

The Night Madison Brooke Burned Alive

by Mario Perez

She told me it had been there since she was a kid, this large black spot like a blimp floating from her right arm up to the tip of her neck. She had really pale skin so she kinda looked like a cow strutting down the street. Don't get me wrong, she had a rockin' body, I mean, 32 C and an apple ass you'd like to take a bite out of. But, most guys didn't offer her a glance, cause of the spot. As if they'd catch it too, so they'd *moo* at her as she passed down the halls. I didn't care, since I'm 16 and still carried my V card. And besides, you know what they say, milk does a body good. Why did I help her? She told me she'd sleep with me if I did. I mean, come on, look at me. I'm so thin when I was younger a dog once mistook me for a bone and tried to bury me in my backyard. The only facial hair I could grow is just above my upper lip which makes me look like Mexican Hitler and I have so much acne on my face a blind woman could read brail on it. What I'm trying to say is I've never even kissed a girl, let alone came close enough to smell one. I saw this as my only shot and took it. If I'd known what was really going to happen that night, I would've just stayed home and watched some porn.

It started a few days ago in school. Madison's locker was very close to mine so we'd always exchange few words and glances intermittently at one another between classes. I'd see her on days when the taunts were being flung viciously at her where she almost broke out in tears. Luckily I was pretty invisible for the most part, with the occasional shoulder nudge or nut buster. I'd practice every day what I'd say to her, but never got the nerve to actually do it. I don't know what it was about yesterday, but I was just feeling lucky...or stupid.

"Hey Madison, do you have the time?" I said.

"No why?"

"Just wanted to record the first time you made my heart stop."

(Yeah, I was *that* smooth.)

She chuckled to herself, sniffing and smiling, trying to hide her tears. I held the silence for too long and fumbled for what to say next. I felt the moment slipping.

"I-I like your nails. I see they're growing in nicely. Trimmed well."

"ah, thanks?"

"So what where you going after school at night, I mean, after dinner you go out somewhere, would you like to go somewhere sometime with me under my arm I'd like to take you somewhere sometime?"

"I ah..."

"I mean if you're not busy, I may be busy, with...things, but I may have time if you have time if you want to have time."

"Well..."

She closed her locker as the bell screamed through the halls. Her green and brown eyes zoned in on me. It was as though she transformed at that very moment. There wasn't sadness in her eyes anymore, but pain or anger. I was paralyzed. She gave me the up and down as she approached coolly.

"I do want to go somewhere tonight." She whispered as her finger danced on my chest. I couldn't catch my breath. A flag was being raised to half-staff at that very moment. "And may need an escort."

"I-I'm a good escort, I mean, I've been a male escort before, not, not the sex kind of escort, not not that I'm afraid of sex, I've had sex before, plenty of times, with woman..."

She placed her thin finger on my lips. I wanted to lick it, bite it, but I still couldn't move. She scribbled her address on a piece of paper and placed it in my shirt pocket. She turned and

started to walk off, adding, *don't be late*. I was to meet her at one am. And I wasn't about to be late.

It was a murky spring night in Chicago. A streak of dense grey clouds crowded the skies. I snuck out my bedroom window and hurried to meet her. I was legging the block like a horny dog with my tongue wagging into the wind. When I reached her house, I waited to catch my breath, slicking my hair back, and sat on her porch. I was so hyped to see her I lost track of time, just glancing at the sleeping neighborhood, listening to the crickets rub their legs, cars pass, and sirens yell off in the distance. I was so excited I couldn't keep my leg from jumping. She startled me when she placed her arm gently on my shoulder.

"Oh hey, hi, hello, I was waiting, I'm here."

"Good dog." She puckered, kissing me on the cheek.

"Now, follow me."

She had this odd black gown on. The bottom half of it slid on the sidewalk. Her long dark hair was down almost to her ass. She moved with a confident stride. I never saw her like that before. I was drooling on her shadow, trying to keep composure, but too horny to think of anything else.

"So what erection, direction are we going?"

"You know the factory on Cermak?"

"Yeah?"

"That's where we're going."

I nodded my head in conformation, but, addled, asked another question.

"Why we headin' there?"

"You'll see. Just don't blow a load before we get there."

Her laugh was as sharp as a blade, but it just aroused me more. I was burning. I felt the sweat pouring off my head. I was counting backwards to relieve my stress. The clouds seemed to move with us. I was surprised that we didn't see anyone, not even cars on the road. The neighborhood was deserted, as if we were the only two left. I started to shake. I didn't know how to feel about the

first time. I was trying to figure out what it would be like. How it would feel. I wanted to last. I kept thinking I wanted this to last. When we reached the factory was when everything lost control. I will tell you what happened, but you won't believe me. Why would I lie about something like this? I heard once, by someone, that the crazier a story sounds, the more believable it probably is. I'd say I agree with them now.

The tower blinked in the eerie night sky still puffing streams of smoke into the air. I looked up at it in awe, gawking at it. It wasn't the first time I saw it up close, but for some reason it looked different that night. Not sure if I was imagining things, but it seemed like it was murmuring. I felt the ground tremble. When I looked down Madison was gone. There is a large fence surrounding the yard into the factory grounds. I hoped it quickly and glanced around in the muffled darkness. Everything blended with the night. I trudged through the blades of tall grass trying to limit the sound I made, peering to find her. The yard was barren, pieces of metal sprawled on the ground, weeds were growing everywhere, and random machinery were lying exposed, collecting dust. I kept walking nervously, feeling like I'm being watched. There was a chill tangled up in my bones. I heard the howl of dogs and their gnarling teeth in the darkness. Part of me wanted to go back, I even stopped and considered this. My heart was racing like it just got shot with adrenaline. I saw a faint flickering light at the other end of the yard. It popped on like a ghost. I was conflicted and curious and horny. I shouldn't have followed my dick that night.

I heard my steps as I got silently crept to the light like a horny moth. I noticed Madison within a few steps. The flame was almost as tall as her reaching upwards with a bright red burn. Her eyes were closed and an old book with yellow pages was huddled by her knees. She was mouthing something, but I couldn't hear her. The heat smacked me as I got closer. I felt my skin burning. I called to her, but she didn't seem to hear me. The flame began to rustle like an angry animal. My heart shrunk in my chest. I was pouring sweat and within arms-reach of the fire. I called to her again, but

nothing. I could hear her now, but what she was saying didn't sound like anything I knew. I paused, debating whether to run. That was when I realized I couldn't move. My body was frozen, dug into the ground. It felt like I was getting baked. I was thinking about yelling, screaming, but I couldn't. I was spellbound. When she opened her eyes I was stricken with a fear I've never felt before. It was like shards of ice slicing my skin. They were as black as coal, those eyes, and they were locked on me. She rose gently as the flame quaked reciting something,
to close a soul through the flames of existence, stepping through the bonfire to me, her fingers parted the black gown, her naked body continued towards me, *I wish to wash my birth from this world full of hate*, her skin sparkled like marble perfectly shaped, the spot turned red and glowed, I felt her breath as her hands smoothed over my cheek and I floated to the ground,
blood will spill and my soul will reunite with the stream spiraling to eternity, she was on top of me, riding, staring up into the blackness, she felt light and cool and savage and warm, I felt paralyzed, I felt constrained, I didn't want it that way, but I couldn't move, I saw the smoke billowing from the factory redirecting towards us, spiraling down like a tornado, the tip barreling at me, I counted and prayed in my head, the ground was burning below us, it hit us and filled my lungs with soot and smog and dirty smoke and burning ash. I was engulfed into a grey stasis. I don't know where I was, but I felt buried. The smoke piled on my body more and more as I struggled to move an inch, just a tiny bit.

I woke up coughing, clutching my chest. The sun was already starting to peek up over the lake and my pants were still off (My dick was freezing by the way). I quickly got my pants on and jetted out of there. I didn't see Madison the next day. That's right, she up and vanished, poof, like a magician or something. That is exactly what happened. You don't believe me? I wouldn't believe me either. A story like this, it sounds crazy, I know, trust me. I don't know where she went, but I've had an odd feeling like she's still

here. Floating around like a specter. A constant reminder of what happens to an outsider. What we could end up doing to ourselves.

