The agony, like my bones are crushing then stretching at the same time. Am I really stood up? My eyes roll, focus back to what I can see.

Mum pushes me onto the landing. It's our old house. Crashes and cries. “I'll deal with you when I hide Gavin, you stay there. Whore!” I've never heard such venom from her – ever!

The unstable walk hurts more and more. My legs, I feel urine spilling down. But I'm a spaz in a chair aren't I? How can I do this? I aren't, I'm high.

She tricked me.... Must have. How did she trick me?

The Joker only sees me when I clutch at his throat. My hands are strong, dig deeper. Choke the bastard! All the high, the heat, pinpointed into this solitary act. The Joker's attempting to fight, his eyes are filled with shock and fear. Plus there's a bewildered gaze asking me why. I love it! It feels like a climax I've suppressed for so many years will come and overtake my world. A gunshot, a bomb. I need it. The Joker slows down his retaliation, becoming limp in my hands.

No more mushy food for me, you sick freaks! I can't wait until Mum comes in and finds me reborn again.

The End.